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October 1939

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# TOWER LIGHT

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PAGE

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# On Human Freedom

THE WORD freedom embodies an inspiring thought. It has been the theme of poets as well as of patriots. We lovingly call our country "the land of the free"; and when internal strife tore us asunder, both sides held that they were fighting for freedom. Even dictators, whose nationals know no kind of liberty but the "liberty of obedience," conduct their attacks on other nations on the pretext of "freeing" their "blood brothers" from oppression. Germans must be freed from the cruel tyranny of the Czechs; White Russians from wicked Poles!

Yet freedom cannot be an absolute term; and it behooves us at this time to give some thought to this abstraction, and to ponder our own attitude toward freedom. What is freedom? Why do I want it? For whom do I want it? Can real freedom ever be attained? Can all men ever be free? And if so, can man be free in both body and spirit? A little heartsearching concerning the above questions can do us no harm.

What is freedom? Is it a path or a goal? It becomes perfectly apparent, when one talks of freedom, that one can do so only if one makes mental reservations. For instance, one yearns for "freedom" to pursue some train of thought unhampered. Remove all external interference, but there still lurk within the citadel, intangible obstacles that still hinder success - ignorance, prejudices, enslaving habits! "Wretched man that I am," exclaimed Saint Paul, desperately realizing that his own traitorous weakness held him bound, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Why do I want freedom? Freedom from what? It is plain that this idea of freedom, unaccompanied by promise of concrete satisfaction, leaves one in a vacuum. Shall I ask freedom from pain? Simply being without pain is a negative condition; it, in itself, cannot mean happiness. Shall I demand freedom from work, from stress and strain, from ill treatment? Granted these releases, do they not merely lead one to an open door? But what is beyond?

For whom do I want freedom, liberty? Can real freedom ever be attained? Can all men ever be free? The question, "for whom" is even more vital than "for what." Perhaps the noblest cry for liberty ever uttered came from the French, who in their days of revolution demanded not liberty alone, nor liberty for only one class. They asked for liberty accompanied by equality and fraternity. Patrick Henry's "Give mc liberty or give me death!" would not have lived on had not this slogan been uttered as the rallying call of a whole aspiring people.

After all, just a negative appeal for one's own rights, one's own release from unjust burdens is not enough. We live in a world in which humans press one upor another. Many the world over suffer injustice; many souls are deadened by fear, and hatred and prejudice. Everywhere, a cry goes up for freedom from all these destroy ing forces. But mere release will signify little, even if it is spiritual freedom. For freedom can only be the beginning. It must lead on to constructive happiness for all classes. For the attainment of this exalted liberty there must be leadership. Car education provide it?

### TO YOU

• To you I'reshmen, and to all other new students, we, the upper-classmen, extend a warm and sincere welcome with the hope that your college life shall be a great success.

# To The Freshmen

FRANCES SHORES

THE TIME has now come when we Sophomores can acttle down to the peace and comfort of normal living. This time last year we were a bunch of rather giddy 3 reshmen who, in the quandary caused by new suroundings, did things that often changed the shades of our complexions. But now, so we think, time has left its nark on us. You may not agree but be tactful when you ell us so. However, it must be admitted that one of our number over-stepped her bounds when she approached a staid Senior and asked her if this was her first year in our institution of learning.

Being a Freshman is really food for one's ego. You are n a sense the center of the stage, whether you like it or not. First of all, you are continally assailed by an instimable number of questionnaires which give you nental eruptions from figuring out how many hours ou spend on the street car, how many hours you study, nd how many hours you spend in the library. Someimes you tell the truth; sometimes you don't. Then here are those innumerable devices for getting ac-



quainted. You shake hands, smile, and balance teacups until it becomes mechanical, but all in all it is a lot of fun.

For awhile yet you'll probably be running into the wrong places at the wrong time. Your intrusions will be tolerated. We did the same thing. In your first few days of Library use you probably wondered what kind of night preceded the dawn of Dewey's decimal system. Perhaps you still are wondering, but it won't last forever.

So, when all is said and done, we hope you Freshmen have a grand and glorious year. We did, but now we must settle down to obscurity. And, on the side, we probably will be a little jealous because we can't blame our future mistakes on "new adjustments."



# **FUTILITY**

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, '34

When the sky shall be filled with brittle wings And the sun slant back metallic rays— Man, like all former humankind, Shall lift tremulons, aching arms To embrace beyond the empty sky And know not why his dull machines Do not suffice to ease or still The spirit's ancient hungering for home. THIS ARTICLE is written mainly for those who have come and gone. They should know how the place has changed. Perhaps it will lessen the shock they will receive should they return. Therefore, I dedicate this guide to S. T. C. with — "The old order changeth . . ."

Do you remember the scramble for books in the Library at three; the tight squeeze in getting through to Miss Holt's magazine dispensary; the skimpy desks in front of the Library; the crowded highways and byways in Dr. West's Science Lab.; the bang of lockers on the third floor; the crowded Cafeteria? All that has changed! But, before you drop a tear, consider the change.

Indeed, S. T. C. has done itself proud. Our Library is vast and overpowering. The spaciousness of our magazine room, which is ensconced on the third floor, is similar to the wide open spaces. A new desk (and what a desk!!) for checking books adorns the hall. The stacks of books are rearranged in excellent taste. (Note: I wonder if even Miss Yoder knows where the 320's are?) The entire Library is now conducive to quiet reading and intensive study.

The Science Lab. has moved down the hall to the Cafeteria and there, with wide-flung splendor, assails the eye. Surely Dr. West will need a megaphone in order to have his words of wisdom heard throughout the room.

Because of the upheaval caused by the general improvements, rooms long identified with certain teachers are theirs no longer. Miss Bader and Miss Van Bibber, Dr. Crabtree and Miss Munn have picked up their belongings and moved to different realms.

No longer are lockers on the third floor; they are arranged neatly along the walls of the ground floor. Thus, the vista is enlarged and the classrooms and halls of the upper floor take on an added dignity.

We eat amid the beauty of Tudor Gothic architecture. County and city students may now enjoy the pleasure of eating together in the dormitory. This brings about a closer feeling of unity in spirit among the students. New faces are seen in every room and two new faculty members have joined the throng.

True, the place doesn't seem the same, yet a sameness is there—that steadfastness of purpose, sincerity of beliefs, friendliness of atmosphere, and a genuinely wholesome outlook on life.

# MEET THE NEW FACULTY

### COMPTON N. CROOK

THE STAFF of the Tower Light, in requesting that I prepare a summary of my background and my impressions of the State Teachers College, has unwittingly committed an act of cruelty that should be reported fromptly to the S. P. C. A. However, the following may, berhaps, show it the error of its ways, so that it will write its own summaries in future.

I was born a number of years ago down in the extenive swampland country of western Tennessee. This enironment left a lasting mark. From the woods, swamps, and mountains I have since acquired the greater portion of my education, regardless of the fact that six years in George Peabody College for Teachers netted me two legrees and a respectable start on a third, the privilege of working with a truly great biologist and teacher, and undry information about the world of books.

As a teacher I now have a personal alumni group of perhaps a thousand students. Many of these are now uccessful teachers. At least one is in jail. I have taught n the Appalachain State Teachers College in North Carolina, the School of Education of Western Reserve Uniersity, Cleveland, Ohio, and in the laboratory school of the College of William and Mary in Virginia. In all of these I have been concerned with the teaching of scince in the grades and in high school. In addition, I have served the National Park Service for six summers s ranger naturalist, in the Yellowstone and Rocky Mountain National Parks, Lecturing, hiking, mountain limbing, museum preparation, and ecological research re some of the duties of the ranger naturalist. In ddition, he has unparelled opportunities for observing nd studying that very interesting biological phenomeon, the American Tourist.

My impressions of the State Teachers College are miformly pleasant. Faculty and students have united o make me feel a part of the institution from the day arrived. I have never been in a school atmosphere more onducive to good work. What better inducements can be found to make Environmental Science as useful, leasant, and applicable as possible?

### KENNETH MILLER

An Interview

IT IS A pleasure to meet some people, Mr. Miller, our new English teacher, opened his interview in such an informal way that immediately I felt he had been with us for a long time. His cordial manner encouraged me to ask many, many questions, and all were answered freely.

Our conversation covered many fields — international affairs, current literature, our friendly college academic freedom, professional ethics and the "Tutor System" at Harvard.

The interviewer discovered a variety of things about the instructor. He has studied in the West at Ohio Wesleyan University, and in the North at Syracuse University and at Harvard. Mr. Miller has travelled in England and Germany. Greek literature has been a subject of extreme interest to him. He has spent a great deal of time pondering on professional ethics and has high standards in regard to teaching.

Certainly the State Teachers College welcomes Mr. Miller and hopes his high standards are realized.

# HARRIETT WELLS

WOULD YOU like to have some help in developing better study habits? Whether you're a Freshman or an upper-classman, just take your woes to Miss Wells, the new staff member in the Dormitory. Miss Wells is assisting with staff duties and acting as a counsellor in study problems. (I understand that themes and home-sickness seem to be the greatest problems thus far.)

Miss Wells has spent several years teaching English, and at present is working for her Master's degree in education at the Johns Hopkins University. This academic background makes Miss Wells well qualified to help solve the study problems of all students.

Besides her work at the Dormitory, our assistant likes all sports, particularly tennis, golf, badminton, and swimming. She comes to us from our rival peach-producing state, Michigan, and we're willing to admit that the competition is keen.

We welcome Miss Wells to the Dormitory, and we hope her stay will be a joyous and successful one.

# Richard Yardley

An Interview
MADELINE CABELL

"YOU MIGHT say that I have a very untidy office," remarked Mr. Yardley. "This will give you an idea of my personal habits." On the floor were bits of paper; empty ink bottles could be seen almost everywhere; the desk was so littered that its top did not present one small patch to the air above it; and a coat was draped over the window sill.

"A few months ago I had a visitor who put me very much to shame by telling me that the condition of my office was hopeless. I was so ashamed of my untidiness that I set to work immediately and house-cleaned vigorously. I put papers in the cupboard, threw away all the empty ink bottles, cleared my desk of its debris, and hung my coat on the rack for nearly a week. The funny part about it was that I didn't even miss the things on my desk which I had spent weeks in collecting." Alas, much to Mr. Yardley's sorrow, no one has come since, and his office has now become as cluttered as ever before.

"Six years ago I drew two maps of Maryland for the Sunday Sun. I decided to have some fun with them, and, in this way, I started cartooning." Ever since, he has been working on the Sunday paper and for four years on the morning paper. "I draw a cartoon and then hope and pray that the public will accept it. The next morning, I look at the paper and shudder to think that I could have ever produced such a thing."

"There is usually a wealth of material in the daily news. When there isn't, I take a very insignificant happening and play it up. Then, too, I like to poke fun at my friends, Harry Nice and Mayor Jackson."

Mr. Yardley has been working on the newspaper ever since he began to earn his living. He has always written or drawn for the editorial page. "I like my work because it offers a great deal of freedom in that I can express my own ideas and work on my own time." He has had such interesting experiences as spending two or three days with the Oyster Fleet, viewing the Yankee Clipper, and attending meetings of the State Legislature, Legion parades, and national political conventions. His main objection to his vocation is night work; this fault he attributes to himself. His wife's chief objection is that he never gets home to dinner on time.

"I have always lived in Maryland, more or less, and went to Friends School and the Maryland Institute, I went to the Institute three times and did about one week's work during my entire stay there." He closed his eyes and leaned his something over two hundred pounds back in the chair. "I wish I could tell you something interesting that I've done, but I have never rescued anybody or explored the wilds of darkest Africa. I have led the life of an average citizen, although I have had a few more opportunities than most people."

One of Mr. Yardley's hobbies is traveling. "I especially enjoy going to Europe but one can't just pick up and dash over during a week-end. Consequently, I haven't been there for two years. One of the most trying experiences which I have had was missing my boat train to Paris, I had to hire a car and race the train from Cherbourg. I made it, This may not sound hair-raising to you, but it was a trying experience for me, and I gained quite a few gray hairs." Mr. Yardley has been to Cuba. He likes Florida and goes there often. He likes to travel anywhere, even such short distances as to New York, Washington, and Annapolis.

"I go to New York frequently, and I have the typical yokel's idea of the big city — that one should see everything of interest and all the bright lights. I have many friends who live out on Long Island, and I usually end up spending the evening with them, listening to the radio. This I could easily have done at home."

"I like cats." This explains why Mr, Yardley always has a cat following him in his cartoons, "I have two: one, a white cat with one brown eye and one blue one, and the other, a black cat. The black cat is from Ruxton, while the white one comes from the slums. The white cat from the slums has a very expensive appetite. It turns up its nose at oysters which are bought at the store in a carton and insists upon the best, fresh from the shell."

"I am proud to say that all my editors are kind to animals," remarked Mr. Yardley, "A stray police dog cancinto the yard of the editor of The Morning Sun. It was Thanksgiving Day and the family prepared to sit dowr to a dinner consisting of turkey, dressing, and all the things that go with such a dinner. There stood the dog outside in the cold, looking in longingly at the window The dog came in and has been in ever since."

As he ran his fingers through his hair. Mr. Yardley said that he usually needed a hair-cut when people came to see him; but he had it done in a forty-cent barbe shop in New York City. He also remarked that when he got up, I would notice that his suit needed pressing

His only regret was that he couldn't think of any thing interesting which he had done. "I wish I coulflatter myself by thinking of something out of the ord nary which I have done; but I just can't. If you don' have enough, give me a ring, and I'll make up a goo story for you."

# **Mothers For Ransom**

### CATHERINE GRAY

(Ed. Note: This story is based on actual facts.)

IASON GUERLICK stared back over the widening stretch of water at the docks where stood his mother, He waved a thin white hand in answer to a wisp of handkerchief and a grey head behind it. It was a noble head, erect and stately, set delicately upon a gentle body. It was a head that had seen much trouble, much sacrifice, many joys and now, disaster of a sort, Jason was going to America. He was born in Bohemia, a place later to become a part of Czechoslovakia, and because of a job that led him to Germany, had taken his widowed mother to live in Emden near the sea. Several months ago a German friend had told him that the depression was not so bad in America. There was a depression, of course, but wasn't it all over the world? The standards of living were higher over there and it had been hard since he had lost his job. There was no reason to go back to Czechoslovakia - no work - and both could not live on his mother's pension. That night he and his mother had talked. Many emotions came close to he surface during that conversation, but only cold facts proke through. So today, Jason strained his eyes to get last glimpse of the woman who must remain behind and wait; wait for money from America; wait for a son to come back with money enough to take her back to her homeland.

In the years that passed Jason was not a brilliant sucess, but he had a \$25 sales position in a downtown department store. He lived alone; ate little; enjoyed no luxiries, and banked the larger part of his salary. Gradually, ne became accustomed to the liberties in America — free peech, free press - and his letters to his mother relected the change. He became sensitive to the fact that he new ruler of Germany controlled the press there and that the German people learned only what they were permitted to learn. He felt himself a privileged peron every time he bought a newspaper or turned on he radio. Because of his mother's great desire to know now he was and what his new surroundings were like. ne wrote letters telling her more and more about the Jnited States and gradually more and more about what ne had learned of Europe.

One day a lightning bolt struck. A man sent thousands of soldiers into a tiny country called Austria. It seemed o climax a series of Germany's internal social rearrangement and consequent expulsion of certain peoples. Jason was shocked! Music by famous composers was burned! Books by immortal authors were destroyed! Discoverers of great scientific principles were driven from their homes! Jason wondered that his placid Cerman friends could do such things. It was impossible!

Then came the crowning blow — his mother country absorbed! Poor Jason and his American-German friends! He could contain himself no longer. Obviously his friends abroad and the great mass of people were being deceived. Their press and radio must be government-controlled. It's too bad he forgot that censorship extended over more things than press and radio!

The same night that found the Slavs struggling, found Jason and a Bund leader in a blistering argument. Immediately following this, he wrote to his mother in pathetic tones - - -

#### Dear Mother,

What has happened to my friends? What are Fritz Humber and Otto, the butcher doing? Is the foot of this power-crazed man on their necks? Do you not know what is going on? Here in America, the German people are despised and it is because of one man. . . .

Days passed. The ship that should have brought his mother's reply, returned to Germany. No letters. But, one day a large white envelope was delivered to Jason. It was postmarked Germany. With great curiosity Jason ripped open the flap and read. His eyes fell on one sentence.

"Unless payment of \$25 in American money is received. Mrs. Gerlick will remain at the Emden Concentration Camp — indefinitely — for espionage."

Espionage — an undiplomatic letter from abroad.

Jason fell into a state of semi-consciousness. His mother behind barbed wire; whipped; driven; subject to countless indignities; coarsely clothed; coarsely fed. He must get the money instantly. It was simple. He had saved much more than that. He could have sent a thousand dollars — \$25 was nothing.

But wait. If it was nothing to him, it would be less to the German Government. The Bund leader would know. Perhaps he would tell him something. They fought, yes, but in a situation like this, the Nazi would know what to do.

The Bund leader was amused. The German Government stoop to \$25? Impossible! However, the government was not responsible for the action of its officers. If the censor received Jason's letter and letters of others like him, it would be a mere matter of cooperation with a Gestapo officer to do a little profitable collecting.

Then, that was worse! In a small place like Emden, the officials ruled.

Twenty-five dollars went back on the next boat to Emden. At Emden greedy hands took in many twentyfives and sums in larger figures. There was a split of the loot and a check was placed by a name for that month.

England declared war!

German citizens refused passage on ships back!

\* \* \*

Jason could not get back to Germany. He could not find out why there had been another white envelope. He could not understand why he had not heard from his mother again.

# A Cuban Wedding

JUANITA GREER

OUR FIRST visit after arriving in Havana via Pan-American Airways was to Mercedes Church, an artistic treasure, famous for its age, lovely archways, pillars, and exquisite paintings. A monk spent eleven years of his life decorating the church with murals and frescoes.

Workmen were busily shining brass, removing pews and making an improvised hedge on either side of the central aisle which extended the full length of the massive church. When we inquired the meaning of all this, our guide explained that a very fashionable wedding was to take place there at 9 P. M. The daughter of a banker was to wed the son of a fabulously wealthy brewer. Our great enthusiasm prompted our guide to speak to the priest concerning the possibility of our attending the wedding. The priest was delighted at our interest, and we were shown to a side entrance where our guide told us we were to meet the Father at 5:30 that evening.

Before the appointed liour our car was parked as near Mercedes Church as space would permit, which was blocks away. We hurriedly followed our guide along narrow winding streets until we reached the designated entrance. Throngs of excited people gathered near the church. Scores of policemen milled around in the crowd trying to maintain order. We were escorted in great style into the interior of the church.

An orchestra played soft music from a distant balcony. There were no pews. The green hedges were banked on the inside by a solid mass of white flowers. Near the

hedge were gladiolas, next shaggy chrysanthemums, then a single row of gardenias lining each side of a grassy aisle. The altar was lighted by candles from twenty candelabra arranged to form a cross.

Soon the orchestra began to play the familiar wedding march and a maid of honor appeared beneath an arch at the rear of the church. Slowly she and the bridesmaids walked down the magnificent aisle. Each was gowned in a chartreuse pen de lis frock. of a slightly deeper tone than the preceding one, and each carried a bouquet of orchids and wore a diamond necklace. Following them came the bride whose gown was of white crepe rosolba. Her long tulle veil was caught with a halo of brilliants. She, too, carried orchids, but white ones, and wore a diamond necklace. Almost miraculously the groom, the witnesses, and the parents of the bride and groom appeared.

The audience gazed and moved about in the space on either side of the central aisle. In about twenty minutes the music became more lively and the figures began to descend from the altar. We realized that the wedding was over.

I simply must add that we went to Sans Souci, a very smart night club, immediately following the wed ding and were delighted to find that the reception wabeing held there. Then, two days later, when we flew back to Miami. Mr. and Mrs. Jose Rionda were among our thirty-three passengers.

# Trios of Teachers

JAMES G. JETT

AT A TIME when established thoughts are being changed by new thinkers, education and consequently teachers seem to assume an air of radicalism. Three such periods are outstanding in history, and the present-day effects of the last of these periods are so tremendous as to make it logical to consider this the beginning of a fourth era in the evolution of education.

The slow drift toward civilization and the search for knowledge culminated in Greece. first of all. That search was long characteristic of mankind. Various schools of philosophy had been established in Greece by 500 B. C. These were, for the most part, philosophies of materialism. The physicists, Democritus and Leucipus, were concerned with the atomic structure of the universe. Others wrote their theories of the "clockwork" of the universe.

Into the midst of these thinkers came Socrates, the father of Greek Idealism. It is not the universe, but ourselves which we must study, said he. Plato, his most brilliant follower, took the hint of the great teacher. The material universe became merely a concept in the minds of men. The "idea" was responsible for everything conceived—an extreme idealism, and far too extreme for the unready masses.

So great was the hatred of change that Socrates was condemned to death because of his teachings, which, the Sophist said, "had poisoned the minds of the young men of Greece". Change must come slowly, Plato published The Dialogues years after Socrates had gone. This publication was followed by The Republic, an expository treatise on a Utopian form of political state. Meanwhile, Aristotle came under the influence of Plato's teachings. The last of the great trio of Greek contemporaries, Aristotle became an omniscient teacher — a physicist, biologist, zoologist, rhetorician, mathematician, and physician. Even after Christ, the works of the great Greek teacher were the basis of science and literature. He had modified, standardized, and firmly established the new school of thought which had woven its way into the Greek society of his time.

The greatest teacher of them all was Christ. Christ. the psychologist, who had based his religious teachings on an universal human emotion—love. And because he understood human nature, he was successful in upsetting the Old Testament standards of Judaism. Thus he won not A race, but RACES, of people. This was the second great period of upheaval in basic thought and affected the peoples of Asia Minor. The resultant changes spread

throughout the world.

The teachings of Christ were seized upon by the Roman authorities and molded into a single body of thought — a religion. From then on religion fostered education. Christianity throve in Europe, where it found confused pagans, ready to accept so pleasing a philosophy of life after death. They adopted Christianity, and Christianity, in turn, adopted them. Learning and education became the two principle functions of the Church. Today the governments of the various countries have assumed this responsibility. What finer thing could religion have done than to have stimulated a desire for truth through knowledge?

The smooth-working machinery of the Church was interrupted by the Renaissance — the third revolution of thought. Out of it emerged the heretics, Luther, Calvin. and Zwingli. The new learning found a way into the monasteries of Europe. Martin Luther, a German monk, was the first to grasp the importance and logic of some of the revived doctrines. He at once took advantage of a dissatisfied people and the intermittent absence from Germany of Charles V, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Charles moved frequently between Spain and Germany, attempting to control the affairs of both nations. At the same time, his sympathies were with the Pope, at Rome. Under such circumstances, the Reformation took root in Germany.

In France, John Calvin, father of Puritanism, answered the roll call of heretics. He was driven from France to Switzerland and it was from there that his teachings, which show the influence of Luther, spread through an already infected Germany, into Holland, and thence to England. Peter Zwingli, a native Swiss, spread similar doctrines — alike in general thought, but different in detail. He studied Luther's works, picked what he thought was good, added some original ideas, and won followers. Another trio of contemporaries had upset established beliefs!

The revolutionary trends in education today probably mark the beginning of another era, from which pure science and logic will emerge as the final way in seeking truth. How can there be a known truth when there are doubts? The fact that changes occur, and are accepted and refuted shows that men are not certain as to what the truth is. Let us be happy, then, to go forth as beginning teachers in a beginning era. Perhaps we shall find what others have sought and fought for.

# California AS I SAW IT

State Teachers College Monday night

Dear Luise,

Yes, I'll tell you before you ask me. California was wonderful! Treasure Island was stupendous! And the most beautiful things I saw were sunsets on the prairie and on the desert. They were absolutely gorgeous!

Now that I have staved off your most natural curiosity, I can really let myself go, and tell you all (?) about it.

You know, of course, that I went with my uncle, aunt, and cousin Herb, who is just a year older than I. You can imagine that he made things quite lively for me. More of that, tho', some other time.

But, really, the most spectacular event of all was the annual Fiesta held at Santa Barbara, California, to commemorate the building of the West. "Are we still in the present time, or are we back in the old Spanish Mission age?" we asked ourselves early one morning. People of all ages, dressed in vivid Spanish costumes, walked sedately to High Mass at the lovely old Church.

Later in the day we saw the same dark-skinned men and women — padres, noblemen, explorers, cowboys. No cars were in this parade, but some of the most magnificent horses I have ever seen. Can you picture a shiny, ebony horse, decked out in a gleaming, diamond-studded silver saddle, prancing along beside a cream-colored horse with an identical \$10,000 saddle? It's really a beauty treasure.

Guitars strumming and accordions playing led us, that night, to the Courthouse, where accomplished chidren, men, and women sang the old Spanish songs, and executed the intricate dances with superb skill. Handsome Mexican families performed on the streets. Wandering around in this town of Spanish architecture, we, too, danced to our heart's content on some of the streets roped off for that purpose. We were much chaggined when we found that the lone car in the midst of a crowd of merry youths and maidens on such a street was our own.

Many other wonderful things did I see, Luise, but you must come down and visit me to hear about them. Imagine trying to describe the Boulder Dam, Zion National Park, or Grand Canyon in a letter!

Come soon and we'll compare notes on our two "World Fairs."

Sincerely,

Mary.

# The Best Trip Ever

CATHERINE PAULA

5:30 A. M. — No, I wasn't dreaming — those strains of Maryland, My Maryland were coming from right under the window of the "Queen Mary," in other words, the girls' dorm; suddenly they stopped; someone began to pound on the wall, and then there was a shout. "Come on, Paula, get those big feet on the floor." So began my first day at the Audubon Nature Camp.

Br-r-r . . . was this June or November? Early mornings in Maine are cold, but a nice hot breakfast was all that was needed to start one off on a busy day.

At 7:15 A. M. assembly we received our program for the day. We were divided into three groups, according to our major: marine life, insects, or plant life. I was an "Insect." Everyone took birds and nature activities as minors. Every day there were new and different things to do, new fields to explore, new plants to find and new birds to see.

How you were envied if your group happened to be the one to go on a boat trip (usually an all-day one) to one of the many little islands in the ocean along the Maine coast on which were found hundreds of birds, nesting. On one island we found herring gulls, and common and arctic terns. and cormorants. On others, petrels, great blue herons and osprey. Each bird has its own peculiar habitat. How thrilling it was to walk about, great precaution being taken not to step on the numerous young hiding in the thick grass, and to see hundreds of nests; to hold in one's hand a cormorant's egg and see a little one come out (Continued on page 30)

# Martha's Vineyard

JANE E. JOSLIN

D1D Y OU ever think of a vacation in the midst of the sea? That is what the Indians called Martha's Vineyard—"Noepe," meaning In the Midst of the Sea. It was named Vineland by the intrepid Norsemen when they landed in the year 1000 A. D., because of its luxuriant foliage, and finally Martha's Vineyard by Gosnold of England in honor of his mother.

The largest island in the group, about six miles off the coast of Cape Cod, is twenty miles long and nine miles wide; but it is so hilly, its shoreline is so indented, and its roads are so numerous that it seems much larger. As many as fifty thousand people come to its shores for the summer months to enjoy the salt bathing, the fish food, and the beautiful breakers from the open sea.

Pleasure boats dock at the three ports several times a day, and the many fishing smacks attract much attention. Yawls, ketches, and motor boats are much in evidence, and at the time of the regatta at Edgartown this summer the sailboats dotted the skyline like huge white butterflies in a blue sky.

The first house and fort in New England were built on the island in 1602. Governor Mavhew of Massachusetts received the right of ownership from the English Crown and sent his son, who was an Oxford graduate, to occupy it. The son befriended the Indians there and established a school for them in 1651, the first ever to be provided for Indians. Their first teacher, Peter Folger, grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, found them "very quick to learn." Mayhew compelled all his company to purchase their lands from the Indians and many of the records are written in the Indian as well as the English language. The pioneers built saw mills, erected houses with large chimneys, catwalks, and fine doorways. and planted pear and cherry trees. In the meantime, Mayhew learned the Indian language and would spend half the night telling the Indians and children Bible stories.

By 1700 dip candles were used and molds were made there. After that sperm candles, followed by sperm oil lamps, were used for lighting the homes. From 1820 for forty years Edgartown was one of the great whaling ports of the world, at one time owning nineteen vessels. The women sailed on the long sea voyages, and there are still those who can tell of their experiences with pirates. In 1884 a whale was caught that yielded 168 barrels of oil. A candle-making firm was organized in the town, which for years supplied the United States Government with oil and candles. The Indians were wonderful fishermen — one man could go out in a small boat and capture seven or eight whales a month.

The fishermen have for a long time supplied swordfish, herring, bluefish and shell fish to the great markets. Martha's Vineyard is famous for its lobster stews and lobster sandwiches.

In 1778 an English transport of eighty-two sails made a raid upon the island, carrying away swine, cattle, oxen, and ten thousand sheep. During the Civil War, two hundred and forty soldiers and sailors gave their lives for their country.

Long before 1651 there was a school for the English children. Every town with fifty families was required by law to establish a public school. For years there was a moving school that stayed from two to five months in a place. A child could attend for the whole year if he could manage to follow it. Latin was studied at the age of seven.

Many famous people have loved the island — Alexander Graham Bell, Daniel Webster, Madam Nordica, but none more than Emily Post and Katherine Cornell, who own fine homes on the island.

### TEARS

### LEON L. LERNER

Cover your face and glut the tears that drain From deep inside those sensitive young eyes. Stifle the wounded tones, the broken sighs, And end the shedding of this liquid pain. Such pure wild saduess is a useless spout Of feeling; passion, in a wasted form; An aimless fit, a vicious, raging storm Knocking against the world and soon blown out. Go put a furger to the lips of tears. In the eternal muteness of your soul There will be time enough; long, endless years For crying, and the tears will tall and roll Deep, deep inside of you, roll down the face And fall, seas that go rushing into space.

# Vagabonding by Bike

GORDON V. SHULES

NO MORE teaching at camp! Our bicycles were packed with blankets, clothing, pots and pans. At ten o'clock, just ten minutes before we were to leave, Charles received a telegram offering him a job in Quebec, That's how! I came to take a 700-mile bicycle trip alone.

With perfect weather, I made good time. My first night was spent in a field belonging to two spinsters who had quite a time trying to decide if it would be proper for me to stay. Their final affirmative decision resulted in a splendid crop of aches and stiffness the next morning.

Cutler. Maine, a small fishing village, was the next pause. Near this place I stopped at a farmer's house to ask permission to sleep in the barn. He referred me to the second selectman, who in turn referred me to the first selectman. Now we were getting somewhere! This man, a Mr. Wallace, not only gave me a room with a real bed, but also insisted that I share his supper and breakfast.

Eastport, Maine, was next, that being the easternmost city in the United States. A ferry took me to unspoiled, beautiful Deer Island. The people here have what is known as "local time," which is regulated by the flow and ebb of a thirty-foot tide. The night was spent in a boathouse. A dip in the ocean next morning turned out to be much colder than I had expected. Later that day I visited St. John's N. B., and saw the famous "reversing" falls.

Always game for a new experience. I applied at the jail for a cell in which to sleep. The police chief gave me one look. "I don't think you'll like it," was all he said. I was locked in a cell with French-Canadians for prison-mates. About midnight one of the men had an attack of delirium tremens, and stopped screaming only when a bucket of water was thrown on him.

I loaded grain on an ex-rum runner in exchange for a passage across the Bay of Fundy. Great piles of pulpwood were awaiting export to Germany at Wadesport, where we docked in Nova Scotia.

At Annapolis Royal stands Fort Anne, settled by the French in 1610. Here an old gentleman invited me to join him in a "beer." It wasn't until the next day that I learned he meant "soft-drink!"

My ride up the drought-stricken Annapolis Valley was uneventful. Hospitality here was extraordinary.

Halifax was full of soldiers, and many of the bridges, due to war conditions abroad which were reflected here, were controlled.

Such were some of the high spots of my trip that made me realize that Halliburton really "had something" when he took up the career of a professional vagabond.

# I Shall Teach

HENRY ASTRIN

A FEW months before the completion of the recent school term, I was asked by a fraternity brother to work for him during the summer in Washington. It must be said here that my position was obtained not because I was a "brother" to my employer, but because I had proved my worth as a salesman some time previously. Starting work immediately after graduation exercises, I realized I knew little of business life. This did not last long, however. In a few weeks a complete metamorphosis had taken place. I was no longer a kid wanting a lot of knowledge for my future life as a teacher; instead I was a cocksure salesman, bickering and fighting with

other salesmen and polishing my yet ragged technique on my poor prospects. I was no longer interested in be coming a bespectacled young man teaching a lot of little brats. Certainly, I was an ignorant youngster! I was wild with ambition! I was almost mad about the idea that a good salesman can make more money in one week that a good teacher can make in a month! With these idea my brain was tortured for weeks and weeks without my confiding in anyone, when suddenly, a new experience challenged me.

It was August. I was in the "City of Brotherly Love" with my local fraters and others from different parts o

the country for a convention. The three-day affair was filled with festivity, companionship, and upon reaching Maryland I realized that through a seventy-two hour period of companionship with scores of fellows, my life had been enriched.

What a wonderful feeling it must be to lead such a swell bunch of fellows, I thought. Why couldn't I be the one to lead them? I felt sure I could do it if I tried hard enough. First, I should be Grand Master of the Baltimore Chapter, then get on the Executive Board. work myself up to the top of the Council, receive the David L. Mark Key, go to the Grand Conneil and, after serving a year there, give up my position to a younger frater, and "rest on my laurels." All this would be hard and take a long time, true enough, but it would be easy for me. I would. . .

Suddenly my train of thought was broken by the realization that I was, at the present time, going to college. I had another ambition. I wanted to work hard to be the best of teachers, to do extra work, to rise in the school system, to teach math. later on, to do - oh, God knows all I wanted to do as a teacher! But how could I do all these things? Here I wanted to be a leader of men! I wanted to receive prestige and glory and friends through a national organization. And yet, I also wanted to become entrenched in business, to become a super, ultra air-inflated salesman, rushing here and there in my supercharged auto, filling out super-orders for my employer, receiving a super-salary and commission. But how could I do all these things? I had to choose, My head ached severely and my eyes seemed afraid to close at night unless they saw three objects which symbolized three different futures. Would I ever have peace of mind? Which career should I choose? I pondered. I despaired, Then it came! For no apparent reason at all, I suddenly made up my mind!

Whether I realized the security of a teaching position or the disadvantages of the other careers, I cannot exactly say. I think it sufficient, however, to say that I shall teach.

# Man Without Number

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

THIS IS dedicated to the vociferous Order of M. O. P. P. (Math is Our Pet Peeve) of which the author is a charter member. The purpose is to depict the glorious state of a society upon which the studied shadow of number has not yet been cast. So here we excurse into the Numberless Land, where figures don't lie on anybody's mind.

Mr. Numfree, who shall be our business-man hero, is awakened on a glorious morning—not by the raucous sound of an alarm—but by sunlight streaming upon his eyes and leaking beneath the lids. He arouses his wife (who sleeps in the shadow) to have her prepare his capacity of eggs and toast (for, remember, he is innocent of the ability of telling the number of eggs he wants for breakfast).

With breakfast hastily swallowed and with a hurried glance at the height of the sun in the sky, Mr. Numfree dashes to the corner to wait for the trolley. He gives the newsboy there a piece of candy for what he hopes is the paper of the day (it has no date, of course, and, myway, nobody knows what the date is). The trolley comes bumping along on its unscheduled route. The conductor hefts and scrutinizes Mr. Numfree's proferred lump of metal, which he eventually accepts as

"retribution" for the ride. Our friend grabs a strap and opens his newspaper. Does he turn to the weather report; financial sheet; stock market quotation; race sheet; "Sale" advertisements; itemized casualties on Eastern, Western, or automobile fronts? No, he is content with a numberless Short Story (continued on the page after the page with the picture of the gla-oomph girl).

Arriving at his office, Mr. Numfree settles down to read the mail (addressed to "Numfree Clothing Company, The Storicd Red Brick Building with the Green Roof, on Main between Oak and Ash"). He rejects an order for "a horse-sized box of stout men's suits; terms: lump of gold size of an apple, at the next lunar eclipse"—for who would take a chance on the event of another lunar eclipse? (And, too, apples are small this scason). Mr. Numfree's secretary reminds him of his appointment to call Mr. Smith when the sun shows above the roof of the bulding across the street. "Central" responds to Mr. Numfree's telephone receiver-lifting with "Letters, please".

"Give me X X Q Z A W. Smith". While "Central" trial-and-errors for Mr. Smith, Mr. Numfree's secretary slips in a reminder that she (Continued on page 31)

# Walking Museum

(Condensed from Science Digest)

### IAMES O'CONNOR

JUST AS man's clothes show buttons that do not function and buttonholes that do not open, so in our body there are structures which are the dwindled relics of organs once actively in use.

These obsolete human organs so necessary to early man, are in most cases small, and familiar only to the anatomist. Their persistence shows us that the past lives on within us, even in trivialities.

In the corner of our eye there is a little fold, between the eyeball and the red "caruncle" at the inner angle of the eye. Now there is no doubt as to the origin of the fold which anyone can see in the looking glass; it is a dwindled relic of the third eyelid which is present in most mammals, and in birds.

You have all noticed, no doubt, a horse standing by the side of a street moving its car-trumpets or ear-pinnae, perhaps to locate the approach of its master who has been delivering some goods. Many mammals do this, and the movements seem to help in the localization of sounds. Man at one time was able to do this, but now his ear-moving muscles are typically vestigial. (Think of the advantage of such ears in listening to the almost

whispered announcements during the assembly.)

In the human body there is also evidence of a certain sense organ, called the organ of Jacobsen which would enable us to detect more easily some odoriferous ingredient, say a poison in the food, that we take into the mouth. But in man it is a vestige often disappearing altogether; and the openings to the organ, which would normally be located far forward on the roof of the mouth, are closed.

Many of these obsolete organs appear in the embryo alone, others are present through out life. They are nourished by the body but are quite functionless. As Osborn has put it: "They are mere pensioners of the body drawing pay, for past honorable services without performing any corresponding work".

It is interesting to note that the number of dwindling human organs is slowly but surely increasing. How far can modern civilization go in throwing into disuse the functions of organs of the human body? At present, wisdom teeth and little toes are on their way out. After these—what then?

# Women's Hats

DOLORES STROBLE

1N THIS present day and age, there seems to be a hilarious uproar when the dusty old family album a dragged from its secret place and the solemn, but comical pictures are thoroughly scanned. Modern debutantes and sophisticated maidens are simply frustrated at the mere idea of wearing a complete battleship, guns and all, on their crowning heads; and so they scoff at their grandmothers and kin for adorning themselves with such implements. Nevertheless, I, a member of the female species, am going to reverse the tables, so that the old family album may have the last laugh.

No, modern damsels, don't turn away; nay, stay and try to visualize how ridiculous your twentieth century head-garb appears. To begin with, it must be clearly understood that a hat is used for protection, to attract the eye of masculine passers-by, and to reveal the traits of the wearer.

Now, with that definition embedded in your mind, we can proceed to discuss the most popular topic of the day, women's hats. First of all, let us examine the fruit-covered pie plate with its delicious and juicy grapes, pears, and peaches that makes one's mouth water; with this type it seems dangerous to twist the head because the action may produce a sudden torrent of scattered fruit just like the wind disperses apples from a heavily laden branch. This sort of head protection, although not worn with confidence, does arouse a sense of hunger.

Included in this group is the (Continued on page 30)

# MAN'S CLOUDS

ELLEN ANNE ELSTE

When our Creator stood on lofty plains And dreamed of skies and eyes which would behold His spacious heav'nly empire of white trains, He did of magic, pearly pillows mold.

He dreamed of shaping fleecy forms which would Tell brilliant tales of joy and woe of life. These come in lives of men in all the world; These may be clouds of happiness or strife.

The happy feather fluffs all lightly play, And like the loves of youth, they disappear. Unseen by them an old man's sky may gray And bear impending doom, unbidden fear;

But when our final cloud shall drift along
We pray the wrath of nimbus be not strong.

### **VESTIGIA TERRENT**

James G. Jett

As shades of war, like evening's own, grow long,

And like a blear-eyed moose it lingereth
To drink by some wild shore in the still breath
Of night, then bellows forth a challenge strong,
I wonder if I write my even-song —
For time is frail and soon surrendereth,
And all things have their dawn and all their death,
All all are cast into the ghost-like throng.
The sun has fallen from its evening perch
Into oblivion from the skies.
Long after it had gone and others thought
It dead, I walked abroad to see it rise —
A fixed event that frightened minds might search
And find a pleasant hope they had not sought.

### REVERIE

SHIRLIE DIAMOND

I heard the sound of a woman's tears, More desolate than the sea, Sigh through the chambers of the years Into eternity.

And in the darkness of the night With the gray dusk astir, I waited for the first gold light To guide me straight to her.

### OCTOBER

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS

I've grown to love the greenness of the trees,

The diamond-studded grass, the summer sky,
The blue bird's call, the sweetly-laden breeze,
The sunshine, and the robin. Answer why
You must destroy my summer friends each year,
October, with your red, and gold, and brown.
Oh, don't you understand, or can't you hear
My heart's pierced cry, when autumn comes around?
For once, October, grant this humble plea:
Spare just one blooming bush, one flower, one tree.
Please leave at least one summer friend for me.

### - - NOR MAN

Frances Robison

A startled yelp pierced the silent night.

I rushed to the window,

Beneath,

On the smooth green of the moon-washed grass

Two dogs were fighting —

Twisting

Tearing

Lashing

Shrieking

Snapping

Lips curled

Ears tightly pressed

Against fight-maddened heads.

But -

I looked again.

One dog is Billy!

No not Billy, who so often had pleaded

With doggy brown eyes

with doggy brown eyes

To "play ball" with a well-chewed stick -

Not Billy, who had always wakened me

By thrusting a wet, black nose

On my face.

Not Billy, who chased the old dilapidated tom

cat

Up the peach tree.

No, it couldn't be Billy,

For he is at rest under that same peach tree, A victim of a fight HE hadn't started —

Tears turn a fat moon into a cross

Then silence -

So peaceful and still -

That perhaps ONE prayer reached its destina-

"Please, God, don't make dogs fight!"

# EDITORIALS

# Oil for the Wheels of Student Government

Do you know that our Student Council is the one unifying agent in this college which directly or indirectly fosters, after a democratic fashion, the work, the play and the extra activities that characterize our college as a progressive institution? To maintain such a policy it is imperative that each and every one of you make a personal contribution in word or action.

Have you read, and do you fully understand the nature and purposes of this organization? If not, you should then investigate these points in order that you may fully participate in the meetings of the Student Council and be assured of the proper action at the proper time.

Just at present there is a decided movement afoot to further centralize all our activities by incorporating into the executive board, representatives from each organization of the college. Since this will mean smoother Student Council meetings with both a saving of time and a more efficient and polished type of business, we are relying upon you to give the new movement your constant attention and support.

# Service Station to Students

There is a new department in the Tower Light a department which will help you, the students of this college. This new department is called "Service Station to Students." Have you ever written to Aunt Ada for advice on your current affair? If you have, perhaps she has helped vou. But this "Service Station" is different! Suppose you want to find some good pictures on Eskimos, Colonial Maryland, trains; or an experiment proving a gas is heavier than air; or some samples of wood to make an exhibit; or how tall the Empire State Building is. Do vou know where to look? Ask our "Service Station." It will try to help you. Any questions regarding illustrative material, good motivation, culminating activities, or even how to get along with your practice teacher will be cheerfully answered. Freshmen, are you worried, perplexed? Could you use some help in getting organized, finding assignments, learning the habits of the college? We want to help you. Send in your questions to Jeanne Kravetz via Senior 6's mailbox.

# A New Year--A New Attitude

CALVIN PARKER

W1TH THE start of a new school year, the State Teachers College finds that its official magazine has a completely new exterior. The enlargment of the Tower Licert to its present size has been achieved only after a great deal of hard work and endless negotiations on the part of the faculty adviser. It is felt that this change will meet with the approval of most of the student body because it makes possible a magazine more physically attractive than hitherto.

But a more important change yet remains to be accomplished — the improvement of the contents of the Tower Light. Last year the publication asked for suggestions as to how improvements could be made. All the suggestions made were obviously sincere, but showed for the most part the need of closer coordination with the staff and its work. The magazine receives \$1.50 from each student's activity fee, which does not even begin to pay for the cost of printing and publishing nine issues. The rest is made up by advertising and by the proceeds from the Tower Light Dance. The word "surplus" is not in the vocabulary of the business managers. Every one agrees that the Tower Light should have more pictures, cartoons, etc. But how can they be paid for? By vour efforts!

The problem of financing the issues is a serious one, but it is not the only one. We publish the best articles that are handed in, so give your products more thoughtful attention. We are delighted with the response for our first issue. Keep it up!

There are well over 500 people in the college. If each and every one of these would contribute just one article, short story, poem, or joke every month, certainly enough good material could be drawn from these to guarantee an interesting and well-written magazine. That's not too much to ask. How about trying these suggestions for this year and see if it doesn't help?

# Seven Critical Questions

- I. Is this college a Normal School?
- 2. Can teachers be trained for the elementary schools at any other college in Maryland?
- 3. Do we have high scholarship standards?
- 4. Do young men and women prefer to come here?
- 5. Do you have an active loyalty for this institution?
- 6. Are you an advertisement for the institution?
- 7. Have you helped your "brother" or "sister"?

# THE LIBRARY - - AT YOUR SERVICE

# Cryptic Comments On The Library

E ZENTZ

AFTER SOME judicious eavesdropping and pointblank questions, the following statements were assembled and presented as being a cross-section of student opinion on the new library arrangement and system.

"Is it really true that we can keep books a whole week?" (Glory hallelujah tone of voice.)

"I couldn't finish the assignment — the books haven't come back yet."

"This is a break — not to have to wait around until three o'clock for a six-page pamphlet in the three hundreds"

"With these week book privileges, we can budget the time on a long period assignment."

"Returning books at any time in the morning does away with the mad scramble and thronging mob at ten minutes of nine."

"It's swell!"

"This Library system is a mess!"

"I want to know why people can keep books out for a week — I never can find what I want."

"Ditto."

"Why don't they use some of the money the Student Council hands out so generously for duplicates and replacements and ease up on the veterans of twenty years' siege?"

"The new shelving system is grand, We're all for it!"
The new arrangement descrives a fair trial. Let us have
your suggestions as freely as you have given your complaints.

# Our Magazines

DORIS KLANK

MAGAZINES! Journals! Digests! Periodicals! Newspapers! — there are over one hundred and fifty different publications in our new Magazine Room for your reading information and reading pleasure.

Do you have a course in current events? There is a small magazine, The American Observer, which is published every week in Washington, devoting two pages to "The Week at Home and Abroad." It tells, in concise form, the outstanding news of the week in many fields.

The Christian Science Monitor, a daily newspaper with a weekly magazine section, supplies world news without sensational detail.

Are you making lesson plans? Both American Childhood and The Grade Teacher give helps for introducing and conducting lessons and suggest activities in connection with each study. In recent issues of these there are plans for teaching social studies, nature stories, and art and English lessons.

Do you enjoy the news in pictures? The Illustrated London News is composed almost entirely of photographs and drawings of subjects of current interest.

Do you like to read for recreation? For you there are Readers' Digest, Fortune, Good Housekeeping, and Coronet.

New among our magazines are the New Yorker, Saturday Everning Post, and The Nation's Business. With such a variety, there is surely a magazine to suit every taste and every need.

### TWENTY-FOUR TREATS

Audrey Horner

Parker, Dorothy: Here Lies — The Collected Stories of Dorothy Parker. New York, The Viking Press, 1939. 362 pages. \$3.00.

Here Lies — The Collected Stories of Dorothy Parker! Even the title of Miss Parker's latest volume reveals the ironic humor for which she has become famous. Here, in one collection, are twenty-one stories taken from two books published previously and three new pieces never before put out in book form.

To many of us, just the name of Dorothy Parker brings to mind delightfully humorous monologues, dialogues, and stories. Although we may be familiar with many of the stories contained in this volume, they remain as effective when read and reread. "A Telephone Call," "Big Blond," and "Horsey" are but a few of the sketches that well stand this crucial test.

A new Dorothy Parker is revealed in the three sketches that have been written within the past few years. Now we see an author grown more serious, whose characters are treated with sympathetic tenderness and whose situations are drawn from modern life. "Soldiers of the Republic" brilliantly illustrates this new attitude. The story is a glimpse of war-torn Spain in which the horrors of guerilla warfare are clearly brought out. A group of soldiers who have just returned from the trenches enter into

a conversation with two visiting Americans who lend them eigarettes in a Madrid cafe. The soldiers speak of their families whom they have not seen for months and whom they will probably never see again. Granting that the sketch is not of the propaganda preaching type, the simply told tale of these soldiers, who at the sound of an alarm, march away to another attack, vividly fulfills its purpose.

To those of you to whom a single story by Dorothy Parker is a treat, this collection of twenty-four stories will be enjoyable reading throughout.

#### THE SWORD IN THE STONE

MARY DI PEPPE

J. H. White: The Sword in the Stone. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1939.

To all of you who are continually looking for something different, new, out of the ordinary, I present a newcomer upon the shelves of the Library fiction department — The Sword in the Stone. Here is a book in which humor, fantasy, and adventure are the ingredients of a delightful story.

The locale of the story is England in the days just preceding the reign of the famed King Arthur. King Arthur himself is the principal character, but, unexpectedly, you find him in the story not as a king or even as a young man, but as a youngster. More surprising than this, you discover (first to your bewilderment and then to your amusement), that the medieval knights, magicians, squires, and witches all converse with one another in very modern dialogue.

The plot consists of a whimsical account of the childhood of King Arthur who is introduced to you as "The Wart." The Wart is tutored by Merlyn, the magician, who, among other things, conjures up at will such articles as the daily newspaper, a fountain pen, and eigarettes. Due to his magic powers, Merlyn changes The Wart into various birds, fish, and animals so that his young student may obtain his education through firsthand knowledge. The young King Arthur, again with the help of the magician, pays interesting visits to the fairies and to Robin Hood. However, we find that the queen of the fairies fits the description of a modern enchantress, while Robin Hood typifies, in speech and action, the athletic young Englishman of today. A very droll incident occurs when The Wart falls into the clutches of a witch whose cottage displays a brass plate warning the public that she will not tolerate "hawkers, circulars, or income tax."

For your own pleasure and enjoyment, I heartily urge you to place The Sword in the Stone on your reading list.

# The Glee Club

MARGUERITE WILSON

"VIENNA WOODS are cool and green." chorused a group of students from the Auditorium. "O, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?" Those voices were familiar, at least to some of the students at S. T. C. It was 3:15 on Monday afternoon and that could only mean one thing: a Glee Club rehearsal.

Miss Weyforth was there. The group responded enthusiastically to her direction and we began the year with a good rehearsal. The vacancies left by the graduates were noticeable, but we knew they would soon be filled.

However, it is not "all work and no play" in the Glee Club. Parties and picnics are on the schedule as well as rehearsals. The annual Glee Club picnic was held in the Glen on October 9. Our supper was cooked by Norris Weis, the official chef, and tasted one hundred per cent. good.

After supper we sat around the campfire, Lee Mc-Carriar and Mr. Weis, now in another role, led the group singing. Aside from old favorites we sang a new version of The Old Mill Stream.

At seven o'clock, although we were reluctant to leave, the Tower clock told us that it was time to put out fires, fold the blankets, and say good-night.

On September 20 the upper class Glec Club members sang for the Freshmen for the first time this year. The songs selected for that assembly were:

The Lord's Prayer - - Malotte
Tales from the Vienna Woods - Strauss
Choral from Die Meistersinger - Wagner

It is not certain whether it was our performance or a previously acquired love of singing on the part of the Freshmen that caused so many to try out. At all events, this year the competition was very keen, there being many who are good Glee Club material. About fifty have been selected thus far. They will become full fledged members at the next rehearsal.

# A Singing Need

FREDERICA BIEDERMANN

CONSIDERING the age of our Teachers College, and the emphasis that is laid on the study of music, we should certainly have more college songs.

Our Alma Mater is one song of which we can truly be proud. Its lovely original melody and words place it in the ranks of the finest college songs. But after all, this is a college of over five hundred students! Why can't we have songs for various occasions? Why not express that "college spirit" in music?

Do not feel that you must master the job by yourself. The words, melody, harmony, and piano accompaniment might each be written by individuals working cooperatively.

Here's to a melodious answer to our singing need!

# Opera and The Radio

KATHRYNE PETROFF

It is Saturday afternoon. Beside the radio is a chair and a table. On this table lies Ernest Newman's book, Stories of the Great Operas and Their Composers. At 1:55 p. m., with expectation. I turn on the radio, prepared to listen to the presentation of Georges Bizet's colorful opera "Cammen" by the Metropolitan Opera Company. From the first gay notes which are heard in the introduction to the tumultuous tragic ending of this fast-moving opera. I am held enthralled by the beautiful music which is sung by the Metropolitan's ablest artists. With Ernest Newman's book before me, I follow the action of this opera, which, between the acts, is interspersed with pertinent remarks by the announcer, Milton Cross.

Besides listening to "Carmen," other Saturdays are reserved for the presentation of the operas "Siegfried," "La Traviata," "Manon," "Lucia di Lammermoor" and other favorite dramas dear to all music lovers. There are millions who turn to their loudspeakers on Saturday afternoons and with this vast multitude I feel a friendship, a common bond — the love of fine music.

The presentation of operas over the radio offers many advantages to the public. People who would never be able to hear or see a full-length opera have the opportunity to listen to a great variety of musical dramas. We are able to hear Milton Cross, the renowned music commentator, who enlightens us with interesting information and sidelights on opera stars, conductors, composers, and their works. Frequently between the acts Mr. Cross has celebrities who enliven the program with amusing and informative anecdotes of their careers appear with him. The listener is able to concentrate on the music and to give his full attention to it. If he wishes to hear only the music and is interested in the melody alone, the radio is the most satisfactory medium through which to hear an opera, for there are no scenery nor people to detract from his attention; thus, he may hear the good and the weak parts of the opera with a keener and more appreciative nature.

On the other hand, one misses the beauty and majesty of the setting, whether it is the elaborate scenery of "Carmen" or the simple surroundings of "Die Walküre." When one listens to a radio presentation, he does not have the opportunity to witness the performers in their capacity as dramatists. Finally, there is another attrac-

tion which the unseen audience misses, that of seeing the conductor lead his orchestra which creates the background and the mood for the players and for the listener.

The radio has opened a new and a more prosperous field for musicians, for since the advent of Saturday aftermoon performances there has been a definite increase and appreciation of good music experienced by the public. This nation-wide audience is demanding more and better accomplished artists. There has been a definite change in the attitude of the public toward opera. From the time of the World War there had been a decline in its interest in classical music. Since the advent of the opera on the radio the trend has led to a greater degree of love of the fine music of the masters.

Perhaps the person who regards this type of music as "high-brow" may turn to his radio while a Saturday matince is in progress and may hear an aria, some dance music, or a martial air which catches his fancy. His interest is aroused; he decides to listen further, comfortably settles himself and prepares to enjoy to the utmost, this heavenly music. As he is not present at the Metropolitan, his imagination must be his sight and he finds himself transferred to a far-away land of which the singers are a part, and lives with them the lives which they are portraying.

In speaking about opera on the radio, one must not forget Mr. Edward Johnson, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, whose untiring zeal and love for music have led him to work so that the mass of people may develop a keen interest and appreciation for that which is closest to his heart. He has acquired talent from all corners of the world: Lilly Pons is France's gift to us; Marjorie Lawrence is a native of Australia; Kirsten Flagstad, the superb heroine of the Wagnerian cycle, hails from Norway; Jussi Bjoerling is from Sweden; Jan Kiepura, from Poland; Gailiano Massini, from musical Italy; Bidu Sayaou comes to us from Brazil. By extending the opera season in New York he has rendered a great service to the American people in that more opportunities for hearing the Saturday afternoon performances have been possible.

Mrs. Belmont, president of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, has done much to stimulate interest in the opera by urging the vast radio audience to send its opinions and criticisms on any aspect of the Metropolitan Opera. That her efforts have been successful has been proved by the fact that many times Milton Cross has read to us some of the letters sent by the listeners.

The radio has become the most important medium through which are presented to the public world news, comedy, tragedy, and, most frequently, music. When the Metropolitan first broadcast its operas several years ago, music lovers hailed this innovation in the hope that it would stimulate a desire in the people to cultivate a taste for fine music. Thus far, these hopes have been amply rewarded. This "renaissance" has extended its scope to include the symphony and chamber music. The glorious works of the most eminent composers are being presented to the public and are becoming increasingly important because people are demanding to see and hear operas which have gone into obscurity such as Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

One week we hear a German music drama by Wagner, next an Italian opera by any one of Italy's illustrious composers, such as Verdi, Puccini, Rossini. Then we have a setting in France, Japan, or Russia, as in "Prince Igor," or in America. "The Girl of the Golden West." To go beyond that, we have presented on the American stage the opera "Aida," composed by the Italian, Verdi, which opera's locale is in Egypt.

The Metropolitan Opera Company recognizes no discrimination in race or creed. It adheres to the policy that music is for everyone to hear and to enjoy. This extension of the musical sphere is another proof of the freedom which is the very essence of music. Music is essentially universal — any who endeavor to restrict it by raising national and racial barriers serve only to place a death sentence on creative expression. Opera on the radio has enriched the cultural experience of the American citizen and is of definite value as an instrument of music education.

# International Relations Club

JEANNE KRAVETZ

YOU'VE READ of renovations and face liftings. Well, we've changed our name! Perhaps you have heard of the League of Young Voters — of its interesting meetings and pleasant social affairs. The same will continue. We have the same setup, the same purpose. However, we are now the International Relations Club.

With a new name, we want many new faces. So Freshmen, join now and learn about the world today, meet well-known speakers, join in interesting discussion. Widen your horizons by joining the I. R. C.

# The Orchestra

AT OUR first rehearsal. Orchestra members had the feeling that it was the Orchestra of 1938-1939 with the calendar turned back to June. All of the chairs were intact with familiar faces at each desk. But with a second look we saw we were welcoming new members, some of whom we saw at new additional desks in the violin section and one, a new organist. Besides those of us rehearsing now, a number of students are trying out for the instruments owned by the college. These students will come into the Orchestra as fast as they succeed. We'll tell you the winners in due time.

Our new music stands are most welcome; and we do need them, with the largest Orchestra ever. The upperclassmen remember that sudden shower which fell as we played last Commencement. It dampened us then, but the new stands are our reward, so let bygones be bygones, and we will hope the new ones are never in a rain! Seniors, join your wishes to ours when you think of May Day and Commencement.

Our work for the year is under way with rehearsals for the assemblies, a broadcast, and a program for the State Teachers Association claiming attention. With so many students learning instruments, the director hasn't had time for our group ensembles, but before long we hope you will hear them practicing as now you hear some of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section, if you come to school before the program of the brass section is the program of the brass section.

We have some plans for our part of the Tower Light also. Perhaps you would like to know more about what it takes to be a good Orchestra member, so we are going to try to tell you. We hope you like it.

Watch this space in your next issue!

### **EVOLUTION OF A FRESHMAN**

ESTA BABLAN

Terrific trouble it is indeed
To make a plant grow from a seed.
Every farmer knows 'tis so —
And yet, the little seedlings grow.
In the same manner we may note
That a Freshman is but a tiny boat.
If you Seniors acknowledge that as true
Some day, perhaps, they'll be "ocean liners", too.

A young husband was trying to teach his nervous wife to drive a car. They were on a narrow country road and she had been driving only for a short time when she exclaimed:

"Take the wheel quickly, darling, here comes a tree!"



# "SNICKS"

HENRY N. STECKLER

With the beginning of the 1939-40 soccer season, Coach Minnegan finds himself faced with his usual hard task of building a soccer team from limited material. Regardless of the final outcome of the season, the student body may rest assured that Towson will again place a fighting team on the field.

Although this year's team will contain many hardrunning, fleet-footed boys, we can hardly expect it to top last year's record. As you remember, Towson went through the 1938 season undefeated to win the championship of the Maryland Collegiate Soccer League. Such fine booters as "Windy" Gordon, Paul Massicot, Tom Goedeke, Robinson, Bennett, Cox, McConnell, and others will be difficult to replace.

Teachers College will again use the simple formula of outrunning its opponents. The returning veterans, Calder, Cernik, Shock, Hart, Lauenstein, and Captain Lou Cox, together with other seasoned players and likely looking Freshmen, will help considerably to offset our graduation losses.

State Teachers will shoot the works in every game. The team will be hard to beat. The soccer menu looms as an attrctive one. The following is the 1939 schedule as complete as I have it:

	Date	Team	Location
Friday,	October	13-Blue Rid	geTowson
Friday,	October	20-Salisbury	T. C Towson
Monday,	October	23-U. of Vi	rginiaTowson
Friday,	November	3-Western	Maryland Towson
Tuesday,	November	7—Johns Ho	pkins Towson
Friday,	November	10-U. of Ma	ryland College Park

# SO WHAT

W. NORRIS WEIS

SURPRISE! Once again "So What" greets ye olde upper-classmen and ye newe Freshmen.

The thought of your not having someone to report to you the various sundry and obnoxious bits of news that otherwise would not get into print (with apologies to L. M. M.) so overwhelmed me that I thought it my bounden duty to return and serve (?) you in the aforementioned capacity.

 $(\mbox{\it Ed. Note}$  — Seems as if this guy took a course in etymology this summer.)

I know you are delighted with the prospect. Heh, heh, heh! I am, so far as my business is to find monkey-business and report it to you, and I should appreciate any student enlightening me as to the incidents and observations that would be of interest to my many readers, both of you. But after all is said and done, So What?

Now to get on with this month's heckling:

### September Observations

The topography of the Freshman girls is quite up to standard. This is the general consensus of opinion of the upper-classmen and the gentlemen of the faculty.

The new Cafeteria system would be an overwhelming success if everyone's lunch period were 120 minutes long.

It is obvious that the Freshman girls are much more familiar with various spots in the Glen than with the location of their classrooms in the Administration Building or the books in the Library. Could the Freshman tours with the Juniors and Seniors have been responsible?

The girls of the entering class are all inquiring as to the whereabouts of The Whitey. Can anyone in Sr. 7 help them?

#### Did You Know That -

Miss Weyforth is seriously studying the theory and philosophy of hula dancing? The hand gestures should come naturally.

Mr. Crook was offered a position on Admiral Byrd's expedition to the South Pole?

Ruth Nizer, Freshman girl, is the first logical candidate for the college Lu-lu group? Nice work if you can get it, Ruth.

Because of her excellent qualifications, we have agreed to crown Marie Parr as Oueen of the Play?

L. L. L. has originated a sure-fire method for obtaining quick dismissals in the elementary school? He merely says, "Children, the last one in the cloak-room is a monkey." Twice he was trampled in the rush.

One of the newcomers asked if Mr. Miller were a Senior?

Willie Ranft is still a single man? Isn't that good news, girls?

### Dorm Notes

What Senior girls were repaid with a box of Martha Washington (not an advertisement) candy and Netherland stamps for the loan of two umbrellas on a rainy night?

Some Seniors (I suppose I should say only one) received two dozen red roses this week-end just for the heck of it. Confidentially, the "gang" would appreciate candy more!

Hats off to the men of the dorm! Why? They treated all the Senior girls of the dorm to pretzel-sticks, cocacolas, sundaes, and nickleodeon music at the Arundel. Senior privileges really have their advantages,

Another one of our group received a U. of Md. bracelet. Guess why? Maybe G. I. can help inform us.

What engaged Senior, while dancing on one of our nights out (have you ever danced on a night out? It's better than most dance floors) turned her ring around? It was really fun!

#### Betcha' -

Betcha' we'll have hamburgers in the Cafe this year. (20 to 1.)

Betcha' Miss Weyforth will not have 7,500 miles on her Chevrolet by Christmas. (100 to 1.)

Betcha' Coach will find at least ten "Fancy Charlies" among the Freshman lads. (5 to 2.) Observe the fover at noon.

Betcha' Luther Cox will have ample motivation for his soccer this season. (15 to 1.) Betcha' Dr. West doesn't miss more than two college

dances this year. (3 to 2.)

Betche' Kitty Herburg will find comething definitely

Betcha' Kitty Hepburn will find something definitely lacking from her Senior year. (500 to 1.)

Betcha' I can tell when I've seen Marie Parr's brown eyes turn green, (12 to 1.)

Betcha' Fred Tiemeyer won't shoot off any more firecrackers around a certain psychology professor's house. (90 to 1.)

Betcha' Harry Russell's English marks will soar to unknown heights this year. (10 to 1.) At least he's trying hard, eh what?

#### Freshman Retorts

Mr. Crook: What is the name of an animal whose main diet is made up of cellulose?

Another Frosh: I know, teacher. Woodpecker.

#### Finale

And at last we come to the most enjoyable paragraph of this bibulous conglomeration of alleged writing. We close with a contribution for Joe Miller's Joke Book (Copyright 1886) which came to us by our consistent H. R.:

Our brilliant jokester, passing, cast a reflective eye into the sky and drawled, "Well, I guess it's going to be tough sledding today."

"Why?" we answered, kicking ourselves for biting.

"No snow," said he, going immediately into fits of laughter.

So, until next month — So Long and So What?

# ATTENTION!!!

Students: Wouldn't you welcome the opportunity to have one of your most pointed letters to a faculty member made public and be assured of a solid student backing? Won't you share with our gullible readers just a bit of that personalized pen prattle that drifts from hand to hand, unknown to most of us? Of course you will. We'll save a place for you in the next issue of the Tower Light under the heading, "Scriptopia."

Faculty: Where is the letter from that bewailing student teacher at his rope's end, that informal note sent in the greatest of haste with those peculiar errors so unbecoming to a teacher and your prize antiques written in Old English? We hope you'll also want to have published one of those regular letters to another faculty member. We're counting on you to do your part.

N. B. — You've always wanted to read your neighbor's mail. Here's your chance. Feel free to write to whomever you please in the college for publication.

# IN OUR MAILBOX

July 30, 1939 -

The S. S. President Roosevelt carried our former President, Dr. Tall, to France last June. Dr. Tall toured the continent, first going to Paris and then to the Alpine Republic. From Lucerne she went to the German capital, Berlin. Evidently, she was in Germany while secret military preparations were being made for the Polish war. We are thankful she was not there at the outbreak of military operations. Dr. Tall left Germany and visited more neutral-minded countries.

In Finland she attended a meeting of the American Association of University Women. This was the real

purpose of her trip.

Dr. Tall was in Stockholm, Sweden, when war was declared. It was here that her plans were changed and, like other Americans abroad. she began to arrange for her passage home. She arrived safely on board a Norwegian ship on Thursday, September the fourteenth. August 15, 1939 — Ponca City, Oklahoma —

Mary McClean, graduate of 1938, B.S. degree, spent the summer visiting oil wells and Indians in and

around Oklahoma.

August 25, 1939 — Mammoth Co., Kentucky —

Ethel Troyer, graduate of 1934 and Gladys Troyer, Class of 1931, enjoyed a third tour of the South as far as Nashville. MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS

July 5, 1939 —

Anna Marguerite Schorr, graduate of 1936, to Stanley R. Whipple.

July 14, 1939 - Massey, Md. -

Mary Evelyn Peacock, graduate of 1939, B.S., to Lee Clifton Clark, Chestertown, Md.

July 20, 1939 -

Helen Alma Taylor, graduate of 1937, to Walter Ernest Uebersax, graduate of 1937.

August 10, 1939 —

Ruth Regina Chrest, graduate of 1926, to Charles

S. Dennis.

A Prunetta Kopp, graduate of 1925, to Charles E. Caltrider.

August 12, 1939 —

Eileen Garvan McHale, graduate of 1937, to Warren Collier.

August 18, 1939 -

Louis Cox, graduate of 1939, B. S., to Bernice Eileen

August 19, 1939 - Olney, Md. -

Katherine Lansdale Riggs, graduate of 1935, to John Justus Meyer, Jr., graduate of 1936, B.S.

# CALENDAR ITEMS

N. M. M.

Sunday, September 17 — The first vesper service of the Student Christian Association, the Y. W. C. A., that has enlarged to include men students, was held in Newell Hall foyer. Dr. Wiedefeld spoke to the students concerning religion as a means of preserving democracy. Quite appropriately, she turned the searchlights on a group of future teachers, advising them to take stock of themselves in the light of a moral code basic to religion universally.

Tuesday, September 19 — With violin meditation For

the Beauty of the Earth, the Student Christian Association assembled for morning devotion in the council ring in the glen. Singing of hymns. Bible reading, and prayer made the sanctuary a fresh, living impression.

First Weck — Study hours ended and selected groups of pajama-clad Freshmen gathered in Miss Greer's room. It's a most attractive room with furnishing of blue, rose and tan. Punch and cookies added much to the half-hour of fun and chatter in our dornitory director's room.

# Democracy

### IN THE CAMPUS SCHOOL

### KATHERINE JACOB

TODAY democracy is being questioned. We are wondering what kind of education has brought about Fascism and the other "isms". But in the Campus School there is no question of democracy. Here the children are working together and cooperating with the other factors of the school organization.

The Student Council, whose active members are the children from the third grade to the seventh, inclusive, is most important in seeing that the responsibilities given to the children are carried out. Each class has duties to perform and their various committees make reports at council meetings. Complaints are heard and suggestions are given by the children themselves, Miss Steele is the faculty adviser of these meetings.

The duties of the grades vary. The first grade distributes and collects the absence slips from each of the classrooms. Every afternoon the third grade sees that the tops of the pianos and phonographs are closed and that the plants in the hall and Auditorium are watered. The Lost and Found Department is in their charge. The Campus Committee of the fourth grade is composed of conscientious workers. The students of the College have had to be reminded by them of their responsibility. The mail is carried between the Campus and the Administration Building by the fifth grade. In the Campus School there is a milk fund for children too poor to buy milk. The fifth grade has charge of this.

A most democratic gesture is being carried on by the Student Council, Visitors are invited to the Council meetings. The fifth grade issues the invitations. This prevents the meetings from being "closed-door affairs." The author suggests that other Student Councils should note this.

The playground is divided into sections and grades are assigned to the various sections. The sixth grade settles complaints that arise from this. They also care for the playground equipment.

In the seventh grade are the committees for general safety. They have charge of posting radio schedules and assembly announcements. A duty new this year is that of being cashier for the lunchroom.

With everyone working together, discussing his own problems and solving them, they are building a better school organization. More important still, they are developing an appreciation for democracy.

### THE BIG FOUR

P. Herndon

When you see a girl who's walking

In a daze and also talking

Of the boy she met this summer at the shore,

Of how Gable always thrills her -

Of how working nearly kills her —

Of the skirt she can't get into any more,
You'll know she's a Freshman.

Where you see a girl who's walking Rather briskly, and is talking

Of the Math test she will have sometime next week,

Of the mysteries of Science — Of the German-Russ, Alliance —

Of the German-Russ, Alliance — Of the Freshmen, who are anything but meek,

You'll know she's a Sophomore.

When a girl looks somewhat worried,
Rather flustered, tired, hurried.
And she talks of Student Teaching all the time,
Of a lovely desert island
Where she'd rest and play a while and
When there'd never be a Unit — (how sublime!)

You'll know she's a Junior.

If you see a girl who's walking
Rather languidly and talking

Rather languidly and talking
Of examinations — (nothing need be said
Of her natural elation
At her coming graduation
And the hope that all her marks won't be in red)
You'll know she's a Senior.

So I'll close this, budding students.
(Whom I've told about with prudence)
This last I have to say won't take much time —
Here's a fact: (and well I know it)
I shall never be a poet
For I've had one awful time to make this rhyme!

### The Foreign Situation

Probably the shortest book ever written would be Who's Who in Germany.

—The Evening Sun.

#### The Awful Truth

Never ask for second portions; Always show you are well bred. You'll be known for your gracious manners, But you won't be well fed.

# MUH-OH

#### Three Little Words

These were voted tops as the three sweetest words in the English language:

- 1. I love you.
- 2. Dinner is served.
- 3. Keep the change.
- 4. All is forgiven.
- Sleep till noon.
   Here's that five.
- Here's that five.
   And the saddest were:
  - 1. External use only.
  - 2. Buy me one.
  - 3. Out of gas.
  - 4. Dues not paid.
  - 5. Funds not sufficient.
  - 6. Rest in peace. —College Humor.

In dry cleaning shops the work is hard only in spots.

American men look at women when (they think) the women are not aware of it; Englishmen do not look at them at all; but Frenchmen look at them with such thoroughness and intensity that you half expect them to approach and ask dubiously, "Is it washable?"

-(With Malice Toward Some-M. Halsey.)

Ouestion: What is a waffle?

Answer: A pancake with a non-skid tread.

Ever hear the one about the bed nine feet long? Well, that's a lot of bunk.

# Would You Say -

That Washington said we should have no entangling alliances?

It was Jefferson who used this phrase. Washington, in his Farewell Address, used "permanent alliances."

That umpires watch the plate?

Umpires do not look at the plate; instead, they see an imaginary rectangle, 17 inches wide, extending from the batter's shoulders to his knees.

That the poinsettia is a red flower?

Only the leaves are red. The flower is yellowish.

That Mont Blanc is in Switzerland? Mont Blanc is in France.

Orville A. Lindquist — Sunday Sun.

Willie: Can I have any sea food I like? Mother: Yes, dear. What shall I order for you? Willie: Salt water taffy.

Warm breath on my cheek, Soft touch on my shoulder, Little face, pressed close to mine. Ecek! Who let the cat in?

The poor man was effusive in his thanks to his rich friend. "This five dollars will help me out of a tight hole, and I'll send it back to you in a few days. By the way, what is your address?"

The rich man looked solemn, "Fairview Cemetery," he replied.

"O, nonsense. That's not your address."

"No," said the rich man, "but it will be before you send this five dollars back."

They call her "Mussy Lena" 'cause she's the fascist girl in town.

"Dear Tom: Come tomorrow evening sure. Papa is at home, but is laid up with a very sore foot. See? May."

"Dear May: I can't come tomorrow evening. I'M laid up on account of your father's sore foot. See? Tom."

The girl who does everything under the sun always has shadows under her eyes.

Two convicts managed to get a few minutes of conversation.

"Hello, mate," said one, "How did you manage to get here?"

"I'm a victim of my unlucky number, thirteen."

"How's that?"

"Twelve jurymen and one judge."

—Evening Sun.

In darkest Africa two natives were watching a leopard chasing a large fat man.

"Can you spot the winner?" asked one.

"The winner is spotted," replied the other.

—Evening Sun.

Teacher: Name a great inventor and his chief inventions.

Pupil: Thomas A. Edison. First he invented light bulbs. Then he invented the phonograph and perfected the radio so people would stay up all night and use his light bulbs. Soph: I can tell how much water to a quart goes over Niagara Falls.

Fresh.: I betcha you can't. How much?

Soph.: Two pints.

A disgruntled shareholder rose from his seat at a company meeting and shook an angry fist at the chairman.

"Sir," he said fiercely, "I regard you as a liar and scoundrel and the biggest rascal unhung."

The chairman looked at him scornfully. "Sir," he said with dignity, "you forget yourself."

Young man to his friend while horseback riding: "Shall we take the bridlepath, Pamela?"

Pamela: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins."

"We weren't playing marbles. We just had a fight and I was helping him to pick up his teeth."

Teacher: "Now that you have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, Willie, tell me what kind of a man you think he was?"

Willie: "A contortionist."

Teacher: "What makes you think so, Willie?"
Willie: "Because it says that after his day's work, he

sat on his chest."

Mrs. Jones: "I wonder if I could borrow your rugbeater?"

Mrs. Smith: "I am sorry, he doesn't get home until six o'clock."

Father (to infant son sucking his thumb): "Hey, son! Don't do that. You may need it when you get old enough to travel."

"Can you type?"

"Yes, I use the Columbus System."

"What's that?"

"I discover a key and then land on it."

Jones: "Ants are supposed to be the hardest working creatures in the world."

Smith: "Yes, but they still have time to attend picnics."

Son: "Pop, what is heredity?"

Father: "The force, my son, which arranges that all your good traits be inherited from your mother and all your bad ones from me."

Friend: "Did you get any replies to your advertisement that a lonely maid sought light and warmth in her life?"

Spinster: "Yes. Two from an electric company and one from the gas company."

Teacher: "What did the Federal Government do with Negroes who fled to the North during the Civil War?"

Student: "They put them in Union suits."

The Governor picked up the phone and called long distance.

"I want to speak to Killer Demoff, at the State prison," he said excitedly.

"Sorry," a voice answered, "but your party just hung up."

The gum-chewing girl And the cud-chewing cow Are somewhat alike, Yet different somehow. What difference? Oh, yes, I see it now. It's the thoughtful look On the face of the cow.

# Movies Are Educational

Don Ameche invented the wireless. Tyrone Power built the Suez Canal.

### Things We Can Do Without

Bag rattlers in the movies. Popcorn eaters at the movies.

We have an American school teacher staying at bed and breakfast with us. She is a small, dynamic woman whose manner suggests very clearly that life had better watch its step, or she will take down its little pants and spank.

Fresh.: "You said the composition I handed in was both good and original and yet you gave me zero."

Teacher: "Well, the part that was original was no good, and the part that was good was not original."

Teacher: "What is meant by 'shining raiment'?" Student: "An old blue serge suit."

My wild oats weren't sown. They were raised in flower-pots.

—(With Malice Toward Some — M. Halsey).

# Can It Happen Here?

#### KATHERINE FEASER

SCIENCE, THAT stairway to progress, has added one more to its list of phenomena. Recently, I read of the creation of invisible glass, which, if used in the windows of department stores, would eliminate glare.

Regardless of its virtues, think of the complications invisible glass might bring about even in the day of an ordinary person, were it used generally. Let's follow Lucy Brains, an average college girl, through a day in a world where invisible glass is used.

On arising Lucy wants a drink of water so she goes to get a tumbler from exactly where she placed it last night for just such a time as this (but then just where was that place?). Lucy gropes around for a time, because, remember, the glass is invisible. Smash! The glass, however, was not unbreakable. Lucy runs down the hall to the fountain for a drink.

Lucy wants to comb her hair. This time her difficulties are not so numerous. She walks up to the mirror frame. Aha! That piece of glass is bounded by four visible pieces of board.

Noontine! Lucy dashes from assembly to her room in the dorm where she finds awaiting her a "call for package" slip. Gracious! What a charming bouquet! Though Lucy had forgotten that today she turned twenty, he had not forgotten. Bounding up the steps with her armful of flowers. Lucy thought, "That glass bowl Mother gave me will be just the container for these." But where is the glass bowl? Lucy searches the cupboard shelf and the bottom bureau drawer in a futile attempt to locate the bowl. She places the flowers in the tile sink (visible, by the way).

Lucy goes to science lab. The prof. announces to the class that here on the supply table are flasks and test tubes made of new invisible glass. The college is so fortunate to get a supply of these so soon. The class looks at the prof. in blank astonishment and little twitterings break out here and there because, remember, all the students can see are a couple of test-tube racks, apparently empty.

Lucy, thankful for that bell which marks the end of the last class, flees to the dorm to repair her war paint for her date with Manny Muscle, of football fame. Too bad it's raining, but then, what's a little rain? Manny has a smart new convertible coupe. Once in the car Lucky asks, "Why the windshield wiper, Manny, and no windshield?" Manny beams proudly, "Oh, my dear, haven't you heard of invisible glass yet?" Lucy reaches out her hand cautiously, Yes, it's hard and it keeps the rain out. It must be invisible glass. Before returning to the dorm, they stop for a soda. Staring at them in bold print is a sign, "Please hold your glass in your hand until the waiter collects it. We use invisible glass."

That night, Lucy, weary from the whirl of the day, sinks on her bed and yawning, mutters, "If we must have invisible glass, please let's have it colored."

#### SENIOR SORCERY

On Friday, the thirteenth, Put your worries in the ditches -Come to our dance And be bewitched by witches. They don't wear tall hats Or have crooked noses, And ride on broom-sticks, As everyone supposes. They wear stiff shirts, And shoes that hurt their corns. The broom-sticks are strings Or maybe brass horns. Billy Isaac is the brewer Of potent melodies. So come and be enchanted By his rapturous rhapsodies.

The Senior Benefit Dance In the Auditorium, Friday. October thirteenth; Billy Isaac and his "Commanders." P. S., To all ye lads and lassies

Who've no reason to buy the passes
Copy this to make a show
And send it to your very best beau.

Four ages of man: Mother spanks him; girl makes fool of him; wife bosses him; daughter works him.

# Fashion Flashes

MARIE PARR

AUTUMN FASHIONS have now taken their place in the style parade and cocds at S. T. C. are keeping right up with them — college days have just begun but already the following "hits" in wearing apparel have been noted around the campus:

- . . . Those new long, sloppy cardigan sweaters are all the rage, girls. You must have at least one included in your wardrobe. M. W. has a most attractive one in soft green.
- . . . Plaid skirts are very popular again this year. Scarlet is the favorite color. H. O. looks quite bonny in her "pleated all-round" one.
- Socks and saddles are still "holding their place" of tops in footwear, but moccasins are swiftly rising in popularity.
- ... "Junk jewelry" of all types has been seen a great deal, too. Bells and shells have taken the place of charms.
- ... Never before have so many angora sweaters filled the halls at the college. Pastel shades are mainly chosen for this type sweater.
- . . . Have you seen A. F.'s knee-length woolen socks?

  They are supposed to be the height of fashion this season.
- ... Snoods are also becoming quite popular perhaps you have noticed R, K, wearing one. Very individual looking.
- ... Men's clothes are also very smart this season.

  Green seems to be the color and anything sporty goes.
- . . . W. R. has a very chic sport jacket quite collegiate!
- . . . H. R.'s socks are getting louder each month. Where does he get them?
- . . . Bow ties seem to be coming back. Just ask A. S.
- ... Then, of course, a white sweater with the college "M" proudly displayed on the front is a necessity for every boy. Better enter sports right now so you can join the ranks, Freshmen.

So you see how fashions are changing gradually. All this has been seen in a few days. Next month we are going to devote this page to the Freshmen and see how they rate in the fashion paradel

# **Epitaphs**

Thomas Mulvaney 1724 - 1795

Old Thomas Mulvaney lies here, His mouth ran from ear to ear.

Reader, tread lightly on this wonder

For if he yawns you're gone to thunder.

Here Lies the Body of

Susan Lowder

Who Burst While Drinking Seidlitz Powder

Called from this World to Her Heavenly Rest

She Should Have Waited Till it Efferyesced

1793

\* \*

Memory

of Anna Hopewell

Here Lies

The Body of our Anna Done to death by a banana

It wasn't the fruit that

made her go
But the skin of the thing that
laid her low

\* \* \* \*
Sarah Scroggins

Gone to meet:

Her 18 children and

Three husbands

Beneath this stone A lump of clay Lies Arabella Young

Who on the 21st of May

1771

Began to hold her tongue

Adam Betts 1827 - 1846

The Lord saw good
I was lopping off wood
When down fell me from a tree
I met with a check
And broke my neck,
And so the Lord lopped off me.

In Memory of Mr.
Peter Daniels

Born Aug. 7, 1688 Dyed May 20, 1746

Beneath this stone,
A lump of clay
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels
Who too early in
month of May
Took off his winter flannels

Jeremiah Zilpah of Mercy and Patience Zilpah

Here I lie with my two Daughters Brought by drinking mineral-Waters If we had stuck to epsom salts We wouldn't be lying in these

Here Vaults

Here lieth the remains
of THOMAS WOODHEN
The most amiable and excellent
of men

N. B. His real name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't come in rhyme. His Widow. Beneath this stone and not above it Lie the remains of ANNA LOVETT Be pleased, dear reader, not shove it For twixt you and I, no one does covet To see again this Anna Lovett. Left us May 17, 1769

#### The New Time

FOR YEARS educators have been waiting for the opening of a news-reel theater in Baltimore to aid in the teaching of current events and history. News-reels are of great value to teachers because they present history in the making.

Around the first of October, Baltimore will join the ranks of such metropolitan centers as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Brooklyn, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Newark, when the Time Theater, the nation's number one news-reeler, opens its doors in the 1700 block North Charles Street.

With the opening of the Time, Baltimore will be able to see the truly great and magnificent achievements in the photographic, electrical and other technical developments in the art of motion picture exhibition.

The Time Theater will be the first in Maryland to offer the newly-perfected Mirrophonic Deluxe Sound System, the latest accomplishment of the Western Electric and Bell Telephone laboratories. Mirrophone gives you the finest, fullest, most life-like sound reproduction you've ever heard.

Artistically, the new Time Theater will be a revelation in intimate charm and beauty. Nationally-known Paul Roche, who did the murals at the Enoch Pratt Library, will do a series of ten wall murals in the theaten auditorium. These illustrations will graphically portray the various exciting phases of news-reel subjects.

Every detail of acoustics, air-conditioning, seating, decoration and projection at the Time will be the latest known to theater engineers and architects.

. . . the Best Costs Less!

#### GUARANTEED WATCH REPAIR

## O'Neills

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Greetings to the Maryland State Teachers College You All Know Confectionery

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TOWSON THEATER

The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.

People with Discriminating Tastes Prefer

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#### WOMEN'S HATS

(Continued from page 14) flower decked or garden type of hat, which is strewn abundantly with every kind of blossom from sweetpeas to daisies. When a sunny day arrives and sends its rays on the decorative plants, one can imagine that he is in merry Italy in the midst of a fertile valley blessed with a huge covering of these fragile flowerets.

Secondly, let us consider the beret that resembles an ice bag, which is used for raging headandes. There is attached on both sides of the beret a piece of ribbon which serves as a chin strip and which ties into a perky bow at any convenient spot. In order to save this unruly piece of ribbon from slipping, the wearer must keep her neck craned on one side so as to balance it. This style gives the owner an appearance of one who is in pain, and if worn too often, results in a bad case of neck cramps.

Next, let's become acquainted with the head covering that is ornamented with both wild and domesticated creatures. Indeed it seems at times as if the entire vicious animal kingdom is shoved on one brim, and instead of attracting the male generation, only tends to frighten them. However, the milliner's favorite animal is the bird with its pompous feathers and bright coloring. It is not an unusual sight to see perched on an inverted-bowl-shaped crown a scarlet cardinal whose beak is opened and whose wings are spread wide as if ready to soar into a flight for a juicy worm. Indeed, it seems as if the bird should, at some interval, rise, and in a lofty flight take with him the flimsy crown, leaving the owner standing in awe at the fleeing feathered bullet.

Yes, there is without a doubt much fun in watching a woman promenade down the street with an odd object resting dubiously on her head. However ultra-modern these new-fangled hats are supposed to be, I maintain they are just as silly, if not more so, than those of the past decade. On the other hand, you've got to credit the fair damsel with courage to sport a piece of head wear that even the strongest of men fear; in short, the phrases that women are the weaker sex is obsolete.

#### THE BEST TRIP EVER

(Continued from page 10) of the shell; to stop and pick up a mother petrel or one of her young; to watel Mr. Cruikshank climb an immense virgin spruce an lift a baby osprey from its nest, while the mother and father bird screamed overhead. We were told that naturalists who devote their whole lives to the study of

birds, have really never seen the things we were able to see and experience in two weeks. This was something to think about.

In the evenings, after supper, we all attended lectures given by various faculty members or classified our day's collections.

Supper out-of-doors around the campfire called for an evening of entertainment. Dressed in our warm clothes, we gathered around, sang old songs, and learned new ones. Each one who had something to contribute gladly voluntecred. There were campers from almost every state and they all sang their home-state songs. I was proud to sing Maryland. My Maryland with the Camp Director and his family.

Camp lasted for only two weeks, but its memories will last forever; so also will the many friendships made. I feel that I am greatly indebted to the Natural History group of S. T. C. for making this experience possible.

#### MAN WITHOUT NUMBER

(Continued from page 13) hasn't been paid since the moon she went canoeing.

The day at the office is ground to a close at the sinking of the sun. Mr. Numfree's wife is waiting anxionaly at home, for they have a theater engagement. It is essential to arrive there early to get a good seat, since seats are designated by such appellations as "Balcony closest to the roof, the row without a brass rail in front of it, the seat next to the seat with the broken arm-rest."

The theater orchestra tunes up to the "A" of the piano at hand. It does not matter that the lights in the pit, as well as the house lights, are being dimmed, for of course, musicians must play by ear. They render a warming selection, as the unregulated theater air is somewhat chilly. The play to follow is "The Night after the Night (and so on for some more Nights)" by Shakeshere, supposed no longer living—but who knows, since there is no record of his demise?

The taxi—beg pardon, the cab (for taxi implies taximeter, and who can imagine a meter without number?) that takes our friends from the theater finds it necessary to stop for gasoline on the way. There being no fuel gauge to indicate the state of the tank, the station attendant ceases pouring when the tank overflows. After the consequent haggling about payment, Mr, and Mrs. Numfree are sped (relatively, that is, for speed cannot be measured here) to their lovely modern home

But wait. Perhaps lovely homes, taxis, theaters, offices, newspapers, and all are a bit too ideal for our Numberless Society. We had better start over and make that home of the Numfrees a cave. A Deposit of \$1.00 Opens a Checking Account in the CHECKMASTER Plan at

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#### Pertinent Points

From Will Cuppy's "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes,"\*

"Orang-outangs have solved the problem of work. They do not work. They never worry. And yet they have wrinkles. So what's the use?"

"Never call anyone a baboon unless you are sure of your facts. Baboons have flat feet."

"The Howling Moukey is confined to South America but seems to escape."

"All Modern Men are descended from a Wormlike creature, but it shows more on some people."

\*The call number, dear reader, is 817 C.

#### Signs Spotted

Saratoga, N. Y.: "Bartholemew's Tank and Tummy Station."

Crown Point, N. Y.: "Buy a bird house and rent it for a song."

Greenville, Tex.: "The blackest land, the whitest people."

Pocahontas, Ark.: "You can spend both sides of your dollar at King's drug store."

What signs have you spotted?

#### **CLASSIC CAMPUS STYLES**

from

## HOCHSCHILD KOHN & CO.

**Baltimore** 

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Betholine - Richfield Gasoline

Official AAA Station

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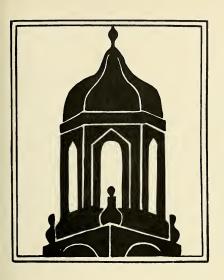
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Cower Light

November 1939



## Famous Yachtsman calls Camels\_"The best cigarette buy" "THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"



NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower-gives more smoking-than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there is such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right - the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves. For instance. "Jack" Dickerson (above, left), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther-give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largestselling brands tested-slower than any of them-CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

## **EXTRA** SMOKES PER PACK



Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced

- Camels were found to contain more tobocco by weight than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.
- Camels burned slower than any other A hrand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largestselling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!
- 3 In the same tests, Camels held their ash far longer than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF ... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BILY

Camels—Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos



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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly - October through June - by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

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- M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

HE EVOLUTION of the state teachers college has been a very gradual process which has kept pace, sometimes a lagging one, sometimes in the lead, with the development of the teaching profession and the growth of the public school system.

In the early days when qualifications of teachers were expressed in such terms as "moral character," "moral and civil breeding," and "discreet ladies," training for teachers was not thought of. Later, when the tenets of faculty psychology, the transfer of training or mental discipline, were more widely known and accepted, good drill masters were needed. Persons who knew how to "read, and write, and whip," how to drill and hear the lessons, were recognized as the best teachers. One who could read a textbook could teach the pupils what was in it. He could assign the pages for study and then hear the pupils recite, sometimes verbatim, what they had memorized. Many stories are told of pupils who "missed the lesson" and were duly punished because they left out a word or changed the order. Training was scarcely necessary for such a method of "keeping school." There have always been certain professionally gifted teachers who developed procedures and methods of instruction which were imitated by their own scholars, so that good teachers have always done a kind of incidental teacher training; and there has been a transmission of educational philosophy and practice from one teaching generation to the next.

The demand for the establishment of state school systems and for normal schools where teachers might be educated in the "Science of Education, Art of Teaching, and the Mode of Governing Schools," began to be seriously urged in the early part of the nineteenth century. At that time Froebel was living and advancing his theories; the philosophy of Pestalozzi was at its height in America; faculty psychology was still widely accepted. Hartley and Hume had formulated the laws of association; John Stuart Mill had proposed his theory of mental chemistry and Call had perfected his system of the specialized cortical areas. The experimental psychologists had begun their work. In 1860 Fechner wrote his paper on mental measurements, and Francis Galton's new methods of research and studies of individual differences were known. Herbert Spencer, the first of the evolutionists and the first to develop a concept of heredity, was conducting his experiments; and Herbart, known as the father of scientific pedagogy, lived and died during the first half of the nineteenth century. In addition, the experimental laboratory of Wundt, the German philosopher, and his group of physiological psychologists were attracting world-wide attention by the findings of their experimental investigations.

Surely the time was ripe for the establishment of normal schools where such information could be disseminated and at least a beginning made toward translating
it into classroom practices. A long period of time is required to effect such a transfer
of knowledge; however, it serves as high motivation and the best of the students
are stimulated to action.

(Continued on page 30)

#### PERHAPS YOU are one of A Tiny Tour the many who enjoy the magazine covers which make our distinctive American tourist seem perfectly

M. CLARICE BERSCH

in some New Deal ventures. There were three camps, each of them models of neatness, and in appointments, equal to that of the better mountain resorts. Trav-

absurd. If not, you do like the popular cartoons of them, don't you? It is one of our peculiarities that whereas all of us rejoice in travel almost without exception, we resent being placed in the "tourist class." Well, regardless of caricature, cartoons and popular derision, I like to be a tourist and choose to be one whenever opportunity permits. This summer I travelled for two whole days, and if that isn't sufficient to enroll me as a "tourist," just classify me as an ambitious kindergartener. Give me time, and I'll do my best to become one!

eling along the Skyline affords in miniature all the thrills of mountain travel anywhere. Looking to the west, over the Shenandoah, one gets a vividness of impression far beyond that to be gained from the top of Pike's Peak. Then with a brief turn of the road, one looks to the east, over evergreen, forested slopes, rivalling in beauty the "Switzerland of the Rockies." Again the speed with which one changes from looking endlessly toward the Atlantic to an equally far sweep toward the Pacific is strongly suggestive of the Grand Corniche, as it wriggles around the Italian and French Riviera.

Our party of congenial friends had little time or money for travel, but plenty of urge to go Somewhere. So we planned a three-day motor trip which had to be condensed at the last moment into two days. With no altempt to hurry, we reached Monticello, Jefferson's home, before noon of the first day. Very attentively we followed the guide around, finding special interest in noting facts and details which had escaped us on previous visits. The Historical Society, now owning the shrine, is continuously working toward complete restoration and had, since my previous visit, restored the ice-house, stables, carriage house, and bath-house. We wondered if a house so far removed from the livingrooms could serve for our notion of a "bath-house," or whether this term had once meant "laundry." Driving down the mountainside we were tempted to make a hasty visit to Monroe's home, but instead, continued on into Charlottesville, where we dined in leisurely fashion at the Green Tea Room, a distinctive Southern home which is capitalizing upon its historic associations. Along with dessert we considered road maps and the best route to Skyline Drive.

Completing the Drive was enough for one day so we drove on to Luray, a typical tourist town which feeds upon visitors to the Caverns. We preferred to digest our "mountain-top experiences" over night before complicating them with underground wonders, so we merely drove around Luray for general impressions and incidentally to find a restful hotel for the night.

Within an hour's drive, someone remarked irritably, "What can be the matter with my ears?" Others agreed that their ears felt "funny," too, and then we realized that we were climbing rapidly up the mountain. A change of temperature was becoming obvious, also, and those wraps which had seemed so superfluous in the morning were used with genuine appreciation. Almost as soon as we had passed the entrance to Federal Park, we came upon a most inviting CCC camp, and when we stopped in a few minutes at the first lookout point to register forever in our memories this first panoramic view of Shenandoah Valley, the CCC boys made themselves our well-bred hosts. They pointed out best places to stand for widest eye-sweeps, and gave interesting information when requested. They were gentlemanly in every way, wherever we stopped, and gave us real pride

Pleasant prospects for our second day were dimmed by a heavy mist which turned into a steady downpour before noon. We were disappointed in not seeing from the Valley's bottom, that which we had looked upon the previous day. However, Endless Caverns were our first major objective, and we promptly forgot weather in the absorbing underworld. I entered the Caverns with remembrances of a visit to Kentucky's famous Mammoth Caves, There, in 1920, each of us had been fitted with a miner's cap in which was set a burning torch; we had followed our guide in almost pitchy darkness, at times, crawling through passages three feet high, squirming up winding board ladders from one level to the next; and finally, boat-riding on Echo River where we had to lie flat in the boats, while we propelled ourselves along by pushing with the palms of our hands against the over-arching earth. We emerged from the Caves muddy and weary from a five-mile jaunt and sooty beyond recognition. I expected something similar in the Endless Caverns. I could not have been more delightfully surprised. The Caverns are fully lighted by electricity. The walkway is everywhere gradual, clean and spacious. The natural, underground colorings are beautifully varied from warm browns through greens, sky-blues, snowy whites to sparkling rainbow crystals. The Fairies' Pool is a gem of exquisite light refractions and the Fairies' Palace so dainty that only a fairy could have dreamt it. Most impressive of all, though, just before we emerged, we stood in total darkness, while the guide touched electric (Continued on page 29)

## A Freighter Trip

DR. ANNA ABERCROMBIE

WE DECIDED one Sunday afternoon, Dr. Abercrombie and 1, that we wanted a vagabond vovage-free from conventions, but on a safe boat. Friends had spoken of trips on freighters, but many of these carried only men passengers. Through the New York Times we learned of the Nelson Line, travelling between New York and Seattle-stopping at other Atlantic ports to take on safe freight. Our travel agent, Miss Einstein, was consulted and through her we made a fine contact. So on June 30th we boarded our vessel at Port Covington, Baltimore, among the eight passengers and thirtyone crew making the vovage. Having less than fifty on board the vessel carried no radio operator so we occupied his quarters on the boat deck. Our first stop was at Norfolk where electric refrigerators were taken on. Here it was our privilege to learn what a truly great business freight carrying is, and how each hatch and its contents is blue printed and put in charge of a ship's officer. At Charleston, S. C., we made another stop. I was so interested in seeing the old city again that I forgot about freighters. We bought some peach leather, a delectable sweet made of peach marmalade. Next came Savannah,-going up the Savannah River we were greeted by the lady with the lantern and the dog. The vessel had to make three landings to take on naval stores for Cristobal. This would take the entire time, so the day was ours. The captain gave instructions to meet the vessel at a special wharf at a specified time. Savannah is a quaint city with its old plantations and its courteous people. A school-house two stories high and occupying an entire city block attracted our attention. When ready to sail, we missed our second cook, so we left without him. When we reached Jacksonville the next morning, standing on the wharf waiting for us was our second cook; he had come down by train. Leaving Jacksonville, I noticed engine trouble and was promptly called a "back-seat driver." It was not long before every one had a chance to experience the trouble, for the engine stopped. The captain said, "The engine has split her condenser-head." The anchor was dropped and we were thus held until repairs were made. We made no more stops till we reached Cristobal, but oh the beauty of the trip. We did not go through the Gulf of Mexico, instead, we went through the Caribbean, between Cuba and Haiti.

It was like travelling into a land of gold; the sea was green or blue in turn; the sky a scintillating gold, red and blue. The marine life was of great interest, the flving fish were numerous; the huge turtles insisted upon accompanying the vessel; at sundown, great schools of porpoise frolicked near; some said they were shedding marine parasites; others guessed they were simply playing. One morning, the first mate, who was on watch at four bells, came hurriedly to us, exclaiming, "A dolphin is leading the boat, and this bespeaks a safe vovage." One evening, at sundown, we saw in the distance two huge water spouts. We were near enough to see them clearly, but far enough away to be perfectly safe. Watching the constellations one night, we saw the Southern Cross. It is difficult to tell which is more beautiful, the sea, the sunset, or the heavens. The crew, practically minded, put out lines and first caught a voung shark, then a barracuda.

The barracuda, with its great fangs, was formidable looking; he was promptly butchered and eaten by the family. We entered the harbor of Cristobal at four in the morning; the sight was heavenly. All were up and dressed, unwilling to miss anything. This was the only time I saw the captain disturbed. "Folks," he said, "vou cannot go ashore until the health authorities give permission." I have often wondered since, where he really thought we would have attempted to go ashore, since we were anchored out. Cristobal is an interesting place; the meeting place of vessels from many nations. When we were trying to find the dividing line between Cristobal and Colon, some one came to our rescue: it is simply the other side of the street. We wanted to buy everything we saw, including the cute little marmosette monkeys. When we left the boat, the captain said that we would sail at three-fifteen, and when the captain says: "3:15," he means just that. The vessels had to go through the locks by day. At Cristobal we took on a special crew, who took the freighter through the locks. The Panama Canal is a marvelous feat of engineering, and it is carefully protected. The crew that takes a vessel from Cristobal to Balboa returns, and another crew takes a vessel from Balboa to Cristobal, During our passage three companies of infantry guarded it. We sailed at the appointed time, but without our mess boys. At Gatun, a sentry called, "Have your captain come on deck; we are holding two men on the reservation who say they are members of your crew." Sure enough, coming toward us, under guard, were our boys, looking very sheepish. A ladder platform was laid across. It was said that they were given "Irish promotion," whatever that may mean. From Balboa, we sailed thirteen days without landing. These were wonderful days, full of interest. The crew cleaned and painted the vessel inside. The passengers spent the time in reading and watching the coast-lines of (Continued on page 8)

## As The Twig Is Bent - -

OUITE FREQUENTLY today we find a few parents and even some teachers who disagree one hundred percent with the fairly recent activity movement in the school system, charging the directors with wasting their children's time and the taxpayers' money. Fortunately, we have reached a point where such views are in the minority, for the great number have come to appreciate the inestimable value of first hand experience and a reasonable amount of wholesome mental and physical activity. If, for the benefit of the dwindling opposition, we could but turn back the pedagogical diary to 1879, for instance, it is possible that a new light might be brought to shine upon the strict, meaningless disciplinary standards, the rigid adherence to tradition and formality, and the teacher dominated situations; in the hope that the glaring contrast with present day trends would condemn, in no uncertain terms, the futility and impracticability of the "old school."

Upon examining some of the old records in "Crime and Punishment in the Schoolroom," we are at first moved to laughter over the absurdities; but we soon realize the effects of such conditions, and our sympathy goes out to those poor, unnecessarily handicapped, children. Apparently the teacher must have been Arguseyed, and gifted with the hearing of a super-watchdog. It seems that nothing, either in or out of school, escaped her observation and that such actions as were contrary to accepted rulings of the day were duly recorded in the rather weighty volume specifically reserved for this purpose. Familiar lapses from juvenile grace included impudence, inattention, stubbornness, and tardiness; all of which were judged somewhat on a sliding scale. Jim was recorded as "talking," while Jones committed the graver wrong of "constant talking." Then there were plain "ordinary disorder," "constant disorder," "persistent disorder," and, finally, the maximum wrongdoing -"gross disorder." (Miss Yoder would have to have a private secretary during library hours.) Along the interminable list we find one who was put down for forging a note, another for pulling a boy's nose and bringing combustibles to class, and horror of horrors, one who had imitated a cat-cry in music class. Idling and indolence were also punishable offenses; however, it seems that the boys who rated a mere "idling" must have missed a lot of fun. The roaring coal stove that heated the room was a tempting target and the cause of many a boy's downfall. Spitballs, you know, make a lively sizzling sound when they come in contact with

#### CHARLES GROSS

a hot stove, and perfumed crayons will scent up the whole room if but allowed to melt a few seconds. Accuracy was developed in hitting that little hole in the door every time.

Outside the schoolroom the children were no less determined to satisfy their craving for activity and real experiences. Lunches were taken, caps were snatched, sling shots were cleverly manipulated, and fences were climbed. Red pepper and itching powder were in common use, and sin of sins, Horace went down in the book for "hallooing to the girls."

This brief sketch may appear as a decided extreme, and rightly so. Nevertheless, it presents a true picture of the habits, skill, and attitudes built up in the schools of our grandparents and even of some of our parents.

Those mischievous, energetic youngsters of a former day were not basically unlike our children of today. The same lust for excitement, and constant seeking of some new physical activity is just as prominent in our time. However, we have just cause to feel that we have climbed to a much higher level on the ladder of educative methods than that reached in the schools of yesterday. Our educators have guided and directed those same emotions of the child to develop real initiative, courage, leadership, and responsibility through a genuine interest in, and recognition of, the individual needs. One may visit nearly any one of our schools of today and see this process in action. The child is fast becoming the center of the school system. The trend is definitely toward the development and encouragement of young ideas and tendencies, rather than toward their inhibition.

#### DUSK

S. DAVIS

DARKNESS so soon? Father just left for work. . . . When will people leave me alone? Everyone is so solemn; they weep so silently, furtively, as if I were not to know. . . Queer how suddenly night approached. It almost seems that I might be blind. . . Impossible I — why day before yesterday — or was it last week? I went swimming with the gang. . . John dared me to dive from the point; it was low tide. . . Everyone is so solicitous, so eager to do things for me. . . Why is it eternally dusk? Life seems to go on as usual . . . children are playing outside; people are coming and going; the phone keeps ringing. . . .

## Diary of a Mad Musician CATHERINE GRAY

RICH MAN, poor man, beggar-man, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchaut, chief. Fortunate individuals. No one to stare at them. No one to say, "Now, wait and see, she will make a mistake any minute now," or, "she will never make a good model; look at the way she walks across the stage. And the way she flops into that seat. My dear, it is simply disgraceful."

Why must the musician suffer this embarrassment? Why has cruel fate destined him to almost unbearable ill-luck? The lawyer faces the jury, but the judge keeps them quiet. The doctor faces his patients, but they're afraid they'll be poisoned, so they keep quiet. The chief faces his squad, but they're afraid they may lose their jobs, so they keep quiet. But what hold has the musician over his audience? How can he threaten them? They figure that they are doing him a favor by listening to him. Besides, even if we of the fifth estate could master our audience, we are bound to have some unpleasant experience. It is Kismet, Let me explain.

I do not claim to be a musician, but occasionally I'm permitted to appear at recitals and on various programs. The fact that I'm not a Chopin does not keep the aforementioned "musician's curse" away from me. For example, my first recital is at hand. Strange, I feel so calm. Walking across the stage is nothing. At last I'm seated. The roll-top stool is too low. Simple, I'll just screw it up a little. Better do it quick; that audience won't wait forever. One good jerk ought to—Oh—my. The top is off the stool. Never will I forget the waves of heat that swept over my face. The audience tittered. To this day, I do not remember how I got the stool back on, played, or how I got off the stage and back to my seat.

But my diary is unconvinced. He does not feel that this proves that a curse hangs like the sword of Damocles over the musician's head. Well, let me tell you what happened at the second performance. I wore a gorgeous taffeta dress. The colors changed in light from dull red to blue, to purple. Somehow, I forgot that the footlights at the hall were multi-colored: yellow, orange, green, brown and red. No piano stool troubled me this time, but about half-way through my selection, I noticed my hands for the first time. They were spotted with horrifying colors. Did I have the measles? My numbed brain was pierced by the thought, "I bet my face looks like my hands." I forgot the ending of the music, and wandered vaguely. Frantically, my teacher signalled, "End with the 'f' chord." Unconsciously my fingers slid to the ending and I exited sideways from the stage.

The thought of a recital makes goose-pimples play tag up and down my spine. But we musicians unconsciously feel for our fellow-victims, also. My friend and I walked down the aisle toward the stage. Our teacher, Miss Howard, told us that another pupil played before us. The wings were dark, and as Marion and I edged toward the stage, someone said, "Now, Josephine, you must do well. That overbearing Miss Howard is just waiting for you to make a mistake, so her pupils can show you up." It was the first player's teacher. Marion and I tried to get away, but just as we moved, the teacher came from the side and bumped into us. In doing so, we came nearer the footlights and she saw who we were. Marion's name had been called. The people were waiting. The woman was blocking the way. Marion stumbled around her and walked unsteadily to the piano. Neither of us ever mentioned the incident to anyone and although we have played at the hall many times, we never saw that teacher again.

Perhaps it is now clear that the musician is under a curse. I have tried to overcome it, but it is impossible. At one recital, I purposely arranged for a piano bench to be used instead of a roll-top stool; wore a neutral colored dress; had my teacher bring the music (once I forgot it); and wore shoes with straps (at a previous recital, I had caught the high heel between the floor and the loud pedal). In spite of all of these precautions something happened. A precocions problem-child who had long since finished playing amused himself by pulling the hair of a girl in front of him, Before I reached the piano, the darling child pulled out a bean-shooter, and went into action. The psychology of children as taught in Psychology and Education were gone with the wind. It was living a nightmare to stay calmly seated at the piano and play as though nothing were on my mind except the music. Anticipation, however, is ten times worse than actuality. Halfway through the piece, I heard a snap. The boy had caught the shooter in the back of a girl's chair, and she had leaned back suddenly and broken it. Bless her.

Are you convinced that the musician has his share of trouble? Do you think that you would like to go from recital to recital, dreading what is bound to happen, and, hoping that, whatever it is, it will not be too noticeable? The suspense is a terrible thing and yet, one keeps on playing. Why? I do not know. Perhaps it is because the "curse" provides a thrill, and adds zest to the evening, or perhaps it is because one is always trying to beat Fate to the punch, and live for the evening when everything will go perfectly.

## The Death of Nature

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS

DEATH TAPS each limb sharply, young and old alike, and the dry leaves fall softly to the ground. Some celad in scarlet while others are arrayed in tawny gold and deep purple. As I walk, brown leaves, crisp with age, cry out under the pressure of my feet; and the dry twigs snap. The wind moans and sighs in the dry branches and an icy breeze sends cold chills scampering up my spine. The smell of the earth and the wild scent of the cedar trees fill my nostrils with a strange, deathly odor. Death hovers over all of the flowers and the tangled bushes. Not one blade escapes its cold

touch. Where once had been soft moss and green turf, I see but the brown stubble of autumn. The distant hills, robbed of their summer beautics, stand out barren and brown against the pale haze of the autumn sky. With its deep reds and sombre purples, autumn is scattering death over all the land.

I look far out into the barren fields, and a feeling of sadness comes over me. The blood-red moon creeps up into the sky and shines like a lamp up in the trees. An icy feeling spreads over my soul. Wrapping my coat closely about me, I shiver and pass on.

## Forty-Niner

MILDRED HAMENT

TOO OFTEN people allow talents and abilities to lie domant, and are content to drift along without ever contributing their ideas. Therefore, when it does come to our attention that some individual has recognized a special gift through previous training in a school organization, and has used this knowledge, our faith in the value of such extra-curricular activities is restored.

The Tower Light staff is able to point with pride to William Podlich as an outstanding example of one whose successful literary work with children was inspired through his work as editor of the Tower Light in 1935 and 1936.

Mr. Podlich's work began when he suggested to his Seventh Grade class that they publish a paper about the interesting things the whole elementary school was doing. The children evidently became very enthusiastic over the idea; for it has resulted in a school magazine, edited, illustrated, and mimeographed by the children of the class. The magazine has a complete staff, and each child has a position in the department of his own choice. Children from all classes in the school contribute to the magazine. They are given opportunity to express themselves in poetry, fiction, true stories, reviews, essays, etc. Freedom of expression is one of the keynotes of the magazine. Views on foreign affairs are presented, and the children are thus given an insight into the problems which confront the world today. The common interest in the magazine furnishes a link between the grades of the school, and brings the children into closer contact with one another. They are learning how to work harmoniously and to respect each other's opinions. It is a progressive step for children to be

## The Taunting Refrain

BARBARA HAILE

A DULL GRAY, dense, impenetrable fog overlaid the land. Headlights on cars, man's guiding force, could only push it ahead two feet. What was beyond? No one knew. It shut in the world, defying the people and their electrical toys to overcome its power. It was depressing; yet it was conquering. Men groped aimlessly, always conscious of the illusive Fog's taunting refrain, "You are alone, helpless; you are afraid." The misty cold drops obstinately pressed down on the creeping cars and pedestrians, all helpless. There was no place to go except to Death, or whatever lay beyond. And to Death some did go-the Fog's meaningful warning! Why should it have to bother humans? Humans have enough to worry them; they're always in a hurry. They have to do things. The Fog calmly settled down to stay for days; it obliterated one man from sight of another; and drew its cloak together still more tightly. It was the master. Man was helpless.

given complete supervision of work that is literary in character, where they are encouraged to express their own ideas freely.

The children showed by their selection of the title of their magazine that they realize the values of their work. The name Forty-Niner was chosen to show that they are following in the footsteps of those pioneers who were seeking gold by seeking knowledge and ideas equalling the value of the precious metal.

Mr. Podlich merits congratulations on his fine accomplishments. We hope his work may be an incentive to those people who have original ideas to develop skills and capacities in the children with whom they work.

## The Relation of Semantics to Modern Education

JAMES G. JETT

THE WAY A person thinks is vitally important in this life, and everyone thinks in terms of a language. A language can be abstract or it can be concrete—according to the way it is taught to the individual. If thoughts are based on definite facts and not on abstract conceptions, the person who thinks those thoughts can obtain all the truth and beauty there is to be had in life. The foremost educators and educational theorists have recognized that meaning is the essence of a language, and that words, which make up a language, are the essence of thought.

Modern progressive education stresses the importance of having the child know the relationship of words and objects. The work carried on is especially noticeable in the reading courses. The children are supplied with various experiences during which they come in contact with material things—animals, trees, flowers, birds, and various technical instruments. These last are met when the children are taken on excursions to a dairy or perhaps some factory. The procedures which follow excursions and walks (i.e. the classroom procedures in teaching the child to read) bring forth and show the concreteness of language.

Educational methods in the teaching of reading lead to clear thinking. Definite work in this direction is begun immediately in the primary grades. The children, as previously stated, are given experiences about which they later read. In reading of their own experiences, interest among the children is inevitable. The reading is made easy because the children know the things, the words about which they read. Gradually, however, the reading becomes a little more abstract in so far as actual and direct contact is concerned. This is offset by the development of the children's minds. They can apply geography, history, and science to their reading as well as they can apply reading to their geography, history, and science and thus make the ideas more real and meaningful.

An important aim of the newer education is to help the child understand and adjust himself to the world in which he lives. His world changes in his conception as his experiences increase and accumulate; and so also does the outer world change as facts and misjudgments are realigned. We perceive, therefore, that a good way to increase understanding is to be analytical. The program of analysis of subject-matter content is included in nearly all the subjects of the curriculum. In reading classes, stories are analyzed; and in history or social studies, governments and total organizations are examined.

The procedure of going from the whole to the parts is reversed by the putting together of experiences to gain conceptions and ideas. The relationship of fact to fact is brought out during this process. Meaning is emphasized and meaning is obtained. Semantics, the science of meaning, has found a place in the modern philosophies of education. The importance of meaning in thinking is evident; the importance of thinking in life has been established on a high standard. Modern education reaches the roots of thinking when it teaches meaning to the children of the nation.

#### A FREIGHTER TRIP TO SEATTLE

(Continued from page 4) Central America, Mexico and Lower California.

Up the Pacific we saw a total eclipse of the moon. On the morning of the thirteenth day we docked at San Pedro, where we were to spend two days. We left the vessel as early as possible to go to Santiago to visit the Exposition.

The great oil-derricks seen everywhere interested us very much. The next day we spent in Los Angeles. Leaving San Pedro, we were compelled to put on warm clothes. In due time, the vessel docked at San Francisco. The strikers took care of the crew. Here the crew declared the end of a perfect trip. Because of the strike, the freighter remained in San Francisco. We stayed with the vessel until the last. We, the passengers for Seattle, were sent up by motor-coach through the redwoods, and then along the forty miles of highway, skirting the coast from Crescent City to Portland. We reached Vancouver, our destination, five weeks after the day we started. The life on shipboard was fine. Among the crew, many nations were represented. Our captain and second mate were Danes. The first mate, a Swede; third mate, a German; the engineer and officers' mess boy were Americans; his assistant, a Norwegian. The steward was Chilean; the first cook, an Irishman; the second cook, Italian; crew's mess boy a Spaniard, and we all lived together so peaceably that I concluded, "surely all men are brothers."

I must not forget the gull which met the vessel, perched herself on the top of the flag staff, and, like a queen, rode through the Golden Gate into the harbor.

## Fireside Companion

PICTURE A cold and blustery winter night. Outside a pale moon struggles breathlessly with madly rushing black clouds, while faint and frosty stars blink their consternation.

Within, where the wriggling fingers of flame wave merrily in the fireplace, and a softly glowing lamp sheds its comforting rays upon a well-worn easy chair, the stage is perfectly set for an evening of musing.

It is said that any good thing is most enjoyed when it is shared with someone else. Still, one hesitates to exchange the perfection of such an evening by choosing any human companion. There are few people who have the gift of harmonious silence. Scarce, indeed, are those who understand the needlessness of words and who see the beauty of an evening spent in absolute quiet and repose. Yet, the evening can be satisfactorily shared. The perfect companion to the fireside world of dreams is none other than the cat.

How well he blends with the surroundings. The softness and warmth of his long silky fur symbolizes the comfort of the room, and makes one conscious of its pleasant contrast to the cold without. Hold and stroke this warm, fuzzy fellow, for he is to a great extent responsible for the cozy atmosphere which prevails.

Hear his drowsy, intermittent purr. How it lulls and soothes one, and invokes dreamy reverie. What a balm for nerves worn ragged by the wearisome tasks of daily life

Now quiet rules. As one drifts gently on the sea of his thoughts, he feels a light, dry scraping along his hand. A lazy, downward glance reveals kitty busily at work with his pink tongue, tendering his welcome affection in a pleasant and unobtrusive way.

Now he decides to rise from his place at his master's side. Note the graceful arch of his back, and the rippling of the lithe muscles under his velvety fur. He yawns, and a pink tongue is seen curling upward between tiny, pointed white teeth of needle sharpness.

Watching him, one muses about many things. There comes a vision of his ancestors, the giant saber-toothed tiger, and the sleek black panther, padding silently through primordial jungles. Or perhaps one thinks of Egypt in the time of the Phataohs and pictures the eat watching with aloof dignity as the ancients reverently bow before her in worship. Again, there may arise in the mind's eye a scene from the Middle Ages, the time of black magic. Here the cat appears perched upon an old hag's shoulder, watching as she stirs a cauldron and numbles strange words.

#### IRMA SENNHENN

He arches his back, and his eyes become green and malevolent. As one sees the changing scenes of the ages in the fire, there comes the realization that the cat has seldom been regarded as an ordinary creature. He has either been hated, feared, or highly evalted. What subjects for thought he offers! What scenes concerning him can be conjured up in the fire!

Now he walks about the room with mincing step and gently waving tail, his steps making less noise than a falling flower petal. One's dreams are not in the least disturbed.

Thus the evening passes, full of associations and pictures in the fire, while the stately cat, whether moving about or curled up by the easy chair, fulfills his duty as an amiable companion in a way no human being could hope to do. Noble animal! No one can say that he does not justify his existence!

To my own cat, a lovely white Persian with huge yellow eyes, I offer my most heartfelt thanks. To your genial companionship, Thomas Percival, I owe some of the most enjoyable moments of my life.

Winter nights and crackling fires and cats—here indeed is a formula for comfort and contentment.

#### WHY?

#### SHIRLIE DIAMOND

Hath Earth's fair soil again been stained With crimes that shamed the deeds of Cain Have black greed's slaves—the kings of men Invoked that demon War again?

Oh, distant, silent moon so white, Eternal sovereign of the night, In sailing o'er the universe, What late disturbs thy wonted peace?

Oh, moon, what of the sordid scenes, The ruthless deeds of vandal fiends, The slaughtered hosts, the wasted land 'Neath Victory's baneful crimson brand?

Oh, moon, in thine ethereal sphere, Midst myriad stars with heaven near, Methinks that God Himself must be Guarding the world up there with thee.

And, moon, when telling Him tonight, All thou hast seen—the ruin, blight, The sin of war—wilt ask Him why This bitter curse is on us—Why?

## Career Woman

JEANETTE ULRICH

"Well, the home economics course sounds inviting."

She flung her arms about her mother's neck with an affectionate gesture. "Oh, Mumsy," she

Carole Lombard always drew a large audience at the Main Street theatre. Still, as Matilda examined herself, first in her vanity mirror, and then in the full length mirror on her bedroom door, she was rather wistful. Rosemary Jones did have fine black curly hair while hers was coarse, and brown and unruly. And Lillian Rogers had a sparkling smile and white hands with perfect finger nails, while she, Matilda Squinch, wore a gold brace on her teeth and could not adequately conceal her clumsy hands with their stubby fingers and brittle nails that broke everytime that they had managed to grow a little. She envied petite Betty Lawrence with her slim waist and small feet and groaned inwardly every time she had to order a size seven shoe. If these girls weren't such good friends of hers, she would have been insanely jealous of them all.

OF COURSE, Matilda wasn't

beautiful. But then, not many

girls in Jonestown were. Maybe

that was why Myrna Lov and

Tonight, as she sat in her small quiet room working out math problems, which she would good naturedly give to the girls in the morning, her "girl friends" were all having a good time at the Country Club dance, At this very moment, they were no doubt laughing and joking and drawing a flock of admirers to them from the stag line. Matilda tried to draw her mind away from these heart-rending thoughts and back to the half-finished math problems before her, but she knew that school work was not sufficient consolation for one who was so lonely. Although she probably had the ability, she did not excel in her studies simply because she found it too hard to concentrate on something that did not appeal to her when other thoughts were always present and renewing themselves every day. So she let her mind again wander and dwell on her friend's claims to popularity.

As she sat thus engrossed, she did not hear the first very faint tapping on her door. Mrs. Squinch tapped louder and Matilda jumped as she realized that the tapping was NOT being caused by her own pencil. She quickly disposed of her paper of doodlings and assumed a studious attitude, before she asked quietly, "Yes?"

Mrs. Squinch opened the door and entered the room apologetically. "I'm sorry to disturb you, dear, but Daddy and I have just been discussing your application blank for the university next year. Have you decided what you're going to major in?"

"Not yet, Mumsy. I really don't think I have any talent for anything."

"But there must be something that interests you."

said, "do you think I'll ever be as good a manager and housekeeper as you?" What she really meant to ask was whether she'd ever be a wife and housekeeper at all. Mrs. Squinch, pleased at this bit of flattery, expressed herself as delighted at her choice; she wasn't especially anxious to have a career woman in her family.

Matilda met Lillian and Betty and Rosemary on the usual corner the next morning, before the four of them trudged reluctantly off to school. As she had expected, they all were a trifle late and each one had forgotten something in her haste to leave the house. They chattered gavly of the preceding evening and felt delightfully sinful when they told Matilda that they did not get home until 1:30. Matilda chided them with mock severity, praying silently that some day she might be able to tell of foolish and mildly startling escapades. After they had rehashed all the important and incidental items of another thrilling episode that they would record in their high school days Memory Book, there occurred a brief silence. Unwilling to have the conversation lag, Matilda told the girls that she was enrolling in the university.

"Not really! Oh, you lucky thing!" exclaimed Rosemary with a trace of envy in her voice.

"Imagine you at the university while I'm going to have to slave away at business college, and then in a stuffy old office!" Lillian tried to express joy at Matilda's good fortune and at the same time indulge in a bit of self-pity.

Betty was thoughtful a moment and then exclaimed, "Oh. I knew there was someone at the university that I knew! Of course! My cousin Jack goes there! Tildy, you'll have to look him up for me and keep an eye on him. I haven't seen him since last summer."

Jokingly Lillian added, "Tildy isn't going to spend all her time chasing after the male population, Betty. She'll have trouble enough trying to keep them apart when they fight to carry her books from the library to the dorm."

"Sure," supplemented Rosemary. "Hire a private detective if you're that interested in shadowing your long lost cousin! He probably isn't even worth looking up."

"He is, too," said Betty defensively, "and I'll prove it to you by inviting him down for the next Country Club dance. But just because you two have been so smart, I'm going to date him up with 'Tildy."

Matilda, who had been cringing under her friends' words, even though they had (Continued on page 28)

### Gray Day

#### GORDON SHULES

TODAY I gets up and I am very sad. It is a gray day and I am having to cook my own breakfast. Sadie, that is the wife, she has gone to visit her mother. So I chokes on half-cooked oatmeal, and leaves for work. I am working for Hymie Blumberger now, and I have got to get me to work by eight. Well, I am feeling very, very low as I get in the car. I find an empty seat. I looks twice, yeah, it is really empty. I make very sure. I should not like to sit on anyone like Aunt Susie did onct. Auntie Susie is deaf and cannot see. This makes me very happy . . . this seat being empty.

I picks up a paper on the floor and this makes me happy, also. By now I am feeling very lucky, and give the world a big smile. A young lady in an ad gives me right back that "come hither, but buy Wrigley's" look. Those two bottles of beer next to her certainly make me homesick for the time I worked at Flanagan's brewery.

Then I thinks to myself, I must buy me a toothbrush to see if I have pink toothbrush. I am very worried that I might have. Just like Uncle George, who had tuberculosis from not brushing his teeth.

Well, I starts to read the paper which I have found and which has made me very happy. It is called the "Daily Worker." This Mr. Hitler sure must be a frightful guy. I guess he is like the teacher I had in the first grade, only she did not have a moustache. I am thinking I am going to like this paper, It bawls Mr. Chamberlain out even worse than Hymie bawls John Sullivan and me out. (John is the one which has a wife that is very bald and who wears a wig that does not fit.) I am surprised when I turn the page. Mr. Chamberlain is an old man with an umbrella. It is not fair, I am thinking, to call such a very nice old man names.

I am very deep in reading what Mr. Mussolini is doing, when suddenly I am unable to read any longer. First, there is not light anymore, and, second, there is beside me what looks from where I am jammed, like Madame Bulbo, the fat lady I saw at Ringling's circus last year. Except this lady is wearing more clothes and is chewing what smells like garlic. So it cannot be Madame Bulbo because she would not eat such a thing as garlic on the street car. She is a very nice lady and it is not her fault she is so plump. Anyhow, this lady's face, I cannot see.

I hear her say, "May I?" as she takes the paper from my hand. Of course, I do not mind because I have read enough. I have only room to breathe in garlic. "Have some?" she says. "No, thank you," I says, holding my

nose and being very polite like my brother taught me to be. My stop is the next one. I do not know exactly how to let the lady know I must get off. I do not seem able to reach the bell because of the way I am squeezed

I am getting desperate because I know how very angry Hymic gets at John Sullivan and me when we are late. (John is the one which has the wife that is very bald.) I give a very gentle shove. But she does not move. I shove a little harder, and again she shoves a bunch of garlic in my face. I very politely hold my nose, and say, "No, thank you."

It is lucky for me she gets off at the same place I do. I am very much surprised when she follows me into Hymie's. "Isn't it lucky?" says Hymie in his best voice, "I'll give you not a cent more. You can ride to work with my sister every day. Isn't that nice, Tina?"

I am feeling very sad today. It is a gray day, and I am wishing Sadie (that is the wife) was home.

## How Do You Spell?

#### RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

HAVE YOU ever felt the urge to spell words just as they sound? I have, many times, although I have never been able to figure whether an inborn lazy trait or a desire for greater efficiency spurred me to it.

Recently I made the discovery in the World Almanac (that great, little book) that many attempts have been made during past centuries to simplify the English language in spelling and grammatical form; but all have failed because of the conservatism of the people and press. Again and again those few individuals advocating reform have denounced the English language as one of the most inconsistent languages in the world. They claim that it is one of the most difficult languages to learn chiefly because the spelling and pronunciation of words are contradictory, and assert that phonetic spelling would enable one "to learn spelling merely by learning the letters of the alphabet and their basic sounds alone." On the other hand opponents claim that the new system would force one to learn spelling all over again and adjust to the strange appearance of the written forms

Probably one of the first outstanding attempts at simplification took place in 1875, when a committee. appointed by the American Spelling Association to consider certain spelling reforms which had been advocated by Noah Webster, reported that immediate reform was urgent, including "thru" and "catalog." Following this lead of the American Spelling Association, the National Education Association proposed "tho," "altho," 'program" and "thoro."

The movement spread, particularly because it was championed by President Theodore Roosevelt and the renowned Andrew Carnegie, the latter donating \$15,-000 a year to the cause. However, when Carnegie died, in 1919, there was a split in the ranks and the movement died a natural death.

Today, despite the twenty-year period which has elapsed, we still find some vestiges of the forgotten cause. Among the words commonly seen are "nite," "thru," "tho," and "altho."

Obviously, no one has made a study of phonetic spelling which has proved to be of lasting value. If you write "nabor" instead of "neighbor" because you can't remember whether the "i" comes before or after the "e," why not help the many like you by evolving a practical scheme of phonetic spelling.

## Soilless Gardening

JOHN CHILCOAT

The Pan American Airways recently employed Lamory T. Laumeister, aged twenty-three, to grow fruits and vegetables on Wake Island, a barren lump of rock in the mid-Pacific. This island, a thousand miles from anywhere else, is without soil. Yet as one of the stepping stones by which the China Clippers bridge the Pacific, it is an important depot for passenger traffic. Therefore, fresh lettuce, ripe tomatoes, new potatoes and the like were badly needed on Wake Island.

To most of you, I know it sounds like a waste of money to hire someone to grow fruits and vegetables on a barren rock but some of you may have guessed that it turned out to be a very good piece of business, for Mr. Laumeister did go to Wake Island and he did produce crops. The secret of his success lies in a knowledge of hydroponics or water culture of plants. By the end of last year, he had produced two hundred forty pounds of vegetables by the use of some forty pounds of chemicals valued at \$17.00

The method used by Mr. Laumeister is based upon the use of tanks built out of wood. A convenient size for one of these tanks is ten feet by one foot by one foot. This prevents excessive shading.

Upon these tanks, wooden trays not more than five inches deep and bottomed with a wire mesh such as fine chicken wire, are placed. These trays are filled with excelsior, wood shavings, or similar material. Seedling plants are placed so that their roots dip down into the nutrient solution and their stems are supported by the blanket of excelsior. The solution should be poured in almost to the level of the tray and then maintained with fresh water; while every ten days or two weeks, de-

pending upon growth, the solution should be siphoned off and after a washing with fresh water, a fresh batch of solution should be run in.

The following rules are to be observed in all water culture:

- 1. Tanks or trays should be of wood, not concrete or metal, and should be waterproofed with a paint which does not contain coal tar or other toxic materials.
- Strict cleanliness is especially necessary. Failure is certain to follow upon the heels of careless and slovenly habits.
- 3. The solutions should be maintained at proper degrees of concentration. Too great strength is more dangerons than too weak a concentration. Only observation and experience can dictate the need for changing the solution, although it does no harm to change it often.
- 4. Rain water is ideal to use because it is free from carbonates and injurious metallic salts.
- One common thing to watch for is yellowing of leaves caused by lack of iron, lack of sun, or too crowded growth.
- 6. The water temperature should be maintained at 75 degrees by use of a thermostat.

There is little expense connected with the work. As for types of plants to use, experimenters have yet to find something they cannot grow. In almost every case, the flowers and fruits have been larger in size and superior in quality to those grown in soil; and have required from a third to a quarter less time to mature.

Soilless gardening is new and thrilling; and has infinite possibilities for the development of agriculture.

## Stamp Collecting--A Hobby

DON MERRYMAN

STAMP COLLECTING is truly an educational and fascinating hobby. There are stamps from every part of the world, of every color and shape; and each tells a story. Some of these stories possess intense human interest. The best one I have ever found is that of "The Fiery Throne," concerning Gyorgy Dorza, who rose up against the aristocrats of Hungary. Dorza had wanted to be king. Therefore when he was captured his captors made an iron throne for him to sit on, a crown of iron to be placed on his head, and a sceptre of iron to be placed in his hands. These materials were to be heated red hot, and Dorza was to ascend the throne and reign as king until the life was scorched out of his body.

This barbaric sentence was actually carried out; yet the revolutionist endured the tortures with unparalleled heroism. No cry of anguish nor plea for mercy escaped his grim set lips. Defiantly he grasped the flaming sceptre. Proudly, for the fraction of a minute, he sat upright on "The Fiery Throne." Then, crumpling from terrific heat, he fell silently forward, face down upon the cool carth, Thus ended Hungary's first revolutionist, Gyorgy Dorza, who had tried to overturn the social system of his time.

There are other fascinating stories concerning rare and invaluable stamps. The world's most valuable stamp is a one-cent 1856 black-on-magenta stamp of British Guiana. In appearance it is ugly and insignificant; its condition is poor, for the corners are gone. Yet this apparently trifling scrap of paper sold, at an auction in Paris, for \$40,000.

Many rarities have been discovered accidentally. An old Philadelphia bank, ready to move to new quarters, called in a junk dealer, and sold him an accumulation of aged and apparently worthless paper for fifteen dollars. The junk dealer found stamps valued at \$75,000.

Such discoveries are occurring in a larger or smaller way all the time. Hiding away in old desks, old letter boxes, attics, in correspondence files in old banks, and wherever mail has accumulated for a number of years, many rich treasures in postage stamps are still to be found. Maybe you have some rare stamps in your possession and don't know it.

President Roosevelt says, "I can almost say that I owe my life to my hobbies—especially to stamp collecting." He started saving stamps as a schoolboy, and now has a collection that fills thirty volumes. It provides

happy periods of relaxation in the midst of strenuous official duties.

Many other famous people have collected stamps, including the late King George V of England, Herbert Hoover, and Harold Ickes.... Why not you?

## The Fairy Ring

A Mushroom Phenomenon

(From the Chapel Hill (N. C.) Weekly)

PERSONS VERSED in mushroom lore are familiar with the fairy ring but for others the finding of one of these ghostly circles on the damp turf or on the forest floor is a rare experience. Sometimes a ring is many yards in diameter; scores of mushrooms posted in single file on the circumference of a great circle so perfect as to lead the uninitiated observer to believe they were planted in that design by a human hand.

Botanists tell us that the circumference of the fairy ring is simply the outer edge of the zone of the mycelium of a mushroom which once stood in what is now the center of the ring. The mass of threadlike mycelium has passed outward in all directions from the parent mushroom; and from its feeund outer edge, there have sprung up the mushrooms which form the ring.

Such a ring appeared last week, after the wet weather, on the lawn in front of the Hill Music Hall. It was not a perfect one, its symmetry being broken by a sidewalk, but there was enough of it to attract attention, and many of the passers-by stopped to look at it.

#### ON LIFE AND ATOMS

JAMES G. JETT

Ah, life, thou'rt vague to me, and all too soon I've pondered o'er thy dull philosophies. Thou givest each generation only these: A night, a morn, a cloudy afternoon. Thou movest like a great Sahara dune, In all thou art the crown of subtleties That rules the human mind till death's soft ease Recalls the flesh, and minds forever swoon.

United atoms break apart and fall, And moving atoms yield new minds and bones. Though individual lives may fade away As failing day fades in the western wall, The life that all have known still chants the tones That vibrate in the rooms where atoms stay.

## THE LIBRARY

#### WHAT IS YOUR L. R. Q.?

Commonest of all Excuses:

"I'm sorry; I never got around to reading that!" Here is a list of books widely talked about. Have you read even one or two or three of these best sellers? Subtract the negative answers from the affirmative ones, to find your L.R.Q.—library reading quotient.

Į,	ntended To	I L	)
	Read	Re	26
	Inside Asia	. John Gunther	
	Grapes of Wrath	John Steinbeck	
	The Yearling	Jarjorie Rawling	5
	Wickford Point	John Marquand	
	Reaching for the Stars	Nora Waln	
	Autobiography With Letters. Will	iam Lyon Phelps	,
	The Web and the Rock	.Thomas Wolfe	
	Seasoned Timber Dorothy	Canfield Fisher	1
	A Peculiar Treasure	Edna Ferber	ſ
	The Sword in the Stone	T. H. White	
	All This, and Heaven, Too	Rachel Field	l
	You're the Doctor!	Victor Heiser	ľ
	Days of Our Years	ierre Van Paasen	1
	Huntsman, What Quarry Edna St	t. Vincent Millay	
	The Horse and Buggy Doctor . A	rthur E. Hertzler	•
	The Importance of Living.	Lin Yutang	,

#### HAVE YOU READ?

#### DORIS KLANK

#### Fiction

Seasoned Timber Dorothy Canfield Fisher

This is the story of Timothy Hulme, principal of a poor academy in rural Vermont, who is stimulated into action when one million dollars is left to the school provided that it adopts certain undemocratic policies.

#### All This and Heaven Too Rachel Field

Heurietta Deluzy-Desportis lives as a governess in the household of the Duc and Duchess de Praslin and becomes innocently involved in a notorious murder case. It is actually the story of Rachel Field's aunit.

#### Wickford Point John P. Marquand

Life in the Brill home at Wickford Point, somewhere north of Boston, is depicted in this story. The tale is told by a cousin, Jim Calder, who tries to keep clear of the family's strangling affection and dependence.



Journey of Tapiola

ad

Robert Nathan

A pampered Yorkshire terrier belonging to a publisher's wife is stirred to action and a desire for adventure by a critic's remark about heroes. He and his companions, Richard, the canary, and Jeremiah, the rat, journey to find some adventure.

#### Tree of Liberty

Elizabeth Page

The lives and adventures of Matthew Howard and his family from 1754 to 1806 are related in this historical novel. Of the many historical figures who appear in the story, the most outstanding is Jefferson.

#### The Patriot Pearl Buck

This is a fictional biography of twelve years in the life of a young Chinese who sojourns in Japan, marries a Japanese girl, but finally returns to China to fight for Chiang Kai-Shek.

#### Rebecca

Daphne Du Maurier

The heroine, who narrates the story, becomes the wife of an English aristocrat, Maxim de Winter Though they love each other, there is a constant tension in their home because of the mysterious presence of de Winter's first wife, now dead. When the story of her death is revealed, the two begin a new and happy life free from the haunt of Rebecca.

#### And have you examined:

#### A Short History of Religions

E. E. Kellett

In this comprehensive and yet highly readable volume, the author writes about the nature and origin of religion, and discusses with a tolerant and sympathetic approach the many great religious beliefs which have made their mark on various ages and peoples. He begins with Judaism; then goes through the Greek, Roman,

and Germanic religions to the various later divisions and growths of Christianity. The seven great religions of the Far East are described, as well as various divisions and sects of Occidental origin, like Christian Science and Mormonism.

Houses in America Ethel F. Robinson, Thomas P. Robinson

"The story of houses," say the authors, "is the story of the people who made them. The history of a country could be written from a study of its houses."

This book tells how all the settlers—the Spanish, English, French, Swedish, German, and Dutch—came to the New World; how they brought with them their different traditions in houses; and how they adapted them to the conditions and materials which they found here. This book is written in informal, personal style, and in non-technical language; but behind the informality are knowledge and authority, for the authors have gained wide recognition in the field of colonial architecture.

#### A Book of the Symphony

B. H. Haggin

This is a book that can be read with understanding and profit by the person who has not studied music, as well as by the person who has. It explains in simple terms how musical thought proceeds and is organized in musical forms—an example of which is the symphony. This explanation is illustrated by musical examples which can be heard on phonograph records. This same method of illustration is used in an analysis of symphonics by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, and Franck. The book also includes a section on the instruments of the orchestra and the conductor.

#### DESIGNING WOMEN

#### A. Horner

Byers, Margaretta, and Kamholz, Consuelo: Designing Women. The Art, Technique, and Cost of Being Beautiful. N. Y., Simon and Schuster Publishing Company, 1938. (276 pages.)

Whether or not you agree with Margaretta Byers' assumption that women dress to please men, you will admit that every woman in the world wants to know how to make the most of her appearance. To fat women, thin women, tall women, short women, young women, old women—Miss Byers gives sound advice. Even to attempt to give such advice presents a terrifying problem. However, it is one which the author is fully capable of meeting.

Margaretta Byers knows women; she also knows

clothes. She does not merely say that a fat women should avoid horizontal prints. Instead, she goes into a searching analysis of clothes as to fabrics, lines, colors, cost, and suitability. Since she is also an authority in the beauty business, she advises women expertly on the subject of make-up.

Twenty pages of the book are devoted to a question on which all women crave information—"The Cost of Clothes." Miss Byers offers good suggestions concerning general budgeting and planning. She tells women to budget their wardrobes, to get to know about the quality of clothes, to plan a year in advance, to buy things that will change their costumes, and not to be fooled by passing fads.

Emily Post has made us conscious of table ctiquette; Margaretta Byers makes us aware of the etiquette of dress by rules that help us to determine what to wear on all occasions.

If you wish to read a fascinating book about fashion, and pick up valuable hints at the same time, "Designing Women" will appeal to you.

#### MEET THE AVERAGE RURAL TEACHER

N. Trott

WHAT WILL a rural teaching career offer you in the way of a home, an automobile, life insurance and support for a family, and advancement? Since half the nation's teachers work in farm and rural schools, the average teachers college student will be interested in what the future as a rural teacher holds for him.

Because the National Education Association was also interested in this question, its survey board asked 11,000 teachers in rural communities throughout the nation the what, where, and how of their existence. They found the average teacher teaching a one room school about two miles away from his boarding house for S675 per year. On this salary he supports a dependent and saves for summer school. Small wonder that he neither owns nor is buying a car; that he sleeps in a cold bedroom in winter, without the existence of running water; and that he is able to save only \$300 after seven years of teaching! Because he stays in one position only three years, he is a comparative stranger.

Will you as a future teacher be a willing partner to such handicaps? Read the 127 page report of this survey, entitled "Teachers in Rural Communities" and find out how you may create educational opportunity for teachers as well as pupils in the country schools of the United States.

## **Kaltenborn Comments**

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

Those who beard Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn speak at the State Teachers Association meeting on Friday evening, October 27, will not soon forget his sincere, intelligent message, and the fluent brilliance with which be afterward answered significant questions from the audience. A condensation of his speech follows:

THE BACKGROUND OF THE WAR

"LLOYD GEORGE, in his Memoirs, gives four reasons as to why there must now be another war:

"1. The nations that dictated the peace treaties (France and England) refused to carry out the pledge that once Germany would disarm, they would follow

her example.

"2. In case after case of wanton aggression against weak powers in the League, the great powers failed to come to the aid of the smaller powers. There was a liberal, democratic government in Germany after the war. France, however, was never cooperative in reconstructing Germany, thus paving the way for Hitler. But Britain and France surrendered to Hitler.

"'3. The Treaty of Versailles stated that the rights of minorities were to be respected and guaranteed. France and Britain were indifferent to minority prob-

lems.

"4. A provision of the treaty that when any member of the League finds itself burdened by the treaty, it may bring its problem to court for a hearing and possible revision, was ignored."

"Lloyd George's viewpoint, then, is that it was not so much the treaty that was bad as it was the way of carrying it out. I agree with Lloyd George's four points, but I think the treaty itself was bad, too. And Britain and France are to blame for letting Hitler reach the point where he was certain Britain and France would not fight.

"A few days before outbreak of hostilities, I talked to foreign ministers of France and Britain, to find out why those nations had signed the peace of Munich, Resistance could have been overwhelming to keep Hitler

from taking Czechoslovakia.

"The British minister said: We felt we could have peace by concession. We visualized peace for Europe. The German entry into Prague transformed this conception. . . Why did we guarantee Poland? Poland is a barrier to Hitler's pushing to the Black Sea. That is part of our Mediterranean problem. We were still willing to negotiate—if Hitler were the kind that would negotiate. It was a question, not of Poland, but of the Mediterranean, Britain's life line.'

"Thus, Britain went to war because she felt her interests menaced. Countries only go to war where their own interests are involved. Americans must get over assuming that there is an ideal purpose—such as saving someone—in war. We are a rather young, idealistic people, not particularly shrewd in foreign relations. We went into the last war with all we had and came out with a great deal less than we had. We got nothing—while other countries got much.

"Paul Bonet, the French foreign minister, said in an interview: 'Danzig is not the issue. The question is, can we permit Germany to go on using force to get what she wants? France cannot live under perpetual menace. If Germany conquers Poland—then Hungary—then Roumania—then France! That is why we fight when Poland fights.'

"Again it is the interests of France, not of Poland. Fighting to save Poland' is good propaganda, but it is not statesmanship.

"America needs to be skeptical about 'another war on behalf of democracy.' As yet there is no guarantee that there won't be another Versailles, with hatreds and bitterness developed. This is not our war—we are not directly concerned with it.

"To avoid misunderstanding, however, it must be stated that it would be stupid to make peace with Hitler, Hitler lies without knowing that he lies, which is 
the worst kind of lie. Mussolini has brains, but Hitler 
has only emotions. The philosophy of the Nazi party, 
as explained by Hermann Rauschning, a prominent 
self-exiled Nazi, in The Revolution of Nilnlism, is the 
doctrine of force as the basis of power. So there is a 
real distinction between Hitler, and France and Britain. 
But the mistakes of France and Britain in the past are 
to blame for the present situation.

"As to the war today, the defense is stronger than the offense. The Siegfried or Maginot lines cannot be broken through without a tremendous loss of life. The way to win a war is by revolution. Britain and France do not want to pile up casualties at the front with no visible results, for fear of opinion at home. Neither side wants to rain death on civilians as yet, for, as the war in Spain showed, this only stiffens the morale of the people.—It may be said of the war at sea that defense is generally stronger than attack also.

"As for the aid of Russia: shortly before the treaty was signed a prominent German denounced Stalin imost emphatic terms. That man was Adolf Hitler. Stalin's domination of the Baltic countries constitutes an economic defeat for Germany. Hitler's soldiers entered Poland, but it was Stalin's soldiers who got to the desirable Hungarian frontier in Poland first, Stalin has won the war so far, and no one knows it better than Hitler. He sees the menace—for he talked about it for ten years—yet he brought it about with the stupid treaty to bluff France and England. It is the worst diplomacy in the history of Germany. Its further effects are to alienate Japan and Turkey, and to keep Italy neutral.

"From the diplomatic point of view, Hitler has already lost the war. From the military point of view, I don't see how he can help losing—even if it takes a long time.

"Now for the United States. In travelling through twenty states very recently, I have found the people practically unanimous in their determination to keep out of war. There can be no fear of the United States being attacked, for, should the Nazis succeed in defeating Britain and France, they would be far too worn out to come three thousand miles across the Atlantic. And in the last war they got a taste of what the United States can do.

"Still, we cannot be entirely indifferent. We know there is a difference in ideas, policies, and purposes—force vs. free people working out their own destinies. But we are not convinced that Britain and France know enough to make the right kind of peace. The way to get the right kind of peace is for us to keep ourselves aloof from hate and passion. When the time comes for reconstruction, we will then have the strength and will to work out a decent solution. That will not be easy—but it is not impossible. A foundation for the solution might be the League of Nations and the World Court. But we can build peace only by keeping aloof—and then making a real contribution. This is the true course for the United States.

"If you, the people of America, who are its public opinion, continue to insist on the course of peace, then peace it will be, as it should be."

## Ailuropus Melanoleucus

VIOLET DEPUE

AlLUROPUS MELANOLEUCUS — to most of you, this is an "unpronounceable" unrecognizable item, but to me, it is a reality because it is a term which merely means "Giant Panda." Besides its rarity, the panda is a most interesting and extraordinary animal. At close-range it looks very much like a medium-sized bear, with a particolored body of black and white. Its face is most unusual and beautiful, perhaps due to its extreme rarity in coloration. The general background is a dull white, with tiny black ears, and a large, black circle around each eye. By nature, the panda is good-humored and lazy, spending much of its time sitting in a position much like that of a toy teddy-bear.

It is more interesting because of its peculiar diet. Its food consists of bamboo, and bamboo only. It is specially equipped with teeth and claws that are ideal for handling the hamboo shoots. Watching a panda satisfying his inner demands is diverting, not only because of the degree of skill and deftness necessary for



devouring his food, but more because of the small quantity of the tough, hard, dry, unpalatable substance he consumes.

This summer I was fortunate enough to visit Forest Park, the St. Louis Zoo, and the Giant Panda there occupied most of my attention. The picture was taken during the eating process. described above, although it is practically undistinguishable. He was brought to America from China in 1938, and was nick-named "Happy" by his keepers.

## EDITORIALS

#### A Portrait -- Of You?

MARION CUNNINGHAM, '37

I APPROACH the editorial staff of the Tower Light with some temerity, since, in view of their most recent issue of the magazine, I should have something of real worth to offer. I say this sincerely, for I felt the October Tower Light was a far cry from the magazine which we were so proud of just three years ago. May I congratulate those who had part in publishing it.

The first offering a graduate makes to our college publication generally concerns itself with his personal reaction to the profession of teaching. This is not illogical, since it is the career for which he has prepared himself and which, since his graduation, has become a daily feature of his life. Unfortunately, I must make certain reservations to the statement, for I have long since aceustomed myself to the cryptic remarks of all too many of my classmates who do not wish to make teaching a vital part of their lives. Furthermore, I am fairly confident that there are those attending teachers' colleges who have the same attitude prior to graduation. I do not think we should underestimate this condition. Let's not make it one of the unmentionables, a thing only to be whispered about by teachers of education. People who feel this way about the whole thing shouldn't prepare themselves to be teachers and should get out of the field before they harm themselves and have opportunity to influence others. When I was in college I felt that there were many students whom I knew who should never have been there, and now that I am teaching I am of the same opinion still. If my words do not reach the readers of the Tower Light, I trust it will be because they did not seem of any real merit, rather than because the editors were unwilling to put such a situation before their readers.

If any of those to whom I referred as "not belonging" get a chance to know who penned such words I fear that I shall be branded as a hyprocrite; for I rarely offer any rebuttal to their remarks and admit, a bit guiltily, at having encouraged them on several occasions. One doesn't get very far by trying to give such individuals a new slant on life. They must build a philosophy of their own. Perhaps those with a more crusading spirit than mine can do something for them, although I am of the opinion that it should be done before they ever stand before a group of children.

I know there are many things about every administra-

tion that one finds irksome. The children may not be the ideal specimens that you anticipated, and the life may seem routinized and confining. Need any of these things give you mental quirks? Your theories of education were not sound ones if you expected a bed of roses. Furthermore, where can you find any career that does not involve certain adjustments to reality. If you ever "find" yourselves in teaching, as I am beginning to, after two years of it, there are many returns which will make up for all the personal inconveniences and adjustments.

Don't consider this the cry of one who stays in the classroom eight hours a day and thinks about teaching every other minute that she is not asleep. I am not like pedagogues of story book fame who were labeled from the first day they entered the classroom. If you don't want to be a teacher and have no enthusiasm to bring to your job, then get out of it now! But if you are one who loves teaching, don't miss it!

#### A Literary Challenge

N. TROTT

DO YOU wonder each month, as you cagerly scan the pages of the new Tower Licerr, what sort of material your compatriots in other state teachers colleges throughout the country are writing and publishing? If you do, perhaps you would be interested in Milwaukee State Teachers' The Cheshire, a quarterly containing the literary contributions of undergraduates there, with occasional contributions from Alumni.

The cover of this 8½ x 11 inch magazine is strangely like the TOWER LIGHT. containing the name of the publication, an abstract design in black and white, and the date of the issue. The subject matter varies from a serious article on Fascism, to a humorous essay on the "pockcless sex." The editorial page. "Muse and Mews," urges the students to support an art project being sponsored by the city.

Aesthetically, the publication is extremely pleasing. The wide page margins create a pleasant sensation of roominess and impress one with the importance of each article. There are no advertisements in the magazine, which probably accounts for its limited issues (four a year, as compared to the Tower Light's nine) and for its fewer number of pages (fifteen, compared to our thirty-five).

The quality of *The Cheshire* presents a distinct challenge to the students of our college. Are we at Towson meeting it?

Note:—The Cheshire will be on file in the magazine department of our library. Read it this week!

#### Moments of Silence

NOVEMBER 11, 1936:

My first Armistice Day at Towson. I'm used to a holiday. . . . Had an Armistice Day assembly; woman speaker, music, 11:00 o'clock silence. . . .

NOVEMBER 11, 1937:

School. In assembly, Gerald Johnson spoke on "The Constitution." The usual moment of silence. . . .

NOVEMBER 11, 1938:

School (no, no holiday). Observed the Armistice "silence" in class. Good assembly program of poems, readings, by students.

November 11, 1939:

Armistice Day again — no school, but not because it's a holiday. It's Saturday. No assembly speaker to remind us of the poppies in Flanders Field. If I'm to keep quiet at 11:00 A.M. somebody will have to remind me when it's time.

Why keep on observing Armistice Day anyway? The treaty of peace whose acceptance is the occasion for celebration is today, in effect, null and void; everybody realizes that in it were the germs of today's war. How naïve we once were—rejoicing in the end of war, in the new era of peace!

And yet—that moment of silence each year hasn't been what I'd call "celebration" or "rejoicing." Strangely, I've never experienced it once without a slight pain in my throat, and the sound of "Taps" played in still air echoing from somewhere in my memory. . . . Why should the recall of the signing of a treaty cause me to close my eyes tighter to hide an unwanted moistness there? . . . Somehow I've always seen rows of white crosses shining, gleaming, in the sunshine of renewed hope in the brotherhood of man. . . .

And now there are clouds again, darkening, darkening....

#### Democracy

"DEMOCRACY CAN no more survive the effects of totalitarianism in schools than Fascist or socialistic government can survive the teachings of democracy. The schools of a democracy, like those of a totalitarian state, must sustain and support the society that supports them. The attempt observed in some places to exclude from the schools of this country even the mention of other forms of government is, of course, as ridiculous as it is futile; but that American teachers should be

democrats—and not socialists or monarchists, or communists or Fascists—is to my mind an axiom of the first order. Teachers comprise the one great organ of the democratic state that creates and purifies its life blood. Surely democracy has the unqualified right to assure itself that this vital organ does not pump it full of poisons."

From The Teacher in the Modern School, by B. F. Pittenger, Dean of the School of Education, University of Texas; in The Elementary School Journal, November, 1938.

#### Let Us Have Peace

MARY BICKEL

WITH THE cheers of thousands, the tunes of stirring national anthems, and the blessings of the church still ringing in their ears, America's 1917 crop of youth landed in France to fight for democracy. The allies called it a war to make the world safe for democracy, a war to make the world a better place in which to live, a war to end all war! The young men believed and fought; when they had effectively completed their job of slaughter, their leaders stepped in and finished the farce with the Treaty of Versailles.

These young men had marched away with straight, whole bodies and high ideals. Many of them had shown promise of brilliant futures. They lived and fought in France like swine in mud, and hobbled back with crushed, crippled bodies and no ideals. That was twenty years ago.

Today there is another war in Europe strangely resembling that of 1914. It seems that democracy is still being endangered and that the last war didn't settle the problem. It seems that Germany won't play the game as prescribed by the democratic Treaty of Versailles, and that the whole world is maddened by the behavior of her self-styled saviour. Thus, the awful struggle has begun again. Once more the patient people of Europe resign themselves to years of privation, fear, and defeat, inquiring timidly, perhaps, what all this sacrifice is really for. And once more the United States stands as a neutral observer, its people wondering how long she can remain neutral.

The question is: Do the people of the United States will that we keep out of Europe's perennial harvest of men? At present, every person in the United States is clamoring for peace; yet every person is vociferous in giving his opinion of the foreign situation. Each person has his own view as to who is right and who is to blame, and each person most certainly has a right to his own view; but on what evidence are we to take sides?

We don't know what causes wars nor what great powers plan and execute wars. We do know that the average person doesn't want war, doesn't start war, and doesn't gain by war. Let us keep out of war. Let us not be fattened and conditioned on elever propaganda for the slaughter. Let us not draw conclusions and say, "This country is wrong and this country is right." Let us be neutral and peaceful.

#### Changes

#### RUTH McCARTY

A SUPPLEMENT to last month's article. "Nothing is constant but change." By this time, all the students of S.T.C. have accepted the above as a law of nature; therefore, I will proceed with some more of these changes.

- 1. The identity of this "institution of learning" may now be known to all passersby on York Road. A bronze marker, located on the front lawn near the south driveway, a gift of the Class of 1939, eliminates the possibility of mistaking this college for other nearby institutions.
- The campus and the glen have become scientific laboratories for the study of natural environment. The new botany course and the project work being done in the glen have renewed interest in the plant and animal life found there.
- The boys on the soccer team need no longer fear that the fair spectators will come out of the experience scarred. The "white-belted" policemen (with great dignity) look after the safety of all.
- Students may now feel sure that they will eat sometime on Monday. The new schedule arranges class periods and lunch periods to the satisfaction of everyone.
- In the Administration Building, work on the Maryland Room (formerly Miss Birdsong's classroom) is progressing rapidly. Within a few weeks' time the exhibition of maps, pictures, and books will be ready for visitors.
- Practicums and seminars are the new words heard in the college vocabulary. These terms are the names of the courses that aid in the preparation for student teaching.
- 7. A new club has been formed for those who like mathematics either for practical purposes or as a means of mental gymnastics. The first meeting of the Math Club proved very promising. Best wishes for its continued success.
  - 8. In the dormitory, there is change. Rooms in Rich-

mond and Newell Halls have been repainted, and nearly every room is being used. There is a new reception parlor in Newell Hall for the use of the students in entertaining their families.

9. And lastly, as a means of bringing to the attention of everyone outside the college what everyone is doing in the college, a publicity campaign has been started. Any student's participation in the college activities is of interest to his or her family and friends at home. The community papers are willing to publish news items of local interest. The college furnishes the opportunities. You participate and furnish the news.

#### **NEWS ITEM**

The recently formed safety patrol has asked us to notify all drivers that the car to watch is the car behind the car in front of you.

P.S. And the fellow driving it,

#### Resident Projects Explained

UNDOUBTEDLY, AMONG the most used words of our college year will be, "Sorry, can't go with you now. Have one of those resident projects to work on." "Now what in the world is a resident project?" Hence, we shall try to explain.

We take it for granted you know what the N.Y.A. is — a federal arrangement giving money to colleges to employ students who otherwise would be unable to attend college because of financial straits. The resident project is a branch of this admirable organization, and the reason why a few more people have become eligible to the dorm gossip column.

- It is highly desirable for college students to live at the dormitories, It schools them in social amenities; educates them to live independently with others; and "throws them on their own"—giving them the opportunity to depend on themselves.
- Secondly, these projects not only will benefit the students, but also the college. Consider the projects themselves for the answer to this.
  - a. Naming and labeling trees on the campus. (Won't this be a help to the botany students, but it's about a month too late for Juniors 4 and 7.)
  - Patrolling the school grounds.
     (Have you seen those white belts walking around? Woo-wooo!)

c. Completing the Alumni rolls.

(People have graduated from here, you know.)

d. Starting the advertising campaign. (The Sports paper is part of this.)

e. Making models for history, and period costumes.

Writing a history of the college.

Now to the actual rules and regulations involved. Dr. Dowell is in charge and before anyone can start work, he must file application and certify that he is an American citizen. The projects differ from the N.Y.A. in that the hours are longer and the students participating must live at the college. The student is allowed to work no more than one hundred hours a month (say it quickly) for no less than \$30.00 (worth while, don't you think?). He may deduct \$22.00 for board and keep \$\$6.00 for himself or pay all of it on his board. He keeps track of the hours he works and turns in a record every week. Then at the end of the month—ahhh—he receives his check.

Many of us are as enthusiastic over the resident projects as we were over the N.Y.A. Young people can now attend schools of higher learning, train for a profession by doing work they like (educative employment) and enjoy as many benefits, if not more, than the wealthiest person in the state. So, regardless of our divergent opinions on the present administration, we all give a vote of thanks and praise to the people who brought such a twentieth century miracle into existence.

#### PRESERVING CHILDREN

"Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and pebbles. Mix the children and the dogs well together, put them into the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles, sprinkle the field with flowers, and spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the sunshine. When brown, set away to cool in a bathtub."

#### A Thanksgiving Prayer

Oh, Thou who didst the Pharisee condemn,
Who sent to Heaven on the wings of prayer
These words of blind conceit: "I thank thee, Lord,
That I am not as this poor publican,
A sinner"; Lord of Might, forgive us now
Be we not right, but wrong in thanking thee
Our land is not as many nations are:
By conflict, ruthless and distressing, torn,
Where hearts do weep and cannon thunder loud.
Attend our prayer, who art our God alway:
Oh, King of Peace, show us the bloodless way.

#### Times Review

BALTIMORE'S NEW amusement venture, the "Times" Theatre, was somewhat disappointing to the writer. He was not allured by the telegrams of the various motion picture stars posted without nor the blinking lights in the seventeen hundred block North Charles Street. His pass, it is true, was an incentive, as well as the desire to spend an hour seeing what had happened and what was happening in Europe to augment the newspaper and radio comments on the current war.

"The Fight for Peace," which might have been called "The Roads to War," was a pictorial epic? narrative? synopsis which included a chronological history from the tyranny of the Romanoffs to the present military rule of the dictators. We saw King George V and Oueen Mary (the four-fifths) receiving troops in the World War; the Kaiser hid behind the skirts of Queen Wilhelmina; Hitler and Mussolini gathering followers from the lower classes (with support from the steel barons), and their sweeping rise to power; the abdication of King Alphonso and the civil war in Spain; Germany taking the Saarland and later withdrawing from the League of Nations; Mussolini conquering Ethiopia; Haille Selassie pleading in vain to the League; Dollfuss murdered; Nazi troops purging Austria, and peasants there voting for Hitler 99% (or else . . . ). Japan overrunning Manchuria; sit-down strikes taking place in Paris, and Leon Blum heading a new government. The German and Italian Dictators meet; exhibit military strength; and treaties are made (how soon to be broken). Germany steps into Poland; France and Britain mobilize: the Panama Canal is fortified, and President Roosevelt proclaims "America does not like war." "The Fight for Peace" should not be missed by any student of history nor any youth of today.

The theatre itself is rather plain in its appointments in contrast to the gaudy "movic palaces." This is to be admired.

Either the writer was misinformed, or he was carried away by unfounded expectations. In the larger cities news theatres are the answer to an idle hour and a place to see the "pictorial events of the day." Not so here, we regret to say. The "hour or so" expands into two hours and current news deteriorates into Betty Boop, and coming "distractions"—the "Five Little Peppers . . . ," beginning Friday.

Go and decide if the "Times" is an ideal theatre for Baltimore. If not, how can it be improved?

#### Calendar

JULY 1, 1939, WEDDING BELLS FOR:

May (Tootie) Love, Class of '40, and James Miner. Blanche Dorsey, Class of '38, and Nathan Butler.

#### October 2, 1939, Assembly-

Today a mighty rolling thunder sounded through the halls before assembly time. Many students wondered what it was. That mystery and many others regarding the Hammond Electric Organ were solved with the aid of Mr. Stieff of the Stieff Music Store. Baltimore, and Mr. John Eltermann, an eminent organist in Baltimore. A concert followed which employed "sound effects." Those who were free and those visiting music enthusiasts remained to be borne away to different lands, accompanied by the strains of Strauss' "Vienna Woods."

#### October 4, 1939, Assembly-

Peace Day Observance. Appropriate songs and prayers were rendered after the Governor's proclamation, "Let There Be Peace."

#### October 9, 1939, Assembly-

"Art in Our Time," an illustrated lecture given by Dr. Nathan. Is there room for the architect in this troubled world? Instead of constructing the fancy classical buildings as of former days, our modern architects have switched to a pleasing, simple, flowing, strong, clean-cut, and efficient style. Typical examples of modern American building shown were the Rockefeller Building, the Norris Dam, and the Boulder Dam. Modern architects take advantage of all known factors for better building, such as the location and seasonal construction.

#### October 12, 1939, Assembly-

Columbus Day Celebration. Members of the student body volunteered to take part in the Mr. Quiz contest. Questions concerning the historical, social, cultural, and economic background of Columbus were asked. Acting judges settled doubtful answers.

#### October 16, 1939, Assembly-

"Relation Between Museum and School Systems" was the title of the lecture given by Mr. Lynn Pool, of Walters Art Gallery, today. Explanations of the many educational values which may be derived from a planned program, collaborating with the art museum, were discussed. History and social study

lessons as well as art itself lurk in these magnificently adorned walls—to be had but for the asking. Teachers stand between the public and the art galleries, said Mr. Pool, as he admonished us, as future teachers, to make use of all the educational opportunities which the art galleries afford.

#### A.C.E. News.

They were all there—both the old members and the new—for the first mecting of the Association for Childhood Education. Tea was served and new acquaintances made before the important business of installing officers. The officers for this year are: President, Kathryn Emmart; Vice-President, Helen Picek; Secretary, Kathryn Peltz, Treasurer, Catherine Shipley; and Miss Joslin, Faculty Adviser. Tentative plans were made for the winter, concerning outstanding speakers, and a visit to A.C.E. headquarters in Washington, D. C.

### Dorchester County Alumni Unit

THE FALL meeting of the Dorchester County alumni unit was held on Tuesday evening, September 26, 1939, at the home of Mrs. Louise Harper Smith, Hurlock, Marvland.

Dr. Wiedefeld was the guest speaker and brought greetings and news of interest from the College. She expressed her delight in being invited to the meeting and extended a very special invitation to the members of the unit to visit the College on Founders' Dav.

Miss Mary H. Scarborough, field secretary of the College alumni, was also present and made a short talk suggesting that a worthwhile project for the unit would be to interest more of its members in joining the State Alumni Association. In pursuance of this suggestion, a committee was named for this purpose. This committee will see that the Dorchester County unit does its share to attain a goal of 500 new members each year for the State Alumni Association.

Election of the officers resulted as follows: Mrs. Granville Hooper, Chairman; Miss Evelyn Johnson, Vice-Chairman; Miss Jeanette Carmine, Sceretary-Treasurer.

The following members were present:

Mrs. Laird Bramble (Etta Bradshaw) 1927, Mrs. John Brueil (Ruth Woollen) 1930, Miss Ethel Brinsfield 1923, Mrs. James Brummette (Lillian Jones) 1907, Miss Jeanette Carmine 1923, Mrs. Calvin Dean (Mary E. Gootee) 1930, Miss Mary V. Gootee 1923, Mrs. Carwille Hooper (Anna B. Musselman) 1916. Miss Margaret Hubbard 1923, Miss Evelyn Johnson 1918, Mrs. Lloyd Langford (Mary D. Hodson) 1926, Mrs. Roland Layton (Nellie Reed) 1911, Mrs. Clarence LeCompte (Georgia Pearson) 1900, Mrs. Frederick Miller (Eloise Henry) 1922, Mrs. John Shenton (Lola Parks) 1926, Mrs. Harry B. Smith (Louis Harper) 1920, Mrs. Leon Spicer (Mary Bradshaw) 1923, Miss Myrtle Stack 1913, Mrs. James P. Swing (Ethel C. Bradshaw) 1925, Miss Lois Willing 1925, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (Evelyn Mace) 1927.

#### Echoes of '39

#### MARY DAY AND ANNE WILLIAMS

ARE YOU wondering what has happened to last year's graduates? Here is what we know. Can you add anything?

The following people have been placed in Baltimore City:

Jane Kimble—Kindergarten and departmental work in music and physical education, grades 4, 5, 6.

Helen Freitag—Two kindergartens; one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Paul Massicot—2A and 3B. John Schmidt—3B, 3A, 4B.

John Schmidt—3B, 3A, 4B.

Betty Smiley—First grade at School No. 62. Marjorie Cohen—First grade.

Those who are teaching in Baltimore County include:

Walter Gordon-Sixth grade.

William McConnell—Grades 5 and 6.

Louis Cox, Jr.—Fifth grade.

Roger Williams—Grade 6 at Randallstown. William Cox—Grade 5 at Randallstown.

Helen Gill-First grade at Westchester.

Hazel Moxley-Fourth grade.

Anna Smith—Grade five.

Richard Cook—Sixth grade at Cockeysville. Esther Bull—First grade, Seventh Consolidated.

Evelyn Scarff—Grades 3 and 4.

Arthur Bennett-Grades 6 and 7.

Sarah Hatton—Grades 2 and 3, Riderwood. Jeanne Cumming—Second grade, Seventh Con-

Jeanne Cumming—Second grade, Seventh Consolidated.

Midred Lipport, Crades 2 and 4 at Hebbuille

Mildred Lippert—Grades 3 and 4 at Hebbville.

Jane McElwain—Grades 1 to 3 at Dover Road
School.

Dorothy Vogel—Grades 4 and 5 at Towson. Virginia Morgan—Primary grades at Dundalk.

Louise Firey—Hereford. John Klier—Parkville.

John Owens-Edgemere.

Other graduates who have obtained teaching positions are:

Dorothy Anthony—Grades 5 and 6, Anne Arundel County.

Ruth Dudderar—Grade 5, Anne Arundel County. Virginia Barnes—Departmental work in grades 5, 6, and 7 at Anne Arundel County.

Doris Eldridge — Primary grades in Maplesville School, Washington County,

Evelyn Clark—Grades 4, 5, 6, and 7 in a two roomprincipal school of Kent County.

Agnes Carpenter—Grades 2 and 3, Charles County. Emily Armour—Grades 4, 5, 6, and 7, Colora School in Cecil County.

Margaret Webb—Grades 4 and 5, Howard County. Two of our former students are working for the Gas and Electric Company in Baltimore City. They are Evelyn Medicus and Ruth Ann Morganthau.

In addition to the above mentioned graduates, there are many others who have been substituting in the Baltimore City Schools.

#### Have You Heard?

KATHERINE L. JACOB

ALL OVER this country there has been much discussion concerning the advancing of the date of Thanksgiving Day. The Campus School, however, had a real Thanksgiving Day when the new lunch room opened on October nineteenth. Since the opening of school there has been a feeling of great impatience at the delayed delivery of the new tables ordered so long ago for the children's lunch room.

Needless to say there were shouts of joy when the truck carrying the tables drove to the rear of the school and delivered them. Four of the carpenters, under the direction of Mr. Richardson, lost no time in setting them up for immediate use.

A lunch room in the elementary school has its advantages in that only the children have to be considered. In many ways this is a room for children. The tables, chairs, and service rail are of sizes that promote comfort and efficient self-service. The menu is planned for children. The children are learning to select their lunches wisely.

The mothers of every class in the Campus School have held grade meetings. In these meetings there is opportunity for mothers and teachers to become acquainted and to discuss common problems concerning the physical, mental, and social development of the children. This brings about a wholesome and cooperative feeling between teachers and parents.

An exhibit was held in the Campus School during National Book Week. Books were lent by some Baltimore department stores and book shops. Students and children found great pleasure in visiting the exhibit and browsing among the books.

Miss Joslin is working with those children in the Campus School who have some speech difficulties. The teachers recommend the children who need help.

Plans for the Christmas celebration, which will not be held with that of the college, are already taking shape.

Do you know how many of the former Campus School pupils are now students in the college?

#### The Chimes Guild

#### NEAL GALBREATH

DID YOU ever wonder why the Chimes ring before breakfast and dinner each evening? There is an organization responsible for playing the chimes, the Chimes Guild. Last year, the membership of the Guild reached the peak of fifty dormitory students although the chimesters of the Guild number about ten.

What do the other forty members do? Well, have you ever noticed a group of girls standing beside the chimes each evening? Did you ever hear them sing? Ah-h-h. Not only do they sing grace each evening, but also for special occasions, such as the Alumni banquet, the Te

Pa Chi Club meetings, President's luncheons, and formal dinners.

That isn't all they do. Before the big vacations at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, they get up at 6:30 in the morning and, clad in robes and carrying candles, sing appropriate songs through the dormitory, to add to the splendor. Usually the Guild goes to Dr. Wiedefeld's home, and, occasionally, even ventures as far as the cottage.

Did you ever see fifty girls get together with such cooperation? Truly this group offers many thanks to Miss MacDonald for her excellent advice and direction.

### The Language Without Words

MARY BRASHEARS

SNAP! THE radio made the same sound it always does when I turn it on. I had no special program in mind, but turning the dial I experimented hopefully. What sounded like jargon, with a little twist to the right, proved to be a voice pealing forth the wonders of Clean-Well Cream. "Spots and blemishes disappear like magic"—bosh! With a quick jerk the indicator moved to 220. "Take advantage of Moore's sale, buy your fur coat"—well, I've no use for a fur coat. I'll have to wait until I earn some money for that. Wasn't there anything worth listening to? A woman's shrick pierced my cars. I looked around, half fearful. It was only the radio exploding with a drama. I turned the dial further, almost ready to give up.

As if to try deliberately to exasperate me more, I heard a man ticking off words, as a clock ticks off seconds. I paused to listen. Nothing I could understand. I listened more closely fearing that my ability to hear was failing me. No, it was just a man speaking in a foreign language. Trying to distinguish some familiar words and listening more intently to the intonations. I endeavored to understand what it was about. Having

decided it was war news, I was about to turn the dial when the man stopped talking. Why? And then, like a gentle shower of sparkling rain drops, the strains of a string ensemble flowed over my spirit. Such beauty of tone and grace of movement soothed and calmed my troubled mind. Now, the music led my thoughts to children playing, and to a light and happy dance of nymphs and sprites; swiftly the mood changed and the dull heavy rhythm made me feel the weariness and despondency of those who are not free in their hearts and thoughts; again in contrast to this came the lifting and rolling spirit that reminds one of riding on gentle swells in quiet waters. Suddenly the music began to run, until its heart was pounding and its blood pulsing; but just as quickly it ended as though it had given life itself to that great glorious ending. Nothing was left but a fading, ebbing life, expended for one moment of utter abandonment.

I sat very still, and soon heard the foreign voice again. Now, Voice, I thought, you are my friend. You speak the language of music, and that, all can understand.

#### **Orchestra Events**

AT THE assembly program on October 26, an excellent performance was given by the orchestra. Thera are several reasons for this show of excellence. Foremost is the sharpness (not in the musical sense) of the orchestra, i.e., the orchestra was well conditioned from the hard work at practice sessions which Miss Prickett holds. Secondly, the orchestra was conscious of its two big events of the year which were in the immediate tuture, where we were to be most critically judged. The one was the program for the State Teachers Association on Friday, October 27. We attracted much attention because our orchestra is symphonic in so far as it has a variety of instruments properly proportioned, and because of the better than average ability of many of our members. We have also introduced the novel violin duet from our first desk of violins.

When the radio program was given, we felt certain of its success because of our previous successful engagements. That it was can be attested by the favorable reaction of the listeners

P.S. The orchestra picnic in the glen was an occasion for the expression of the friendliness that prevails among our orchestra members. Upon returning from the glen we sang songs to a gathering in the lodge. We were happy that Dr. Lida Lee Tall, our beloved former president, was present.

#### **Fashion Flashes**

MARIE PARR

THIS MONTH we promised to dedicate this column to the freshmen—so, freshmen, it is all yours. Some of the most striking styles have been noted among these newcomers to college life and they are certainly worthy of mention.—Here goes!—

. . . S. H.'s pastel sweaters are lovely. Where does she

find such pretty colors?

- . . Unique jewelry is really the fad. Have you noticed M. H.'s necklace of acorns? We hear that pumpkin seeds make interesting bracelets and necklaces, too.
- . . . M. S.'s nubby woolen socks have rated many an envious eye cast in their direction.
- ... P. C. is right in style with her red and black outfit. Red and black have become leading shades this season.
- . . . Long, sloppy cardigans have been seen throughout the freshmen class. You can't keep those girls down.
  - . . M. S. has taken the honors from H. R. for "sox appeal."
  - . . G. H. always looks so neat without being over-dressed,
- . . . Where does D. H. get all his ties? We hear he is going to open a shop soon.

We could go on and on but the bottom of the page is getting closer all the time. These freshmen are not going to let the upper classmen outdo them in fashion hits. Sophomores! Juniors! Seniors! You'd better watch these freshmen or they will be setting the style standards for the college.

#### "WHAT'S NEW"



Have you heard this one? A midshipman was standing outside a dentist office singing "The Yanks are Coming."

What is a diplomat?

A diplomat is a man so clever that when he steals your coat and yest you give him your watch and chain.











#### "SNICKS"

HENRY N. STECKLER

THE SOCCER season at Towson is over. State Teachers College has once again produced a successful team. Strange as it seems, the highspot of the season proved to be the opening 1-0, overtime, loss to West Chester Teachers College, probably the best team Towson has ever played.

Unfortunately, many students know very little of soccer's glorious past. The game is almost as old as organized sports, and dates back to the days when the ancient Spartans played a similar game called "Harpaston." England took soccer for her own at an early date. There, even in the twelfth century, the game had reached such popularity as to incur royal disfavor; and King Henry II banned the sport because he felt that it interfered with the national and compulsory sport of archery.

It is estimated that, at present, some 5,000,000 Englishmen play soccer every Saturday from September to May, and that on Saturday nights three out of every four Englishmen are gathered around the radios to hear the results of the games. Besides having many amateur teams they have over five hundred major and minor league professional teams. It can be truly said that soccer is the most popular sport in England. Recently, the sport has spread from England to her colonies with magnificent success. Several years ago a young doctor organized a native soccer team at Nombara, East Africa, and coached by movies. Visiting liners sent teams ashore, but not one, so far, has beaten the natives. In keeping with his policy of playing first-rate teams, I wonder if Coach Minnegan could arrange a game with them for 1940.

Of course, we know that in this country, Maryland is a great soccer state; but did you know that in Chicago and Milwaukee soccer is played indoors in winter? The field for the indoor game is necessarily reduced to onethird the regulation size, and there are only nine and sometimes only seven players on the indoor teams; otherwise, the new game is quite the same as outdoor soccer.

#### SO WHAT

LEE McCARRIAR

FLASH! So What is still slipping by the eyes of the watchful editors, all four of them. How they miss it everty month, especially when Weis writes it, is beyond me. That reminds me. I heard a few days ago that So What was put on the pan by a Senior student in a psychology class. She claimed that it broke up friendships. Let me assure you, dear readers, that it is not the policy of this column to do that.

P.S. The rest of the class voted her down.

\* (Editors' Note — That's what some people think. There are times when every editor has to write for his public.)

Now to get down to the business of the month. Open letter to Mr. Harry ("Butsie") Russell: Dear Sir:

You have been recognized as a champion jokester and we all appreciate your humor, but look to your laurels, young man. A rival has appeared on the scene. His jokes are commonly referred to as puns. If he can't make his living any other way, he can eat puns with a cup of coffee. His name? Oh, yes: Dave Nelson.

Respectfully yours,

L. McC.

TOWER LIGHT

One day, coming home from Montebello, someone asked Leon Lerner why an Indian wore a hat. The obvious answer to the joke (?) is "to keep his wigwam." Leon then went up to a group of girls and said, "Why does an Indian have a wigwam?" The girls bit, so Leon said, "To keep his hat on." I don't get it.

Mr. Walther said one day that teachers could not stand sitting because they are not contortionists.

Willie Ranft is still a single man. I know that was in last month's column, but a lot of water has passed under the bridge since.

A lot (four, to be exact) of fellows who went balmy during the first month, have returned to normal. One got a crane to lift him out, another turned a certain girl's eyes brown again, and Norris Weis is back with his gaze turned toward Western Maryland College.

Fishel is picking up where his brother left off. Why do you sit by the piano when you can't play?

One of the number eight street cars caught fire recently. Was it the red-hot personality of the S.T.C. girls aboard?

Bernard (pronounced Ber-nard) Phelps told the sponsors of the Senior Dance that it was the best dance that he has been to. We might add that it was also the first he has attended.

Next month brings forth the old sage, Norris Weis and So What?

Miss Munn, when talking about the Queen in Hamlet, said, "She looked as if she were on her last lap."

P.S. Jim Jett should save his poetic abilities for something other than the classroom.

## It Wasn't Told To Me, I Only Heard . . .

THAT THE Bells of St. Mary's are calling a certain senior special: distance no obstacle.

That freshman girls do enjoy being walked back from the library at night. However, the following suggestion has been offered: that a new library be erected directly on the other side of the glen.

That some girls we know are still getting letters from the boys at home, but are having a grand time here. When asked about the situation they replied, "Well, it's a long winter."

That a few freshies would like to know:

- a. If a walk in the moonlight is just routine. b. How to get used to the library system.
- c. When the upper classmen are "ragging" them.
- d. Why they are treated as guinea pigs.

That the dorm girls, first floor, want to know who killed Ivy.

That even though it was Friday 13th, the goblins didn't "get" a soul. Everyone was enjoying himself at the Senior Benefit Dance. Perhaps the black cat accounts for its howling success.

Who would have guessed it (or: "Have You Heard") The other night, Henderson had two flat tires-one

"Do you think that the radio will ever take the place of the newspaper?"

"No, you can't swat the flies with a radio." Johnson: "Well, I always throw myself into every

job I undertake." Jessie: "Did you ever think of digging a well?"

Our little Lilly is the sweetheart of the Loyola boys. Mr. Moser: "Now, if I subtract 25 from 34, what's the difference?"

Pupil: "Yeah! That's what I say. Who cares?"

The Devil sent the wind

To blow the skirts knee-high.

But heaven just sent the dust,

To blow in the bad man's eye.

Lauenstein: "Who gave you that black eye?" Cox: "Nobody! I had to fight for it."

#### HO-HUM

HUMOR EDITORS

#### Foreign Affairs

Hitler believes that he and Stalin are going to get along fine. They have agreed not to make dirty cracks about each other's ideologies of mustaches.

-The New Yorker

The map of Europe has been changing so fast that one Board of Education is considering the teaching of geography with motion pictures.

A doctor had an urgent phone call from a gentleman saying his small son had swallowed his fountain pen.

"All right! I'll come at once," replied the doctor, "But what are you doing in the meantime?"

Came the unexpected answer, "Using a pencil."

#### Career Woman

(Continued from page 10) been in fun, started at this last remark. Trying to suppress the hope that she knew was in her shaky voice, she said, "What?"

"I said, wouldn't you like to go to the dance with a college man next Friday night? It'll give you a chance to get acquainted, since you'll probably see each other next year."

"W-why y-yes, I'd love it," she stammered in reply, not trusting herself to say more.

After she had managed to break the news to her mother, Matilda went on a grand shopping spree that changed her from a drab, listless individual to a sparkling-eved, radiantly happy girl. She went first to the dentist and insisted that the brace be removed from her teeth; it was unsightly and she didn't really need it anymore. In the beauty shop, she had an expert manicure that did wonders for the appearance of her hands and she chose a wave that would be as becoming as possible. Trying on dresses was her greatest thrill. There were many and varied styles and colors of youthful evening gowns, but she looked especially for one that would make her appear short and slim. The silver sandals she bought were high-heeled and toeless so that no one would have guessed they were size seven. Never had she been so happy and excited before. There was a red ring around the date on her calendar, and she marked time, so many days before the dance.

Very promptly, at eight o'clock, Matilda took one last look at herself in the mirror, before turning out the light, and going downstairs to wait for the arrival of Betty and her cousin Jack. She wasn't displeased at the reflection she saw there and prayed a last fervent prayer that she might be liked and admired; just for one night. At eight-thirty, she heard two cars stop in front of the house and excited voices chattering. She had often heard them stop at Lillian's house across the street, but now they were stopping here, in front of her house, and tonight she was going to be one of the metry crowd to dance and enjoy herself at the Country Club!

Betty gave a squeal of delight when she saw Matilda. "Tildy, you look lovely! Matilda, this is my cousin, Jack. Listen, honey, I'm in a hurry because Bob and I are going with Rosemary and Bill. Jack'll take care of you . . . and we'll see you at the dance." She was gone before Matilda could utter a word.

Trying to stay calm and screne, Matilda looked at Jack and tried to read his eyes to see if there was any hint of admiration in them. However, she was quite unaccustomed to reading people's thoughts, especially boys', and found herself blushing with embarrassment,

as she realized she had been staring at the tall, handsome man before her.

"Shall we go?" he asked politely.

She thrilled at his nearness and remained silent as his skillful hands guided the car out of the town traffic and into the country. It was about ten miles to the Club

"So you're going to the university," he ventured brightly.

"Yes," she replied softly. She didn't tell him that she was glad to meet someone from there so that she wouldn't be a total stranger and hoped that they would be good friends. She was content to sit quietly and listen to his description of the university, its professors, fraternities, club, dances and so forth.

When they reached the Club, they sought out Betty and her friends and straved in their direction between dances. After the first dance, Matilda realized that in her preparation for the evening she had not included learning the latest dance steps and the rest of the dances were simply variations on the two-step, waltz, and foxtrot. Matilda noticed that Betty was quite popular with the stag line and never danced all the way around the room with the same partner, while she changed partners only when Betty expressed a desire to dance with her cousin. After waltzing once around the floor with her new partner, Matilda excused herself and made her way out on the veranda, where she found an empty seat near some large, potted palms. Quite unaware of it at first, she was suddenly startled into the realization that Betty and Jack were quite near, though hidden. The music had stopped, and she could hear their voices.

"Why in the world is she going to the University? She'll be as popular as the measles at the rate she's going now. She acts as though she had never had a date in her life."

Matilda could not hear Betty's reply, but is was evidently in her defense.

"Well, no, I don't suppose it is her fault, but why use me for a guinea pig? Right now, I feel like a walking catalogue; I didn't know I knew so much about the University. After tonight I won't laugh at jokes about women talking so much."

Betty again said something and Matilda sat petrified, hardly daring to breathe.

"Of course, I'll stay with her and try to show her a good time. But, for goodness sake, Betty, if you're a good friend of hers, take her in hand over the summer and see what you can do before you wish her on me at college. I promise you I'm good at evading people, so if you don't want her feelings hurt . . ."

The voices died away as they walked off and the music started. He'd be looking for her so she walked around

the veranda and went in another door, where he'd have a hard time finding her.

Mrs. Squinch waited up to hear how her daughter enjoyed herself and to help her with her clothes because she knew she'd be tired and sleepy.

Matilda went about her preparation for bed slowly and refused to talk, pleading "headache and fatigue." Her mind, however, was active and she drew a mental picture of her assets, or perhaps her liabilities. No beauty, no personality, no accomplishments, no social experiences, no charm. A home? Very doubtful.

"Mumsy," she sighed as she snuggled down in the blankets, and reached up her arms to hug her mother "good-night," "Would you mind so awfully much if there was a career woman in the family?"

### A TINY TOUR

(Continued from page 3) buttons, which lighted first from a dim distance and gradually ever nearer the hanging splendor of the Cathedral and somewhere a transcription of Beethoven's Sonata swelled in the processional of color and sound. In awe and reverent humility, as in the presence of the mighty God of Nature, we were silent. By ones and twos, we gradually returned to daylight and reality. For an hour, we idled in the twilight of the Lodge, held by the spell of a sanctuary and then were off for the V. M. I. chapel at Lexington and on to the Natural Bridge.

True to our human natures, we anticipated all the disappointments which weather could provide at Natural Bridge. And we wasted so much worry! When we drove up, a young man bearing an enormous sea-side sunshade, came up to our car and we stepped up under its tent-like protection. Twas such fun walking under that thing through puddles and rushing rivulets! Once inside the spacious administration building, we were outfitted from crown to toe in water-proof garments, and for fifteen cents were taken by bus to the open-air auditorium where the crowd enjoys exquisite music reflected from the Bridge while one looks at it and wonders. There was ample time to walk along the stream and gaze in open-eyed curiosity, according to inclination, and when all eves and necks were tired, then to return to our starting point perfectly dry and elated.

The journey's final lap took us awinding up circuitous roads again through narrow gaps between mountains whose tops were completely swallowed up in clouds. From these crests, we coasted to the east over rolling grazing lands and still on to a gentler coastal plain. By eight o'clock, we were home again, our wanderlust satisfied for a season, and our hope alive for the "next time...!"

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#### THE AMERICAN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

A Democratic Institution

(Continued from page 2)

Massachusetts established the first normal school ine 1839 and other states followed in close succession. These normal schools had to adjust their standards to meet the achievement level of the students who came to them. Students from such elementary schools as then existed, taught by poorly equipped teachers, open for only a short time during the year, having few books and little or no opportunities for cultural enrichment, were not prepared to do the work which had been planned for them.

The first normal schools were little more than high schools. They claimed to teach the same subjects as the high schools but to present them with a different purpose. As the elementary schools improved and high schools became more general, schools for teachers were able to raise their standards. They became two year schools requiring high school graduation for entrance. Their curriculum was planned to give the students the professional training needed to teach in the elementary school.

In the meantime, the curriculum of the elementary school underwent changes. New psychologies developed; new findings in the field of biology gave new and different understandings of individual differences among the pupils; new philosophies of education resulted and a science of education slowly developed. At the same time cultural patterns underwent striking changes. The increasing complexity of life, social and economic, added greatly to the problems which beset the American family and community, and changed the needs of the pupils, thus necessitating a shift in the aims and objectives of education. The realization of these goals brought about a general expansion of the whole field of education reacting on the normal schools and challenging them to effect a different type of education for teachers.

Normal schools became three year schools and finally four year schools granting the B.S. degree. During the period of transition from normal school to teachers college the purpose emphasized was to increase the number of subject matter courses. Many of the teachers colleges recognizing the need for additional academic courses imitated the curricula of the liberal arts colleges. Several types of organization have resulted. There is the teachers college which is organized as a two year junior college plus a two year professional school. There

is the four year teachers college which organizes its courses so that the students have opportunities for integrating the academic and the professional subjects during the entire four years of study.

The State Teachers College at Towson is organized on the second plan. The philosophy is, that personality patterns are not built stepwise, nor in layers, but are interwoven like a "seamless web." Experience would indicate that those who become the best teachers are men and women who as children lived in homes where they imbibed from well planned, highly systematized, everyday experiences and wholesomely happy family relationships, the beginnings of those personality characteristics which in later life are recognized as teaching aptitudes. Interacting with those beginnings are those school experiences which leave their impression indelibly fixed. Other life experiences are woven into the fabric already showing some completeness of design. The teachers college continues the weaving, adding to and continually strengthening the warp and the woof, working in the color, providing for balance, caring for the harmony and the high lights, and enlarging the perspective. All this the teachers college does by selecting the students carefully and by affording them curriculum opportunities which develop many-sided personalities and which condition the students for exercising that type of leadership which meets the demands of the school system in which they are to teach as well as the needs of the individuals who are to be their pupils.

Teachers colleges have their own accrediting association-the American Association of Teachers Colleges. Our school is the only one of the Maryland State Teachers Colleges accredited by that Association, Several of the largest teachers colleges have been accredited also by the Eastern States Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. At the spring meeting of the American Association of University Women a motion to admit to their membership graduates of teachers colleges was passed. This is considered quite a victory for the teachers colleges. Our own college was one of a group of colleges selected for study by the committee which made the favorable report. From this brief history, we may see how our professional education came to be, how we have grown, and the direction in which we are advancing.

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### Service Station To Students

IEANNE KRAVETZ

October 16, 1939

Dear Aunt Jeanne,

I hope you can help me, but I don't think you can. I you ex.T.C., but I am rather lonesome. All of my friends from high school went to the University of Maryland or Goucher, and I just can't seem to hit it off so well here. I am in an all-girl class, and I don't like that so much. The work ont here isn't too hard, but I just can't seem to make a go of it. They say the place is friendly, but the upper-classmen seem to stick together. Maybe later, I'll get to like it here, but right now I'm in a fog. I'm sorry if this nut is too hard for you to crack.

Lovingly,
"A Freshie"

All of us at some time or another feel at loose ends. The problem then is to find something to which to cling. Everyone of us is different, and so, to everyone, is his own answer to this problem. Our interests help determine our personality. In order to examine your personality and thereby solve your problems, you must analyze your interests. Certainly in a college with so many clubs, you will find a place to realize your apti-

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tudes. Perhaps you are afraid that you will not find a friendly atmosphere there. Here is an answer to that; join a club, and offer to work on some committee. All arms will be open to you. You will find a place for yourself, learn to know people, and be in a group with upperclassmen. Incidentally, if you choose your club well, you will come in contact with men students. With your interest in people and things, you will find your interest in class work begin to grow.

I do not believe that joining a club is the sole solution to your problem, but try it and I'm sure you won't be lonesome. You will be identifying yourself with something within the college, and thereby associating yourself with it. This bond of being a part of it will strengthen your liking for S.T.C.

Note: If you have any other ideas to help our Freshie to enjoy college life more, send them in to the Tower Light office in care of this department.

If the law of gravity keeps us on earth, what made us stick before the law was passed?

The easiest way to drive a nail without hitting your finger is to let someone else hold it.

Teacher (after lengthy explanation): "Now, did I make myself plain?"

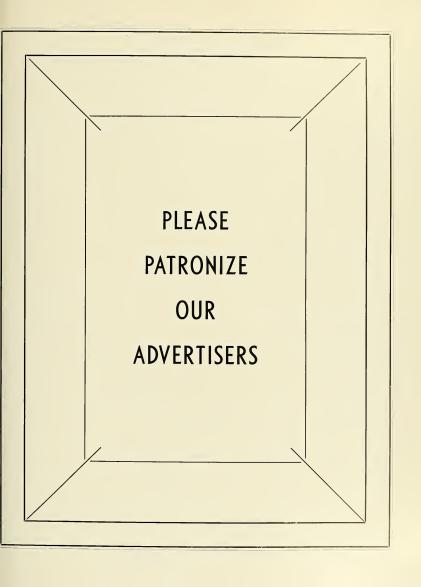
Voice from Rear: "No, Nature did that."

"What does the yellow signal mean to the waiting Scotchman?"

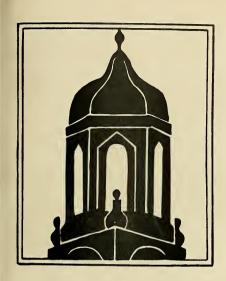
"Time to start his engine."

Sweet Young Thing: "Don't you think that it would be foolish for me to marry someone who was intellectually my inferior?"

Not-so-Sweet Ditto: "Not only foolish — in fact, I'd say impossible!"







Cower Light

**D**ecember 1939





Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Bookon Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfould phyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

Y ou can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower than any other brand, in recent scientific tests (see right). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

out an interesting angle to the definition of th

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# TOWER LIGHT

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#### THE HISTORY of bells and their influence on the life of the masses is indeed a romantic one. For ages bells have exercised an almost magic power over human

affairs; rousing, frightening, summoning cheering, consoling, inspiring. Not only have they been intimately associated with all kinds of religious and social uses, but with every important historical event. In

fact, they have even exerted a remarkable influence on architecture, for to them, indirectly, we probably owe

most of the famous towers of the world.

In their religious capacity bells (and particularly church bells) have performed, in days gone by, a vast number of important duties. They have summoned folk to services, marked the various divisions of the church service, announced important church days and anniversaries, designated the hours of the day, and told of important community events.

In Old England, where bells found their greatest use, the "Cabriel bell" wakened the people of the parish, while the "Mote bell" or "Common bell" summoned them to the church service. The ringing of the "Sermon sell" was an indication that there would be a sermon; the ringing of the "Pardon bell" just before and after the service was a reminder for the worshipers to pray or the pardon of their sins. During the service the 'Sanctus bell' called the attention of the celebrants or the more solemn parts of the mass, while after the ervice was over the "Pudding bell" gave the cook notice o prepare dinner. The "Sanctus bell" is still used in Catholic churches at the point of the mass known as 'the elevation of the host."

Births, weddings, and deaths have all called for appropriate peals. It was (and still is) customary in many baces, to ring the "Christening peal" when someone vas being baptized; and the "Passing bell" and "Death nell" when a person was dying or dead. The "Passing bell" was supposed to drive away the evil spirits waiting to pounce upon a dying soul, while the "Death nell" was considered a way of showing respect for a serson who had died. In many places the "Passing bell" is still rung at eleven P.M. on Christmas eve in the betief that the devil died one hour before Christ was born. This bell is known as "the Old Lad's passing bell."

Before the development of clocks, bells were exremely important time-tellers. The "Angelus," comuemorating the visit of the angel who told Mary she as to be the mother of Jesus, was rung every day at ix in the morning, at noon, and at six in the evening, took its name from the Latin: "Angelus Domine nuniavit Marie . . ." which young and old reverently re-

# BELLS

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM



cited when this bell bade them kneel. Millet's "Angelus" vividly portrays this beautiful custom. The "Curfew bell," begun by Alfred the Great in the ninth cen-

tury, and revived by William the Conqueror two hundred years later, was rung every night as a signal for the townspeople to cover their fires. (French: coevre-feu, cover fire.) Although the curfew was origi-

nally meant to avert the danger of the then highly inflammable houses burning while their occupants slept, William found the custom helpful in checking nocturnal gatherings of dissatisfied subjects. After the ringing of the curfew no adult was allowed to go from one place to another unless he carried a light in his hands. under threat of imprisonment. It is not unnatural that such an important bell has been the subject of many poems. Almost everyone is acquainted with the lines: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" or "Curfew shall not ring tonight." Still another important timetelling bell was the "Pancake bell," rung at eight P.M. on Shrove Tuesday (forty days before Easter Sunday). This bell stopped the eating of pancakes and formally ushered in the Lenten season. Before this bell rang, each family prepared and ate a tremendous meal of pancakes, knowing full well that it could not eat butter again for forty days. Other important bells of this type were the "Harvet bell" or "Seeding bell," calling the laborers to work at five in the morning, and indicating at seven in the evening that their work was to cease; and the "Cleaning bell," rung at nine in the morning and five in the evening, to mark the time when the gleaners might go over the fields to get what the harvesters had left

Countless are the other unique services which bells have rendered. They have guided travelers on the wild and pathless moors safely to town; and have enabled seamen to avoid dangerous reefs and shoals. "The Incheape Rock" by Robert Southey, tells of a bell of this latter type. They have sounded the alarm in time of fire and storm, and have said "You may bargain" to merchants and customers in many a medieval market or fair. In fact, so important was this market bell that "forestalling," or transacting business before the bell rang was, in olden times, a punishable offence. The "Oven bell" gave notice when the lord of the manor was ready for his tenants to use his oven in baking their bread.

As Poe so admirably expressed their story in "The Bells" when he said: "Brazen Bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells. . . " bells have announced many dreadful doings, including uprisings,

revolts, and even massacres. Just such a bloody chapter of history was rung in at Messina, Sicily, in 1282, when eight thousand French settlers were slaughtered while the Vespers were ringing. Since then these Vespers have been known as the "Sicilian Vespers." A similar gruesome event occurred in 1572, when the tolling of the bells backward ushered in the massacre of one hundred thousand Huguenots in France. Again, when Nelson triumphed and died at Trafalgar, bells tolled the great victory and the irreparable loss.

Perhaps the most beautiful use to which bells have been put, and one which has been for ages most beloved among all Christian-speaking peoples, is the ancient custom of ringing joyous peals at Christmas and New Year. How desolate this glad season would seem without children singing everywhere; or without the church chimes swelling the air with familiar Christmas hymns like "O Come All Ye Faithful." How the merry bells herald the wonderful tidings of the birth of Christ It could not possibly be the thankful season Longfellow had in mind when he wrote his immortal lines:

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men."



# Christmas 1939

#### CHARLOTTE M. HURTT

CHRISTMAS—1939! No Christmas dinner in the dormitory. No packing to go home. No good-byes to friends at school. No Christmas assembly. No rehearsal of Christmas carols. What is there to make this year as happy as last year? Where are the friends we have lived with for four years?

Thus my mind idly wandered as I sat midst the great throng in the Cathedral. The organist played Christmas carols, and a thousand voices were raised in honor of this great time.

Suddenly I thought of Rose. I wondered where she would spend the cold days since school had closed. There was nothing at home but cold and hunger for her. No warm fire, good food, nor Christmas tree to greet her. Her holiday spirit would come from peeping in windows after dark to see the bright lights and toys that Santa had left. Perhaps her chimney was too small for Santa to find.

And then there was Gilbert, who would hate Christmas because it would mean no papers to serve. His seven years of life had taught him that food and clothing came from hard work—serving papers in the cold, misty mornings, and at the fast-falling twilight.

Would Gloria have the dinner finished by the time

her mother returned from work? After scrubbing office floors, there was little energy left to feed six hungry bodies. But, as usual, Gloria would manage and have things ready. In less than a decade she, too, had learned that food means life. December twenty-fifth would mean just another day as six little tired bodies were tucked away in bed.

"Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay."

These words sung by a choir boy slowly brought me back to reality. Voices again were raised in songs of praise as this refrain filled the air. But my head was bowed with one simple thought: Give me the strength to fan each tiny spark to life, that some day each will do his part to light the flame of the world.

Christmas, 1939—THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER

TOWER LIGHT

# Ye Olde English Dinner

Ye Yulctide Feast will be holden on Thursday ye 21st Daie of December atte one-half after five by ye Clokke in Newell Hall of ye State Teachers College at Towson. It is ye Wisshe of ye Lady of ye Manor and hir Henchmen that ye share ye goode Chere ye Vitalle and ye Musick, A written Worde will keep ye a Place at ye Board. Weare ye olde English Garments rather than ye outlandish French styles.

ONCE MORE we shall turn the dormitory into a feudal castle, and Merrie Olde England, in all her pomp and revelry will live within our portals. The Lord of Newell is holding open house to all the villagers of the manor this Yuletide season, He and his noble lady will welcome to their castle all their vassals and their retainers, all the masquers, mummers, minstrels and merrymakers, all who would share the bounty of lordly hospitality at this great festival of joy and good will. Population of the castle will make merry in traditional style. The dukes with their wives, the barons and their baronesses, and the knights and their ladies will celebrate with him amidst great pomp and ecremony at the Grand Feast. Jubilant flourishing of trumpets will herald the processions of the Boar's Head, the Peacock

Pie, and the Plum Pudding. Then all will sit down to partake of the rich feast. After the noble repast, Father Christmas will remember all the faithful servants of the Court.

Following the feasting and merriment, the doors of the great hall will be opened wide to welcome rich and poor alike, and laughter and holiday festivities will reign! The Court jesters will bring in the Yule Log, and give a toast to Christmas. Weary pilgrims from Canterbury and strolling minstrels will be guests under the roof of the castle; dancers from the village, munnners, masquers, wrestlers, tumblers, and other professional performers will show their skill.

All will make merry till the Great Fire in the hall has burned to ashes! Ruth Durner



# Come, All Ye Nations

KATHERINE JACOB

"O NATIONS, come ye, and let us walk in peace." This is from the Christmas program of the Campus School. Can anything be more appropriate, a thought more hopeful, a desire greater on this unpeaceful Christmas?

With this beautiful thought the Campus School is putting on its own Christmas program in its assembly room. The story of the program is about a family of shepherds who learn of Christ's birth. The sons, who are herding the sheep at night, hear the angels sing their praises unto the newborn Infant. The shepherds take their gifts to the Infant. When they rejoin their family, they tell about their visit to the Christ Child.

The Campus School hopes that their new curtain will help them do things with scenes that they have not been able to attempt before. The chorus, as they did last year, will furnish lovely Christmas music for the drama. You who saw the program last year know how perfect the setting was. Outside praise was tremendous. Mr. Velie referred to its perfection of setting in his summer school courses. This year the program will be just as perfect and every effort will be made to improve upon it. A problem this year, that did not enter last year, is speech work. Good enunciation must be stressed. The program typifies this lovely scripture message:

"And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither

shall they learn war any more."

# The Spectator

WILLIAM JETT

IT 1S Christmas Eve, and the light snow sifts down past the dim street lamp near the doorway in which I have taken refuge. Steeped in thought, I am aroused by a sudden whoop of young voices as a laughing troop of merry children dash along the street, stopping only long enough to snowball a shabby hound across the way. Ah, thoughtless youth, thinking only of the morrow and its gav festivities, how little you realize the misery you make for this poor cur. Soon, however, my thoughts are turned from this wretched outcast to the steady crunching of snow approaching my shelter-place. It is a pompous, contented looking man, laden with bundles that suggest pleasing sweetmeats, turkey, and Christmas gifts. Over one arm are strung several holly wreaths. Surely this gentleman, garbed in beaver hat and fur-trimmed coat, must be a prosperous merchant of the city. His homecoming will be sweet, attended by affectionate kisses, a warm fireside, festive decorations, and abundance everywhere. But not so with this decrepit old lady shuffling behind our prosperous friend. Perhaps she is a charwoman-her bent shoulders and flimsy shawl bespeak it. What is your destiny, Madame? But hold, she stops, purchases a hard loaf of bread at a baker's stall, and trudges on her way. What a gloomy day the dawn will bring for her and hers! Unhappy lot that lies in store for thousands like her, for no Christmas joys will brighten their drab routine of existence.

Almost in a reverie, I start as a two-horse "shay" comes jingling down the misty street. A pair of lovers, mayhap married, are the sole, but all-important occupants. Such love upholds the hope of such a night, and through the love, I reflect, comes inspiration, ambition, and the crowning triumph of achievement. Indeed, this would be a happy land if every man bestowed upon the next the same consideration that these lovers give each other.

In the distance, a solitary bell strikes midnight, and tradesmen close their shops to wander homeward in the deepening snow. They proceed at different gaits, for home offers varied things to them. To some, it is a haven, a place of rest and warmth; to some it is merely a place in which to eat and sleep; to some it is a barren, cold and bitter room, where no one waits to greet or comfort them; and to some it is a goal, a beckoning milestone, by which they may greedily count one more day's addition to their hoard. As I step from my vantage point, the last late straggler slips along the opposite

side of the quiet street. No doubt he has celebrated the occasion, and is rather intoxicated, since his course seems a bit unsteady, and he has much difficulty in carrying a brightly-ribboned package under his arm. Just as this merrymaker seeks his bed, so shall I seek mine, and there enjoy sweet slumber; for the rich, the poor, the oppressor, and the oppressed find one thing at least, in sleep—oblivion.

### DEAR GOD . . .

S. DAVIS

DEAR GOD, I thank Thee for another day of grace. . . . Do you think daddy will remember me? He left so quickly, so quietly, that I scarcely saw him go. . . . Please, God, protect him from stray bullets and shrapnel. For health and strength and daily food. . . . I never knew cows were so large, or that gardens, you know, where they raise vegetables, took so much weeding. Lord, I am so stiff from bending over that I am standing in front of the window, looking up at You. Outside, the endless moor stretches for miles in front of me. The moon has turned the heather to silver, and the night bugs are making a terrible racket. . . . Why do people always talk about the stillness of the country? Oh, ves, God, protect my mother; guard her well. She's all alone now, with daddy at the front, and sister in Glamorgan, and me here. And God, lead others into the paths of righteousness and truth, that they may extend the Kingdom of Heaven and light the way for those who are to follow. Amen.

#### **OBEDIENCE TRAINING FOR**

Dogs

REBECCA C. TANSIL

"DOG TRAINING" to the majority of people means teaching a dog tricks, usually of the acrobatic type found in the vaudeville dog act. Here the handler thinks in terms of entertaining the audience rather than of "educating" the dog. In the last few years, however, a new type of dog training has developed. This training is based on psychological principles, and its purpose is to make dogs better companions to human beings. A dog trained in obedience is protected from accidents; the well-mannered dog ceases to be an annovance to the non-dog lover.

The group sponsoring this modern training is the Obedience Test Club, a national organization formed in March, 1936, by a group of eight people who were interested "in developing the brain power of the purebred dog." The movement has spread until there are, at present, about 400 members scattered over 16 different states from Maine to California, from Canada to Hawaii

The Dog Owners Training Club of Maryland, the seventh to be organized in the entire country, was formed in the early spring of 1938. The Training Class of the D.O.T.C. is held regularly twice a week—on Sunday morning, at the Galloping Field of Druid Hill Park; and on Monday evening, at the Richmond Matek Armory. This gives the dogs the experience of both outdoor and indoor training. Each September you will find a group of dog owners trekking to the Park or to the Armory to enroll their dogs in the training class, which regularly follows the calendar of the local public schools and colleges from September to June, with Graduation Test Matches occurring the last week in June. The only holiday during the year is at the Christmas season.

It is interesting to watch handlers and dogs arrive from various sections of Baltimore and its suburbs for classes. Coming in every type of conveyance, from limpusine with liveried chauffeur, to station wagon, the rainers are young men and women or oldish men and women, while the dogs range all the way from Dobernan Pinchers to Spaniels.

The training of the dog is based on progressive steps, which any good dog, regardless of breed. can learn if andled correctly. When first enrolled, the dog enters he beginner's class, which may be compared to the indergarten or primary grades in our educational system. Here he learns certain fundamentals and simple exercises such as "to heel on leash," "to sit stay," "to come when called," and "to down stay." The first thing he must learn, however, is how to behave in a group of his fellow students. He must pay strict attention to his handler at all times, and must not sniff at his neighbor even though he is only a few inches away. As the dog masters the exercises offered in the beginner's class he is promoted to the advanced class, where he attempts more difficult feats. Here he must learn "to heel free," "to retrieve dumbbell on the flat," "to retrieve dumbbell over obstacle," "to drop on recall," and to perform "the long jump." When the handler feels that his dog has reached a certain degree of proficiency in these feats. he puts the dog through an Obedience Test Match qualifying him with points toward his degree. The first degree offered is the C.D., meaning Dog Companion. To receive this degree a dog must "qualify" in three test matches sanctioned by the Obedience Test Club and judged by an authorized examiner. To "qualify" means the dog must make the high standard of 85 out of a possible 100 points. After a dog becomes a C.D. he passes from the Novice Class to the Open Class, and begins to compete for the C.D.X. (Dog Companion Excellent). The exercises in the Open Class are more difficult than those in the Novice Class, and the dog must perform the exercises with a greater degree of perfection. To earn this second degree a dog must "qualify" in three Open Class Test Matches in a sanctioned show. This means that each time he must make 200 out of a possible 250 points. The third and highest degree, is the U.D. (Utility Dog). A handler looks upon this degree with a great deal of pride and hopes that some day his dog may become the proud owner of a U.D.: for only a limited number of dogs in the country have achieved this distinction. To earn the U.D. the dog must compete in three sanctioned shows where other dogs are competing for this same degree, and must receive high scores (160 out of a possible 200 points). To successfully pass the U.D. examination, the dog must, among other things, "speak on command," "exercise scent discrimination," "seek back for lost articles," "stand for examination," and take the rigid "Tracking Test."

To train a dog effectively the handler must exercise a great deal of patience and apply certain psychological principles of habit formation. Some of the suggestions given to new handlers are: (1) Always use the same word and motion for a given exercise, so as not to get the dog confused by a sudden change in command; (2) Use simple language at all times; (3) Correct your dog at once when he makes a mistake, because it is difficult to change an exercise once learned wrong; (4)

Give frequent rest periods between practice exercise so that the dog will not become bored; (5) Praise your dog when he performs the exercises correctly, but do not punish him when he fails. The teaching of dogs through fear, trainers claim, belongs to the hickory stick era and retards rather than advances a dog. (6) Above all, try to keep your dog interested and enthusiastic about his training.

Training dogs for obedience has become quite a fascinating science; the full significance of which can only be appreciated by seeing a class in action.

Why not come out some Sunday and see one?

HOW TO MAKE

### **YULE TREES** LAST LONGER



ACCORDING TO the United States Forestry Service, early shedding of the needles of the Christmas tree is easily prevented. Usually this is accom-

plished by merely setting the Christmas tree with its butt in the water; by paring the butt with a sharp knife before the tree is put into the water, so that water absorption will be promoted: or by storing the Christmas tree in a cool damp place before it is set up in a warm room.

A still better home method for keeping the Christmas tree fragrant and green over the holidays, say the foresters, is to set the Christmas tree in a wide-mouthed container which holds about a gallon of water. Mix five grams of citric acid, and six grams of malic acid or pectin with three quarts of water. When the tree is set up, add fifteen grams of calcium carbonate to the acid solution and pour the entire mixture into the container. As the tree uses up the solution, add more water.

Since this inexpensive solution works especially well with balsam and spruce, our chief Christmas trees, and to some extent with all the evergreens except hemlock, why not try it? The added enjoyment which the non-shedding tree furnishes us should certainly be worth the small amount of work which the needle-fixing requires.

# LET'S TALK TURKEY

NORMA E. GAMBRILL



IN THE late twenties the turkey was, as always, considered the Thanksgiving and Christmas bird, but economically he was a failure. There was no money in turkey raising and consequently

no turkey raisers. Suddenly a great demand was felt and the turkey industry rose like a giant mushroom.

This year turkeys will probably bring thirty-one or thirty-two cents a pound. To raise a full grown turkey costs about seventeen cents a pound. Feed companies make up estimates as to what a bird should cost and they estimate fourteen cents, but the owners of turkey farms disagree with this. This price includes initial cost of the turkey, feed, heat, and other items of overhead. Feed bills will average about one and seven-tenths cents per turkey per day. For about eight hundred fifty turkeys a ton of feed a week is needed.

The arrangement and care of the grounds on which the turkeys are housed are very important. One item to consider is the erection and use of electric light poles. These keep the entire area around the houses and roosts light. Thieves are much less likely to take turkeys from grounds thus illuminated.

Turkeys are very sensitive creatures. If small turkeys get wet in cool weather they will catch pneumonia which is almost always fatal. In any weather they may crowd together and smother.

When turkeys are large enough to feather out, real worry starts for the raiser. A mysterious, deadly disease, blackhead, often sets in. This malady, strikes silently and quickly. There is no way of telling that a turkey has it (or rather has had it) until he is dead. Fortunately, a pellet has been concocted which if administered once a week will prevent blackhead. Another preventative measure is the building of raised wire runs if chickens have ever been raised on the same ground because they leave germs of the deadly blackhead disease,

Humorous incidents occur too. Day old turkeys when placed under a heated hover will drag their wings and spread their tails in infant mimicry of the gobblers. Though they can hardly walk they can strut. How like human nature! Often when little turks sleep, two of them will lie with their necks crossed. Seeing this the others will take a running leap and land on the necks of the sleeping babes. They repeat this until the young sters give up sleep in disgust and walk away.

Farmer Hendrix says, "Turkey raising has its ups and downs but America must have turkey for Christma:

dinner." I'll have a drumstick, please.

A WEEK before Christmas! The genial holiday spirit had invaded even the crowded seven o'clock street car. Large, bulky, white

car. Large, bulky, white packages tied with red and green cord and covered with brilliant seals were tightly clasped in the arms of those fortunate passengers who had secured seats. Weary men, imbued with the spirit of good-will and chivalry, stood cheerfully aside to let the women rush to the vacant places. Everywhere the atmosphere seemed happier; the hot, stifling air, less oppressing, Several loud

"Merry Christmases" echoed through

the car as the tired riders heartily greeted one another. Slowly pushing the button as she neared her small, dismal street, Mary Hunter was reluctant to leave the noise and confusion of the car.

Once out in the bleak, dreary night, the young girl stood staring at the vanishing trolley until a sudden wind, penetrating her thin coat, caused her to shiver. Cone was the Christmas spirit and the gay, jovial air. In the dark street no wreaths adorned the doors; no brightly-colored trees were glimpsed through half-closed curtains. Shaking with cold and fatigue, Mary did not notice the large, shining limousine which was flying past the narrow street. Only the raucous honking of a horn and the loud voice of a chauffeur saying, "Why don't you watch where you're going?" made her jump aside. Looking with wondering eyes at the disappearing machine, Mary noticed a white envelope which had been dropped in the middle of the street. She ran to pick it up and, without stopping to open it, fled from the piercing cold.

The smell of boiled cabbage and the suffocating odor of stale air greeted her as she hastily closed the hall door to keep the gusts of wind from entering the house. "Good evening. Merry Christmas, Mrs. McGrath!" she called to a bent, dour-looking woman who came from the direction of the kitchen.

"Huh, and what's merry about it, I'd like to know! With Jim out of work and Tim sick, it's a fine holiday I'll have. Christmas is all right for the rich, but it ain't so merry for us poor folks."

Too tired to answer Mrs. McGrath, and beginning to have doubts herself about the joys of Christmas, Mary hurried to her own tiny room and closed the door. The familiar objects were all in their usual places — the narrow iron bed, the battered bureau, the chair covered in faded chintz, and the thread-bare carpet. Wearily,

# Merry Christmas

AUDREY HORNER



Mary took off her shabby coat and outmoded hat and threw them on the bed. As she was about to fall into the chair, she saw the white

envelope flutter to the floor.

"Why, that's the envelope that fell from the beautiful limousine that almost ran over me before. It must be wonderful to be rich and have a car like that! They must be very rich, for the back of the envelope says:

"Mrs. Theodore Warren "621 Park Avenue

"Oh, look! A ticket — a sweepstakes ticket. The number is 0114. So that's

what was in the envelope," Mary murmured, half to herself and half aloud, as though she were speaking to a friend. "Gosh, I've always wanted a sweepstakes ticket. I like to imagine what I'd do if I won. There would be no more getting up at six-thirty; dressing in the cold, dark room; and rushing to work to stand in Brown's basement until six-thirty. I'd no longer have eleven hours of monotonous selling and endless bickering over a few cents' change. Why, with the money, I'd buy a warm coat with a soft fur collar, I'd leave this room, this dismal street, and Brown's basement store forever, I'd go to a business school and then I could get a real job. I'd send Tim McGrath to Florida to the sunshine and fresh air so he'd get well. But - " Mary broke off and looked at the ticket with a smile bordering on tears. "But the ticket isn't mine, and I didn't win any money. I'm just Mary Hunter, making eight dollars a week. Oh, well, I'll put the ticket on the bureau. It's probably no good, anyway."

"Aw, Mary. Here's yer paper. An' you owe six cents. Remember?" screamed Lenny McGrath, the pride and joy of the McGrath family.

"All right, Lenny," said Mary, going to the door. "Here's your money. Merry Christmas."

"Gee, yer gave me fifty cents. Huh, ain't yer splurgin'? It's fer Christmas? Well, if yer want to be a sucker. Thanks fer the dough."

"You shouldn't have given him that money, Mary Hunter. He'll only spend it for cigarettes and, besides, you need it yourself." Mary sternly reproached herself. "But it is Christmas, and he probably won't get any presents... Oh, the usual headlines — a murder case and an elopement. Why, here's something about the sweepstakes. It says, "Those people having tickets bearing the following numbers win \$5,000 and have a chance at the grand prize. The numbers are 06904.

9980, 6160, 0114, 8020. The people having these tickets must stop at 919 West 40th Street by noon tomorrow in order to claim the money. My, some people are lucky. Imagine winning five thousand dollars," meditated Mary.

"Why — " Suddenly a thought came to her. She jumped from her chair and ran to the bureau. "0114, 0114! Why, that's the ticket 1 found; that's the ticket that belongs to Mrs. Theodore Warren. It has won five thousand dollars!"

Mary sank into the chair and clutched the ticket in her hand. She stared at the small printed paper for a long time. Then, as though scarcely daring to put her thoughts into words, she whispered, "But I have the ticket. I found it; I can keep it. I can take it to that office and get the money. No one will ever know. Mrs. Warren can't need the money with her Park Avenue address and a town car. She won't even remember the number of the ticket. Five thousand dollars, all my own. It will be wonderful. No one will ever know. I'll be able to do all the things I've always wanted to do. I can keep the ticket. It's mine. I need the money so badly."

Mary stood with her slender body tensed with sudden determination. Then her figure assumed its usual lines of weariness as she said aloud, yet struggling with herself, "It really isn't mine, even if I did find it. Finders, keepers; losers, weepers. But this is a serious matter. A fortune is concerned. How could I wake on Christmas morning and know that I had kept something that wasn't mine? I can't do it. I'll return the ticket; I'll return it tonight. Tomorrow, I might change my mind."

Mary put on her coat and hat, placed the ticket in the envelope, and tucked it securely in her bag. All the way to the Park Avenue address her thoughts were in a constant whirl, for she was still fighting herself. Once she rose from the seat of the bus and started toward the door, but stopped and slowly made her way back to her place.

The bus finally stopped near an imposing brown mansion. Mary walked to the door, stood for a second not knowing what to do, and then lifted the large, brass knocker. Swiftly, the door was opened by a uniformed maid who, seeing Mary, cowering and shabby, said harshly, "Why don't you use the back door if you're selling something?"

Mary no longer cowered near the door. She stood upright and in a splendid voice said, I'm not selling anything. I have some personal business with Mrs. Warren. My name is Mary Hunter."

Grudgingly and with a swift backward glance, the servant made her way to Mrs. Warren's room. In a few minutes she returned and said condescendingly, "Why, Mrs. Warren doesn't want to see you, But if you'll hurry, she will speak to you for a second. Here, up the stairs."

Mary was ushered into a boudoir as large as the entire house in which she lived. A tall, sophisticated woman in her late thirties was seated before an enormous mirror. She didn't turn as Mary entered but said in a high affected tone, "Come, what do you want? I warn you; I'm not giving any more money to charities. Come, come."

"Mrs. Warren, I found this. It had your name on it."
Mrs. Warren took the envelope from her and opened
it gingerly as though expecting it to be contaminated.
"Oh, the sweepstakes ticket. I'd forgotten that I'd
bought it."

"But Mrs. Warren you won five thousand dollars. You have a winning ticket. I saw the number in the paper."

"Really. How nice! I did so want to play roulette tonight. It really is surprising that you returned this." Mrs. Warren cast a disdainful look at Mary's coat and hat and said aloud, "Most poor people are so ungrateful for what charity does for them. I suppose you returned the ticket for a reward. Here, take this. You only did your duty in returning the ticket."

Mary rushed from the room and out of the house, without looking at the money or even saying "thank you." She had had a difficult time refraining from angrily telling Mrs. Warren her opinion of charities. Slowly, she opened her hand and looked at her reward. A single dollar bill lay in her hand. Tears sprang to Mary's eyes.

"I didn't return the ticket for a reward. I didn't have to take it to her—but with all her money to give me a dollar."

Blindly, Mary stepped into the street. The screeching sound of brakes being quickly applied rang through the quiet night. The crumpled figure of Mary lay still in the street.

A livericd chauffeur jumped from the limousine and stood before Mary's motionless form. "It's beyond me why poor people don't stay in their own side of town. Why I believe it's the same girl I saw in that small, dirty street a while ago. I suppose I'll have to take her to a hospital. It won't do any good. She's dead. Mrs. Warren will probably bawl me out for being late. Why don't poor people stay where they belong?" With that he thrust the lifeless body into the back of the car and sped into the darkness.

In the distance, Christmas bells began to chime merrily. A tree, brilliantly lighted, shed a dazzling glow on an adjacent street. Voices were heard singing, "Silent Night, Holy Night." The feeling of "Peace on Earth. Good Will to Men," floated through the night.

#### MAKE YOUR

# Christmas Candies

ALICE TROTT

Making candy for Christmas is one of the happiest ways of entering into the holiday fun. It is one answer to the question: "What shall I give?" and a delightful one,

Fudge is an all-around favorite if it is made well. The secret of good fudge lies in cooling the mixture over a low flame and in beating it mightily afterwards. Remember that nuts added to a standard recipe, are liked by many. Here are some favorite fudge recipes:

#### Ruth Tapman's Fudge

Lump of butter, size of a nut

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- l cup condensed milk
- 4 squares of chocolate

Shave the chocolate, add the other ingredients and cook over a low flame in a saucepan about twelve minutes or until a soft ball forms when the mixture is dropped in cold water. Remove from fire, add 2 teaspoons of butter, and beat until concoction thickens, Pour into a square pan, and when slightly cooled, mark in squares.

Many of us like the cocoanut peaks we buy in the bookshop, It's more fun to make them. Try this recipe:

#### Cocoanut Peaks

- 34 cup cold mashed potatoes
- 4 cups confectioner's sugar
- 4 cups shredded cocoanut 11/2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1/8 teaspoon salt 4 squares (oz.) of unsweetened choco-

Mix sugar and potatoes. Add other ingredients and blend well. If mixture is too stiff, thin with a few drops of cream. Form in peaks on slightly greased surface; allow to stand uncovered 20 minutes to dry. Melt chocolate over hot water and dip he base of each peak in it. Allow to stand on cellophane or waxed paper until choco-

ate is firm. (Makes about 2 lbs.) Confectioner's sugar is a good base for other uncooked candies. Soften sugar with cream, add butter, and cream well. Add nint flavoring and vegetable coloring, and hape, and we have our favorite mint paties. Use the same base and this time add shredded cocoanut and vanilla. Form in balls or roll into desired shape and roll in cinnamon. Another delightful way to use this base, is to dip nuts, or fruits into melted chocolate.

Pecan nuts are one of the Christmas favorites. They may be added to fudge or other mixtures, but here is a featured pecan recipe:

#### Pecan Pralines

- 3 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup thin cream
- Speck of salt
- 1 cup sugar (cooked to caramel stage)
- 3 cups pecan nut-meats (halves)

Stir the sugar and cream over the fire until the sugar is melted, then boil to softball stage. In another saucepan have ready the cup of caramel syrup and pour the first mixture into the caramel; let boil up once, remove from the fire and beat until slightly thickened, Add salt and nuts and drop by spoonfuls on to marble or waxed paper.

Miss Greer has given us some of her favorite recipes. She says about them, "These candy recipes have been used repeatedly, with success."

#### Chocolate Fudge

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 3/4 tablespoon cocoa
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cream
- Butter the size of an egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix dry ingredients in sancepan, Add cream, Cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it begins to boil. Do not stir after boiling point is reached. Boil slowly to soft-ball stage. Remove from fire. Do not stir or agitate. Add vanilla and butter when cool enough to hold hand on bottom of saucepan; beat briskly and pour into buttered tin. Mark into squares.

#### Sea Foam

- 2 cups brown sugar
- tablespoon vinegar
- 1 cup water
- l teaspoon vanilla stiffly beaten egg white
- 1 cup nut-meats (if desired)

Boil sugar, water and vinegar together until it spins a decided thread when dropped from a spoon. Pour very slowly onto egg white, beating constantly. Add vanilla and nuts. When stiff enough to hold shape, drop from spoon on oiled

#### Plain Caramels

2 cups sugar

3/4 cup corn syrup pinch of salt

2 cups cream

1/2 cup butter l teaspoon vanilla

1/2 cup nut-meats

For chocolate caramels use 2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa.

Cook sugar, syrup, butter and 1/2 the cream. Stir constantly. When mixture boils add remaining cream, a little at a time. Use spoon-path test (pass spoon through it, and if spoon's path does not close at once, it is done) or cold water test to obtain consistency desired. Remove from fire. add vanilla and nuts. Pour at once on greased tin. As soon as firm, mark into squares with sharp knife. Dip knife into hot water to facilitate cutting.

#### Drop Fudge (Mrs. McNally)

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 4 squares chocolate (1/4 lb.)
- 3/4 cup cold water

Combine sugar, water and chocolate and let melt over slow fire. When thoroughly melted, turn burner on full and cook for about 21/2 minutes, or until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from stove and pour into bowl to which butter (size of walnut) has been added. Let cool. Add few drops of vanilla and beat with spatula or electric beater. Drop on waxed paper. Note: Do not stir after mixture begins

#### Penoche (Catherine Scheiblein)

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 cup nut-meats (black walnuts)
- 1 small can Pet milk
- l teaspoon vanilla

Boil sugar and milk to soft-ball stage when tested in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter and vanilla. Cool, beat until creamy and thick. Add nuts, pour into buttered pan and cut into squares when

TRY OUR RECIPES, WON'T YOU? BE SURE TO LET US KNOW HOW YOUR CANDY TURNS OUT.

# STREET CRIES

OF DAYS OF YORE

CATHERINE N. COOK

IT IS a gray afternoon and that melancholy cry drifting in through the window carries one back through the centuries, into a thousand streets of America and Europe. The itinerant vendor of wares is many times a business genius in disguise. The modern invention of the chain store and the quick-delivery delicatessen have dealt the vendor of wares a serious blow. As the years pass, he becomes a less frequent visitor.

Who would think of buying pepperpot soup from an old negro mammy, who trudges along with a steaming caldron, crying 'peppery-pot' when a soup of the same name can be had in tins? The most interesting of all the soup-calls was the one which boldly declared the curative value of the potion:

All hot, all hot, all hot Make-a-back strong Make you live long Come buy my pepper-pot, Pepper-pot.

Among other singing soup-alesmen, there is a negro whose legend still exists, although he disappeared in 1894. During the great days of steamboat trade he operated his little soup-pot and his fried-fish stand on the levee at Cincinnati, Ohio. He attracted his trade with the following call:

Soupy, soupy, soupy, soupy, Soupy of de little white bean.

For some unknown reason, most oystermen sing their wares in the major keys in a most unsentimental manner.

Oystees salt, oystees salt, oh salt oystees, oh.

Then, the devil crab man: Crab, crab, debil, debil crab,

The famous old negro honey man of Charleston died a short while ago. He could be heard saying:

I'se got honey, yes ma'am, I'se got honey, Honey right from de comb. The honey man in Knoxville was more poetic:

Honey, honey—wild, tame, light or dark Sweet as de juice of de hickory bark. Honey! Honey!

Then there is the rag man who drove a dilapidated mule hitched to a rickety old wagon, and cried a quarter-tone rag cry:

Rags, ole iron, and copper and brass, and copper and brass,

Oh rags, and iron and copper and brass, Ugh, huh, oh rags!

A poetic charcoal man of Philadelphia is always identified by:

Charcoal by the bushel Charcoal by the peck Charcoal by the fryin' pan Or any way you lak'.

Here's the skillet call you've often heard: Heah come dat pore ole skillet man, Skillets wif lids. Skillets wif two handles, Black ones, shiny ones, Long-handled forks, Tin-spoons, Heah come dat pore ole skillet man.

A colored man named Black Tom was a horseradish man. As he pushed a little grinder before him, he sang:

Horseradish, horseradish Ole Black Tom never lies Grinds yo' horseradish fo' yo' eyes— Horseradish, horseradish.

The hot corn man had keen competition as he screamed out his wares at the upper end of the piano:

Hot corn, hot corn, Heah's your lily-white hot corn. (Repeat)

The plaintive, melodious cries of Negro street vendors still prevail in New Orleans. The clothes pole man's familiar cry:

Clo's-poles—long, straight, clo's----poles.

Many times a week the buttermilk man

comes around crying: Butter---milk----butter---milk, In early May, the blackberry woman comes to town with her basket on her head. The juicy berries are artistically covered with sprays of elder and sycamore leaves, to keep the fruit from the hot sun. Her cry, a bit melaucholy, goes:

Black--ber-ries,—fresh an' fine I got black--berries, lady, fresh from de vine I got black--berries, lady, Three glass fo' a dime

I got black-berries
I got black-berries, black-berries.

The charcoal man usually visits the residential sections twice a week, crying:

Mah mule is white, mah chah-coal is black, I sells mah chah-coal two bits a sack— Chah-coal—Chah-coal—

Since 1500, street cries have been used as musical material: piano suite, symphonics, and operas. The well-known opera, "Louise," written by Charpentier, produced in 1900, is an example of the latter.

The earliest record that we possess in English is that given in the New English Dictionary of a cry of 1393: "Kokes and here knaues crieden hote pres hote," which, with but slight variation, was preserved to the close of the eighteenth century. The cries of New York are sometimes so distorted that they are unintelligible, except to the initiated. Familiarity helps the hearer to recognize "I eash clo" as the cry of the buyer of old clothes and "wurtry" as the newsboys' version of extra.

In Maryland, no doubt, these cries are familiar to you. There is the rag-bone man who calls as he wanders down the street:

Rag---bones---rag---bones---any ole rags.

In many communities, you hear the strawberry man calling:

Straw-berr-ies---Straw-berr-ies---. Straw-berr-ies, Anne-Aran'l Straw-berr-ies

Then, in summer, the plaintive cry of the watermelon man:

Water---melon---water---melon---Red to the rine---red to the rine---Pluck 'im ebery time---right off de vine

I am certain that there are many more that you have heard from these picturesque vendors in Maryland. Why not help to make a collection of these for our interested friends?

# Who Is Santa Claus?

Calvin Parker

OF ALL the customs connected with the Christmas season, perhaps the most interesting one is that of giving and receiving gifts from friends and relatives. The personage associated with the receiving of gifts (in the



hearts of little children) is that of our Santa Claus. Santa is always pictured as a fat, chubby, rosy-cheeked old man who, on Christmas Eve, visits little boys

and girls and leaves presents. The stories about his big sled, pulled by reindeers, and his many brownie helpers are familiar to all boys and girls. And what parent, on Christmas Eve, doesn't still remember the days when he looked forward to a visit from Santa? Of all the things associated with the Yuletide season, the legend of Santa Claus and his doings is the most wholesome and delightful. But just who is Santa Claus?

He is not known under the same name the world over! In England can be found many people who have never heard of him under the name of Santa Claus. In the United States we know him under three names: Santa Claus, St. Nicholas and, more rarely, Kriss-Kringle. As far as can be determined, the original patron saint of the Christmas season was St. Nicholas, who was Bishop of a town called Myra, in Asia Minor, He is supposed to have died in 342 A. D. Stories abound in every country of Europe about him, because almost every country is interested in St. Nicholas. He is called the patron saint of children. Because legend has it that he once calmed storm he is also the patron saint of sailors. Oddly enough, although he is now thought of as a giver of gifts, he was at one time the patron saint of thieves. This came about because he was supposed to have converted a gang of robbers and made them restore their booty to the people whom they had robbed. Through the years he name of St. Nicholas has become so associated with acts of charity that he has merged into our modern Santa Claus.

The name Santa Claus comes from the Dutch who prought the Santa Claus legend to America with them. Klaus or Claus in Dutch is a short term for Nicholaus, or the English equivalent, Nicholas, In America the name Kriss-Kringle is looked upon as another name for Santa Claus. Such is not the case, however. Kriss-Kringle s simply a "corruption" or mistaken pronunciation for the German word Christ-Kindlein which, in English,

means Christ Child. The two terms (in the popular imagination) have been welded into one and will probably always remain so.

The evolution of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, into our modern Santa Claus forms but one of many stories and facts about the Christmas season which should be familiar to everyone. Persons who are really interested in learning about the origin of some of our Yuletide customs should read a book entitled The Story of Santa Claus, by William Walsh, obtainable either at the Pratt or the college library. Now would be a good time to read the book in order to recall the Christmas mood of long ago, when there was "Peace on earth and good-will toward men."

#### SPECIAL EDITION

BARBARA HAILE

"PA-PER! SPECIAL e-di-tion for Christmas Evel Pa-per! Yes, sir—Here you are, sir. Pa-per!" So Jim, clad in clothes neat but ill-suited for the falling snow, danced about at the corner in an effort to keep warm and at the same time to sell his papers to the rapidly thinning crowd. Jim was working overtime in order to carn some extra money. He had secured enough to buy a simple gift for his mother, who usually worked, but who now was sick in bed. But he had nothing as yet with which to buy gifts for the kids. In almost feverish excitement, Jim tried to dispose of the last few papers. But everyone hurried on his way, each intent on his own thoughts.

Just as he was reluctantly preparing to leave in despair, a young man and a girl dashed up breathless, but joyous. "Hiya, Sonny! How about a paper? Hurry! We're on

our way to celebrate. We just got married!"

Jim gave them the paper and automatically started to pocket the coin, when he realized with a start that it was not a nickel, but a quarter.

"Hey, Mister," he yelled to the now distant couple, "Ya forgot your change!"

Jim, with a few papers under one arm, and his bundle under the other, let himself quietly into the house so as not to disturb Mom and the kids. Then he set to work. Yes, there was the tree on the porch, looking very forlorn. But he would fix that! So, awkwardly, but with a loving touch. Jim decorated the little tree with its strings of popcorn, its shimmering, lacey tinsel, its candy canes, its tufts of snow, and its crowning glory of light. Then, with a secretive smile and a feeling of exultation, he bade the world a "Merry. Merry Christmas" as he framed the window with the light of a flickering, glowing candle.

# ON AN ERA IN Human History

JAMES JETT

HISTORY 1S, in itself, pragmatic. During the years of human progress, ideas have occurred to men; and the testing of those ideas has resulted in the point of civilization from which we view them today. Our present culture is the effect of previous ideas. One phase of human history, in particular, has affected the entire human race; but our conception of that era lies not in the era itself, but in the conditions that existed in centuries following the period. Those conditions, which interest men today, were caused by the era — the lifetime of Christ.

Little is actually known about this man whom the Gentiles accepted as a Messiah and the Jews rejected as an imposter; only one thing is certain — he was a great man with a great mind. He possessed the ability to see and know those things which are beautiful and noble. His great mind functioned in his technique as a teacher for, during his short life, he indoctrinated his disciples so well with his philosophy that they were able (as twelve minds functioning) to initiate more and more potential teachers.

Soon after his birth, his work was done; still there was much more work to be done. The opposition to Christianity was not weak (it is not weak today), nor was the Christian philosophy weak. In Europe it absorbed those aspects of continental paganism which promised to strengthen it. Here was something which offered European pagans their own religion in a more colorful and more appealing form. It was dogmatic, but so were the pagan beliefs. It was monotheistic, and yet the Trinity suggested a plurality of gods to be worshiped. Including the thoughts and beliefs of the day, it naturally found favor among such peoples.

The unity of Christianity was broken by the Renaissance. The teachings of Christ, as taught by the Church fathers, were at first doubted, then challenged and attacked. Consider, then, what Luther, Huss, Calvin and others thought about the philosophy of Christ; consider why they disputed the teachings of the Church. The effect of ideas, alien to Christianity, guided the thoughts of the reformers. Scientific facts, reasoning and logic became the chief elements in the argument for the rejection of specific codes basic in Christian philosophy and beliefs (e.g., transubstantiation was refuted by Luther because it did not conform to scientific facts). Those men, too, were influenced by the ideas of Christianity still adhered to by the Church. Ideas at work thus produced a new conception of religion and, consequently, of Christ himself. What then can we say we know about the man or his religion? Our conception of Christianity

is pragmatic — it is a conception of the effects that the religion has worked; it is a conception of the ideas of men at work.

During the Christmas season it is the common interpretation of Christianity that matters. Its material philosophy is one of beauty and truth. Its living spirit is a giving spirit. All sects recognize this at Christmas time, when the birth of Christ is celebrated. To give and to share joyously that others may be happy — that is the most noble of the ideas of Christ.

#### TRAINS

GORDON F. SHULES

1N A week it is going to be Christmas. This makes me very happy. It is going to be a very nice Christmas on account of how we are buying Junior a train.

It is very cheap, this train. You pay one dollar down, and they will collect fifty cents a week. I am hoping it is not going to be like Uncle Fritz. Uncle Fritz is the one who bought a piano in 1928. He is still paying for it. He is very smart, my Uncle Fritz. He says a piano looks very nice in a living room. He did not buy a piano with strings because he cannot play a piano. He says it is very crazy to pay for something he cannot use. So you see, he is a very smart fellow.

Sadie, that's the wife, and I went to Hymie Blumberger's brother's store. His name is Blumberger, too. "Sadie," I says, "we shall go up to 'Tovland' on account of how I want to get a present for Junior." So we go up to "Toyland." I am feeling foolish on account of all the kids are looking at me. I hear one kid say, "Mother, is that man one of Santa's reindeer?" I am hoping I am not looking like a reindeer. "Sadie," I says, "am I looking like a reindeer?" Sadie savs, "No," and this makes me very happy. I am so happy I asks a little boy if I may help him run his train. "Scram," he says. And I am so surprised, I scram. Shopping makes me weary, and I am just going to sit down on a box, when I see that it is a box full of trains. My brother raced one in a Ford, and lost. So I very carefully opens this box, which says, "Trains." I sets it up to see if it works. Mr. Blumberger, that is Hymie Blumberger's brother, walks up and says, "If you will get off your knees, I will tell you how you can buy this lovely train very cheap." I am not kneeling; I am sitting on the floor. I gets up and the next thing I know I find myself shaking hands with Mr. Blumberger. "Only one dollar down," he says, "and fifty cents a week. Your son will have lots of fun letting you show him how to run this fine train." I gives him a dollar, and he says, "Thank you."

Sadie says Junior is going to like his Christmas present very much. We are giving him a train.

# Baltimore's First Tiny Tot Lot Provides New Place For Little Folks to Play from which they had obtained various statistics on any

KATHERINE SCARBOROUGH

(Printed through the courtesy of the Baltimore Sunday Sun)

AT McHENRY and Norris Streets, in southwest Baltimore, there is a three-dimensional illustration for a fairy tale, streamlined to suit a modern world. Surrounding a small plot of ground, taken over by the city for non-payment of taxes on four houses which formerly occupied the site, a high wire fence, strong as they make 'em and surmounted by barbed wire, encloses a new land of make-believe. Entrance to it can be had only through a door Walt Disney might have designed and no one who is unable to walk upright through "the wee gate" enclosed in it can come in. Inside there's a real house, just 5 feet square and built for pretending. Nearby there's a fleet of bright green swings and some seesaws and a sandbox, all scaled down for use by little people. On the ground there's a layer of nice, soft earth, about ten inches deep, to take the hurt out of a tumble. And next spring, when conditions are right for such things, a big tree that will give a lot of shade will be planted on one corner of the lot and a lot of vines will be started to cover the fence and make a solid wall of green leaves all around the place.

#### First Tot Lot

Add these things together and you have Baltimore's first Tot Lot, officially designated by a bronze plaque over the door.

Sponsored by the Maryland State Teachers College, the Lake Roland Garden Club, the Tot Lot is a new thing under the playground sun. Only a few cities in the country have them and Baltimore's pioneer move in this direction is due to the initiative and persistence of Miss Jeanne Kravetz, a student of the State Teachers College, who got hold of the idea from H. S. Callow-hill, director of the Department of Public Recreation, and pushed it along for more than a year before enlisting the cooperation of the Garden Club and the Child Study Association.

#### Patrolled Streets

To secure a suitable site — one which would be available to large numbers of small children who had no place to play and which was sufficiently conspicuous in its location to attract attention — the State Teachers College girls patrolled mile after mile of city streets where municipally-owned land was available. Armed with a map furnished by the City Planning Department,

from which they had obtained various statistics on population, they conducted their survey in a highly scientime manner, examining the character of each neighborhood, noting its assets and disadvantages for their project and studying its people.

The lot at McHenry and Norris Streets met all specifications. Cut off by the railroad tracks from Carroll Park, where larger children can go to play, it was surrounded by a closely built-up section from which there has been little or no migration over a period of years. The streets in every direction were filled with children of pre-school age. One block alone had sixty youngsters, all in constant danger of being killed or injured by traffic.

#### Great Excitement

During the past few weeks, while workmen have been putting up the fence, hauling and spreading dirt and building the swings, the playhouse and the see-saws, excitement in the neighborhood has reached an all-time high. Mothers have left their household chores to come and watch the progress of the work.

At first the Tot Lot will be opened only during the afternoons. A director has been picked to supervise the play and see that nobody gets hurt. Later on arrangements may be made to have it opened during the morning as well, with the mother of some of the patrons in charge, but this plan is still to be worked out. Next spring the Garden Club plans to lay out some small plots at the back of the lot to initiate the youngsters into the fun of raising their own vegetables and flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Note: Because of the length of the original article, it was impossible to include it as a whole. The part omitted is devoted mainly to the bestowal of much praise upon Miss Jeanne Kravetz and her colleagues in this movement. If you care to read the full article, it may be found in the Baltimore Sunday Sun of November 19, 1939, section 2, page 3.

# **Autumn's Paradise**

Adele Mitzel

THE DAY started windy and cold with a very weak sun, but the farther we traveled the more effulgent became that sun. The brighter the sun became the more vivid became the trees. Reds, yellows, and greens seemed to vie in brilliance. So greatly did they succeed that when we finally reached the (Continued on Page 29)

# EDITORIALS

### An All American Christmas

K. Feaser

FIVE SERENELY happy chimes floated through the open bedroom window and seemed to call all in the house to rejoice. It was the Yuletide morn! Outside the window, the stars shone brightly. One by one the lights flicked a "Merry Christmas" from one house to another. Soon windows closed, and small bare feet pattered through the hall and down the steps — another pair of excited bare feet and a hushed whisper from the top of the stairs, "Has Santa been there yet?"

"Yes," came the exultant reply. "Come and see!"

When the two boys met at the bottom of the stairs they joined in a lusty, "Merry Christmas, everyone; come, see what Santa has brought you!" No more sleep for the rest of the family until another Christmas had passed. Soon merry greetings echoed from room to room.

In one corner of the room stood a pungent pine tree, covered with brilliant balls and gaily illuminated by electric lights. On the floor beneath the tree was a Christmas garden showing the Christ Child in the manger. All around were stacked packages, the element of the unknown rapidly disappearing. Each window held a wreath of holly or an electric candle and, ves, just over the doorway hung a sprig of mistletoe. Suddenly, the merry hubbub ceased and all the family gathered at the window to listen as the carolers sang The First Noel and then, O. Come All Ye Faithful.

"Just a typical American Christmas," you say. But wait! Has it always been so? Indeed, Christmas has not always been so celebrated. It was not always a legal holiday. In fact, Massachusetts did not make it a legal holiday until 1856. Nor are our Christmas practices original. The use of holly, mistletoe, the Yule log, and feasting were all parts of old Druid practices in England, but they were adapted by the Christians in England, and later by Americans as a part of their Christmas celebration. The Dutch brought us St. Nicholas, and the decorated Christmas trees came to us from Germany. The English and the Scandinavians used evergreens for decorating. All nations send us Christmas carols. Thus America has mixed the customs of the Old World with the spirit and vitality of America and has given us our American Christmas.

### Sensing Human Needs

HOWARD STOTTLEMYER

EVERY HUMAN being seems to have a load of some sort to carry. People in general manage to keep a calm countenance and for the most part do not trouble their fellows with their problems. When something happens that brings to light our neighbors' load or handicap, we are amazed to find that he had such. We are inclined to think so much about our own problems that it seems to us we are the only folks who have them. All the time our neighbor may be carrying fully as heavy a load as we are.

The essence of the Christian spirit is ability to sense the need of others and to be moved to helpfulness by it. This spirit was manifest in supreme fashion in Jesus. When He went into a home, company manners did not hide from Him the anxiety that was present there. When He met a person, He immediately sensed that person's need.

It must have cost Him much to have had such a sensitive spirit. Perhaps our callousness is a protective measure to save our feelings; it may well be a measure for self-preservation. Jesus had little regard for self-preservation. His purpose was not to save Himself, otherwise He would not have cultivated such self-sacrificing a spirit. It was, rather, to serve others. And for service to others a sensitive spirit is imperative.

# A Prayer

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS

Dear Father, take your children by the hand And show them all your mighty works of love, Your restful hills, your silent pasture land.

Your quiet stars, your peaceful skies above In spotless purity, your shady lanes,

Your lilies, Lord, their snowy banners furled, Your bow of shiny colors in the rain,

Your tranquil lakes at peace with all the world. Then, when the sunset spreads its pink and rose In peacefulness across the fading west,

The robin goes to sleep, the blossoms close.

And all the world is quietness and rest,

Please, Father, ask your children why they kill;

Then leave them weeping there, ashamed and still.

# THE LIBRARY

#### AT YOUR SERVICE

Elizabeth Zentz

EVEN THOUGH you did your Christmas shopping early, fearing that "Tomorrow may be Christmas," perhaps you will welcome a few suggestions for the solution of the "What shall I give?" problem. The Library staff submits a limited list of books designed for giving, even if you, yourself, are the recipient. Here is a chance to enrich your library and the bookshelves of your friends — and age is no drawback, for there are books for all!

For children up to 8 or 10:

- The famous Petersham Story Books
   e. g.: The Story Book of Things We Use
   Houses, Clothes, Food and Transportation
- 2. Stories from the Old Testament-

The Petershams Stories of Joseph, Moses, Ruth, and David told simply and reverently, with many full-page illustrations.

- All About David . . . . Elizabeth Mifflin Boyd
   A real American boy his school fun and adventures.
- 4. One Day with Manu ...... Armstrong Sperry A day in the life of a South Sea Island boy.

For children 9 to 12:

- Merry Tales from Spain . . . Antoniorrobles
   A gay collection of modern fairy tales by Spain's
   best-beloved children's writer.

- 4. Umi, the Hawaiian Boy Who Became King Robert Lee Eskridge

One of Hawaii's oldest, most beautiful legends.

For children 12 and older:

1. Drums Beat in Old Carolina —

Albert Leeds Stillman The story of Jamie Hill, who made gunpowder for the early revolutionists.



- Firebirds Donald E. Cooke The romance of Ivan and Marya, set against the background of Stravinsky's musical suite.
- 3. Leif Erikson the Lucky ... Frederic A. Kummer One of the sea's most powerful sagas — thrills the heart of every boy over twelve years of age.
- 4. Swift Flies the Falcon ..... Esther M. Knox An unusual tale of the First Crusade, and of a boy and his sister who journeyed on it.

For adults of every taste:

1. Captain Abby and Captain John -

Robert P. Tristam Coffin Here is the story of a man and wife of Casco Bay, Maine, who spent their entire wedded life on the seven seas, rearing their children at sea or in strange ports all over the world, sustaining tidal wave and hurricane and wreck. It is built from actual logs, letters, and diaries, and is illustrated with pictures of old sailing ships and sea scenes.

- Sometime Never Clare Leighton
   "Sometime Never" is lived on a transatlantic
  liner one New Year's Eve, within the bonus hour
   of the westward crossing when the clock is put
   back one hour at each midnight.
- Hitler's Germany Karl Laewenstein This book answers many questions which have been puzzling Americans as to exactly how the government of Nazi Germany actually works.
- Live and Kicking Ned...... John Masefield A prize package of thrills — the further adventures of last season's "Dead Ned."

She talks a sound vernacular, tart, natural, and American as apple pie." — The New Yorker.

6. The Nazarene Sholem Asch
A novel based on the life of Christ.

These titles are merely suggestive, but they are intended to serve as a guide and a standard for comparison. They are representative of the great variety of available subjects and interests treated in the newer books. The old favorites are always acceptable in their new bindings and varied treatments, so don't overlook them. But do consider age, taste and outlook before you buy a gift book — it's a good, safe, pleasure insurance!

#### HAVE YOU READ?

DORIS KLANK

The Middle Window, by Elizabeth Goudge. Coward McCann Co., New York, 1939.

Are you looking for a book so absorbing that once you begin it you won't want to put it down until you have read every page? Then let me recommend this fascinating story of a modern English girl, Judy Cameron, who finds the answer to her problems through The Middle Window.

The book is unusual in that it is divided into four parts; namely, Prologue-The Search, Book One-Individuality, Book Two-Union, and Epilogue-The Finding. Although Judy is engaged to Charles, she is not sure of her love for him. She insists that he and her family spend their vacation in a remote dwelling, Glen Suilag, in Scotland, in which she is strangely at home. Here she meets Ian Macdonald, the lord, and they fall in love at first sight, each feeling as if they had known the other before. To explain this feeling, Miss Goudge tells the story of The Middle Window, which is so significant to Judy. This comprises the two middle chapters which could easily be read as a story apart from the rest of the book. It is the intriguing story of Judith and Ronald Macdonald, occupants of Glen Suilag some two hundred years before.

In the final chapter, the modern Judy and lan find that they feel as they do because they are the people who had lived and loved there many years ago.



# BOOK WEEK

J.

AT THE CAMPUS SCHOOL

SOLOMON CHAIKIN

NOVEMBER 13 to November 17 was designated as "Book Week." In connection with this occasion, the Campus Elementary School, with the aid of students and teachers of the college, made a very attractive display of children's books.

The books ranged from the first-grade picture books up to and including those for seventh-grade children. On the piano in the exhibit room were attractively illustrated books dealing with music.

The children's favorite seemed to be A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens. This was a new, revised edition, bound with a bright red leather cover. The type was rather large and the illustrations, of which there were plenty, had many colors. Most of the children have expressed a desire that Santa Claus bring them a copy.

Book Week has been recognized as an event which is beneficial to both the students and the faculty. By means of this exhibit, the children may display their tastes and widen their knowledge of the various types of books, and the teachers may become acquainted with the books which the children like.

#### POPULARIZING POETRY

N. TROTT

LAST MONTH a small group of people were privileged to hear Dr. Helen K. Mackintosh, Assistant to Dr. John Studebaker in the Office of Education of the United States Department of the Interior, and a nationally known figure in the field of children's poetry, give a short but dynamic talk on her subject.

"Poetry," she said, "should have a more important place in the elementary schools."

An average teacher, if she utilized her available resources, could provide for many of the essential experiences a child should have with poetry. Besides using poetry in classroom situations, the teacher could place volumes of poems around the room and give the child a chance to browse through the books.

Dr. Mackintosh recalled the following statement she once heard Dr. Leonard make: "Begin with children where they are." Too often we teachers tend to begin with children (particularly in poetry) where we are or

TOWER LIGHT

where we think they should be, instead of starting at their level.

What poems are best for children and how shall they be selected? The simplest and best criterion is this: The poem is best that carries the largest number of interestappeals. At all levels, from "the cradle to the grave," the elements of action, surprise, and humor are favored in poetry. In the primary grades, the children choose poems about animals, poems about personal experiences, poems that have in them conversation, repetition, strong elements of rhythm and rhyme and, traditionally, fairies. In the intermediate grades, the child wants realism in animal poems and stories that replace the fictitious ones of the primary grades, and realism in science and other factual materials. He craves excitement, adventure, mystery stories, heroism, and patriotism. Dialect poems, particularly the ones in Negro, French-Canadian, and Norwegian, hold an immense interest for him. Strangely enough, the elements of sadness and beauty of thought hold an equally strong appeal. Poems of this last category must be balanced by those of a great many other types.

After reading and discussing a wide variety of poems, Dr. Mackintosh concluded by suggesting some practical ways in which poetry could be used. She mentioned poetry memory contests, creating poetry, dramatizing poetry, and matching poems with pictures. We must first share the poem with the child, so that he may like and enjoy it; memorization will grow naturally out of this. Poetry is not a subject to be dreaded or despised for its boredom; it is an interesting, vital thing that can and should become an integral part of the child. We, as teachers, should see that the child meets poetry eagerly and leaves it with a feeling of pleasure and relaxation.

The Congressman's wife sat up in bed, a startled look on her face.

"Jim," she whispered, "There're robbers in the

"Impossible," murmured her husband sleepily, "In the Senate, yes; but in the House, never!"

Laura: Bob, how were your grades last month? Bob: Jules Verne.

Laura: Howzat?

Bob: Twenty thousand leagues under the C.

Jim: Who was the hero in the play you went to see last night?

Jam: Every person in the audience who stayed until the end.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE

Aleda Hebner

The moon cast shadows o'er the town The old church clock struck one; Two tiny tots crept from their beds, As you and I have done.
They padded to the large window, Stuck out two little heads, Beheld those moving shadows, And scrambled to their beds.

#### PILGRIMAGE

N. Trott

"There is a king a few leagues hence,"
I heard a wise man say,
"Who is bedded in a stable shed
And lies among the bay."

A king born in a stable?

No king that . . . but a serf;
Jehovah's son would never come
Of such a lowly birth.

I did not go to Bethlehem Although the star was bright, But made my way where torches gay Emblazoned all the night.

The palaces were spacious,

They shone by night and day,
Yet though I looked in every nook,
No king among them lay.

My feet were sore and weary,
My heart was sad . . . but then
Me thought me I would go and see
The babe at Bethlehem.

And now the road is rocky
In every nook a thorn;
The Eastern star seems very far,
My boots are scuffed and torn.

But something draws me onward, I stumble in the door, The angels sing, "This is your King, Draw near Him and adore."

Dear Little Baby, Jesus,
I kneel content at last;
Oh, in my heart Your love impart,
I'll ever hold You fast.

### GLEE CLUB NOTES

MARGUERITE WILSON

CHRISTMAS AT State Teachers College means as many different things as there are organizations and students in the college. To the Glec Club it means an extensive practice program, a radio broadcast and, this year, participation in the Old English Dinner, to be held December 21. The date for the Glee Club broadcast has not yet been definitely decided on; however, it will come during the first part of December. The Jeanie Group and Girls' Chorus will also have a part in the program. This year, the Jeanie Group will sing a song, the words and music of which were written by native Baltimoreans-Lizette Woodworth Reese and Franz C. Bornschein. It is The Little Jesus Came to Town, The men's double quartet will sing a very old Christmas song of unknown authorship, The Wassailer's Song.

The Girls' Chorus will sing a Christmas Carol, set to the tune of an old English folk-song. It will be especially interesting to us, since two of our own faculty, Miss Weyforth and Mrs. Stapleton, are responsible for the arrangement and words.

The tentative program is as follows:

c territoria page 1
Psalm 150 Cesar Franck
Vienna Woods Johann Strauss
Salvation is Created · · · Tschesnokoff
The Sweet Nightingale
Arranged by Alfred Whitehead
The Glee Club
The Spirit Flower Campbell-Tipton
Arranged by Reigger
Land of Heart's Desire - Thomas-Kountz
The Little Jesus Came to Town - Bornschein
The Jeanie Group
Wassailer's Song Davis
Men's Double Quartet
_

The appropriate songs from this group will be sung at the Old English Dinner.

#### OUR ORCHESTRA-WCAO

HELEN C. STAPLETON

THE FACULTY and students listened with pride to the fine performance of our Orchestra when it went on the air on November first. From the stately elegance of the Minuet to the delicacy and grace of the Ballet of the Flowers, the music presented a pleasing variety of moods. In the third movement of Mozart's symphony, the clarinet solo was sustained by a well-modulated orchestral accompaniment as the music soared in rhythmic and lively tempo to the grandeur of the closing measures. We are fortunate in having two such excellent violinists as Sydney Baker and Eugene Webster, whose finesse in their team-work is a tribute to their individual artistry. The strongest imaginative appeal of the concert came in the Ballet of the Flowers, through the contrasts of the Red Rose and the Heather. First the languor of the South and the warm play of sunshine upon green and red was conveyed by the flowing measures. Then, in sharp contrast, the nimble bagpipe effect introduced a Scottish vigor which played upon the inner eve in a strong silhouette of wind-swept hillside. The artistic quality of the concert should be a matter of great satisfaction to its director. Under her ten years of guidance, a fine attitude has developed for conscientious effort and high aims. The college is proud of these young people, who, to quote the words of our President, are giving us "the full and free expression of their personalities," as they "grow musically."

The Program							
Mennet from the Opera, "Berenice" - Handel							
Minuet from E Flat Symphony - Mozart							
Orchestra							
In Modo Religioso Glazaunow							
Brass Ensemble							
Address Dr. Wiedefeld							
Finale from VI Sonata of the Viennese Sonatas							
for Two Violins - Sydney Baker, Eugene Webster							
Orchestra							
Red Rose Heather : "Ballet of the Flowers" - Hadley							

### THE ORCHESTRA PERSONNEL

THIS MONTH initiates our new plan of writing about the Orchestra members. We present the two young men who share the honor and responsibility of the first desk of violins - Sydney Baker and Eugene Webster.

When his elders spied him with a ruler under his chin, supported by his left hand, and another ruler in his right, they decided that Eugene Webster was destined to be a violinist, and lessons began forthwith. Four



Webster Baker

years later, he attracted the attention of a church organist, who suggested that Gene should try for a scholarship at the Peabody Preparatory Department. Gene applied for the scholarship, and won it. This fortunate incident meant his acquaintance with Miss Celia Brace, who is at present his teacher and friend. Gene has played in the Baltimore City College (Continued on Page 30)



#### THE FORGOTTEN MEN OF SPORTS

Donald Minnegan

SPECTATORS applaud the man who scores. Often the men who make the "set-up" which makes scoring possible are obscured by the scorer. Here is a newspaper comment which reflects this point of view:

"Sophomore Bosh Pritchard, V. M. I. backfield speedster, who entered the game at the start of the second period as a sub for Captain Paul Shu, produced a 'home run' touchdown when he took Pershing Mondorff's kick on his own 26 and ran 74 yards untouched to the goal line."

Pritchard, the scorer, was known to all. His glory was chanted in rousing cheers; radios blazed his feat; the printed headline shouted his name. Probably ten excellent blocks made the score possible. But not a single blocker was mentioned.

This spectator and, frequently, player point of view, is prevalent in most sports. High scoring is the spectaror's measuring stick in basketball. The soccer player who boots the goal is clapped on the back and every teammate shakes his hand. Yes, to the spectator, and to many players, the scorer is the man of the hour. The blocker is the forgotten man.

To what extent do experts agree with this viewpoint? Here another illustration will serve:

Red Grange of Illinois was the world's greatest collegiate ball-carrier. He made every All-America team. After graduation he was hired to play professional football — but what a reversal he met. Five yards were harder to make in pro ball than a touchdown in college ball. When the coach discussed Red's failure with him, Grange said, "Send for Britton, the blocking back." When Britton, the blocker, came, Grange, the runner, could score. This incident represents the expert's point of view. He places emphasis on the man who makes the score possible.

Shall we apply this different viewpoint to basketball, our seasonal sport? Here are specific points which will help you develop this appreciation. Basketball has three vital parts:

- (1) Get that ball.
- (2) Keep that ball.(3) Make that shot.

The first requisite of a player is his ability to get that ball. The greatest shots in the world could not score if they did not get that ball. That player who crouches in the milling swirl of twisting bodies and springs like a tiger head and shoulders above all others to snatch a rebound from the board has secured the ball. His power and timing and spectacular drive started the first and most vital step toward the score. The rebounder, the jumper, the player who intercepts, the good defensive player — all get that ball. In your expert score book, give one point to a man every time he gets the ball.

The second characteristic of a good player is his ability to keep the ball. This means that five players run, pass, and block to keep the ball away from the other team. The man who breaks to the open, and passes to the open, ranks high. The man who can handle the ball quickly and accurately is good. The player who never loses the ball is a jewel. The player who is tied up, throws it away, and takes bad shots is a liability. Even after getting the ball, unless players can run, pass, and block to scoring positions — they can not score. So, in your expert scorebook, take one point off the score of the man who loses the ball. Give credit to the man who runs, passes, and blocks to scoring position.

And now for the scoring, which is the final step in a process, a final step which would be impossible without getting that ball, keeping that ball.

Position and percentage are vital in scoring.

A scoring man should shoot only when in position.

A scoring man should be judged only on the percentage of his shots. Say that John made four baskets in eight tries — not that John made four baskets. If John made four baskets in eight tries he is very good, but if John took 28 shots to make four baskets, John is indeed a dull boy. In your expert scorebook write scoring percentages, the only fair method for evaluating a scorer. In shooting, too, we must remember to subtract one every time a player loses the ball.

This year, and every year — let us all be experts in appreciation. Give credit to the man who makes the score possible as well as the man who makes the score.

Spectators and players, let us all work together; let us all make a new and fair scorebook based upon:

- (1) Get that ball.
- (2) Keep that ball.
- Make that shot.

## "SNICKS"

#### HENRY N. STECKLER

COACH MINNEGAN'S 1939-40 basketball charges will play fifteen tough games this winter. Eight of these games will be played on foreign courts at the beginning of the season. Activity on the hardwood floor returns to Towson late in January, where it will remain till the close of the season. Shenandoah and Mount St. Mary's are the newcomers to Towson's schedule.

With the graduation of Danny Austerlitz, best basketball player ever to attend State Teachers College, Coach Minnegan will be forced to depend on such veterans as Marty Brill, Bob Cox, Luther Cox, and Stan Waxman to carry the major burden. "Legs" Russell, Aaron "Burr" Seidler, Stan Sussman, Henry "Snicks" Steckler, and Frank Dorn, a newcomer, as well as likely looking freshmen will probably also see action. Since most of the games will be played before the February practice teaching begins, the team will remain intact.

I wonder:

Will Towson develop a freshman ace?

Will Russell continue to check the time?

Will Wilson Teachers put water into their "swimming pool" gymnasium?

Will Brill ever forget to order fried oysters before out-of-town games?

Will "Snicks" Steckler again injure himself falling off the bench?

Will Towson give Hopkins a shellacking?

Will Bob Cox bump his head on the basketball hoop?

Will Towson be admitted to the Maryland Inter-Collegiate Basketball League?

The following is the 1939-40 basketball schedule:

		9	
Da	te	Team	Location
Friday,	Dec.	1—Salisbury T. C	Salisbury
Thursday,	Dec.	7—Y. M. C. A	Towson (pending)
Thursday,	Dec.	14-Western Maryland.	Westminster
Tuesday,	Dec.	19-Johns Hopkins	Homewood
Saturday,	Jan.	6—Washington College	Chestertown
Friday,	Jan.	12—Gallaudet	Washington
Friday,	Jan.	19-Mt. St. Mary's	Emmitsburg
Saturday,	Jan.	20-Blue Ridge	New Windsor
Wednesday	, Jan.	24-Wilson T. C	Washington
Saturday,	Jan.	27—Gallaudet	. Towson
Friday,		2-Wilson T. C	
Tuesday,		6—Johns Hopkins	
Friday,		9—Elizabethtown	
Thursday,		22—Blue Ridge	
Thursday,		29—Shenandoah	

P. S. — Several fans have asked what Coach Minnegan says to the players just before they return from half-

time. I listened closely the other day. He said, "That's all I have to say." And that's all I have to say.

#### SOCCER REVIEW

NOLAN CHIPMAN

OFFICIALLY, unofficially and otherwise, the 1939 soccer season at the College has been completed. Frankly, it seems like ages since we first saw the team practicing in early September. Of course, we remember the opening game with Westchester, the Salisbury skirmish, the Hopkins battle, the Maryland melec, and others that preceded. What we always remember is that Towson did enjoy a quite successful season. Short of returning veterans, hampered by injuries, and playing important and difficult games in successive weeks, the team compiled an enviable record of five wins, two ties, and two losses

We know now whether or not Coach Minnegan's team booted home the State soccer championship. Regardless of this final outcome, the color of the '39 team will stand out. The fans saw good soccer when Hart trapped and passed that ball, when Cernik booted one far up the field; when Cox stopped the opposing forwards in their tracks. Remember Thompson skimming down the sidelines, Calder aiming one at the goal, Shock dribbling past the enemy, and Laueustein making a perfect center. Then there's Wilde's groping hands, Tiemcyer's driving legs, Herold's shifty footwork, and Stottlemyer's steady, efficient kicks. It all adds up to a colorful, skillful winning team. That's what Towson had this past season.

#### SOCCER

JAMES CERNIK

SOCCER IS the most interesting and popular international sport. European teams excel our American teams because of their more centered interest.

The main skill in European soccer is the "pass," which is highly developed. This pass isn't long, nor is it 'lofted' through the air, it is a short, accurate, and effective pass on the ground. (Continued on Page 31)

# ASSEMBLY CALENDAR

Остовек 23-

Today Mrs. Roberta Francke and Miss Celia Brace of the Baltimore Music Club delighted all present with selections on the piano and violin, Mrs. Francke is a concert pianist and Miss Brace is a violinist of much ability. We left the assembly feeling that it was a great privilege to hear such renditions.

#### OCTOBER 26-

This year the State Teachers College Orchestra marked its tenth anniversary. Since its inception the Orchestra has grown from twelve people to the present group of twenty-seven.

On October 26 the Orchestra, under the able direction of Miss Elma Prickett, gave a portion of the program to be presented at Baltimore Polytechnic Insti-

tute on Friday, October 27.

The selections played were as follows:

Menuet from "Berenice" - - - Handel Andante Cantabile, First Symphony - Beethoven Orchestra

In Modo Religioso - - - Glazounov

Brass Ensemble

Minuet from E Flat Symphony - - Mozart
The Andante Cantabile was written by Beethoven in

the early part of his career. It reflects in its moods the troubled and often unhappy thoughts of its composer. In Modo Religioso was particularly sombre in char-

acter and was played very effectively by the brass ensemble. In this number the players were Norman Wilde, David Shepherd, Richard Cunningham, William Kahn and Louis Henderson.

The Minuet from Mozart's E Flat Symphony, which is the Orchestra's signature, concluded the program.

OCTOBER 28 — Chi Alpha Sigma Luncheon

Mrs. J. F. Kaylor of Hyattsville was the speaker at the fall luncheon meeting of the fraternity, held at the Blackstone Apartments. She told of the mountain ballads and folk-songs of Eastern America and sang some plaintive, sentimental, melodic examples, thus delighting fifty members and guests of Chi Alpha Sigma.

Эстовек 30-

Mr. Compton Crook, an instructor in our science debartment, spoke on his adventures in the Rocky Mounain National Park of central Colorado. Colored films hat Mr. Crook has made very beautifully supplemented its talk. Conducting tours for mountain climbers has iven Mr. Crook a command of knowledge regarding hat region. For example, Mr. Crook told the Assembly hat willows in the area approaching the tundra grow only two feet in twenty years. The marmot of this mountain region is a veritable watchdog. When he whistles, all of the animals hide from oncoming enemies. Mr. Crook has seen a mountain lion sunning himself and watching passers-by on the highway. He, with other hikers, has heard the coyote sing at the end of the day. The call to the trail seemed to be uppermost in the spirit of every listener.

November 6—

Dr. Wiedefeld - "Democracy in the School"

Before creating a democracy in the college, we must establish a functioning democracy in the home. Children, when very young, have little respect for the rights of others, but they should gradually acquire that respect at school and at home. Democracy is the medium between the extremes. We can never achieve this goal if prospective leaders of our children do not adhere to the rules or standards set up by the college itself.

November 10 — An Armistice Day Celebration Program

Lovely Appear (sung by the student body) Special Prayer for Peace

The Lord's Prayer

Orchestra Selection

"The Next Peace" - Fredwin Kieval

The program was in charge of Miss Jeanne Kravetz. Mr. Kieval spoke on the reasons why nations fight; how this present war is a direct outgrowth of the peace treaty drawn up at Versailles in 1918; and how the next peace must be made, not between the victor and the vanquished, but between the vanquished and the vanquished.

NOVEMBER 13-

Ridgely Hill, a senior, gave an illustrated talk on "Photography at Work." She explained the use of the x-ray for many problems, from surgery to crime detection. Preserving our records for future generations by the use of films will certainly advance education.

NOVEMBER 20-

Thanksgiving Proclamation - Stanley Sussman Violin Duet—"In Colonial Days" - - Sinnhald Miss Mary Reindollar, Mr. Eugene Webster

Accompanied by Miss Elma Prickett

The Origin of Thanksgiving

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving" (poem), by James Jett

Stanley Sussman

"Psalm 150," by Francke - - - Glee Club Responsive Reading (Psalm 24) - Student Body

#### I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

Marguerite Wilson

A CROWD was gathered in the auditorium at State Teachers College on Tuesday evening, November 7. Just after 8 o'clock, the mellow notes of about one hundred male voices rang out in the familiar I've Been Workin' on the Railroad. It was the Baltimore and Ohio Glee Club, opening a concert sponsored by the Te-Pa-Chi Club of the Campus Elementary School.

Mr. Ivan Servais, the conductor, seemed able to "play" his group as one would play an organ, with feeling and perfect control. By the slightest nod of his head, or movement of his arm, he could change a forte to a murnuring pianissimo. The precision of the chorus was striking, especially at the endings when, with a down-swing of his arms, there was a complete silence. The moods of the program were as varied as the selections sung, and the contrasts were surprising.

When at the end of two melodious hours, the curtain closed, the audience, still eager to hear more, applauded enthusiastically for encores. The Glee Club was very obliging, and rendered a B. and O. version of the popular Heigh-Ho, from "Snow White."

#### THE FRESHMAN SOCIAL

Olivia Wilson

ON WEDNESDAY, November 15, at three-thirty o'clock, the auditorium was a scene of merry-making for the freshmen. Everyone seemed to be enthusiastic about the program because no section knew of the other's part. At the instant the curtain opened everything became clear. William Jett, master of ceremonies, amused everyone by his gay apparel with bell dangling in one hand and his speech in the other. All of the sections were represented except number one. The program was as follows:

Section 2—Dot De Carlo and Betty Almy sang, South of the Border.

Section 7—A mixed kick chorus, representing some of the animal life seen by Mr. Crook in the Rockies

Section 5—A piano solo, In a Monastery Garden, by Dot Traut. Jean Webb sang A Russian Lullaby.

Section 3—A Spanish dance, by Esta Bablan. Urner Talbot, that famous tenor, sang The World is Waiting for the Sunrise. Section 6—That great melodrama, in 1, 2, 3, 4 time. Section 5—Betty Letzer gave The Indian Love Call.

Mary Ethel Stanley, the jitterburg, did a comedy dance to An Apple for the Teacher. (She hopes the audience liked her apples.) Phyllis Cohen sang Naughty Marietta.

Section 4—Presented *Thisbe* and *Pyramus*. The pianist was Helen Taylor, Section 5.

As a grand finale there was punch (to drink) while dancing.

### FRESHMEN MOTHERS' WEEK-END

ESTA BABLAN

THE STANDARD calendar of our land circles the first Sunday in May as Mothers' Day, in tribute to all mothers everywhere. Here at Maryland State Teachers College a desirable custom is presented in even a more fitting manner; that is, by the observance of Freshmen Mothers' Week-end. These few days are designated by the president as a visiting time for the parents, as a time for them to become familiar with our College and its ways. November tenth was the beginning of this year's occasion, and was greeted by the arrival of women from all parts of the countryside, the mothers of our dormitory students. Friday night saw a dining room full of friendly parents; but the big day of the week-end was Saturday. At two o'clock the foyer of Newell Hall was comfortably crowded with faculty, freshmen, and parents. This was the moment looked forward to by all, for it furnished an opportunity for the teachers and the mothers to get acquainted. At times apprehensive, at times proud of past achievements, the freshmen introduced their parents to their teachers. Entrance records were available and a spirit of approval and encouragement prevailed. In the afternoon, tea was served, and for a moment the group posed on the steps of the hall for a picture.

At four o'clock the informal, individual discussions were abandoned for a talk to the mothers by Dr. Wiede feld. Many phases of college life as well as ideals and customs were explained. Later, parents, teachers and students came together for a supper by candle-light. The pleasant day was brought to a close by an entertainment given by the freshman class and by the College Clet Club.

All comments from freshmen and their parents com bine to form a manimous opinion: namely, that the week-end was a success and should be repeated yearly F A S H I O N



#### PERSONAL APPEARANCE

MARIE PARR

DID YOU ever stop to think, "Just how do I look to other people?" Most of us have not, and yet personal appearance is most important. Last week, Hockschild, Kohn & Company's Elizabeth MacGibbon, the author of Manners in Business, gave her opinions on the subject, 'Appearance, Your Greatest Asset." Mrs. MacGibbon is the Emily Post of the business world. Certain views were expressed by her on the subject of personal appearance for business girls or teachers.

Bad taste in choice of costume is always a quality to be avoided. A frilly dress and extreme hat certainly aren't suitable for the office or schoolroom. A basic dress of black or brown, with detachable collar and cuffs, worn with a matching sport hat, is a better choice. Certain colors, such as red, yellow, and green, do not blend very well. A plain, harmonious outfit is much more suitable.

An over-dressed person has no place in the schoolroom. Too much jewelry is always a distraction. Gaudy trimming and beaded jackets should be left off dresses. Dangling bracelets are in the way for teaching. Leave them for after school hours.

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The importance of cleanliness and neatness are often forgotten. Wrinkled hose, run-down shoes, soiled collars and dresses certainly do not add to personal appearance. Carclessness is a very bad habit. Always look fresh and neat!

Some make-up should certainly be worn. Every girl needs a little powder to keep the shine off her nose. Even lipstick and rouge, within reason, are not objectionable. However, eye-shadow and mascara should never be worn by the teacher. Heavy perfumes may be omitted with profit.

A very simple hairdress is appropriate for the classroom. No upsweeps! This is entirely too severe for daytime and not very flattering, either. Those long, "glamour-girl" locks are not appropriate, either, for they are apt to make the teacher look rather young and detract from her professional manner. A simple, average-length coiffure is the most suitable.

Good posture is an asset to personal appearance. Never slump while sitting or standing.

Proper clothing for the classroom is another feature to be considered. A basic silk or wool dress is favored. A suit, or skirt and sweater are permissible, but not preferred. Saddle shoes and anklets, of course, should never be worn while teaching. The most suitable style shoe is the tailored pump or oxford, with Cuban hecl. Favored colors are black, brown, blue, any green but Kelly green, and wine. No bright prints, plaids, or checks should be in evidence.

Naturally, red fingernails are taboo! Natural or pink polish is allowed.

How many of us, when we are out teaching, live up to Mrs. MacGibbon's standards in personal appearance for such a profession? . . . I wonder!

## MEN'S FASHIONS

DOROTHY SISK

ALL I'VE been hearing about for the past three months concerns college girls' cardigan sweaters, plaid skirts, saddle shoes, long socks, and snoods. But what about the college men? Do they go around clad only in loud socks, ties, and mystery? Let's consult Esquire to find out what the smartest men are wearing.

You just simply aren't "it", unless you have chic new two-eyelet shoes of wild (oh, definitely wild) boarskin. Or are the Norwegian model shoes with crepe soles and heels and floppy, overlapping tongues more your type? (Remember, girls, when we wore floppy tongues several years ago?)

And your socks and ties simply shout! With white shirts, the color scheme doesn't make an awful lot of

difference. But if you are just too, too fastidious, buy your shirts, ties, and socks to match. And remember, boys, it takes a genius to wear more than six colors at one time, with anything less than the air of a lunatic.

The socks problem is further aggravated by the wearing of above-the-ankle length trousers. They're very smart, especially with finger-tip length, three-button suit-coats. That combination, which tends to clongate the torso, and shorten the legs, is all right on you tall men; but sometimes thoughts of what will happen to the short men worry us. Do you suppose — if this trend keeps up — that they'll disappear altogether?

What about your hats? Perhaps the one that suits your personality best is a felt snapbrim. Or is it a porkpie or Tyrolean? Oh, just solve the problem by going bare-headed.

I almost forgot the classic reversibles. But there is nothing to say about them, anyway. They speak for themselves on every college campus.

# "SO WHAT"

W. Norris Weis

WELL, WELL, well! The holiday season is upon us once more and so is "So What!" Now, without more ado and what have you, let's get at it, students, let's get at it!

#### Fan Poem

1. Wanda

Genuine for love of life And half the men in the college

2. Betty Ann

Something they can't resist

Will take her more places than knowledge

3. Mary Ethel

Sweetness and frankness and a smile; Perhaps the world's appeal

4. Shirley

Any excitement at all is fun But 'specially a new heart to steal

What will it get them?
Don't you see at a glance?
Their name's in the Tower Light;
A date for each dance!

#### An Extensive List for M. S. T. C.'s Santa

- A crook to enable the Shepherd to look after his little Gray sheep.
- 2. Lee McCarriar: A display case for his jewel.
- 3. A Storm Trooper's uniform for a rotund junior.
- 4. Gordon Shules: An oil can for his shoes.
- 5. Harry Russell: A new technique for turning brown

- eves green.
- Mickey Sharrow: Another play to show his John Barrymore and Robert Taylor abilities.
- 7. Kitty Hepburn: Nothing. I have all I want.

### Faculty "I Wants" for Santa

- Mr. Moser: Acknowledgment for the Student Council.
- Mr. Minnegan: Sometimes more inertia for the student and sometimes more initiative. (Please be more definite, Mr. Minnegan.—Santa Claus.)
- Miss Weyforth: A complete explanation of swing. (Shall I put her hep to the jive so as to be in the groove?—Santa Claus.)
- Miss Birdsong: At least three bulletin-board reading students.
- 5. Mrs. Clark: A revised price list for the book shop.

#### Christmas Gag

Did you know that this time of the year has a peculiar effect on girls? This is the season when girls forget the past, think nothing of the future and remember only the present. (Ha, ha, ha!)

#### The Romantic Touch

- 1. It seems that Jack has lost his Hart. Well, maybe Jesse will see he gets his Shearer.
- 2. Jimmy (James, to you) Cernik has a stenographer. Betcha Maxine knows the score.
- 3. Late flash: Did you know that Sydney Baker had a preview of the freshmen girls even before school opened? Ask him about Hillen Road.
- 4. Was I right, or was I right? In my last article before college closed last June, in the "Betcha" department of my column, I predicted that Betty Smiley would be the first one of the June grads to hear the wedding bells peal. The odds were 50 to 1. I win. Last evening I went to the church for a rehearsal. Of course, she's going to marry Bud; I only went to play the organ.

#### Freshman Gag

Did you hear the one about the pawnbroker who wanted to open a delicatessen? He hung out three meat balls. (Ouch!)

#### In Conclusion

So as to stand a chance of breaking into print again in January, I guess I should spell FINIS before I run over my page. Therefore, in our serviceable spirit, the "So What" columnizer wishes all a very enjoyable holiday season, May I see each of you during the holidays so as to gather material for the January issue. So long, and So What!

# Hard To Believe, But It's True

"'Gwen' the moon comes over the mountains, Every beam is a dream, 'Syd', of you."

Jimmie O'C. "estelle" going strong! \* \* \*

That self-same "love-bug" has hit Johnny S.

#### Quoting

Mr. Stottle: How are your "flocks" today, Miss G.? (You know, shepherds have them!)

Miss G.: Fine! How are your "kittens"? (Ap-"paula"-

Ouestion: Why hang around the "dorm"? Answer, a la Mac: Not for the "heck" of it, I assure you, but because I have the "wright" idea!

### Extra . . . .

(That "Max" Personality)

For the past years Jimmy C. has been faithfully devoted to the "Maxwell," but . . . this year, he has become definitely attached to "Maxine."

(Editor's Note: He made the Tower Light!) -R. I. G. (Right in the Groove).

What would happen if -

Miss Bersch ever got excited?

Mrs. Stapleton were ever in a bad humor?

Mr. Walther had his hands tied?

Ruth Durner were at a loss for an apt expression?

B. Cox ever hurried?

Faraino lost Sennhenn for two minutes? Cox ever left the soccer field unharmed?

Miss Gray had a moment to spare?

That microphone were placed before Coach's lips at the games?

Doc West lost his accent?

Dr. Lynch left S. T. C. promptly at 3:05 P. M.?

M. H. objected to having her skirts neatly pressed?

Marie P. lost her poise?

Miss Cook refused to be collegiate? Miss Blood had a lapse of memory?

Miss Bader gave up her search for truth?

Charles made a "gross" error?

The Amos, Barker, "Foo," Lord, Pula quintet were impaired?

-R. I. G.

What would we do if -

Betty Steuart forgot to smile? Johnny S. refused to play soccer?

Margie Owens lost control of her hockey-stick?

Audrey M. were not available as fullback?

Hart refused to vocalize?

Dr. Crabtree lost track of the fashion page?

Mr. Moser lost his sense of humor?

Miss Tribull's fingers were not nimble?

E. W. were not congenial?

Jett, Jr., laid down his pen?

D. N. did not believe in composing music?

Stanley S, lost his sense of rhythm?

-R. I. G. (Right in the Groove).

Towson State Teachers College The Room Under the North Chimney of Newell Hall December 10, 1939

Dear Santa:

If we aren't "snowed in" before December 25, I certainly wish you'd come around. I'm not procrastinating about this letter, so maybe you could come before the snow falls.

I've been so good! I've gone to all the compulsory assemblies; I haven't been notified that I am failing my math; I paid both of the Library fines, even that tremendous faculty reserve fine; my term paper was in on time; and I wrote home to my parents once last month.

If you can find any unique stationery that is self-addressing and directed home at intervals, please send me some. In addition, I should like to have some library books that return themselves on the date due. Do you think that you could find some comfortable seats for our auditorium? It would be rather pleasant to listen to our speakers if the seats were cushioned. I should like to have a radio and an easy chair in my room. Really, if I had the two latter conveniences, I would read suggested and supplementary history references instead of falling asleep on my bed. And dear Santa, if you can't bring me anything else, please bring me a charm that will make me immune to childhood diseases during student teaching.

After December 22, I shall be at home; you remember where you used to bring me dolls when I didn't suck my thumb.

It's asking for a miracle I know, but anything you can do will be appreciated.

Gratefully yours,

A JUNIOR.

#### ANNE ARUNDEL ALUMNI UNIT MEETING

ONLY TWICE a year does the Anne Arundel County Alumni unit of the Maryland State Teachers College at Towson get together, but always the meetings are enthusiastically attended. Through the generosity of several of our group we are spared the cold reception of a school room or auditorium, and enjoy the fireside of some lovely house.

This fall we were invited to meet in the friendly home of Mrs. Ruth Parker Eason in Glen Burnie. About fifty gathered to hear Dr. Reuben Steinmeyer of the University of Maryland speak on the present European situation, as well as to hear news from our college President, Dr. Wiedefeld, who gave us some very pertinent facts about our alma mater, which graduates, in their absence from the college, are prone to forget.

Miss Scarborough always delights us with interesting sidelights about her work in promoting the alumnigroups

After the meeting we enjoyed delicious refreshments and friendly chats with each other.

HAMMOND CANTWELL, President.

#### INSPIRATION DR. WIEDEFELD

M. A. Reed

ACCORDING TO an address delivered by Dr. Wiedefeld in a recent assembly, "There is a certain artistry in shaking hands."

One realizes this observation to be all too true when thinking of such unique handshakes as:

- (1) The pump shake, which involves vigorous upand-down movement, originating in the elbow.
- (2) The sleep-n-eat shake, which is readily recognizable because of the absence of any voluntary motion whatsoever. Since Mr. Defender's arm and hand are often completely relaxed at his side, it is necessary for Mr. Attacker to lift them to a level adequate for shaking hands.
- (3) The trombone shake, in which Mr. Attacker slides his hand up to Mr. Defender's elbow, thereby preventing any response from Mr. Defender.
  - (4) Dead-fish shake.
- (5) The Joe Louis shake, characterized by the fracture of at least two metacarpi.
- (6) The pay-check shake, in which Mr. Defender's hand slips through Mr. Attacker's fingers.
- (7) The Zazu Pitts shake, easily identified by a flapping hand, dangling from the wrist.

These various types of greetings sometimes are given interest and originality if simultaneously accompanied by:

- (1) Smiles ranging from a spasmodic twitching of the lips to the exposure of innumerable incisors, and many molars.
- (2) Vocal expressions of happiness, whose scale rises from a titter to a guffaw.
- (3) Looks, which vary from coquettish glances to goggling stares.

Were it not for the peculiar tactics employed by each personality, the correct form for shaking hands would not be appreciated.

#### APOLOGIES, MR. POE

MARGARET CARTER

Once upon a Thursday dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
Over many stupid titles
I had often seen before;
While I searched for books of hist'ry,
Seeking to explain the myst'ry
Of the lives of feudal folk of yore;
While I paged through Brown and Breasted,
Thumbs worn out and patience tested,
Suddenly I fell to thinking
Thoughts I'd never thought before:
History is vain and useless
Planned especially to bore —
Which it does and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I recall me How this great thought did befall me. And I sat and dreamed about it -Dreams I'd never dreamed before. I should write a book about it. I should dare a man to doubt it; I'd abolish tales of vore. Plans leaped high, a spark was kindled -But I gazed on Krey - and dwindled, Dwindled all that event before. I must face a recitation, I must make a revelation Of the feudal folk of vore. So I fell to reading hist'ry, Reasons for my act a myst'ry. So I've dreamed, and nothing more.

#### COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

#### **AUTUMN PARADISE**

(Continued from Page 15) base of the Blue Ridge, the trees on the nearby mountains appeared subdued in color. The autumn brown seemed too prominent. This supremacy was not theirs to enjoy for long, however. Each mountain side soon became a mass of color. The red of the sumacs and the yellow of the maples made the new coats of the evergreens more outstanding. Each ray of the sun had but one apparent purpose - to make each tree, each hill more appealing. We would approach a curve with bated breath only to have that breath completely taken away by the immediate view. Valleys beautifully diversified with autumnal signs - buff-colored fields dotted with havstacks which appeared only as regularly spaced black dots, emerald green fields, tiny white and red houses, a light blue stream, the Shenandoah River, surrounding one clump of color as if to preserve it, dividing another - all provided a continuous picture. Nothing was blurred; every detail was strikingly distinct and, although so tiny, stood out boldly as if to challenge one to forget it. Opposing all this stood hills thick with trees blazing with color - every leaf blending with another to make one unbroken, burnished flame.

When we reached the hilltop we remained there until the sun was lost, the glamour gone. The brown leaves on the ground had left their trees old and gaunt and bare. It was as if all day the sun had tried to camouflage the dying of summer. Now we, looking behind the scenes, had become aware of her purpose. Yet, the sun had not finished for the day. The trees on the surrounding mountains still reflected its light - not as brilliantly as before, but just as beautifully in their calm way. One mountain would throw its shade half-way up another. The shadow would be topped by a band of new nuances of reds, yellows, greens, and browns which in turn were outlined by the light blue hazy mountain summits. The sun, now an immense deep red ball, threw mountain shadows on the valleys, slowly becoming indistinct. Suddenly the sun was gone, leaving the sky bordered with the delightful pastels only it can produce.

Tender-hearted people were shocked by the brutal efficiency of the Yankee "Blitzkrieg." The Reds were lucky not to come out third—like the Poles.

-The New Yorker

Young husband: "I wish I could get some bread like mother used to bake for me."

Wife: "I wish I could get some clothes like father used to buy for me."

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#### THE ORCHESTRA PERSONNEL

(Continued from Page 20) Orchestra, and in the All-Maryland High School Orchestra, besides sharing in public and private recitals and broadcasts.

Sydney Baker also early played make-believe violins so persistently and so effectively that he has been allowed to carry on serious study for nearly fifteen years. During these years, five different teachers have been his instructors, the last being Mr. J. C. Van Hulsteyn, under whose tutelage Sydney won in a competitive scholarship examination. Like Eugene Webster, this young man has played innumerable times as a soloist, sharing in public and private recitals and broadcasts. He has had, too, a unique experience with the social service of the Norwegian Government. In addition, he has sampled the drudgery of playing in night clubs as a professional until the early hours of the morning.

Miss Prickett says that the State Teachers College Orchestra is particularly fortunate to have two students with such wide experience to carry the important jobs of concert-master and assistant concert-master. The student body will hear duets played by these two musicians

in the near future.

#### HALLOWMAS WISH

N. Trott

I'd like to have a little broom

To sweep the pavements clean,
I'd brush the gay confetti up

That's left from Hallowe'en

I'd tidy up our tiny town
From Waverly to Spree,
My broom would be as busy
As it possibly could be.

At every little house I'd stop
And knock at every door,
I'd wait till Andrew's aunt looked out —
She'd know what I came for.

She'd smile (the lady would). My broom With bristles new and bright, Would dance a little jig and leave That walk all clean and white

And when the shining sun went down
And we were through at last,
Broom and I would say goodbye —
Goodbye to Hallownas.

## Sports ... SOCCER

(Continued from Page 22) That which makes the short ground pass highly effective and efficient is the position play of the team in possession of the ball. The ball is not just passed into space, but to an "open" man in a position to receive the ball. When the ball is passed, the passer does not try to kick it for distance nor for power. His chief concern is to pass it into the open unguarded space where an anxious team-mate is waiting.

The ball is kicked by the instep or the side of the foot, these two ways being the most accurate means of passing the ball. The ability to use effectively the side of the foot and the instep involves much practice and expert timing. Almost every beginner has the tendency to kick with the toe and, at first, he executes this tendency - but not for long. Toe-kicking is only successfully employed when kicking for distance. This is not the object in intelligent soccer playing.

Europeans use a rather harsh method of discouraging toe-kicking. Youngsters are forced to play barefooted; naturally, they begin to use the side of the foot or the instep in preference to the toe. If the young soccerite begins his career by using the side of his foot or his instep, he develops a skillful use of that particular part.

Accuracy in goal-kicking is practiced in a clever way. A cord net is placed in front of the goal uprights. The net has a hole in each corner and several others near the center. This may seem ridiculous to some people who are not acquainted with soccer, but it is quite a practical method of developing deadly accuracy. If a player acquires the skill of kicking the ball through the holes during practice, he will undoubtedly be superior in a egular game when there is only a goal-keeper blocking nis chance of scoring.

"Heading" is another important part of the game, For occuracy in heading the ball, soccerites gain efficiency by juggling a soccer ball on their foreheads and constantly balancing the ball at different angles by means of the head.

Contact, a very bad feature and a major cause of the lecline in soccer participation in the United States, is ilmost mythical in European soccer. Few players in Euope are ejected from a game because of their having committed a serious or even a minor foul. If such an ocasion arises, not only do the opposing players voice conempt of the culprit, but his fellow team-mates as well.

The aim of each team is to outsmart, not to outrough, he opponent. This is the selling point of the soccer games in Europe. Soccer there holds the same position n the esteem of sport lovers as does baseball here in

\merica.

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"DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVE YOU, PERCIVAL", or "SO FAR MY PRINCE HASN'T COME"

MARGARET CARTER

Each man that I've met Is too short or too tall. He's either too fat Or incredibly small.

The men that I know Are in need of a shave, Or are lacking a job, Or their hair doesn't wave.

Each chap that I see Is a talkative lad; His shoes aren't shined. Or his grammar is bad.

Or he uses bad words. Or he drinks too much beer. Sister, you take the lads, And I'll take a career

The story is told of a well-known man who, not finding his wife, went into the kitchen, where the laundress was busy with the family linen, and inquired:

"Bridget, do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"Yes, sar," replied Bridget, "I put them in the wash."

A school teacher sought to reprove a boy who had failed to solve an example.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the teacher, "When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

"Well," came the quick response, "when he was your age he was the President of the United States."

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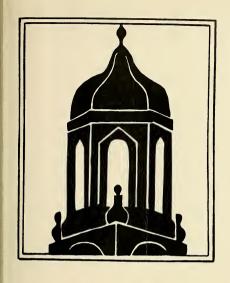
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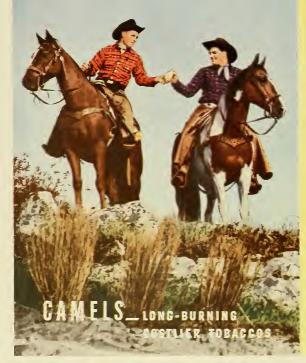
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McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

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## TOWER LIGHT

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Photographs . . . . . . . . Lee McCarriar

THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly — October through June — by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

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## Che Museum--

LYNN D. POOLE Walters Art Gallery

EVERY SCIENCE teacher has in his mind the perfect laboratory in which to teach. That laboratory he would use to bring to life, by illustration and experiment, the cold facts expounded by the textbook. He would use it to stimulate a lasting interest in those who rjust can't understand this stuff." His colleagues who teach academic subjects fall into two classes. There is the group which thank their lucky stars they need no laboratory and let it go at that. Then there is the constantly growing minority who realize they do need a laboratory and have one at their service. The reference is to those who recognize the advantages offered by museums and use them.

The museum is a working laboratory, a place where one gives one's students visual and tactile proof of facts extracted from textbooks. It is the laboratory to be used by the history teacher to bring life to the pages of history. The museum is the test tube in which he mixes the various historical elements, fires it with his cuthusiasm to establish a direct contact with the political, social, economic, religious, and artistic background of every historical epoch. The English teacher has great beaker into which he can pour the illustrations of novels, essays, and plays. Languages are there in abundance to illustrate his verbal story of the evolution of writing.

Practical application is of vital importance in a laboratory. The attempt to translate, from monuments, the Latin inscriptions is a practical application of the hardlearned bornusa-ums. Many laboratories have grown famous through research, many teachers of costume and drama have enhanced their teaching abilities by museum research. These have made students feel that the school stage productions are their own by having them do the research for decor, props, make-up and costume.

Before the illustrations of the museum as a laboratory grow tedious let me mention its worth to the art teacher. It is here that he introduces his students to productions that are the results of centuries of serious artistic experimentation. There the aspiring young artist contacts the great, and sees the good and bad use of the elements which go to make up the science of things artistic.

The science teacher knows that laboratory work accelerates the classroom work, because exciting discovery

and proof are the foundations of learning. Likewise, teachers in every department say that the use of the museum has a stimulating reaction when the class returns to its school. Through this medium one of the teachers' problems is solved—that of how to arouse and hold interest in a subject. They also have the satisfaction of doing more than is expected of them and having broadened the horizon of pleasure for their students.

What of the adult? Must he return to school to work in the museum-laboratory? No. The best of modern educators say that formal education is merely the skeleton for life-long learning. The museum scientifically arranges its exhibitions with the spectator in mind. It further fosters the science of learning and appreciation for adults through many carefully arranged courses, lectures and gallery tours. No longer is the museum a mystic shrine for the long-haired aesthetic; instead, it is a living institution for the education and pleasure of all, administered by a staff trained in museum science and well grounded in the social sciences that are the bulwark of all modern institutions.

#### ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO

## Mount Palomar

PAUL S. WATSON

Curator of Astronomy, Maryland Academy of Sciences

THIS PAST summer it was my good fortune to visit a number of the great Western astronomical observatories, including the Mount Wilson Observatory and Mount Palomar, where the giant 200-inch telescope will go when completed. My travelling companion was Mr. Arthur Moore, mineralogist at the Maryland Academy of Sciences. So, besides visiting the observatories, we stopped at a number of mineral localities and obtained some fine mineral specimens for the Academy's collection.

The observatories we saw were: the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, located at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; Lick Observatory, near San Jose, California; Mount Wilson Observatory, Mount Palomat and the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona.

Our visits to Mount Wilson and Mount Paloma were perhaps the most interesting part of the whole trip. The Mount Wilson Observatory, the astronomica center of the universe, is perched 6,000 feet up on the mountain top outside of Pasadena, California. In our hurried trip we did not see nearly as much as we would have liked to, but we did see the great 100-inch Hooker telescope, at present the largest in the world; looked through the famous 60-inch telescope; saw the two tower telescopes for observing the sun, one of which is 75 feet high and the other 150 feet high, and saw also the peculiar Snow Telescope which looks like a Noah's Ark stranded on the mountain top (the odd shape of the building is to prevent the heating of the interior during the davtime).

Later we visited the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, where the giant 200-inch mirror is being ground. This is housed in a large air-conditioned building, especially built for the purpose. We were admitted to the gallery to watch operations on the floor below. We observed through a thick plate glass partition, something like the visitors' gallery in a radio broadcasting station. The purpose of this is to keep out as much dust as possible. An optical shop must be kept very clean so that dust and dirt will not cause unnecessary scratches on the surface of the mirrors. Everything was spotlessly clean and all the technicians wore white coats and pants. At the far end of the hall lay the 200nch disk, truly a mammoth affair. A small polishing tool ay on top of it going slowly round and round. Numerous other disks smaller than the 200-inch one were beng ground on other machines. These will be used as econdary mirrors to the 200-inch, Opposite to the 200nch and right below us were various testing devices and mong them the ordinary Foucault knife-edge test.

A telescope mirror must first be made spherical; that s, its surface is the depressed section of a sphere. Later t must be parabolized. This is done by depressing the enter by a very small amount. That is the tedious part of the job and requires great skill and patience. The 00-inch has just about reached the spherical stage.

About four o'clock that afternoon we left for Mount alomar, about eighty miles away. We stopped at "Hotel alomar" in a town called Temecula. This town is not ar from Mount Palomar. Before retiring, we took a lance at the sky. The beautifully clear sky was simply lled with stars and the Milky Way sparkled with a rilliance never seen here in the murky East.

We left early for Mount Palomar which could now, a the morning light, be seen a good way off in the discuce, just a purple blur on the horizon. We got direcons and were assured it was only about 30 miles to te top, but after we were there the speedometer on the ur showed we had traveled 58 miles. It seems that nuntry people never do have any idea of distance.

The country around Palomar proved to be very hot, y, barren and rough. No trees were visible, just sage

brush. In fact, when a site was being hunted for the present Mount Wilson Observatory, Mount Palomawas rejected on the grounds of the remoteness and in-accessibility of the region. Moreover, we were told the place was long a hide-out for stage-coach and train robbers and bandits. Further, it was reputed to have been a great rattlesnake area. Whether or not all these reports were true we had no way of knowing.

We finally found the road to the top — steep, wide, unpaved and so of course very bumpy. As we ascended the air became cooler and trees, especially pine, made their appearance. As the road twisted up and up, the car began to get balky and the engine showed signs of getting hot. We had to stop to allow the engine to cool.

While the higher parts of the mountain were covered with pine forests, the vegetation did not seem nearly as luxuriant as on Mount Wilson. Even at the top we found considerable bare areas covered only by grass and shrubs. A long way off we could see the brilliant aluminum-painted dome which will house the 200-inch telescope when completed, but it was a long time before we came up to it. We thought the dome of the 100inch on Mount Wilson large, but this was really colossal. As we came up, we saw that the shutter was open and through it we glimpsed part of the telescope mounting. The building is all finished and the mounting nearly so, except for the mirror at the base of the tube and the cage which will hold the various secondary mirrors, located near the top. The two great drum-like supports for the tube in which staircases wind and the great horseshoe, as high as a four-story building, were really impressive. The open cage-work tube was upright and on one side of it was scaffolding. At the lower end of the tube, where the 200-inch mirror will go when completed, someone, probably a workman, had written, "Here is where the giant lens goes." The word "lens" was scratched out and above it was written "eye." And then the word "eye" was crossed out and above it was written in large handwriting the word "MIRROR." Among astronomers, you know, to call a lens a mirror, or vice versa, is a sin of the first order, Mr. Moore said, "Well, I'm glad they finally found out what really is to go

After spending considerable time in examining the mounting and the dome and taking pictures we visited the dome of the new Schmidt Camera, under construction. This is a new type of telescopic camera.

After talking for a while with some of the attendants, we looked at our watches and found that the time was getting short. So we got into the car once more and were off, rattling and bumping down the mountain road.

## **Nature Keeps Her Records**

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

SOME CALL it sheer madness to occasionally interrupt a leisurely drive along the highways to go tap, tap, tap on the geological formations with a hammer and chisel. Others become annoyed at having to take special precautions in walking through a living room in which the hundred pounds of rock specimens collected on a vacation trip are displayed on the floor. Still others will stare at people who stop at filling stations or country stores to ask, "Can you tell me where to find some magnetite around here — you know, black rocks that are natural magnets. The mineral text books say they're found in this county."

Despite the public headshakings and frowns about these procedures in the hobby of rock and mineral collecting, the collectors affirm that if you haven't thought seriously about gathering bits of Mother Nature's frame, you don't know what you're missing.

Have you ever seen the sparkle of a pure quartz crystal, miraculously formed in a perfect hexagon? The greenish velvet surface of malachite in contrast to deep rose quartz? Dull red garnets in a mica schist setting the appearance of flaky silver? A golden crust of iron pyrites? If you have thought of rocks and minerals as dull, dirty things, by all means give yourself the thrill of a visit to a good mineral exhibit, such as the one at the National Museum in Washington, D. C. Any rock lover will challenge the scoffer to view such a display without catching his breath in amazement at their beauty. Their appeal to one's artistic taste may provide an incentive for collecting them.

Have you ever discovered remains of shells and sealilies imbedded in solid limestone high on a mountain top? Have you heard your footsteps ringing on hard, black, porous rock that was once fiery flowing lava? In an ordinary pebble from an Ohio field have you seen layers distorted by tremendous pressure ages before that pebble was worn to its present shape and deposited in that field by a glacier? If you have, then yours has been the discovery of that in which Nature keeps her records. The slate of a blackboard to the geologist is more than slate: it is shale in its previous existence, and long before that it is loam. Babylonian clay tablets and Greek pottery are museum pieces chiefly because of their antiquity - yet in an afternoon's walk you may gather a pocketful of rocks that were old before there were nations.

"What are rocks to me? I walk on cement and pave-

ments all day." Yet, in walking along the pavements, have you seen green store fronts of polished serpentine? Have you walked up granite steps to enter halls of pink, black, white, or yellow marble? Perhaps you live in a house of rock exterior. Have you noticed the brown stains that generally indicate the presence of iron, or observed the tiny glistening particles of mica in those walls? Have you seen that the flagstones of your walk are composed of layers, indicating that they are of sedimentary origin? Even the city is more meaningful to one who studies the rocks.

Suppose, however, that you're simply not aroused by the scientific or aesthetic approaches to rock and mineral collecting and study. Do you like historical things? Again rocks can enrich your interest. Is there not some significance in a gray-green granite pebble that nestled next to Plymouth Rock; in a piece of the purplish sandstone of which Washington's Valley Forge headquarters are built; in a bit of black slate from the Heights of Abraham, scaled by the British to take old Ouebec?

Or are you a geography enthusiast? In that case, isn't geography made more tangible by samples of Coconino sandstone and Kaibab limestone from the Grand Canyon, fragments of the rock-bound coast of Maine, stalactites from Carlsbad Caverns, limestone from the Natural Bridge of Virginia, sulphur from Texas?

If you have no specialized interest, wouldn't you stop for a minute to look at — and wish you had — a piece of the oldest part of the National Capitol\*, a bit of amber from the Baltic Sea region, chalk from the Cliffs of Dover, or granite from Mount Sinai?

Rock collectors will tell you of the lasting friendships they have made through their hobby — friendships begun perhaps in "rock-swapping" or in mutual admination of collections. If the collectors are teachers, they may tell you how their collections have enriched their teaching. If the collectors have taken their hobby seriously, they will tell you that the more they learn about rocks, the more they find there is to learn; the more specimens they have, the more they want; the more time they spend on the hobby, the more fascinating in becomes

How do 1 know? I'm a rock collector, Won't you join me?

Obtained, not by vandalism, but by permission, at the tim an air-conditioning system was installed in the Capitol.

## Science As We Live It

(OR, SO YOU DON'T SEE THE USE OF SCIENCE)

Charlotte Schwartzman

HO -- HUMM --- I guess it's morning because I'm awake. No, it's still dark . . . those rattling pipes! It's nice to have automatic heat (electricity does it, my dears), but that delightful water pressure in the pipes causes most unmusical vibrations upon these sensitive ears. Ooohh, it's far too . . . early . . to . . . Ohh!!! The alarm clock! God bless electricity! (Oh, yeah?)

"They" say we have science to thank for the innumerable conveniences of modern American life, Guess I should commend the wonders of science instead of dis-

paraging them.

Glad the day has come when we can serenely swallow our toothpaste (if so inclined) and drink the water directly from the faucet (via glass, of course, but minus boiling) without any fear of catching anything. Hastily I whisk my toothbrush over my teeth. Aha! science again - action of a lever . . . .

My clothes - all on the desk chair - all . . . except those pink anklets. Where ARE they? Sorry, little sister - asleep or not, the electric light goes ON. Yes, under the desk are those socks. Must have rolled off that top-heavy pile of feminine apparel . . . laws of gravitv . . . .

Tummy, ye uncouth bit of personal anatomy, stop growling! I know it's time for my breakfast . . . my nose informs me of that as well as you. The percolator bubbles away while I use the electric orange reamer. Ummm . . . up pops the toast in the electric toastmaster. The scrambled eggs sizzle temptingly on the gas range. How glorious is a hot breakfast on a frosty morn.

Tempus fugit . . . so must I scurry to college.

College . . . a long, long walk, had I to make it by foot. Fortunately, the electric trolleys and buses relieve me of that ----. Come on, Towson 8! The whirling hands of my watch inform me of the fleeting moments. Here comes the Number 8. Up York Road . . . up the hill we speed - those eternal laws of gravity decreasing our speed.

And so I streak down the corridor toward Dr. West's geology lab. Even here I have my science, actually as well as theoretically - for my trusty fountain-pen is reliant upon a scientific theory of vacuums.

Oh, stuff! Whether I appreciate it or not, I may as well resign myself to the fact - that science controls every phase of our daily lives.

#### QUESTIONNAIRE

CHARLES GROSS and KATHERINE FEASER

#### DO YOU KNOW:

- I. The differences between a thermometer, a hydrometer, and a hygrometer?
- 2. Whether or not the Indian population in this country is increasing or decreasing?
- 3. Where and when to look for the planet Mercury at the present time?
- 4. Any rivers in the world which flow uphill? Which ones?
- 5. Which of our months is known as the "month of meteors"?
- 6. How fast an object would have to travel to escape from the earth's pull of gravity?
- 7. How quickly the 200-inch telescope was cooled?
- 8. The ratio of the birthrates of mice and men?
- 9. Where in the world a wound which requires stitching will heal faster than a wound which does not require stitching?

- 10. If men's or women's bodies produce more heat?
- 11. In what part of the world frozen fish regain life after they have been eaten?
- 12. When tires lose air faster, in the summer or in the winter?
- 13. Which are the only two countries in the world which produce maple sugar and maple syrup?
- 14. How warm-blooded animals have been made to hibernate?
- 15. What disease of human beings is a common cause of death among wild animals?
- 16. What color a topaz is?
- Which contains more calories, a cantaloupe or an orange?
- 18. What is the greatest length of time a child can stand still without fatigue?

(Answers on Page 22)

#### A PREFACE TO OBSERVING

## The Heavenly Bodies

CHARLES GROSS

WITH SUCH a title one would ordinarily expect a lengthy exposition concerning the wide possibilities, the frequent limitations and the real thrill in astronomical observation. There might also be found some mention of the proper attitude necessary for good results. However, the nature of this article is not quite so general nor comprehensive, yet no one can doubt that the subject treated is an absolute essential.

Certainly he who has telescopic eyesight is indeed an oddity. But of what value is any extensive stargazing without some means of bringing far-distant objects into close range? Of course, one may easily distinguish the various constellations visible from this point, but will he be satisfied in merely knowing that here and there he is seeing what seems to be one star but is, in fact, really two? Is he to be satisfied with a description of the Milky Way as a great mass of stars and other heavenly bodies, having never really distinguished them as such? Any clear night will reveal the stately planets marching across the sky in the ecliptic, but with the naked eve who is to actually know that around Saturn there exists definite rings of gaseous material, distinctly separated from the planet, yet remaining in a circle about it? How can we be sure that there are moons revolving around the planet Jupiter in an orderly fashion? Where is he who was satisfied this past summer to take some photographer's picture as full proof of the appearance of Mars, and who is ever content with some text book description of the Moon?

Fortunately, we are an inquisitive lot and have exerted ourselves no end in attempting to feed this inquiring attitude. The scientific endeavor of the past generations devised that instrument which we know as the telescope. With this ingenious device man no longer is concerned with such questions as those in the above paragraph.

Upon first examining a telescope it appears as some highly expensive, machine made, optical brain child. Most of them are rather precise in their construction and are really a marvel of the mind of man. But they need not be expensive, nor need they be turned out in some machine shop. In a recent telescope-making class in the city there were a Government agent, a machinist, an engraver, a teacher, a bartender, a dentist, and a junior high school boy. All started out knowing practically nothing about the process involved but were assured that their results would be in some measure satisfactory. None have yet been disappointed. The reflecting type, using a mirror to bend the light to a point, and which has been found to be most effective, was the exclusive type produced.

Before starting such a project it is understood that the only requirements are a strong will, a great deal of patience, untiring effort and a small amount of ready cash now and then for necessities. (Incidentally, a reflecting telescope can be built for less than thirty dollars.) Every good instrument is comprised of an illuminized concave mirror, a perfect triangular prism, a finder, a perfect eyepicee, a tube encasing these, a mounting to hold this up and possibly a slow-motion gear for convenience.

In beginning, two circular disks of pyrex are obtained from some optical company, plus a supply of grinding compound, usually carborundum. One disk is held stationary on top of a stool anchored in the floor. The remaining disk is to be the future mirror and is rubbed back and forth (with a good supply of carborundum and water between) across the top of the stationary one, As one proceeds he moves around the stool, never grinding in any one place too long. This task is continued until the middle has been ground out of the top disk and it begins to assume the shape of one small sector of a great sphere. This has been the purpose, since such a shape will cause parallel rays of light to converge when reflected. Possibly the laws of refraction and reflection have heretofore been taken for granted, but if they did not function we would be without telescopes.

After the proper curve has been established the next step is to smooth this curved surface by polishing it with jeweler's rouge since it is still very rough, when observed under a magnifying glass. In this stage one no longer works on the other piece of pyrex, but pours a hot pitch covering over this and as it cools forces it to conform to the exact curve of the mirror that has been hollowed out. (I say hollowed out, but actually upon even close observation one can hardly see a curve at all since it is so very slight.) Following hours and hours of polishing, the mirror is put through a number of light tests. These are administered for the purpose of determining the exact point at which to stop polishing. After all distortions have been removed from the extremely smooth surface a very slight hollowing effect is produced in the very center by means of further polishing of this section exclusively. This step is the parabolizing, and is absolutely necessary, since light reflected from a perfectly spherical surface will not converge at a single point. This is an especially trying period as one is nearing completion and often requires many trials before perfection is reached. A few millionths of an inch too deep or too shallow calls for another period of polishing. In some cases hand-made mirrors have been completely ground and polished in a day, whereas others have required over a hundred hours. When the proper curve has been reached and the surface made free of all irregularities the mirror is sent to some reputable optical company to be illuminized. In this process the mirror is cleaned of all foreign matter and placed under a high vacuum, together with a bar of aluminum, which completes a circuit between two wires led into the vacuum hamber. With the current turned on the aluminum boils away and is deposited in an even, tissue-thin layer on the surface of the mirror. This is the reflecting surface by which the scattered light is bent to a point where the human eye is able to receive it.

The glass is now ready to be placed in the end of a tube of its own diameter. (A six-inch mirror usually requires about a four-foot tube.) At the other end of the tube is placed a triangular prism which bends the light out to one side, thus keeping the observer out of his own light. The light has been bent to focus directly into an appeice mounted just outside the tube. When in use the mirror is at the bottom of the tube catching the light from some heavenly body and reflecting it back up

the tube only to be caught near the converging point by the small prism and turned at a right angle into the eyepicce, where the observer looks. This whole tube is balanced and revolves from a point on its side where it is attached to the mounting. The complete mounting is built in such a way as to permit movement across the skies to follow the apparent path of some star or planet and also to provide a change in latitude. In other words, from one stable position of the base the tube may be aimed at any point from the southern to the northern horizon as well as from any point in the East to any point in the West. Such are the essentials of any good reflecting telescope.

They are certainly few and far between who, after their first opportunity to gaze through a telescope, would not run to take their place in line to get one more look at the rings around Saturn, to try to distinguish the features of the Moon, or to watch one of the moons of Jupiter come out of eclipse. There is a certain something about the incredible power of this instrument, although entirely reasonable, which can command your undivided attention for hours on end. You who have had your first experience with one know this is true.



## The Circumpolars

LEE McCarriar

BACK 1N the time of King Henry the Fourth, people used the circumpolar constellations for the purpose of elling time. "This is shown by the conversation between two wagoners in Shakespeare's play King Henry V. One wagon-driver says to the other:

"Heigh ho! an' it be not four by the day, I'll be panged; Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and jet our horse is not packed."

"The meaning is clear at once when we learn that the term 'Charles' Wain' is the English equivalent of the Big Dipper. The wagoner was thinking of a definite hour of the night when the Big Dipper was over the new chimney — four o'clock at the season of the year during which he was speaking."\*

But even though the art of telling time by the stars is no longer needed, due to our modern profusion of timepieces, still the study of the stars is an interesting one for amateurs and professionals alike.

Of course, the Big Dipper is not the only circumpolar constellation. As you know, the two end stars of the dipper point toward the North Star, which in turn is the end star of the handle of Little Dipper. A straight line from the end stars of the Big Dipper through the North Star and extending an equal distance touches the W-shaped group of stars known as Cassiopeia. If this last line is extended we locate the line which forms one side of the Great Square of Pegasus. The other side of the square is formed by extending the line from the Big Dipper's pointers through the pole star. This also passes through the end star of Andromeda, which leads to the curving row of stars known as the constellation, Perseus.

Enough of the constellations themselves. Let us con

<sup>\*</sup> Johnson, Gaylord: Discovering the Stars.

sider the picture which accompanies the article. At a mere glance it appears to be nothing more than a mass of white lines arranged in some circular fashion. However, it is a picture of the apparent rotation of the stars and of the true rotation of the earth. For example, if you see the Big Dipper almost overhead at eight o'clock, by two o'clock it will be on your left almost below the northern horizon. Of course, the stars are not really moving; their movement is only apparent.

Taking the picture is an interesting experience, if you don't mind having your sleep interrupted some night when you are especially tired. On some bright, clear evening, about eight o'clock, set your camera in a dark place and put it on a tripod. When the pole star is lo-

cated in the finder, focus the camera for infinity (or 100 feet), open the iris diaphragm as far as it will go, set the shutter for a time exposure, and open it. After six hours, or at two o'clock, pull yourself out of bed and close the shutter and there you will have a picture similar to the one reproduced here. A picture taken of the southern skies will reveal a streak of lines across the film. These stars are in the equatorial region and thus appear to move in a straight line.

This article has only touched the possibilities that can be reached in this field. I might add that a picture such as this one would be a valuable aid to any teacher who is teaching the circumpolar constellations and the apparent motion of the stars.

#### What Is Time?

C. MARTIN

WHEN A fellow comes up to you and says "I'm just killing time," ask him what he means by the word: Time. Unless he is a genius, he cannot very easily answer that one. Perhaps the most practical and intelligent attack on that problem was set forth by H. G. Wells in his "Time Machine." Mr. Wells thinks of time as an extended dimension comparable to length, width, and height. His best argument lies in the fact that any object cannot exist without lasting for a certain period of time. Thus, the great scientist has very neatly defined time as the "fourth dimension." But here the layman must be careful, for time cannot exist by itself; for that matter, neither can length, width, or height. We can draw a straight line and call it one dimension, but actually we have the thickness of the pencil-point, and the depth of the graphite-particles as well as length, all contained within the so-called line. And, if we accept Mr. Wells' hypothesis, the line certainly was made in measurements of time, probably seconds, and certainly will endure as long as the paper and itself are not destroyed. From all this, anyone can deduce that time is not mere space or mere duration. It must contain events within that duration. Time must be a movement of events, successively progressing, or regressing, according to some unknown reason. Just how time seems to flee with the speed of light when we are with our best girl

friend, or why the cursed dimension seems to stop and mark "time" during a class period, we may never know. Yet, this idea, of time's being relative to the emotional state of mind, is very important. In fact, we are forced to confuse ourselves even further, by saving that time itself must progress or regress according to some regulator outside of itself. Else, how can we explain the speeding-up of minutes which we enjoy, and the slowing-down of minutes which we dislike. To make this problem even clearer, we may say that time does travel: things have happened in the past, and things will happen in the future; and only at the present do we "experience" things. These experiences which we have had, are having, and will have, are all measured by time's own dimension. But time itself, to have traveled over these events, must have some speedometer of its own. Therefore, the appalling spectre of a fifth dimension must be added. This newcomer is hailed by the technical term: Time, while our older friend is known as Time,

All of this eventually boils down to the following

You, a fifth dimensional creature, are excited over your new girl friend. As you move your length, width, and height into the exquisite duration of a lengthy kis in the dimension of Time<sub>1</sub>, your cestatic, rapidly-fleeing moments are being measured and bounded by Time<sub>2</sub>. The question of time thus becomes fascinating.

#### Stars, Etc. Frances Shores

LISTED UNDER the courses of instruction in our catalogue for 1939-40 is a very inconspicuous item which reads "Science 202—Physical Science As Applied to the Elementary School." It sounds very harmless but that is as far as it goes — no farther. Suffice it to say that Shakespeare did not realize the real truth of his words of wisdom when he said, "What's in a name?" Science 202 is all that the catalogue says, but there is more to it.

Time was when many of us thought about the stars in the poetical sense — "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," if you remember. But, now the stars don't seem quite the same when you see them on a piece of polar coordinate paper in the form of little dots which are made with a magnitude stencil. However, there is always the consolation that all star gazing isn't done with polar coordinate paper and that Science 202 makes the stars look like something more than "heavenly hash."

Then there was the meteor shower that found our alarm clocks primed for action. About every hour some of the braver souls rallied to the sound of the bell, opened one eye and staggered to the window to see what

#### MRS. MERRICK

OUR COLLEGE is extremely fortunate in securing the services of a nurse who is so experienced and capable as is Mrs. Paula M. Merrick.

Born in Mt. Washington, Maryland, and a graduate of Church Home and Infirmary in Baltimore, Mrs. Merrick began her globe-trotting career in 1918 by joining the United States Nurse Corps. From that time hence, here are some of the positions which she has filled and the locations at which she has been stationed: Chief Nurse at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland; same position at the United States Military Academy at West Point; a member of the supervisory staff of the Navy Nurse Corps at San Diego, California; Honolulu, Hawaii; the Philippines, and an industrial nurse at the United States Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Merrick spent six weeks in China and Japan, and returned home from her duty in the Philippines by way of the Suez Canal through Europe.

When asked as to how she felt about accepting the position at the college, our new nurse replied, "I feel as if I'm going to be very happy here. In fact, it has always been something I've wanted to do — to be able to work with young people."

To have as a member of our staff a person who has had such a wide and worthwhile experience as Mrs. Merrick has had is, indeed, an honor to our college,

was going on. The after impressions were too varied to be condensed to a single statement. The obvious result was a supplement to the usual yawns.

Probably the high light of the course comes when the various projects are in a period of construction. It is during this time that the male element over-indulges in ridiculing feminine tool handling. The final output consists of things that are suggestive of genius and things that collapse with one hard look. Some of them could be used by children but some of them need an Einstein for interpretation.

However, when all is said and done things are not as bad as they sound. If, in future years, we find that the course has been a scedbed for some great scientist, we shall change the wording in the catalogue to "Science 202—training course for future scientists—Chances: one in a million."

## THE SCIENCE OF Living Things

K. Feaser

TO MANY people science is synonymous with laboratories, test tubes, and microscopes. To very few does that word bring to mind an all-day hike in the woods with time out for a picnic lunch and discussion of the findings of the various members of the group. Just such a group of amateur scientists may be found on any Natural History group hike. With practice, the group observes more keenly and often makes quite interesting discoveries.

The leaders, Dr. Dowell and an alumnus now connected with the Natural History Society, make available much information and help the members develop skill in identifying objects through the use of printed keys. Mr. Crook, one of our new members, has already proved an asset. Learning such terms as calyx, stamen, and pistil is infinitely more interesting when the terms are applied many times in the discussion and examination of a plant than when one reads the definitions from books and studies diagrams. The relationships between various members of the plant kingdom are often surprising discoveries to many; for example, consider the many wild flowers which belong to the same family as the common pea. By recognizing some characteristic of this family, one often obtains a clue to the name of an entirely new plant, and that, to the uninitiated, provides a rare thrill.

There are some in our college who prefer a laboratory in the Patapsco Forest Reserve or in the Catoctin Mountains at Thurmont to one in a room in some building. Lacking the formality of test tubes and microscopes, natural history is, nevertheless, a fascinating phase of science.

#### **Blessed Assurance**

MARY BRASHEARS

THE GIRL'S troubled slumber eventually gave way to a dull consciousness. Why had she wakened? Through the silence of the night she could hear the beating rain that had lulled her to sleep just a few hours before. Then, as if to answer her question, a streak of lightning rent the sky and the thunder answered with a mighty shudder. Again and again the lightning flashed, and again and again the thunder burst in deafening roars over the rain-drenched earth. This, then, was what had awakened her. This wildness had grown, like the imp released from the bottle, out of the soothing, benevolent rain of the evening before.

Footsteps sounded on the rough, wooden floor below. Evidently her father was making the cottage more secure. She heard the screen door open as he went out to tighten the awnings. "Lucky I brought in the beach chairs and the hammock yesterday," she thought. A minute passed, and the door shut again. "All will be well now," and with a sigh she turned to resume her disrupted sleep.

But with renewed efforts the thunder demanded entrance to her thoughts; the rain beat on the roof until it seemed to her to be actually pounding its way into the paths of her brain. Would it never stop? She sat up in bed and looked out the little window which was framed by rough-hewn sills. All was smothering blackness until the lightning made a jagged stroke across the sky.

For a moment, she sat looking at the awful glory of the storm. Those weak mortals who call themselves seamen — how helpless they would be in all this fury.

The lightning flashed again, and this time it revealed the little boat which was moored at the wharf. It was tugging at its leash as if to say, "The storm is calling me. I must go! I must! I must!" With every splash and swish it repeated, "I must go! I must!"

The girl shook off her imaginings and turned over so that the storm was at her back. . . .

She awoke to find the rain still a drenching downpour. The first gray streaks of dawn told her that somewhere above the rain, the sun was shining. But all she could see was a gray sky, an angry sea, and slanting lines of rain.

A voice called her from below. Suddenly, she realized that everyone was astir but her. Why? And then in haste, she drew on the heavy beach pajamas which had seemed so hot only a short time before, but which made her shiver now as they mockingly refused to cover her shoulders. She shoved her feet into the straw sandals and hurried down the rough, steep steps to the cozier room below.

Here the aroma of hot coffee greeted her, but her father and brother were wet to the skin. "What's all the trouble?" she asked. "Has the mighty Neptune got the better of us?" She gave a short, half-hearted laugh, which died away when she saw no spark of mirth in the grave faces before her.

"Captain's boat has broken its moorings and crashed against the wharf over on the other side of the cove," her father said. "Come on and help Tom and me bring some of that stuff outside up to higher ground." The girl thrust her arms into a heavy, moth-eaten coat, and went through the door ahead of them.

Outside, the rain bombarded them. By the time the girl had carried up a basket of crab-lines and a tin bucket, she was drenched. The others had been wet before and did not seem to mind this extra dose.

She rushed onto the porch and snatched her bathing suit from the line. In the little bedroom off the kitchenliving room, she hastily changed, and dashed outside again. "At least," she thought, "this bathing suit was intended to be wet."

The rain continued to make a grav curtain outside the window. The girl's father paced the floor, trying to think what else could or should be done. Once he remarked, "The tide has come up over our breakwater. That's the highest it's ever been." Once he suggested to Tom that the car had to be moved up to "that little knoll." Once he called to her mother to look at the waves on the other side of the point on which their cottage stood, "I hope the bank holds them." The girl went over to look. The upreaching spray spread like smoke as it was shattered by the wind. The girl shuddered and went back to her chair. She picked up her book, but soon laid it aside. Who could read, with that wild drama of nature outside? She picked up her knitting, its bright blue reminiscent of skies when they are clear. The click of the needles, though, were trivial and exasperating in the presence of such awful magnificence. This work she put aside, also, and restlessly walked to the window. The four of them watched the wind and the rain and the waves as if fascinated. And then, a giant wave crashed over the frail wall! Another and another came! The point was being eaten away gradually by the churlish waves.

Directly below the window the gray water swirled

in angry little whirlpools. The railing, like a splinter, was all that could be seen of the sturdy little wharf. Here and there wooden boxes and pieces of cork floated, following the dictates of the current.

"Come on, let's get out of here," her father took command. "Mom, pack up some of the grub aud bring along some water. Tom, you and I will roll up some blankets."

The girl went to the cupboard and got some coffee and an opened package of cereal. She put a few potatoes in a cloth bag and piled some tomatoes on top. Her mother packed some sugar, salt, a little flour, lard, butter, and an unopened can of milk. These they put in the tin bread-box along with a loaf of bread.

The men came with the bedding. Tom picked up the little white terrier and, without a word, they walked to the porch. Hesitating but a moment, they stepped into water waist-deep and waded to the car, spurred on by the pellets of rain which, driven by the wind, struck painfully into their faces. Unceremoniously they dumped in the provisions and blankets and piled in after them.

Her father stepped on the starter. Nothing but a dying groan resulted. He tried again. This time the groan was weaker. "Let's not waste time; we'll have to walk." They stepped down into the middle of what was now a churning lake. The swirling, muddy water swept over the porch, carrying every loose object with it. That meant that the water was inside the cottage!

Holding the provisions high, and with the dog tucked under Tom's arm, they ploughed through the water toward the mainland, and higher ground. The farther they walked toward the high ground the farther it receded. The girl stumbled on a rut in the road and almost fell. Her mother walked gingerly, not sure of her footing. Together they followed the men up the water-covered road bed.

They paused in front of the only two-story house on the point and waded up to the porch. It had only a little film of water over it, but as they ascended the steps, they could see where the wind-blown rain had wet the furniture and walls thoroughly.

The girl's father struggled with the lock and then, as he lurched against the door, it opened, creaking on rusty hinges. "How wonderful to be inside," the girl thought. "It's damp and cold, but anything is better than the blasting fury outside." The family found its way to the kitchen and there ate a hastily prepared meal of cereal with condeused milk, fried potatoes, and sliced tomatoes. A cup of hot coffee gave them all new life and lighter spirits. But, like a creeping, sneaking, slithery snake, the water crept under the door. The girl eyed

it with fascinated horror, and then shricked, "Look!" Her father looked at the water. "Don't worry, dear. This house has a second story. The water won't come that high!"

On the upper floor they seemed nearer the rain than before. There it was, clattering, swishing, dashing against the roof. The waves rolled and splashed like the undertones of a mighty organ, the rain playing at times a deceivingly light melody. The thunder rumbled like the symphony of a distant battlefield and the lightning flashed with a painful brilliance. But now, a new note, shrill and piercing, sang a threatening obligato. It was the rising wind which drove the falling drops straight against the window-panes like shot, and there, flowing down, curtained almost the last of the meager light, so that the room took on an eerie dimness, like twilight.

Tom went down the steps and reported that the water had risen to the third step. The girl fondled the dog as it leaned against her and then went over to the window and looked out. She thought, "Is this really going to be our end? . . . There are so many things I should have done . . so many I shouldn't have done. It will seem queer, just waiting for the water to rise. It will take so long . . . so long . . . and there's nothing I can do but wait. Mother and Dad and Tom don't seem to mind so much. But you can't tell what they are thinking . . . . Oh, dear God! Give us another chance at life!"

No one could tell what she was thinking. They thought she was just watching the gray sea and sky. They didn't know that every fiber of her being was crying out for life! — rollicking, golden, joyous life — yes, even life with tears and sorrow, but life! They didn't know her heart was beating, beating, as if by its surge it could overcome this creeping, inevitable, unconquerable death. They didn't know that she feared death because she was young and had hardly begun to live. Feared death? "Yes, I do! I do! I can't help it! Oh, God — give me courage and strength!"

And then, from somewhere, maybe from the rain, maybe from the sea, from somewhere, a peace settled down on her spirit. From a childhood poem came words that calmed and soothed her, and banished all her doubts.

No one knew when she turned away from the window, that she had been reborn. No one knew when she sat down in her chair that she was no longer afraid. No one knew that hers was a new, a different, a sweeter, more mature spirit. No one knew that now she had a faith stronger than all the force of thunder, lightning, wind, rain, waves, and sea. No one knew but her and God and, perhaps, the little girl who first said the lines: "Isn't God upon the ocean, just the same as on the land?"

## Selling One's Wares

JEROME KOLKER

HAVE YOU ever worked in a store? Have you ever sold anything? What did you sell? To whom did you sell it? Selling is almost as old as history itself, and is as interesting today as it was thousands of years ago.

When you read the above questions you probably thought, "There are thousands of things that can be sold. Surely, even if I did not sell merchandise, I have at least sold plans and ideas to others." This is absolutely true, for selling might refer to the transfer of almost anything.

As a part of the curriculum of this College, the upper classmen spend eighteen weeks doing practice teaching. While in the throes of this so-called ordeal, the writer was forcefully struck by the comparison of teaching with commercial salesmanship. Let us see how they compare.

Every successful salesman knows his stock. He knows what he has to sell and what he wants to sell. The better he knows his stock and the facts about his stock, the more he can sell to each individual customer. Obviously, the stock might quite easily be compared to subject matter in teaching. The more the teacher knows, the more he can impart to his pupils. While stock and subject matter in salesmanship and teaching are not the only things of importance in these two fields, they are both quite necessary.

Any good salesman will tell you that he cannot handle any two customers alike. One must "size up" his customer in a pleasant way, and employ a selling personality which is adjusted to the personality of that particular customer. Some times high pressure is needed, other times cold persuasiveness, and on other occasions hardly anything need be said other than to mention the price following the presentation of the article to be sold.

Now back to the classroom and the teacher. Each pupil, like each customer, must be treated as an individual. Since there are from thirty-five to forty individuals in each class to be dealt with at one time, the task becomes a greater one. Let us take a typical sample of the condition in the classroom. Johnny is slow. He needs more individual attention. He needs to get a few facts well learned. He needs much drill upon these facts. Then there is Tom in the same class. Tom is a keen, alert student. The presentation to him of large ideas and movements is more important than plain and simple facts. Tom should be the target for thought-provoking questions, while Johnny can answer the fact questions. Since many, many types of questions are necessary in each lesson, each type may be allocated to the

particular pupil to whom it is best suited. Thus it is evident that the distribution of material by the teacher to fit the pupil does not deviate very far from the task of the salesman.

Suppose that you went into a store where the lone salesman was unpleasant. Would you purchase anything there? Probably not! You would walk out and buy where the atmosphere was pleasanter and where you were stimulated and motivated to buy by a good salesman. The salesman in the first store did not excite you to buy. He did not make it pleasant for you to buy. In short, he gave you no added incentive to buy. A condition similar to this is also present in the classroom. Unless the child is in a classroom where the teacher maintains the proper atmosphere for learning, he will most learn properly (if at all); or, commercially speaking, the sale will not be made.

It has been the experience of the writer upon numerous occasions while working in a store to have customers say to him, "You are new here. If you do not mind, I would rather wait for Mr. Howard. I have been buying from him for over ten years." The reason they say this is perfectly clear. This particular salesman who has been serving them for several years is trusted, respected, and admired by his customers. Each of them is confident that the salesman will not take advantage of him, and will do all in his power to give them a fair deal. He has won their confidence; in turn, they have made his position more secure and more pleasant.

How does this fit in with the situation in the classroom! Anyone can make the application. If the teacher can win the confidence of his pupils — make them feel that he is doing all that he can to help them — and treat them fairly, he will make the work a joy for himself, and the learning more agreeable for his pupils. Even at the College the students often say, "It is a pleasure to go to Mr. ———'s class; you can tell he is pulling for you."

Thus, it is quite evident that in teaching, one is selling his wares in a manner which is very similar to that in which the salesman plies his trade. Both the salesman and the teacher must know their work, and be keen and alert to all conditions existing in their fields if they wish to be successful.

Note — If one wishes to go more deeply into the comparison and emphasize other aspects of the two fields, it might easily be done. In fact, this subject will funnish enough material for an over-stuffed volume. Still, for our purposes and for the enlightenment of those who look upon practice teaching with anxious anticipation, this short comparison may be of value.

#### Whither Are We Drifting?

(OR, YOU TELL 'EM. POP!)

Reported by Lydia Ziefle

Sing a song of chromosomes, Sing a song of genes, And hark while Dr. Popenoe Dilates on what it means.

He paints a lurid picture
Of the future of our species;
A race of super-morons
Is the burden of his theses.

For marriage, based on sentiment, Convenience or greed, Does nothing scientific Toward "improvement of the breed."

Haphazard biochemistry Results in human flukes. Tomorrow we'll be Kallikaks; Tomorrow you'll be Jukes.

Poor homo sap will be a chap Completely void of reason, And some of us, as usual, Are rushing the season. —Ethel

-Ethel Jacobson From the Saturday Evening Post.

#### Sonnet

JAMES G. JETT

As Petrarch found in golden poetry
A verbal vestment that would fit his thinking —
Like to a swallow at a fountain drinking,
That sippeth long at first, then happily
It pauseth on the rim to breathe the free
Removed air, the while his thirst is shiriking,
Then sips again, this second one a-linking
The parts — a sonnet's perfect symmetry;
So Newton found within a space of spaces
How Science kept her order and her state;
Saw how each force was met with force and how
The spinning worlds were stayed and held their
places —

A thought and beauty so proportionate That songs cannot repeat its praise enow.

#### Problem

IRMA SENNHENN

I stood upon the broad seashore
And watched the waves roll in.
The breakers leaped toward the shore
With never-ending din.

The hungry waves licked at my toes, The breakers toward me curled. And then I thought, "Are things the same Away across the world?"

I have a book at home that has
A picture of Ling Fu.
He stands and watches waves roll in —
They curl toward him, too!

And now I cannot figure out,
If my home's over here
And Ling Fu's is across the world —
Another hemisphere.

Why both of us should see the waves Always toward us roll; Does ocean somewhere split itself And each half take its goal?

Tomorrow morning I shall see What teacher has to say. Perhaps she can tell why it is The waves go either way.

#### The Trees of God

C. Martin

Godward grow the arms of the trees in heaven;
And earthward reach their pleading roots
That are twining into bitter pools,
Which nourish lonely hearts of men.
The roots are piping pepperminty rills
To take the place of brackish streams
Befouled by soots of sodden temper.
Here the souls of men in fragrance swim,
And ugly things are only dreams.
Soon the clean and pretty-smelling fools
Will become divine as they climb and climb
The arms of the green trees that Godward grow.

#### January

NANCY M. METZGER

The old year is past,
The new at last
Comes madly forging ahead.
The wind wails a tune
Toward the cold moon
The autumn days have fled.

The glare of the sun Snow finely spun Give light and cheer to the day; Resplendent new togs All sledders agog — Wildly they fly away.

#### Hard Work Is Always Rewarded

MARGARET CARTER

Your hair falls down and hides your eyes.
Your breath comes out in pants;
You offer prayers to the skies
And give your plans a glance.

You grip the hammer sure and firm, You hold the nail just so; You know it's nearing end-of-term, And strange forebodings grow.

You make secure one little nail. It's bent! You pull it out. And when you get the next nail in You shout a lusty shout.

You paint the thing with careful stroke, And chortle in your glee. You tell your friends this thing's a joke — And hope they won't agree.

You beam upon your finished job; You're in a merry mood — And from the center of the mob There comes a cry, "How crude!"

#### Quandary

NANETTE TROTT

Oh dear, oh dear, it seems so queer, So dreadfully untrue, That I'm a distant cousin of The monkeys at the zoo.

When teacher told us so today, I thought it wasn't fair That I should be related To a beast that's full of hair.

After school I walked about The park. There, in a cage, Twenty chattering monkeys Were in a furious rage.

They hopped about upon the boughs, They gripped the iron spokes; They looked at me and fussed and fussed, Till I was sure they'd choke.

One jumped down upon the floor —
I almost heard him talk.
And when I'd learned just what he meant,
I hurried down the walk.

"Would you explain," he said to me,
"Why the notion maddens you?

In spite of your clothes, it's plain you owe
The apology to the zoo."

#### Poor Polyhymia

G. F. S

Poor Muse a'standing in the hall a'starin' at the floor; Do you always think so hard and find your life a bore?

Mayhap you are a'thinkin' deep an' workin' on a plan To lose your plaster stiffness an' go lookin' for a man.

Does your elbow trouble you, a'leanin' on the bricks? Or is the fancy pillar another of your tricks?

One says you have a pallid look, an' are a doctor's case; Alack, e'en if you'd leave us now, another'd take your place.

## EDITORIALS

#### The Recognition of Science

CATHERINE GRAY

DO WE appreciate the struggle that science has made for recognition? We doubt it. If you appreciated it, so many wouldn't regard science classes as stumbling blocks to their progress through college,

Thousands of years ago science started - when the caveman lifted his head from the ground and gazed upward, and noticed that when things grew dark, tiny white eyes appeared above; when lightning struck a tree a gloriously blazing monster crackled before startled savage eyes. Man early adapted science to his needs. He early relied on animals and plants to feed him, and trees to furnish a shelter for him. Through the ages, man used science and when a person named Aristotle lived, science stepped up to claim his rightful throne as a basis for civilization. But barbarians came from the North and man "bit the hand that fed him." The Church prohibited science teachings and men were imprisoned for their studies. Apples fell to the ground and people ate them - albeit gratefully - but not with gratitude to science.

For some fifteen hundred years, science languished gnominiously, until a day referred to by many names—Renaissance, The Awakening. The Age of Invention, The Scientific Movement — came into being. Then science did ascend the throne. We began to acknowledge that our dyes, our clothes, our food, our shelter, our luxuries and even our wars were products of the great scientific movement. Why it has even cloaked education! We proudly brag that education is now obtained through the senses; that it is based on our practical needs, that it is based on Nature; that schools from the first grade through the universities teach science as required subjects!

We live in a wondrous age! We should realize this. Everyone needs to know the history of the reigning king, needs to know his deeds. So next time when you go to your science class, whether it be botany, astronomy, geology, or biology, remember that you are privileged. You are receiving knowledge that has accumulated and grown through centuries upon centuries; that men have spent their lives gathering; that men have given their lives for. Don't throw away a single moment. Each is a treasure unequaled!

#### Reflections on Dr. Hartman's Survey

HARRY M. LONDON

HERE 1N America, and specifically at State Teachers College, we have always assumed a firm belief in the "doctrine" of evolution. Moreover, we are believers to the point of maintaining a stern intolerance toward those of our colleagues who deny the validity of the Darwinian "theory."

Now, remember. No large number of us can be students, even dilettantes, at ontogeny, phylogeny, paleontology, or any other branch of biological studies which have made evolution the fact that it is. (We can never emphasize too strongly the point that evolution is not just a theory; that it is a fact, known to us through the researches of men who are more than tyros at the aforementioned sciences.) Therefore, not many of us base our credos on scientific method in its strictest sense (as outlined in Science-101) In this one division of materialistic belief, most of us have granted ourselves the privilege, non-extant in science, of accepting a series of "book" and "teacher" conclusions. Perhaps all this is for the better. Yet, most of us view with disdain all individuals who profess belief in origins of man other than that emphasized by Darwin.

In this connection, it becomes vital to note that in a recent survey (according to Dr. George Hartman, professor of psychology at Columbia University's Teachers College) it was found that no less than 56% of all American public-school teachers do not believe in evolution. Wait, now! Don't go on yet. This requires some contemplation, for the statement is much more than mere words to be read, and then glanced over.

Understand this: More than one-half of the teachers in our public schools do not believe that man, for example, along with other species of organisms, is but a branch of one common family-tree; is but one of many evolvements from a common pristine stock. That is, there are hundreds of thousands masters-and-marms, each responsible for a goodly number of students of various ages, who are unwilling to admit the truth of evolution; and who, if called upon to teach evolution, would do so quite unemphatically, and half-heartedly. Their paychecks only would stand between them and point-blank denials of evolution.

(Dr. Lynch has said that it is possible to lecture an entire course on evolution, without mentioning the word. Here, however, we may assume that the 56% hold as little respect for the fact, as for the word which is used to designate it.)

It should go without saying, I believe, that an orientation with regard to evolution spells educational and scientific progress, both in teachers and in their students.

Fifteen years ago, in 1924, not many progressives could have foreseen that we would still have in 1939 a perfect setting for repetition of the '24 Scopes case, in which a Tennessee court enjoined the teacher, Scopes, from repeating words to the effect (the farmers and mountaineers thought) that man was descended from the apes. Of course, the setting is here, surveys or no surveys; but its heralding is analogous to the waking of an insomniac to tell him something we might have mentioned ages ago, just when the poor fellow's fallen asleep.

Yet, even if we were certain that no harm might arise from that 56%, there is still the disconcerting teaser that there are too many public-school teachers who don't fall in line with the evolution theory; teachers who probably would just as leave erase "evolution" from our blackboards; who won't line up even though "we believers" know we're right.

If Dr. Hartman is correct, and for the sake of argument I shall say that he is, there are half of America's public school educators who have a large-order scientific lesson to learn. What makes the matter sadder is the fact that, even though there can be but one possible answer to the question: "Is there evolution," this is one time when intolerance on our part will not force the issue a quarter-inch.

#### Scientists

#### WILLIAM JETT

A SCIENTIST is a person who spends his lifetime finding out that what he studied vesterday is all wrong. He insists on adhering to the old saw that nothing is constant but change, in spite of the fact that he has been poor for the past thirty years, and has no data at all to prove that he will ever be anything else for the next sixty years. No one can be a true scientist unless he can forget where he left his hat, or what his telephone number is - this tags one as eccentric or absent-minded, which are but synonyms for a scientist. If you repeat a question or statement to one of these persons five or six times with no reply, have patience, for he probably didn't hear you, and any way it is a bad thing to startle people. Incidentally, when speaking to a scientist, choose your words carefully. Never try to make conversation by saving, for example, that Nature is a wonderful thing, and that you suppose he must be an authority; for he

#### This May Mean You!

#### I RESOLVE:

- 1. To pay library fees.
- 2. To walk to first fare.
- 3. To attend all Orchestra and Glee Club rehearsals.
- 4. To avoid "Mary Janes," "Tootsie rolls," and peanut chews.
- 5. To wear subdued hosiery likewise shirts.
- To whiten those "saddles"!!!
- To brush the "wool," "mop," hair or what you
- 8. To avoid "angoras" (girls, this is merely the male point of view!).
- 9. To at least appear interested during those four o'clock classes. (Our sympathy to those blessed with two.)

10. To know

#### "MYSELF"

"I have to live with myself and so I want to be fit for myself to know: Always to look myself straight in the eye. I don't want to stand with the setting sun And hate myself for the things I've done. I want to go out with my head erect; I want to deserve all men's respect: But here in the struggle for fame and pelf I want to be able to like myself. I don't want to look at myself and know That I am a bluster and bluff and empty show. I can never fool myself, and so Whatever happens, I want to be Self-respecting and conscience-free." -Unknown.

will respond by asking you what Nature is and tell you there is no authority in science, and in addition will stare disdainfully at you the rest of the evening.

There is also the question of requirements for college scientists, Everyone of them should have a D.Sc., or some doctorate, so that students may affectionately call him, out of class, "Doc." He should never appear on time for class, and should, on occasion, forget to come in at all (though precautions should be taken to let students see him wandering about the campus at the same time, absorbed in meditation). It is also a good thing to get a reputation for never reading notebooks or lengthy

expositions, in spite of the ironic story that tells of a student inserting several blank sheets of paper in a theme to test the professor, only to find comments about the waste of paper written on them, when the theme was returned. Then, too, every reputable scientist should have some literary work or accomplishment to his credit, in order that his students may boast of the education they're getting, and add that they are studying under quite an authority. However, students should be wary, and never make the mistake of copying themes written by their professors. If a scientist is to gain the full respect of his pupils, he must, in addition, be able to sneer nonchalantly in the laboratory as students squinch their eyes in microscopes, or cut their fingers as well as frogs' legs.

These are criteria for the better understanding of, and classification of scientists, as everyone knows. When one thinks of a scientist, these earmarks automatically come to mind — it is a matter of tradition. Strangely enough, however, it is perplexing to find that all the scientists whom you know are quite like normal beings, and even address you by name.

#### Lumbricus Terrestris

AN EARTHY CHILD

GORDON FORRER SHULES

THREE SHORT weeks ago he had been deposited as a tiny cocoon by a careless parent. Two feet deep in the soil he was now awakening from a period of rapid growth. The air felt cold and damp as he slowly pulled himself forth from the net which encompassed him. The cool sides of the burrow felt good to his damp body as he ate his way to the surface. He sensed an instinctive urge to hunt for food. His inch-long body was lean but fully developed. Digging out was slow work - each bit of tunnel was gained by swallowing the soil in front of him and then painfully forcing himself upward, ever upward, leaving a trail of debris behind. Eventually, he emerged. The sun shone brightly and although he could not see, his sensitive skin was hurt by the light. He quickly withdrew and spent the remainder of the day half asleep near the entrance of his tunnel.

Not through eyes and ears was the universe made apparent to the worm. To him the world was a region not of things seen and heard but of temperatures, stress and subtle vibrations detected by the nerves which encased his body like a fine web. His delicate blood vessels were continually fed by five hearts. He didn't have

to breathe for his entire outer skin was always moist and acted as a lung.

"His" being hermaphroditic makes it difficult to say if "he" was "he," or "she," or "it." But for the sake of clarity and facility we shall continue to call "he-she" "he." (Do you follow?)

Night had come. He instinctively inched his way to the surface. Once again his head reached fresh air. A quarter of an inch, a half-inch of his length came hesitatingly out of his burrow. Suddenly, he withdrew. His sensitive nerves had detected a hostile movement. Perhaps it was a toad. The danger had ceased and again his moist body emerged, aided by the cilae which studded his sides. For the remainder of the night he foraged, never quite leaving his tunnel. Decayed animal matter and bits of leaves made up his diet.

As morning dawned he withdrew for the last time. His meal had not satisfied him so he commenced another tunnel — extracting nutriment from the soil he swallowed.

Sometimes he became conscious of a craving which leaves and dirt could not satisfy. Then through the underground labyrinth he would search for another of his kind and they would lie in a cold embrace, held tight together by two bands which would later develop into cocoons.

When the rains came and the ground became saturated with water he found the obtaining of oxygen increasingly difficult. Then he would partially emerge from his hole and, lying in the watery mud, wait for the earth, like a giant sponge, to soak up the flood.

And so, for the rest of his short life, the worm would lie cold and moist in his smooth tunnel by day and emerge at night to feel the chill dampness and to feed; instinctively never quite leaving his domicile; so, forever held the prisoner of the earth.

#### All This and Plaster, Too

P. HERNDON

YOU SIMPLY haven't lived until you've made plaster of Paris casts. There is nothing quite like it; it has a distinct characteristic that entirely separates it from all other forms of indulgence. I know: I made casts of leaves for my Science activity, but goodness only know why. One thing I must say for myself — I entered into it with the right spirit (the "do-or-collapse" attitude); and, although I didn't end with the same feeling. I do feel that I gained something from the experience: I know better than to fool (Continued on page 30)

## THE LIBRARY

#### AT YOUR SERVICE

E. A. Zentz

IN EVERY field of development in every-day life, we find evidences of the influence and the application of science and its principles. This is no less obvious in the realm of authors and their books. Feeling for and finding the pulse of the times, these workers in words have made great contributions to our libraries by means of analysis, research, and simple comment. Since this variety of material is characteristic of both books and science, the Library staff presents herewith a representative list of the new things in this field. Whether science is your hobby or your avocation, there is something here for your particular interest.

Atoms in Action: The World of Creative Physics. George Russell Harrison. Morrow, \$3.50.

Science made dramatic through its bearing on practical problems such as glass manufacture, farming, and climate control. The Flowering Seed. Donald Culross Peatrie. Partnam, \$2.50. Plant life on earth from the primordial jungles of the sea and the fern forests down to modern research.

The Glass Giant of Palomar. David O. Woodbury.

Twelve years of labor and research that resulted in the world's

largest telescope.

Magic Highways. Norman Bel Geddes. Random Honse, §3.50.

The shape of roads to roam in the future, a forecast of engineering marvels to serve safety and speed in coming decades.

Turtles of the United States and Canada. Clifford H. Pope. Knopf, \$3.75.

Herpetology for everyone — a complete invasion of turtle

privacy, with many photographs.

Science for the World of Tomorrow. Gerald Wendt. Lippin-

cott, 82.75.
All too often science has been considered a vast body of

knowledge isolated in the laboratory. Taking the modern viewpoint that science is a method of solving the problems of man, the author portrays scientific progress in terms of human values.

Modern Miracle Men. J. D. Ratcliff. Dodd, Mead, \$3.00. What scientists are doing today along many different fron-

the iron lung, frozen foods, vitamins and hundreds of new discoveries.

Flash. Harold E. Edgerton and James R. Killian. Hale, Cushman and Flint, \$3.00.

Seeing the unseen by high-speed photography.

4

Seasoned Timber. Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1939.

#### Reviewed by MARY DI PEPPE

This has been another prolific year for the literary world. Outstanding new authors have been discovered, while here and there on the intellectual horizon a mas-



terpiece of thought, wit, or humor has appeared. The majority of these new books have one thing in common — the general theme is that of social protest regarding economic conditions, especially in relation to the underprivileged classes. There can be no denying that these books are worth-while, absorbing, thought-provoking, But how refreshing it is to pick up a book like Seasoned Timber and lose yourself in a story which makes no demand upon you other than pure enjoyment!

Seasoned Timber is primarily a story about a school and a schoolmaster. Author Fisher ushers us through the halls of Clifford Academy amid the confusion accompanying the first day of school.

We meet the teachers, applying to the situation their experience or bewilderment, and then proceed to the hub of activity - the office of Principal T. C. Hulme. Here our journey ends, for we have now been introduced to the principal character of the story. Through Mr. Hulme's eves we see the inhabitants of the small college town in Vermont. There is the wealthy trustee who wishes the school to take up a policy of racial discrimination. As a contrast to him there is Mr. Dewey, another trustee, a beautifully portrayed character, who thinks only of the honor and traditions of the academy. Another deeply convincing character portraval is that of the Principal's Aunt Lavinia, peculiar in her old age because she had been a victim of tragic circumstances in her youth. There is also the story of Timothy Hulme's unrequited love for Susan, a young teacher. Susan falls in love instead with Canby, his dynamic cousin. How Mr. Hulme overcomes this emotional upset makes interesting reading.

Mrs. Fisher, in Seasoned Timber, tells a tale of American ideals. More graphically than if she had sat down to write an essay on American life and customs, she has

pictured them here in her book. The people and events she tells about are familiar to all of us because we know similar people and have experienced similar events.

Make a date to read Seasoned Timber if you have not as yet had the opportunity to do so.

Caribbean Treasure. Ivan T. Sanderson.

Reviewed by Doris Klank

"The little liner splashed along over the sparkling sea toward a green streak on the horizon, Soon I should once more be in the shining, whirring, struggling mass of animation that is the jungle . . . "

It is with boyish enthusiasm and excitement that Mr. Sanderson approaches South America, a new continent, a new conquest, where he will continue his expeditions. Although he is collecting animals for an English museum, his chief interests are in the living animal, not the stuffed one.

When he first makes it known that he wishes to buy specimens, Mr. Sanderson is so flooded with all kinds of living creatures that everyone in his household is engaged in making temporary living quarters for the animals. To add to the original confusion, the feeder carelessly leaves all the doors unlocked while he goes for food, and all the animals escape. However, they evidently like their homes, because they return without protest, and sometimes voluntarily. Thus, the turmoil in "Noah's Ark" is again restored to peace and order.

This fascinating book tells of the explorer-collector's experiences with many forms of high-and-low animal life, and is supplemented by thirty-two life-like sketches. It is by no means a technical description of the animal species, but furnishes a delightful visit with the wonders of nature.

#### A Mere Observer

CATHERINE MILETO

A P.OUTING mouth, a grimace, two feminine voices in a hushed whisper, two pairs of eyes glancing in one direction, one pair of eyes intent on the printed page in front; all this and more are easily discernible as an observer casually glances around the Library during study hour.

What is more interesting is an attempt to penetrate into the minds of the studious ones and understand their reason for working as they do. Can it be "Miss wants us to read about the government of the ancient peoples. Now to find Government in the index. Ah, here it is - yes, page ---; good," and so on. Or it can be "Now where can I find anything about Japanese education? I have looked high and low, and still nothing. Well, here goes again;" or can it be "Practicums, practicums, practicums—everywhere I turn they stare me in the face. Music, psychology, art practicums," and "I could never play the piano and now not only do I play, but I sing . . . yes, actually sing. When I get out, I shall be so accomplished in at least one thing - that is, holding a tune," then to top it all, "I shall know how ships and planes plot directions and distances, 23° south, 23° north! I hear from Mr. Walther's class that at the end of the term, we shall be termites. What can I think?"

Included in all of these thought-provoking assumptions are those interesting nuisances in the Library who consider the place one for a Round Table discussion, only to be interrupted when the Librarian glances menacingly in their direction. But then what is their topic other than lessons for the day? The most evident topic is "Boys" with a capital "B." All points favorable and unfavorable are discussed. The outcome - a supposedly good idea of the character of the boy. The actual outcome is overlooked!

On the top of it all there are a few who actually do their work, and they work without lifting their heads, unless it is necessary. They are the Librarians' delight, because they do not cause a disturbance.

Where does all of this get us? Nowhere, except that watching people is one of the most fascinating pastimes ever experienced, and one of the most satisfactory places other than the terminal, street-car, bus, or train, is the Library.

#### Program of Education of **Teachers in Science**

NOVEMBER THIRD and fourth witnessed a memorable event at the State Teachers College at Towson. The Fifteenth Conference on the Education of Teachers in Science was held here. Dr. West was the official host for the College. Professors of science education and authorities in the field of science from various colleges and universities of the Eastern and Middle Atlantic States were in-attendance. Some of the important people were Dr. Gerald S. Craig of Teachers College, Columbia University; Dr. E. Laurence Palmer of Cornell University; Dr. W. L. Eikenberry of Trenton State Teachers College; Dr. I. Jewell Simpson, Assistant State Superintendent of Education of Maryland; several of the county superintendents and county supervisors of schools of Maryland, and high school teachers of science from nearby high schools.

Vital problems concerning the part of science in the preparation of teachers, methods of teaching science. and the new techniques being developed in special fields of science were presented and became the subsequent points of discussion. Most discussions were animated because the problems being presented were of concern to all of those present. One of the most stimulating talks of the Friday morning session was given by Dr. Thomas Smyth, Professor of Science Education, State Teachers College, Indiana, Pennsylvania. He attacked the present sequence and content of the science curricula in high schools and colleges, and as was to be expected, his remarks led to lively discussion by members of the group. A paper was presented by the presiding chairman, Dr. E. Laurence Palmer, on the "Background for Sex Education in the Elementary School." He presented and explained his thesis through a discussion of a recent publication, The Cornell Rural School Leaflet.

Members of the conference were disappointed that the outstanding scientist, Dr. Forest Ray Moulton, the speaker for the dinner meeting, could not be present. However, the chairman and several of the speakers of the day's program entertained the group with elever impromptu talks. All things being considered, the dinner meeting was a decided success.

The Saturday morning meeting was devoted to problems dealing with science teaching in the high school, to newspaper and magazine attempts at popularizing science, and to a report of the sub-committee of the National Education Association on Science Teaching.

The College at Towson is very fortunate to have had the privilege of being host to this distinguished group of visitors

## MUSIC

#### Our Orchestra Leader Composes

SEVERAL YEARS ago for the Old English festivities, Miss Prickett rearranged for the Orchestra Sir John Stainer's organ arrangement of the 16th century melody, "Unto Us a Son is Born." This year, in order to give unity to the wandering minstrel scene, Miss Prickett wrote a part for solo violin which is in the nature of an improvisation entering, as it does, after the entire Orchestra gives out the ten-measure original theme. This solo part was played by Mr. Webster at the Old English Dinner.

The violin obligato for "Cantique de Noel" also was written by Miss Prickett. It has been played several times; the last occasion being when Mr. Baker played it at the Campus School program this year.

#### **Our Orchestra Assists**

Thursday morning those of our College group who are early risers were drawn to the hall by the strains of familiar Christmas carols. Members of the string ensemble, under the direction of Miss Prickett, led the singing of many of the favorite carols.

According to legend the beginning and the end of a program are considered the best. The Orchestra was proud to have the honor of both. As the lord and lady of the eastle, accompanied by their guests, entered the hall, members of the Orchestra played carols. During the entertainment the Strolling Minstrel claborated on an old carol, "Unto Us a Son is Born," as played by the



#### First Violin Players

WITHOUT A sufficient number of players able to carry with a reasonable degree of success any part that might be required, any orchestra, regardless of the excellence of its soloists, would be lacking in depth and quality. One may give an adequate performance without brilliant solo players, but an absence of good, dependable players often means the breakdown of the entire orchestra.

The State Teachers' College Orchestra is fortunate in having a large number of first violin players upon whom Miss Prickett can depend as willing workers. Three of these, Neal Galbreath, Sibyl Davis and Marie Sabatini, are from the counties, while the remaining two, Evelyn Kandel and Mary Reindollar, are from the city. All of these girls have played in their respective high school orchestras and several of them were members of the All-Maryland High School Orchestra. It is from this, and a corresponding group among the second violins that our leader makes up the membership of the string ensemble.

Orchestra. After the revelry of the evening, the Orchestra left the audience with the true spirit of Christmas as it played "The Angelus" by Massenet.

## Thoughts on The Glee Club Christmas Broadcast

"COME AGAIN," said Mr. Girard, Director of Programs of WBAL, as we were taking our leave last Monday, after our Glee Club broadcast.

"We will," we said.

Then, thinking of our struggles to learn so much difficult music early in the year, we added:

"But perhaps next year we'll wait until May, when we have a whole year behind us."

Mr. Girard and Mr. Linthicum, our announcer, looked rucful.

"But we like the carols," said they.

Well, so do we, and I daresay we shall manage another carol program another year, even though broadcasting might be easier in May, for the appeal of the carols is so great. As Dr. Wiedefeld in her brief address said, "There is a refreshing hint of spontaneous joyousness and freedom in the idea expressed by the word 'caroling.' We are reminded of earlier days when men lived more leisurely and had time to note the beauty of the green earth and to join in the celebration of the festival days with song and dance."

And then, too, though it was difficult to get the program ready, what of it? Work we did, early and late, trying to boost that dull bully, Flatness. Such an enemy is he as Antacus, clod-born giant, with his feet firmly planted in the mud, growing stronger with each muddy contact. We, like Hercules, had to hold him aloft, and give our song a chance to soar. Now, when we have had as successful a flight as our friends kindly say we

achieved, are we not the stronger because of the difficulties overcome? Is not our satisfaction proportionate to our effort?

Surely, the art of singing will mean more to us all, henceforth, for we have served it. Surely, these songs and carols, in particular, will mean much, for we have made them ours. Think of them again, and of Dr. Wiedefeld's message, as you read our program:

Psalm 150 . . . . . . . . César Franck The Glee Club

Betty Tribull at the piano

In Vienna Woods . . . Strauss
The Glee Club

Address — Dr. Wiedefeld

Salvation Is Created . . . . Tschesnokoff
The Glee Club

The Christ of the Snow . Hungarian Carol
The Glee Club

A Christmas Carol

Words by Mrs. Stapleton, set to an English folk song

The Girls' Chorus

A Christmas Folk Song

Words: Lizette Woodworth Reese Music: Franz Bornschein

The Jeanie Group

Wassail Song . . Gloucestershire Carol

Men's Double Quartet

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming . Practorius
The Jeanie Group

#### How It Began

Sybil Davis

IN SPITE of the desperate struggle for existence, primitive man must have found occasional free moments in which to express his emotions. Probably the first attempts to express these feelings were in movement and sound. Some authorities have gone so far as to say that song actually preceded speech. Certainly music began with birds, before the appearance of humans. Other authorities, notably Spencer, felt that song was first a reflex action of the vocal chords following various sensations. From still other authorities we have the theory that songs originated from hunting calls used by early man. As soon as he ceased to use the calls for any useful purpose, they became music in the strict sense of the word. Possibly song may have begun as an

accompaniment to rhythmic movements which later were formulated into dances.

Even as primitive man drew upon nature for materials and inspiration, so he turned to nature for his music. The roots of music — rhythm and song — are very evident in nature. Rhythm, which dominates savage music, is to be found in the ebb and flow of the tides, in the rotation of the seasons, the movement of the stars, in the very heartbeat of man. From birds and animals, the sound of wind, water, and thunder, man had a variety of sounds to imitate.

From nature, too, man no doubt received the inspiration for making instruments. The wind whistling thru hollow reeds is highly (Continued on page 31)

#### A Visit from The Glacier Priest

(An illustrated lecture by Father Bernard R. Hubbard, "the cliff-dweller of the Far North.")

FATHER HUBBARD, the Jesuit, has been given the designation of "Glacier Priest" because of his many trips among the King Island Eskimos of the North Bering Sea.

The speaker stated as his preamble, the fact little-known, that there are but 2,000 or so pure-blooded Eskimos in all the world. The physical characteristics of these, he said, are dark, straight hair, dark eyes, and no hair at all on their faces. These people, Father Hubbard added, are blending with many Asiatic peoples, even though the Alaskan mainland is but 54 miles from that of Asia. By way of explaining the difficulties of their language, the speaker said, that let alone prefixes and suffixes, the Eskimo tongue "has infixes."

The Eskimos, said the priest, are a progressive, peaceloving people. They do not (and here Father Hubbard proceeded to blast away a time-honored popular error) live in igloos, but dwell rather in shelters built off the ground beside cliffs, constructed of waltus-skins and poles. The weather on King Island, he said, is not too cold and disagreeable, as Americans would expect, but is at times warmer than ours in Maryland.

They use a mail-order system similar to ours, Father Hubbard said. In fact, they have become part of the same universal system by which "everyone of them looks forward to his Montgomery Ward catalogue."

The Eskimos, Father Hubbard stated, are an intelligent, loyal, altruistic people, and their moral and social standards are very high.

The Eskimos are a great deal more thrifty than many other groups. The walrus being of greatest importance for food, every part of that animal is put to some important use. The walrus tusks are used for ivory; the blubber for food, and the skin for houses.

These people, he said, are very skillful climbers, since a great part of their food is to be found high among the rocks; for example, the atpak penguin's eggs. Although one, only, is this bird's annual output, she is able to lay several eggs, if previous ones are in any way destroyed. Then, if several of her eggs are gathered up, the atpak incubates an egg internally, and then lays a precocious offspring.

Beside the wealth of interesting subject matter which Father Hubbard presented to his audience, his keen sense of humor and his excellent delivery delighted everyone. His appearance certainly was a step in the direction of bigger and better assemblies. Unanimously, we vote Father Hubbard's talk the best of the year!

#### QUESTIONNAIRE

#### ANSWERS

- A thermometer measures heat; a hydrometer measures specific gravity; and a hygrometer measures moisture content.
- 2. Increasing.
- 3. In the west early in the evening.
- 4. Yes. The Mississippi and the Nile Rivers.
- November.
- 6. At a rate of 22.228 miles per hour.
- 7. One degree per day.
- In 6,000 years, 24,000 generations of mice are born, but only 200 generations of men.
- 9. Wounds incurred by persons in the Russian Arctic are said to heal more rapidly if they require stitching, but more slowly if they are left open. Paradoxically, both effects are credited to the germ-free Arctic air, Germs in closed-up wounds cause inflammation, but on minor open wounds, they stimulate the healing process.
- 10. Up to 81° F., heat production is the same for men and women. Above that, women show a decrease in heat produced by their bodies.
- 11. In Alaska, black fish caught through the ice freeze instantly when brought to the frigid surface. Sled dogs gulp them down only to have the fish revive from the dog's internal warmth.
- Tires lose air faster in summer due to expansion of pores in the rubber.
- The United States and Canada are the only countries which produce maple sugar and syrup.
- 14. Warm-blooded animals can be forced into hibernation if insulin is injected into their blood stream, and if they are kept in a refrigerator at about the freezing point. This experiment was performed on European hedgehogs.
- Pneumonia is a common cause of death among wild animals.
- Real topaz is not always a yellow crystal, but may range from almost colorless to red, yellow, brown, or green.
- There are about as many calories in an orange as in a cantaloupe — 100 calories in each.
- 18. Twenty minutes is as long as children can stand without fatigue. This was found to be true during the measuring of American children for standardizing clothing sizes.

#### SCIENCE INVADES SPORTS

NOLAN CHIPMAN

ATHLETIC PERFORMANCES are steadily improving each year. World records in every field are being constantly broken. For example, not a single one of the present track and field records for men in the Olympic Cames dates farther back than 1932. The events today are the same, the rules are substantially alike, and the physical equipment of the athletes has not changed; so why are there new records? The answer is, SCIENCE,

Motion studies with high speed cameras and ingenious applications of scientific laws are enabling athletes to secure top performances. The introduction of the "Western roll" in the high jump was a mathematically designed action to lower the jumper's center of gravity. Today a certain scientist claims that it is possible for an object to pass over a bar while its center of gravity passes beneath. Perhaps a top-notch jumper will catch hold of the trick and shatter the existing record.

The 120-yard high hurdle event record is exactly fourteen seconds. This achievement sprang from the scientific fact that the runner travels faster on the ground than in the air. Today, a hurdler goes straight-legged over the barrier, whipping over his trailing leg with a snap to get back to earth as quickly as he can. New records are the result of techniques and technicalities such as this one serves to illustrate.

In 1935 Ralph Flanagan learned a new swimming stroke, invented by his coach. Two years later he became America's champion swimmer and had broken scores of records. The new stroke, a modification of the Australian crawl, reduces arm movement, gives more perfect balance and relaxation, and keeps the wimmer on an even keel.

Most outstanding coaches make frequent use of motion-picture films to point out flaws in playing or to illustrate correct form, College and pro football teams study the films of their opponents in action before each game. After the game, they study films of it in order to

learn how they may improve their play.

Boxers diligently review slow and fast motion pictures of their opponents and of themselves. By this method they learn to adopt suitable defenses and can devise new offensive tactics for certain opposition. Other athletes, such as swimmers, gymnasts, basketball players, baseball players, all study films of expert performers in order to learn form and technique.

Science aids sports in developing new equipment as well as by suggesting changes in method. There are mechanical targets and receivers for practicing baseball pitchers. By means of light beams focused across the plate, electric eyes signal balls and strikes. Racing crews practice on revolving mechanical platforms. Scientists have found that discuses will fly farther if the grain of the wood runs horizontally along their faces. In addition, they have found that a discus actually travels farther when thrown against the wind than with the wind. The head wind tends to push the projectile up into the partial vacuum created by its flight.

Physicists point out that better records in throwing or jumping can be made nearer the equator due to gravity's lessened force. For example, a Scandinavian shotputter can expect a fifty-foot heave at home to travel over two inches more at the equator, Furthermore, weights thrown in an easterly direction (as the earth turns, remember?) will travel a fraction of an inch

In addition to the science of technique and the science of making equipment for sports, there is the science of coaching, the science of treating injuries, the science of training, and the science of team play.

Do you still wonder why performances in every field of sport are being improved every year?

#### "SNICKS"

HENRY N. STECKLER

DOES A good athlete make a good teacher? How can we tell?

The Alumni basketball game of December nineteenth brought back to us six former star athletes. They are all in some branch of education.

The score, 48-40 in favor of the Alumni, apparently shows that success has not gone to their heads. What they lacked in physical condition, they more than made up by experience and ability.

In conjunction with the new intramural sports activity movement, Miss Eleanor Williamson, president of the Student Council, was particularly fortunate in procuring the services of Mr. Maurice Schwartzman. Mr. Schwartzman was formerly a tennis star in Maryland athletic circles and is today instructor of badminton at the Gilman Country School. This school is, incidentally, the hotbed of badminton in Maryland,

Mr. Schwartzman not only gave an excellent exhibition of playing the game, but also gave appropriate comments as to the rules and intricacies of the game.

The sport has already met with much delight in many sections of Baltimore. The equipment is here! Try it for yourself!

It is the sincere desire and hope of the college that Mr. Minnegan is fully recovered from his recent illness by the time the student body will receive this edition of the Tower Light. With our most capable mentor back at the helm, the basketball team will undoubtedly steer more evenly toward a successful season.

## Science Is Life

CONSTANCE REESOR and BARBARA HAILE

EDUCATORS HAVE coined the phrase, "Education is life." Yet we may break this significant word, education, into its component parts, one of which is science. Science is life! Such life is strikingly portrayed in the Campus School — life that is active and rich — a life of science. From the seventh grade to the first, science is being challenged, studied, discussed, and experienced. If you could see a pageant of the work of all the grades, you would see the following well-represented and related phases of science.

The seventh grade work is based on the question: of what is this earth of ours composed? You may see evidences of the pupils' realization that the earth is everchanging, moving, and is being built up and torn down

by elements and forces.

The sixth grade is considering the plants that grow on this earth. Plants are a vital and complex part of this world. How do they live? How do they manufacture their own food? What means do they have for maintaining life and reproducing more of their kind? What influence do plants have on man? These questions are vital to the children. They have an experiment station for seed analysis and seed growth. They have a collection of fifteen kinds of fungus growth from the Glen.

What is the ocean of air around us, and how does it work? This is the theme in the fifth grade. You find in the room apparatus for studying air and its characteristics of weight, pressure, and its importance to all living things; its reactions to heat and cold; and lastly, the moisture it contains — why it is there, how it reacts to heat and cold, and the various forms it takes as clouds, rain, etc. The children are working in small groups of five or six, performing their own experiments, discussing them thoroughly — illustrating the concept that a scientific point of view requires that one seck for the reasons underlying natural phenomena. Once this is done, the children become busily occupied in interpreting natural phenomena in the light of the experiments.

In the fourth grade the children are becoming weather conscious, "What is snow? Why is there fog?" they ask. As a result of these questions, there has arisen a need for a weather station so that the children may make their own observations of the weather. Now they are busily engaged in making a wind vane, and a rain gauge. Soon the weather man will have some competition.

While they watch the weather by day, the children of the third grade will be watching the stars at night. Soon they will realize that our world is only a small speck in this vast universe, and that it, too, is suspended in space just as are those glittering spots called stars.

"Winter birds" is the first grade interest. Pictures of the slate-colored junco, the chickadee, cardinal, hairy woodpecker, and tufted titmouse adorn their bulletin board so that the children may have a close-up view of their winter friends. The children have become greatly interested in the welfare of these birds. They have made shelters and feeding stations. They feed their birds suct and different seeds. Just this morning the nut hatches and juncos came to the window sill to eat their breakfast.

In all the grades, you will find the same basic foundations. All the children are experiencing science. They are finding out about things. The universe is complex, but it can be interpreted and partially understood by intelligent children who experiment, think, and read. Science is everchanging. So the children must constantly adjust or change their ideas as they learn more about things, and as they themselves change and gain more efficient control of their environment. Science — life!

## For Those Who Aren't Familiar With, . . . .

Вов Сох

ON THE second floor of the Campus School, opposite Miss Kestner's room, there is a small space — enclosed and set aside for science, which is a veritable room-of-all-trades.

In this room, first, is a group of science textbooks, which are much used by teachers and pupils alike. In addition, an assistant is present for an hour each school day. He acts as intermediary between the two science departments — that of the College, and that of the Campus School. It is this assistant who, when student or practice teachers need science material, rounds up the material, or gives advice as to where it may be found.

When construction activities are planned, this science room becomes a workshop, and a well-equipped one it is, what with tables, vises, and other tools essential to activities requiring handicraft.

When teachers use films to enrich the value of the science-units, the science room becomes a theatre. As such, it holds a movie-projector, a lantern machine (with a device for projecting book-pictures onto the screen), dark curtains, and a projector-stand.

If one is pressed by messy or unwieldy experiments, this room becomes his laboratory. A very complete lab it is, too, for there is a full stock of every imaginable chemical (for elementary school use), splints, beakers, test tubes, lab table, Bunsen burners, thermometers, water supply, etc. With these examples the services of the science room are summed up. It will be seen that these activities are all directly correlated to and inseparable from the science program,

However, aside from these "inside" uses, the science

room is put to serve other needs. By some teachers. it is used for free-period work, and also for special work with individual students. Johns Flopkins men were using it a few days ago to test the fatigue-quotient in the Campus School children.

## ALUMNI IN OUR MAILBOX ALUMNI

DID YOU know that -

Edward Gersuk, class of '33, is acting vice-principal of No. 59?

John Horn, class of '30, Jerome Denaburg, class of '30, and Nelson Valentine, class of '29, are now in Senior High Schools?

Augusta Hillman, class of '29, John Keczmerski, class of '28, William Seeman, class of 32, and Margaret Spellissy, class of '30, are now in Junior High Schools?

Sidney Chernak, class of '28, is to be principal of night school No. 70A this winter? Incidentally, his wife, Helen Chernak, '29, gave up the profession for her own family kindergarten.

Milton Bergen, class of '32, has left the profession for

the business world?

Lorelle Headley, class of '37, is still ill?

Edward MacCubbin, class of '36, B.S., underwent an operation, and though he is now home, will not get back to work for some time, because of his phlebitis?

Ruth Koch, class of '34, is now Mrs. Donald M. White, the wife of a naval ensign, residing at San Diego, California?

#### MARRIAGES

November 26, 1939 -

The marriage of Miss Edith Eleanor Bortner, class of 1931, to Mr. Everett Andrew Tolley of Wilmington, Delaware, took place November the seventeenth in Govans Methodist Church. A reception followed at the home of the bride on Hilltop Road. Mr. and Mrs. Tolley are spending their honeymoon in Miami, Florida, and on their return will live in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania.

November 30, 1939 -

Mildred Elizabeth Melamet, class of 1937, to William M. Lottes.

December 3, 1939 -

"The marriage of Miss Carolyn Blackmar Rogers, class of 1939, and Mr. James Bernard Marshall, Jr., took place last evening at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Emerson Hotel."

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

December 3, 1939 -

Mrs. B. Hoffman Knatz, of Delight, Maryland, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Jacqueline Alvery, class of 1932, and Mr. Robert H. Riley, Ir. The wedding will take place Christmas Day. Sports Review -

"Fairfax Brooke, class of 1935, is identified with many sports and her name has come to be expected every time a contest is held. In addition to tennis, hockey, and lacrosse, she plays badminton, too. In fact, she ranks fifth in the State as a singles player and number one as a doubles player!"

#### **Cecil County Normal Club**

KATHERINE M. BRATTON, Secretary

THE CECIL County Normal Club of the Towson State Teachers College was held at the home of Miss K. M. Bratton in Elkton, Saturday, November eighteenth. Mrs. Pippin, president of the club, presided. The club had for its project compiling a list of Cecil County graduates; this list was completed as far as it was possible for the committee to do so and was presented to Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, field secretary of the Alumni Association. The speaker for the afternoon was Dr. Wiedefeld. In an informal talk Dr. Wiedefeld told of the activities of the College, its needs. and ways by which the club could help in preparing for the celebrations to be held in 1940 and 1941. Miss Scarborough told how the club could assist in writing the history of the College, Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Groshans brought greetings to the club and suggested how it could assist them in their various duties. A social hour followed, during which refreshments were served.

#### SERVICE STATION FOR STUDENTS

JEAN KRAVETZ

- There is too much homework at State Teachers College.
- 2. Each teacher expects us to do only her assignments.
- 3. The courses are too intensive for the small amount of time devoted to them.
- 4. The courses are not balanced.
- Everybody is different, yet everybody must take the same courses. There should be some elective courses.
- Some clubs take up so much of our time we can do little else.

The above points were sent in to this column for discussion. Heaven help me, though, I think they have me stumped. It is true, many of us have at certain times of the year felt overburdened by the amount of work that seems to pile up all at once; however, we can look at these problems calmly and objectively and perhaps find the cause for our difficulties.

Here are some questions we may ask ourselves. If you can answer them honestly, the path may be opened and a feeling of satisfaction for work well done may follow.

- 1. Do we just waste time by worrying about all our lessons instead of sitting down and doing them?
- 2. Do we know how to study so as to get the best from our courses?
- 3. Are we taking ourselves too seriously?
- 4. Have we set up a standard for ourselves that is too high? Do we realize we are no longer among high school students but in a college?
- 5. Do we understand the purpose of our courses and see their relationships to teaching?
- 6. Did we come to a country club or to a college to prepare ourselves for teaching?
- Have we undertaken more than we can accomplish? Have we joined too many clubs? Have we undertaken too many activities at the expense of our lessons?
- 8. Are we merely hopping onto the band wagon of the Evening Sun's Forum?
- 9. Do we realize that carning college credits means that for each hour per week of class instruction, a specified amount of study is required? This amount varies from a minimum of one and one-half to two hours of study to each hour of class instruction, depending on the course and the college. Classes which do not carry study assignments cannot give full credit. What is the value of a credit which has no exchange value in a standard market?
- 10. Do we know how to budget our time? Have we sufficient will power to stick to a schedule?

Answer these questions truthfully. Here is an opening. What do you think about it? Both students and teachers feel that these are questions warranting serious consideration. This column welcomes all suggestions and comments.

Editor's Note — Points 8, 9, and 10 are those of the president of our College, Dr. Wiedefeld.

#### WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

PATRICIA HERNDON

CURIOSITY IS the root of human nature. So, assuming that we are all human, we have endeavored to satisfy some of that curiosity by bringing to light some of the experiences of our "leading citizens," when they were about 3' 2" in height, unsteady of limb, and powerful of voice.

Edgar Clopper, towering a mighty two feet six, was three years old. Airily attired in a little red dress, his habitual costume at that ripe age, he was bravely tottering up the stairs, when the sickening sound of a rip pierced the air. His foot had caught on the hem of his dress, and had sadly torn it. Pausing, and peering thoughtfully at the rip, he muttered defantly:

"Oh, well, I never did like the old dress, anyway!"
(All I ask is a five-mile running start, Mr. President.)

A small girl of five and her mother were heading South on the train. The proud parent, turning to say something to her very young daughter, found that the latter had mysteriously disappeared. She was nowhere in sight. But after an extensive and rather anxious search, the mother found that her already commercially-minded small daughter had collected the old magazines from amused passengers in her car and was selling them to the passengers in the next carl And even though her first business attempt was halted rather abruptly, thus began the official career of our Student Council vice-president, Betty Steuart.

The dolls were hungry — the candy dirt wouldn't "stick" to make mud pies — the young lady had an imaginative mind. So, what could be simpler than for her to collect all the eggs she could lay her hands on to make the pies stick together? Recipie: Stir sand, water and several dozen fresh eggs together in a container until it reaches the consistency of plaster of Paris; then put into cakes and — . But there was no need for any more of the recipe, for the young chef was sadly interrupted by the investigation of her suspicious father.

P. S. — Katherine Feaser ate her supper that night standing.

## "SO WHAT"

W. Norris Weis

WELL, ANOTHER year; another So What spasm. Guess the editors didn't put a resolution on their list o climinate our pretentious contribution — so hold ight; here we go again —

And the New Year finds a return of our daffynition department. Any accepted contribution from our "many" readers (ma and me) will be rewarded by the usual rip to Bermuda or \$.29. So get your offering in early:

1. Eskimos: God's frozen people.

- 2. Hic-cup: Echo from departed spirits.
- 3. Drizzle: A drip who is going steady.

#### Students' New Year Resolutions

- Cernik: Resolve not to have Love in Bloom for number one theme song.
- Hillyard: Resolve to find out what Marguerite wants for next Christmas.
- Lerner: Resolve to use terminology that will be comprehensible to all students and freshmen.
- McCarriar: Resolve to get new glasses. Just when everything seems to be all Wright, someone Clogged up his spectacles.
- 5. Shules: Resolve not to kiss any more young ladies' hands in the haliway. (Are you listenin', Margy?)
- 6. Margy Owings: Resolve to adopt and execute a bigger and better sneeze.
- 7. Russell: Resolve to keep from the So What column this year. (Ha, ha!)

#### Freshman Caper

Miss Blood (to Freshman Section — Geography 102): Who can tell me from your "extensive" readings what lay is the longest day of the year?

Bright Frosh (who read VERY widely): The day Adam was born, for on that day there was no Eve.

Of course, that isn't as bad as Adam's return when, to his embarrassment, he found that Eve had made a dorm salad out of his Sunday suit. I might add, if I had the nerve, that while the salad was well dressed, Adam was not.

#### Student Suggestions for Faculty Resolutions

- 1. Miss Bersch: Resolve to investigate and find the meaning of "bookie."
- Miss Birdsong: Resolve to build bigger bulletin boards for students not to read.

- Mr. Crook: Resolve to wear Ranger's uniform at least once a week in response to numerous requests.
- 4. Miss Greer: Resolve to let dorm students have two desserts every meal.
- Miss Weyforth: Resolve to keep up on all new waltz steps. (See Dotty De Carlo for ultra new waltzes.)
- Mr. Walther: Resolve not to say SO WHAT after each pertinent fact in class.

#### "Screams"

(Dedicated to Curley Martin, with apologies to the author.)

There are screams that make us jumpy,

There are screams that make us grave,

There are screams that make us scared all over,

As the scream which "he-man" Tarzan gave;

There are screams as horrible as can be,

That come from frights that we have had in dreams; But the scream that lingers in our mem'ry

Is the scream that Ruth Nizer screams.

Well, another spasm is concluded (thank goodness); but we must get in our latest gag:

Lady (to drugstore clerk): Do you have any Lifebuoy?

Clerk: Set the pace, lady, set the pace.

We'll resolve to give you better write-ups if you'll do more things for me to write about. Well, I'll count on you, but finally — So What?

#### "Oops!"

R. I. G.

#### A Bouquet to Santa

For taking the hint about Shepherd's "Crook"!

#### Perplexing Problem

And where do you think she "will soon" surrender—in the "yard," on the "hill"—or at Read's?

(Just callin' 'ttention to 'dvertisements. We need 'em, by the way!)

#### Merely Inquisitive

Just what has Senior 7 to do with B. S.'s "alban" complex? Does she have the "white" idea?

If Dave H. enjoys playing "peg," tell me—is it the property he craves or her heart?

#### QUOTATIONS

"If we represent the period of all life on this planet by one revolution of the minute hand of a watch, the period of human life is covered by one-half minute, and recorded history by two seconds."

"The most important part of living is not the living, but the pondering upon it."—Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis.

"The unexamined life is not worth living."-Socrates.

"They never want to die, because they are always learning and always creating either things of wisdom, or at least dreaming of them."—Back to Methuselah, by G. B. Shaw.

"Only he who has failed to perceive the immensity of the universe and the insignificance of man will dare to say 'l know.' Ignorance is always dogmatic."—A Book of Wisdom, in a Student in Arms, by Donald Hankey.

"There was no strength, no grace, no knowledge that Martin Arrowsmith did not covet . . . he was hungry for every skill."—Arrowsmith, p. 43, by Sinclair Lewis.

"A man could take a chance and find out."

"True Science is the experience of man with the material world. True Religion is the experience of man with the spiritual world. They can never conflict."—Dr. George Schuster (Pittsburgh).

When we theorize we "give our Gods an airing;" "set up our Gods."—(Greek "Theory" — procession of the Gods.)

"The obligations incumbent upon science . . . seeing to it that the sciences which are taught are themselves more concerned about creating a certain mental attitude than they are about purveying a fixed body of information \* \* \* to adopt into the very make-up of their minds those attitudes of open-mindedness, intellectual integrity, observation, and interest in testing their opinions and beliefs that are characteristic of the scientific attitude."—Iohn Dewey.

Teachers (also Parents):

Teachers in two large cities were asked to list the misbehavior problems encountered in their classrooms. The result showed that lack of respect for authority was of all bad behavior considered most reprehensible. Whispering, inattention, disorder in class, speaking out of turn, acting "smart," were bad conduct. Shyness, suspicion, temper outbursts, cowardice were rated of less importance.

Thirty mental hygienists of the child guidance clinics of Cleveland, Philadelphia and Newark were then asked to give their opinions on the relative importance of the behavior disorders reported by the teachers. Their findings indicate a widely different interpretation of what is undesirable in classroom behavior.

—Children's Behavior and Teachers' Attitudes, The Commonwealth Fund, 41 East 57th Street, New York City.

"Physics is the endeavor of science to solve the mystery of the universe."—Einstein and Enfeld.

#### **Facts About Science**

- Since 1910, over 3,000 minor planets have been discovered by astronomers. (Something else to learn in Dr. W.'s course.)
- An aviator made a flight in Alaska January, 1934, when the thermometer was 71 degrees below zero. (And we howl at gym outside when it is 71 above.)
- For eight years the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens have given a course to student nurses, teaching such subjects as the care of cut flowers. (Why not to student teachers also?)
- A fish can be drowned! Take the oxygen out of water and the fish will "drown." (Drowning is really a form of strangulation, so there!)
- 5. If you want to know whether the girl friend is a blonde by destiny or desire, take her down to the

- beach. A true blonde, according to an anthropologist, is one who does not tan when sunburned, but blisters and peels.
- 6. One person in 3,000,000 has seen a meteorite fall to earth. (Gosh, I almost said "meteor.")
- China's daily newspaper, the Peking Gazette, was issued regularly from 713 A. D. to 1911. (And we call ourselves civilized.)
- 8. Warning to Mr. Moser's class: According to Mayan Indians the firefly once exercised his brains so hard, he began to glow!
- Cutting a hole in the head was an ancient cure for sinus. (The operation was slightly marred by the fact that the patient died.)

## QUOTATIONS

Life:

A bird half-wakened in the lunar noon Sang halfway through its little inborn tune. Partly because it sang but once all night And that from no especial bush's height; Partly because it sang ventriloquist And had the inspiration to desist Almost before the prick of hostile ears, It ventured less in peril than appears. It could not have come down to us so far, Through the interstices of things ajar On the long bead chain of repeated birth To be a bird while we are men on earth If singing out of sleep and dream that way Had made it much more easily a prey.

—R. Frost — On a Bird Singing in its Sleep.

Freedom of Speech:

"Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousand-fold the abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race."—Charles Bradlaugh (English refonner).

"...how little science has done to clarify the essence and character of man.... It was as though the older feeling of angelic overtones in human nature held man could be objective about anything except this lofty creature made according to celestial modes. Turning his new appliances and techniques upon himself, he felt a diffidence, a certain sense of impropriety. And on the diffidence thrived ... the mischiefs of ... all the ... architects of chaos."

Ways We Cheat Children:

"Giving them patronage without partnership, knowledge without understanding, punch without power, and education without character."—Ralph Sockman, pastor of Christ Church, Methodist Episcopal, of New York. Ch. Ed., September, 1938.

# HUMOR

KATHERINE JACOB and ELIZABETH MELENDEZ

TWO GENTLEMEN who, for several hours one night, had been assuaging their thirst at a club, left together to go home.

As they were meandering down the street laughing and singing, one of them suddenly became serious and poetically remarked to the other, "She the beu'ful moon."

The other indignantly remarked, "'Tain't the moon, 's the sun." The retort came back, "'Tain't, 's the moon."

They argued back and forth for some time and finally decided to leave the decision to the next passerby.

Shortly a figure appeared coming down the sidewalk on a zigzag course similarly to that which they had followed. As he came abreast of them they stopped him and lengthily explained the subject under discussion and asked him to decide it for them.

The stranger gazed thoughtfully at the heavens for several minutes and then, turning to the two sports, he said, "Pardon me, ge'men, I really can't tell; I'm a stranger here myself."

Mistress: "Did the fisherman who called here this morning have frogs legs?"

Servant: "Sure, mum, I don't know. He wore pants."

\* \*

Romantic young lady, spending the summer on a farm: "Just hear those old trees in the orchard moan and groan in the storm, like the crying of a lost soull."

Small boy: "Well, I guess if you were as full of green apples as they are, you'd make a racket yourself."

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel and, before retiring, asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk,

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see the town?"



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### All This and Plaster, Too

(Continued from page 17) with the stuff again. Well, the day I started the casts, I entered the workroom prepared to turn out something that would make Michelangelo blush for shame. Ah, ignorance! But it wasn't that my procedure wasn't orderly — oh, no. My materials were all ready — all, that is, except a can in which to mix the plaster. But after a fierce battle with three wild-eyed individuals, who were evidently doing the same thing I was, I secured a dented tin can and calmly proceeded with my work. Brother, I stirred that plaster of Paris until I thought I'd see my arm lying on

the floor by itself, and still it wouldn't get the "consistency of thick cream." And that is where my imagi-

nation started to work - and that is also where trouble

gave me the old "two-three."

I discarded the stick with which I had been stirring and began to mix with my fingers; I was rather proud of that thought — until the plaster of Paris hardened around my hand! It was really a rather nice cast of a hand, too, after I got the can off. In fact, it was the best cast I made. The second job I turned out was as heavy as pig iron and twice as messy; I ended its career by dropping it on my foot, thereby nearly ending my foot's career. The third cast never hardened — it is still in the "soup" stage, although I am very optimistic about it.

I shall not discuss the other difficulties I met with. I shall only say that five of the creations are resting in Mr. Crook's room, awaiting a verdict. But I am very calm about the whole thing now. I feel no violence whatever toward the inventor of plaster of Paris, although I did when making the casts; and I no longer look up ancient torture methods to use on the aforesaid inventor.

But I have resolved one thing; neither fire nor flood, earthquake nor Science will ever move me to make another plaster east; never, brethren, never!

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend, Mr. Stone and at once inquired jocosely:

"Hello, Stone, how are Mrs. Stone and all the little

"Fine," said Mr. Stone, "all well, thank you"; and then, with a twinkle in his eye: "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.

Tim: What is untold wealth?

Father: That which is not revealed to the Income Tax man.

### **How It Began**

(Continued from page 21) suggestive of the flute. The bumping of a branch against a hollow tree might well have led to the drum. A rudimentary harp may have been suggested by the twanging of a bowstring.

Although man was able to reproduce sounds from nature, he was content with the mere imitation, making no effort to combine the imitations into melody or to make new ones. For innumerable centuries music made no further progress. Even today among the lesser civilized peoples of the world one may find those who are content to continue their portrayal of nature for time without end

4

"Would you like to join our football team?"

"I don't know enough about the game to play, but I'm willing to referee."

In the legal world, what's right is right, and what is left is the client's.

Tea and coffee are the only two drinks never associated with the toast of the town.

English prof.: Mr. Gish, correct this sentence. 'Girls is naturally better looking than boys."

Joe Gish: Girls is artificially better looking than boys.

Frosh: Transfer, please. Conductor: Where to?

Frosh: Can't tell you. It's a surprise party.

FIGURE LT OUT

If a train travels 45 miles an hour, how old is the engineer? (Thanks, Mr. Moser.)

Foreign Feat

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter," came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queeck! Bringa da shov! Bringa da peek! Giovanni's stuck in da mud!"

"How far in?"

"Up to his knees."

"Let him walk out."

"No, no! He canna walk! He wronga end up!"

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#### To Be Read In a Minor Key

Margaret Carter

I play the piano right sadly;

I sing, but I'm always off key;

I draw, but my pictures are lousy — And nobody pities poor me.

I jest, but my jokes all are pointless; I run, but I come in too late;

I love, but without any passion;

I hate with a meek sort of bate.

I hate with a meek sort of hate.

I sigh, but my sigh comes out trembly;

My cakes are as flat as can be. My friends say, "You're lucky. You're different." And nobody pities poor me.

A young man stayed up all night figuring out where the sun went when it went down.

It finally dawned on him.

A lady in Boston, who was suffering from a slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty that she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the kindhearted husband.

Farmer's wife (to druggist): "Now be sure and write plain on the bottles which is for Hank and which is for the horse. I wouldn't want anything to happen to that horse before spring plowing."

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Instructor (in geography lesson): "Now, can anyone tell me where we find mangoes?"

Gob: "Yes. Wherever woman goes."-Evening Sun.

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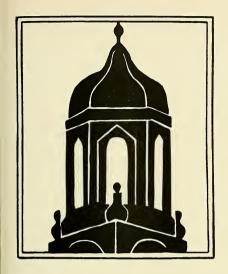
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February 1940



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AGAIN a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

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BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING

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AND FLAVOR



When it's easy-chair time after the hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette... Camels, of course,

PEED'S fine in bockey but not in cig-Darettes"-Roy, how right you are! Research men may use fancier lan-

guage - but they say exactly the same thing about cigarettes.

Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as-excess heat. And cigarettes that burn fast also burn bot. Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes don't burn

away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and-naturally-cooler!

And the slowest-burning cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was Camel...they burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 others. (See panel at right.) Why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack. (Again, eyes right!)

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# TOWER LIGHT

No. 5

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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly - October through June - by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

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### International Humor

DOROTHY SISK

MOST OF the leading nations of today are aware of the fact that humor finds its way into national and international affairs. Humor, as employed by large papers throughout the United States, is used chiefly to align the American people against anti-American doctrine. Cartoonists on these papers are skilled in the art of bringing out the irony in a situation, of exaggerating the features of prominent world figures and, in general, of giving every important topic a humorous touch. Hitler's familiar moustache has replaced President Roosevelt's broad smile, and who will soon forget the epidemic of cartoons showing "big" Japan chasing "little" China? Laughter is used to feed grudges, to deepen prejudices, and to foster irritating dissensions.

However, laughter is not devoted solely to creating stage Irishmen, John Bulls, Uncle Sams, and to producing annoying newspaper caricatures, cartoons, and bitter jests. On occasion, genuine humor plays a grateful part in relieving international tension and in renewing friendship and good feeling.

A delightful instance of such took place in 1896 during the excitement created by President Cleveland's bombshell message on the Venezuelan boundary dispute. The summer before, Lord Dunraven, Irish vachtsman, had cut a poor figure as challenger for the American cup. Dunraven had been peevish and had made many baseless complaints. Among other charges he insisted that he had lost one race because the swells from the sightseeing boats had slowed his boat down. This poor sportsmanship was deplored in England as well as in the United States.

All this was in the public mind when Cleveland's message startled America and Britain. The papers exploited the affair sensationally. Public feeling reached a high pitch. When the report came that the British Channel Fleet had sailed under sealed orders, the situation grew suddenly tense. At this very critical moment, the London Stock Exchange sent the New York Stock Exchange the following cable: "When the British fleet sails up the New York harbor, please see that it is not interrupted by excursion steamers." A roar of laughter burst forth on both sides of the Atlantic and absurd fears were swept away. Laughter proved to be the successful antidote in relieving a serious situation.

It is an accepted fact that all nations have a different sense of the ridiculous. But whatever the truth about the characteristic national types, there can be no doubt that humor is a unifying influence in the life of every social group, large or small. Instant, spontaneous laughter reveals a common background of expression and allusion.

The Caming of the Shrew

by William Shakespeare

A "shrew" means a gal whose temper is fiery; who is never satisfied with things; nagging, peevish, always finding fault. (You married guys is got the idea, roughly, ain't you?)

Condensed by J. E. Koontz, with apologies to the author and Munro Leaf. creator of "Ferdinand the Bull."

WE ARE to suppose, with the above in mind, that Katharina, the elder daughter of Baptista, a rich guy of Padua, a dinky little resort near Venice (woo! woo!), Mussolini's territory, was so ill-tempered that she rated being called one of these "shrews." Of course, she might not have been at heart, but she gave everybody that impression, anyway. You see, she'd been spoiled by Mamma and Papa as a kid, and, teachers, you know how habits are formed. This made her an unpleasant companion and her chances of being shelved were pretty good; although all the Village Cut-Ups knew a hunk of dough would go with her.

Quite the opposite to Katharina was her kid sister, Bianca. A beautiful hunk of baggage, gentle and winsome (whatever that means) in her character, and beloved by all, so we may be sure there was no shortage of

guys giving each other the works in order to grab her

off. Bappy (that's her Pa) let it out that no one was

TOWER LIGHT

going to get hitched to Bianca before Katharina was first settled in a dump of her own with little feet pattering around. In the meantime, he intended his kids to have the best education and advertised for any good tutors who might be recommended to him.

4

Lucentio, a rich young fellow from Pisa, came to college in Padua, as Padua was a college town. Of course, he started out with good intentions to pursue his studies, but after lamping Bianca a few times, he switched pursuits.

Knowing Bappy wanted tutors for his daughters, Smart-Stuff Lucentio had his valet, one Tranio, whom he could trust (hal hal), to impersonate a rich man from Pisa who wished to date Bianca steady. Of course, while all the preparations between the Old Man and Tranio were going on, Lucentio hit Bappy at the right moment for the job of tutor to Bianca. (These old-time guys were plenty fast; also had good ideas.) He landed the job and soon took Bianca's mind off her studies.

1

In the meantime, one of Bianca's other suitors, a gent named Hortensio, had enlisted the aid of a screwball friend from Verona, who undertook no less a task than to marry Katharina, and thus leave the other Bimbo free to marry Hortensio. The screwball's name was Petruchio, who Shakespeare says was "at once clever, masterful, high-spirited." See, a screwball.

4

Petruchio began his love-making (ain't that quaint?) by calling her real familiar-like, Kate. This burned her up; but as that was his intention, he says: "Aw, she's just 'passing gentle'." (If he meant passing the way I could take it to be, I'd have ducked out the nearest alleyway.) Well, she took a few passes at him and he turns right around and gives her a few slaps in the kisser and told her he was going to marry her. The Old Man makes his appearance and the Screwball tells him real cool like that they were getting spliced the following Sunday.

 $\neq$ 

On the fatal morning, Petruchio arrives dressed like a clown. He believed in "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." but he put the emphasis on the part about old and borrowed. His clothes were old, and he was riding an old broken-down nag that he had snitched from the local riding academy.

The Old Man, who was a stickler for social standing and a lot of show: namely, headlines in the Society Colunn of the local rag, raised a fuss; Kate threw a fit; but the Screwball stood his ground and the hitching came off with him in his crazy outfit. He even rode the old nag into the living room — pardon me, parlor. Of course, this guy had had a stiff course in psychology and all this comedy was part of his plan for the taming of the Shrew. In the church he cut up something awful, insulting the priest, and kissing Katharina so loudly that the whole place echoed with Vesuvian lushings. He skipped the family frolic and latched off for Verona with Kate sitting on his horse behind him. And that was no comfortable rumble seat.

4

The journey was one long series of screwball antics, and the bridegroom behaved as if he cared nothing for his bride. (Oh, by the way, Petruchio really did get a few offbeats in the cardiac region when he looked at his Kate.) The last part of the journey they had to hike it because Pete whipped the horses into flight. They got to his house feeling as if they had been on a bender for a couple of months and Pete made matters worse by complaining about everything, and throwing things around, especially the servants, who were all acrobats and had been tipped off before what was going to happen to them.

4

Pete kept it up so consistently that Kate didn't have a chance to act up. He was beating her down by craming her own tactics down her throat. Hortensio came in for dinner and Pete decided that they would return to Padua with him (see, he wore the pants in the family), promising that they would wear clothes befitting their rank. When the servants brought in costumes for Pete and Kate to choose from, Pete threw them on the floor and raised Hail Columbia. When they left, Pete was wearing old clothes and nothing that he had on matched its partner.

#

In Kate's home town, meanwhile (to be poetic), Bappy had promised Bianca would be married to her riches unitor, and this was Tranio, who was playing Lucentio's part, while the latter pretended to be merely the teacher of Latin and Greek. (Of course, we know better: necking behind a copy of Homer.) Tranio arranged with an elderly stooge to impersonate the father of Lucentio, and got him to give his consent to the wedding, inviting Bappy to his bachelor apartment to arrange the matter, while Bianca was to follow with a servant. (They were quite hep to traditions and lots of ceremony in those days.)

(Continued on page 30)

## Mark Twain's Humor

DORIS HENKLE

THE NAME and fame of Mark Twain as America's foremost humorist deservedly towers over all other writers who might claim such a title. Even in his life time his reputation as a humorous genius spread all over the world and his work was translated into many languages. It is unanimously agreed by many critics that Mark Twain far exceeded and surpassed all his contemporaries and predecessors.

Born during the period when American comedy was making rapid strides, in 1835, Mark Twain grew up in a small town on the Mississippi — the same region where the Crockett humor had a strong foothold and the tall tale had its beginning. As a young printer, he must have read the newspapers that were so full of comic narratives; he must have felt keenly and admired that spirit of burlesque that was popular.

Aside from his using personal experiences as a basis for his wit, it is believed by some critics that Mark Twain used as literary models some of the humorists of the old South. For example, in Blair's Native American Humor, a striking likeness is pointed out between B. P. Shillaber's Partirington books dealing with the mischievous Ike Partington, and Clemen's Tom Sawyer, It is granted that, although Twain, in Tom Sawyer, portrayed Aunt Polly as a much better characterization than any created by other humorists, he modeled on very similar to Shillaber's Mrs. Partington. There is more than a physical resemblance between these female characters. Both were widows burdened with caring for mischievous nephews, and both had the same idea about patent medicines and the disciplining of their nephews.

"The greatest gift of Southwest humor to Mark was the gift of a narrative method so evident in The Celebrated Jumping Frog story. Again we find this not original. The tale was an old mining camp story told with variations (several times) in a California newspaper. When Mark told this story he made it his own by employing the effective technique of having an old character, Simon Wheeler, relate the marrative and at the same time reveal many of his characteristics. This technique of employing a narrator was original, but in the subtle revelation of personality it was exactly the style of T. B. Thorpe's Big Bear of Arkansas, of the Sut Lovingood varns and many other old stories.

Mark Twain employed an air of innocence and surprise delightful for keeping the reader in suspense till the end of his passage. He used successfully most authors' favorite tool of exaggeration, although at times he developed his material into forms too fantastic to be amusing .Mr. De Voto, in a study of Mark Twain, characterized his style when he said:

"He took the humorous anecdote, combined it with autobiographical reminiscence, and so achieved the narative form best adapted to his mind. In Innocents Abroad, Clemens uses this method. Descriptive passages interrupt the narrative from time to time but its steady progress is accomplished by means of stories. The same framework produces Roughing It, A Tramp Abroad, and Life on the Mississippi."

If it is agreed by critics that early American humor gave Mark Twain his ideas, methods, and materials, we still think his success was due to his own great genius in being able to narrate, characterize, depict accurately, and joke naturally. Just as he is supposed to have acquired technique from his contemporaries, so will posterity acquire benefits from him, for he has contributed works in American humor that are unequalled and priceless.

### What Makes Humor?

ESTA BABLAN

YOU LAY aside a book with a feeling of intense satisfaction, still chuckling inwardly at the closing episode. Should anyone question you as to the merit of the book, "Grand amusement, excellent humor," might be your reply. But few readers can analyze the qualities that go into the making of a successful humorous story. Skillful authors, however, are well aware of ways to evoke both silent laughter and appreciative giggles.

The mere naming of a character is often enough to conjure up in the mind's eye a figure ridiculous for some exaggeration of form or manner, or a face bewitching for its unusualness. Charles Dickens was such a master of the art of nomenclature, that we often encounter people who seem the incarnation of those people who graced the pages of his many novels.

Once off to a good start, the writer has at his command the invaluable aid of scenery and props. Overturning a vase at a critical moment may serve to upset the dignity of Mrs. Pompous and chalk up another happy, though disrespectful, deed for Little Abner.

Typical expressions, that fall into that class by con-

stant repetition, are useful not only in identifying an individual, but in making this character truly a "friend of the reader." Sympathetic smiles break through every time the hero of Booth Tarkington's Seventeen moaned "Ye Gods, mother!" and expectant groans of amazement every time his lady-love calls "lckle-boy, Baxter!!!"

Christopher Billopp, of our own day, employs the trait of human nature that makes us willing to tolerate both exaggerations and gross understatements from those we like. In fact, Mr. B. goes one step farther in making his chief character "von."

Though we are reluctant to admit it, we are even willing to enjoy time-worn jokes and puns, provided they are used in a novel manner — "So Pat said to Mike" is gradually finding its way into the best of literature. Even "slap-stick comedy" is quite often as acceptable in written form as are subtly concorted writtensisms.

So there you have it—the writer's "bag of tricks." Remember, though, that they are the rules of his writing, not of your reading. Keep them in mind only for that time when you may seek to use your pen. Continue reading for the joy of it—and say, did you hear the one about Mr. Greenwagon and the ponv-cart?

# Happy Birthday To YOU!

Frances Shores

FEBRUARY, SO the encyclopedia says, is the birthday of some of the world's most famous sons and daughters. Not having the right to contradict a higher authority, I shall proceed with what I have to say and let you judge for yourselves.

Strangely enough, Dr. Wiedefeld's birthday comes on Groundhog Day. This does not imply, however, that there is any resemblance between the two. But, both of them do have their sunny and their cloudy hours. Dr. Wiedefeld's optimism about our new gymnasium has brought us to the state where we can see it adorning our campus — spiritually, if not bodily. Then there are her dark hours when we listen to her righteous indignation labout spilled ink and chewing gum wads.

What now follows will probably rate me a dishonorable dismissal from the Tower Light staff, but they say we have freedom of the press, so if worst comes to worst, I shall demand justice from the Supreme Court. Miss Munn and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow have birthdays on the same date. Since I can find no fitting simile, I shall, with all due respect to the poet, dedicate the following parody of his poem, "The Children's Hour," to Miss Munn:

#### ODE (?) TO MISS MUNN

Between the dark and the daylight,
When last night was beginning to lower,
Came a pause in my day's occupation,
Which I christened the TOWER LIGHT HOUR.

I heard in the corridors 'round me The clatter of overgrown feet, The sounds of doors that were open, And voices far from sweet.

My brain was working with misses, Inspiration was not mine, And I began to envy Hitler With his brown shirts on the Rhine,

Do you know, my dear Miss Munn, That my head is not at my call, And when I have to write articles, I have no brains at all?

In that condition I shall stay forever, Yes, forever and a day. And if my mind crumbles to ruin, You shall have to put me away!

Another birthday on the date of Longfellow's! Is she like the poet? "Listen, and you shall hear" "the murmuring pines and hemlocks" and a "whir of wings in the drowsy air" as you stroll on the Audubon Trail. Look, and you shall see a figure, in the late evening, carefully putting out seed for a scarlet friend. Yes, Miss Brown was born in February, too. I need not compare them as authors — surely you don't want me to mention "A Guide to Student Teaching." But "love of nature" is a fitting comparison.

Since Miss Stitzel and Miss Yoder both have birthdays in February, we think it a proper thing to declare a joint holiday for them on an appointed date. At this time the student body will celebrate the occasion by:

- 1. Refraining from long and loud conversations in the Library.
- 2. Refraining from using the Library as a lunchroom.
- 3. Paying all fees on over-due books.

Such a celebration might be so successful that we could try it again before next year rolls around.

Dr. Tansil, Miss Roach, and Mrs. Brouwer also have birthdays in February. We might offer the following suggestions as a fitting way to spend the day:

- 1. Dr. Tansil to hold open house for her personal record files so we may "see ourselves as others see us."
- 2. Miss Roach to allow her classes to be irresponsible for a day.
- 3. Mrs. Brouwer to read what Lin Yutang thinks about "rushing" Americans.

Now that all is said and all is done, we wish all of you a happy birthday. You may never get in Who's Who in America, but you will still be our famous "Children."

# A Heart Disturbing Custom

WHETHER OR not we shall receive a valentine, and if so, from whom it will come, are often questions which so fill our waking thoughts that we are little concerned about how such a heart-disturbing custom originated. But upon searching, the writer found that St. Valentine's Day has quite an interesting pedigree.

In Rome, before there were any saints or saints' days, there was a festive day in honor of Lupercus, the great wolf destroyer. On that day, Lupercalia, the young people drew lots to find who would be their partners for the next year. Later, when the heathen festivals were weeded from the Roman calendar, Lupercalia was replaced by St. Valentine's Day, in honor of St. Valentine, a priest who had died a martyr's death in 270 A. D., and whose saint's day fell near Lupercalia. Then, too, St. Valentine was the patron saint of lovers, so some of the Roman customs were kept.

However, it is from England that most of the present Valentine Day customs come. The day was adopted in England because on that day the birds were supposed to mate. In that country the sending of valentines was exceedingly popular, for there are records of many which Charles, the Duke of Orleans, composed while he was in prison. There are also, to be found in old collections, valentines to suit people of every profession, from the carpenter to the lawyer.

English literature, too, furnishes references to the observance of this day. In Shakespeare's Hamlet, Ophelia says:

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day All in the morning betime And I a maid at your window To be your Valentine."

(Could it have been leap year?) Samuel Pepys' Diary contains reference to the giving of valentines. The custom of the gentlemen giving gifts, accompanied by notes, was quite popular by this time and it is to this that Samuel Pepys refers. A Miss Stuart drew the name of the Duke of Richmond and received a jewel worth about \$4,000. The gentleman whose name she drew the next year gave her a ring worth about \$1,500. The young lady who drew Mr. Pepys' name received some green silk hose, some garters, and some shoe laces, "which pleased the young lady very much." Mrs. Pepys once drew her husband's name for a valentine, and he gave her a ring "made of a turkey stone set with diamonds."

Besides the giving of gifts, other customs and super-

stitions arose. On the eve of St. Valentine's Day the young ladies slept on a pillow on which were pinned five bay leaves — one at each corner and one in the center. If the young lady dreamed of her sweetheart, they surely would be married before the year was over. To make doubly sure that her dream came true, the young lady might hard boil an egg, take out the yolk, fill the hollow with salt, and eat the egg — shell, salt, and all, before going to bed. But she must neither speak nor drink after eating the egg! ("What fools these mortals be!") If the young people arose early and snared an owl and two sparrows, they would have good luck for the entire year. In Scotland, the first person of the opposite sex seen on St. Valentine's Day was the valentine for the year.

As with many other customs, that of sending valentines was brought to America and received favorably. In the early part of the twentieth century the Chieago postoffice accepted 1,250,000 valentines, but it rejected 25,000 comic ones on the ground that they were not fit to be carried in the mail. (Some we've seen must have been smuggled past the censor.) However, some of the verses were amusing. This one was supposedly written by a New York confectioner:

"Young Cupid's choicest sugar plum, Affection's purest drop, Your sweetness has no rival In the candies of my shop.

"I'll send you some vanilla
And I'll make you, love, a neat heart
Out of my rarest sugar,
If you will be my sweetheart."

Here is one written to a teacher:

"I have the nicest teacher— I wonder if she knows it? This valentine I send to her Because I think it shows it."

Another said:

"You auto be my valentine, I'll never tire of you."

And then there was the one signed "Gessa Gen."

St. Valentine's Day has helped make the history of the world. Here's hoping that this year it makes history for you!

# Leap Year

Margaret Zillmor

WITH FEBRUARY this year, in addition to the bare trees, the snow storms, the second semester with its crowded schedule, comes Leap Year. 1940 has many implications for the homo sapiens occupying this terain: to the harassed, it means one more shopping day before Christmas; to naive, unsophisticated twerps, it affords a time for a reversing of charges (dated); to the more aggressive but less pursued damsels, it is the golden opportunity "to catch as catch can"; to the fatigued faces which fill the halls of learning, it means one more day until the last day of the last of the semester.

But has anyone ever considered how this blight came upon our current calendar? In our imagination, we've

pictured this outstanding, historical event.

Pope Gregory III sat in his study and undertook the reformation of the Julian calendar. For countless hours he worked and after he had, to the best of his ability, arranged the year, systematically into months, there was one day left over. He tore his hair and gnashed his teeth, he groaned and sighed and moaned and cried, but no-

where would that measly day fit in. Over and over again he asked himself the same question. Couldn't he make some day forty-eight hours long, some day whose joy could be extended? Then, a Great Thought entered his brain like a thunderbolt. Christmas! He would like to make Christmas forty-eight hours long! Everybody likes Christmas! He thought of the joy this act would bring to the hearts of little children; of the great boom of Christmas sales which would be effected (since people would have a longer time, they could make more visits and, consequently, would have to buy more gifts). But soon this thought disintegrated in the mist of oblivion. A Christmas forty-eight hours long every four years wouldn't do at all; he was flooded with a great sense of shame for having conceived such an atrocious idea.

Chagrined and defeated, he resignedly looked through his list of months. Then, his eye caught the inocent month of February, which contained only twenty-eight days. With fiendish glee he pounced upon innocent February, slighted with only twenty-eight days. There, in that fateful moment, Leap Year was injected into the lives of generations to come. And that, dear fellow sufferers, is how February happens to have an extra

day every four years.

# **Crossed Wires**

MARJORIE LESSENCO

Characters -

Mr. Schpriegelhiem - - - A Butcher
Mrs. Spencer
Mrs. Woodley Typical Housewives

Scene —

The stage is divided into three partitions: The first partition is a butcher shop; the others, the homes of Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Woodley, respectively. The telephone bell jingles in the butcher shop and Schpriegelhiem takes down the receiver. . . . He is in a very good mood. . . . There is a broad German smile on his face. . . .

Schpriegelhiem — Halloo! Schpriegelhiem's Butcher Shop. Anyting I could do for you?

Mrs. Woodley (speaking hurriedly) — This is Mrs. Woodley talking. I'm in a dreadful rush, Mr. Schpriegelhiem, so please listen carefully. I would like to order a nice spring chicken, about — —

Mrs. Spencer—Size fourteen, and in that new beautiful color of green with — —

Schpriegelhiem—Vat's dot you sed? I guess I didn't get it ride. We don't got vat you vants — I don't tink so, anyway.

Mrs. Spencer—Size fourteen, I said, in that lovely scabright green.

Schpriegelhiem (talking to himself)—Gott, dat voman iss crazy! (Talking into the phone)—Ma'am, ve haf not got vat you vant. Ve don't got a demand for chickens dot color. Maybe you would like a nice steak, huh, maybe?

Mrs. Woodley—What on earth can you be talking about, Mr. Schpriegelhiem? I said I wanted a nice spring chicken.

Mrs. Spencer—Yes, buttoned down the front and —— Schpriegelhiem (talking to himself)—Gott in himmel, dat voman iss crazy!) (Talking into the phone)— Ve couldn't gif you a chicken buttoned down the

front. You vant another delephone number — ain't it?

Mrs. Spencer—With deep purple collar and cuffs. Schpriegelhiem—Ve don't dress our chickens. You know

dat, Mrs. Voodley --

Mrs. Woodley—Mr. Schpriegelhiem, I don't understand you. . . . Have you been drinking? Yes, you certainly have been. I shall tell my husband to send you a check and you'll no longer be bothered with our account.

Schpriegelhiem—Please, ma'am! But vill you please order again vat you vant und say it plain. I guess my hearing iss bad.

Mrs. Spencer—A sea-bright green dress—buttoned down the front and — —

Schpriegelhiem-Did you vand it for supper?

Mrs. Spencer—Central, who is that crazy German on the line? I'm trying to talk to my dressmaker. Will you please tell Mr. Sauerkraut to get off the line?

Mrs. Woodley (exasperated) — Hello, hello, Mr. Schpriegelhiem! (She hangs up.) I'll just have to talk to Mr. Woodley about this.

Mrs. Spencer—Hmph! (She hangs up.) I never thought I'd see the time when I couldn't talk to my own dressmaker. The telephone company will hear about this!

Schpriegelhiem (he hangs up and turns to his wife)— Lina, don't go near dot phone! Der vire is full mit crazy vimen. Dey vant a green chicken mit collars and cuffs.

# Couldn't It Happen Here?

CATHERINE GRAY

"TWAS ON the dark, dreary night of February 11, near a damp, desolate, depressing dale that the dauntless deed of deception came to pass! (Are you in the groove, kids?) To be specific — this bit of nonsense took place at a place called Owson, Aryland — to be more specific, it all happened on the property in and around two associate institutions — Tate Eachers Ollege and Epherd Ratt.

It was some years after Senator Bugg escaped—oops, a mistake! - graduated from Tate Eachers that he took the entrance exams at Epherd Ratt, but suffice it to say that the one followed the other! The senator was one of those hard-working, serious people who graduated with A's and honors and was evidently slated for higher things than teaching. After a few years in politics - culminating in senatorship (we told you he was smart), it was noticed that he definitely was in need of some more instruction, and the kind that Epherd Ratt could provide. His "peculiarities" were most striking in regard to several incidents. One day he had the misfortune to partially overhear some people discussing his abilities. He heard: "history of his family . . . and his education. . . . Monroe . . . says he is just the person we need." The brilliant senator's mind leaped backward history, education, Monroe. He jumped from his chair, grabbed a piece of paper and a pencil. He gritted his teeth and furrowed his brow, grinding at amazed onlookers - "Well, what chapter do we attack today?"

"Canada be he has lost his mind?" punned a bystander. "Canada," screamed the senator, "History of Education in Canada, Monday; History of Education in England, Tuesday; History of Education in Scotland, Wednesday; History of Education in France, Thursday where will it all end?"

Another incident occurred while the senator and his friends were walking through a market. A vulgar proletarian was telling her oldest child in regard to a young pest, "Clap her on the ears." Again, unfortunately, the brilliant mind leaped backward — "Klapper." He hopskipped to a fruit stand, grabbed a basket of nice, red, juicy apples and started to line them along the ledge of a stall belonging to A. S. H. Mosera.

So-o-o-o, the next day Bugg matriculated at Epherd Ratt! Having received his schedule card and having been introduced to the routine, Bugg was left free to do as he chose. He thought, and he thought, and he looked at the Ollege, and he looked. By night he had reached a decision. He felt an urge. He was compelled. He was true to his original Alma Mater. In other words, he intended to live a double life — spend the nights at the Ollege and the days as a Ratt — hang it, another mistake! — I mean spend the days at Ratt.

One by one the Monroes disappeared; two by two the 136. 7's and 150's vanished; a whole set of science tests were removed, too. Steadily, Bugg's record at Ratt improved as he satisfied his urge; and steadily the atmosphere at the Ollege cleared, at least for formerly stunned students. Someone was evidently on their sidel Bells rang when periods were half over! There was a

faculty reserve in each student's locker every morning! No one was late — because all the clocks were fifteen minutes slow.

Day and night Bugg and the students had fun, and day and night the faculty had worries. But things just couldn't go on without something being done. No one wanted a scandal, so some private detectives enrolled as students. It was beautifully done — no one knew the hide-and-seckers weren't students; that is, if they ignored the fact that they wore bowler hats to class and smoked ropes named "coronas-coronas-coronas." But they never got to third base. It was the senator's wife who smelled the er-er-er, who discovered the perpetrator of the crime. (That's better.) Knowing her husband and putting two and two together when she got one and a half, she knew it was her husband who wasn't all there, either. She confronted him. He shook and wailed: "Dear, you see, I can explain everything."

"Senator Isaac Alphonse Francis Donahue Bugg, where's your sense? This is wonderful. Those students are tickled a variety of colors. We'll take advantage of this" — and he was exposed as soon as the extra papers could be put on the street.

Two weeks later -

Nope, it's not to the jail house we go, but to Ollege. I1.45—Tate Eachers Auditorium.

Speaker: Senator I. A. F. D. Bugg.

#### The Speech

"My friends— You are the future voters of this state. You will select your political leaders. When I run for President in nineteen umpty, vote for me and I will not keep you in suspense about my third term. Moreover, I don't make promises. I do first and then appear before you. It was I who removed care and woe from your lives. It was I — —"

Nineteen umpty.

Newspaper heading.

"Senator Bugg's Landslide Election!" As head of the Prisoners Education League of Aryland Tate Enitentiary, where he is serving a term for illegal entrance and appropriation —

# Cartooning in Brief

RALPH BARRETT

THE IMPULSE to draw is just as compelling as the urge to write or compose great masterpieces of literature or music. Cartooning is a phase of this impulse, and by working in one's spare moments over a period of cars, a more or less efficient style will result. There is, however, a fundamental background needed for the art.

The makers of the comic strips are sometimes incorectly called cartoonists, which is as bad as comparing he slap-stick comedians to the veteran actor, or the bass lum to the violin. It is true, however, that some of the omic artists are fine in their interpretations.

Since this issue deals largely with humor, I shall base my discussion on humorous cartoons and cartoonists.

The cartoonist uses many ways of stressing his point. Saggeration is the greatest of these. If the subject is mall in stature he is "dwarfed" by the pen, or if he has arge features, they are enlarged. The Roosevelt smile is typical illustration of the exaggeration "flair." The nost famous of the artists that depend on exaggeration features are Tom Titt. James House, Leo Cheney. Vlatt and Edmund Dulae. A few steer clear of exaggration and promote reproduction of physical features

as accurately as is humanly possible. Such a cartoonist is England's David Low, who claims that American art has no originality and that the figure of Uncle Sam is very poor since it does not live up to the ideal of the American people.

Some types of cartooning depend entirely on the strength of the drawing and the pose of the subject, particularly the position of the hands. It is possible to create a most touching effect without using facial expression at all. Such cartoonists are few; the most famous was Cary.

The use of "breathers" or script lines in the cartoon is very striking and should be used whenever possible without ruining the coherence of the picture. It is wise to build your picture around your title, thus giving the cartoon no extra detail, since the more detail you have the less pointed your argument.

The exaggeration of action has been for the past four or five years stressed very effectively by the animated cartoons under the supervision of Walt Disney.

Now rest, digest these suggestions, and then begin to practice. It's easy!

### What's In Your Name?

Ann Fry

HAVE YOU ever wished for a name like those of Father Divine's angels? Perhaps you wanted a name such as Shining Pearl or Heavenly Lily. Be satisfied with your own, for perhaps the meaning of your name is as fantastic as those of the "Angels."

But suppose, after investigation, you aren't satisfied with the name your parents bestowed on you. Before taking any legal steps to have it changed, I would advise you to learn the meaning of some names, and choose one fitting your personality.

If you are the strong, silent type, you could choose Thaddeus Peter, meaning strong rock. Or if you are God's gift to women - you could change your name to Matthew - gift of the Lord. Possibly your personality is too complicated to be described by these names; if this is the case you could choose "Pliny," about the meaning of which Webster's Dictionary is undecided.

Here is a list of names from which you may choose: Aaron—lofty Agnes—sacred Albert-nobly bright Algernon-with moustaches Allan-harmony Anu—grace Beatrice—making happy Bernard—bold as a bear Calvin-bald Catherine-pure Charles-strong Clarabel-brightly fair David-beloved Donald-proud chief Dorothy-gift of God Edward-right guard Eleanor-light Elizabeth-God of the Oath Francis-free George-husbandman Henry-home ruler Helen-light Herman-warrior Ichabod-the glory has departed

James-gracious gift of God

John-a supplanter Joseph-he shall add Julius-downy bearded Kenneth-comely Louis-famous warrior Margaret-pear Mildred-mild threatener Oscar-bounding warrior Paul-little Peregrine-stranger Philip-lover of horses Phyllis-green bough Priscilla—somewhat old Richard—a stern king Robert-bright in fame Rosamond-horse protection Rufus-red-haired Stella-star Stephen-crown Susan—lily Theresa-carrying ears of corn Thomas-twin Valentine-strong Walter-powerful, warrior William-helmet of resolution Zephaniah-the Lord hideth

# This Interviewing Business

DAVID H. NELSON

NEVER AGAIN. I won't do it. I absolutely refuse to interview, preview, review, Belle Vue or parlez-vous. I'll quit before accepting another assignment such as this one.

Even when the editor gave his directions, a strange presentiment warned me to rebel. However, I swallowed my pride, my Adam's apple and a plug of chewing tobacco, and proceeded on my reluctant way to the home of that eminent English scientist, Sir F. I. Knott,

As I walked, I contemplated the situation with nonetoo-pleasant feelings. Why did I ever run away from home\* just to become a journalist and be a slave to every whim and fancy of a scheming editor? Angry though I was, I saw the folly of remaining so. Happily my innate joviality began to assert itself. By this time, I had reached 65th Street and my disposition was much improved. But as the journey was long, I had to stop at the corner drugstore on 90th Street to replenish my spirits. Once again feeling 'ale and hearty, I con-

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tinued my trek, with no further interruptions, to the very door of my prospective interviewee's home.

Strangely enough, I had lost my resentment at having been assigned the lowly job of interviewer. In fact, I was feeling pretty rum. Confidently stepping forward, I rang the doorbell.

Did you ever ring a doorbell? Did you ever wring a neck? Did you know that one good turn deserves another? Did -, Ah! But I hear someone approaching. Who could it be but the butler?

I was greeted by a pleasant, cultured Oxonian accent as the portal sesamed before me: "Yeah?" Slightly taken back by such cordiality, it took me a few moments before I managed to say:

"Is Sir Knott in?"

"Who wants to see him?" I could see out of my good left eve that he was a fine specimen of manhood. With my slightly befogged right eye I could see that he was waiting for my answer.

"I'm Hart, of the Daily Circulator," I replied, "I am to interview Sir Knott."

<sup>\*</sup> Ed. Note - By "home" he means the "T'Ain't a Saint in the Place Home and Reformatory for Refractory Juveniles."

"I see. If you'll step into the reception room, I'll call Sir Knott."

Thanking the butler, I stepped into the room as he shut the door and left to find the scientist. Before I had time to become acquainted with the room, another man entered from the doorway through which I had just passed. He was a tall, well-built, blond individual with an air of confident precision. Perhaps he also was a reporter wishing to interview Sir Knott. Better find out.

"Do you mind telling me who you are?" I asked. "Sir Fennleigh Knott," he answered in a pleasant

voice.

"Well, what is it?"

"I told you."

"You did? You think I'm crazy?"

"Sir Fennleigh Knott," came the emphatic reply. (What's the matter with this guy? I thought. He must be nutty or something.)

"Sir Fennleigh Ima Knott," came the astonishing re-

mark.

"Ah, there you are, sir." The butler had returned. "Twe been looking for you. I see that you and this gentleman have already met." He started to leave.

"Just a moment, Meadows. There is a misunderstanding here. Will you please introduce us properly?"

You could have knocked me over with a brick when I found what this guy had been trying to tell me. Well, he was pleasant enough about it and said that we all make mistakes, though it's too bad that some people make it a habit.

In a few minutes I explained the purpose of my visit. "I see," he said. "You want a story which might be termed a 'Scientist's Day.' Well, here goes."

The nightmare that followed is too wearisome to describe in detail. In the true spirit of scientific revelation, this Knott proceeded to verify the fact that at precisely sixty seconds past 11:59 P. M. of the previous night the clock struck twelve, thereby starting the present day. To prove this he phoned Greenwich, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Tokyo, and Moscow. He recorded these various times. Then he calculated the distances between these places and London, made corrections for the change in times due to varying longitude, and established the fact that it was 12 o'clock at midnight.

In a similar way, Sir Fennleigh related everything he did that day from midnight up until the time he met me. First he made a statement. Then he gathered his material and data and drew a conclusion. Finally he verified his conclusion.

That may be the modern way of doing things: precisely, accurately, scientifically. But I want to guess about some things. I want to take some things for granted. If I like a girl, I don't want to investigate why I like her. I might find out that the only reason for liking her is the possibility of borrowing her brother's car.

Did you ever try tasting poison? You probably never tried it again. You probably never tried anything again.\* That's the way I feel about this interviewing business I don't want to try it again. I might meet up with a Watson or a Wallenstein or run into a Wallen Crack-Up.

I don't want to be an interviewer. I want to be a journalist; a writer like Lincoln or Greeley. Although I do disagree with Greeley, I think the well-bred young man should go veast; all the others may go West.

# How to Cure a Cold

ALLEN O'NEILL

NOW THAT the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" has come once again, many of us are looking forward with dread to the colds which are certain to be our affliction. That man in this enlightened age must cringe in fear is most unfortunate but, nevertheless, true; for, heretofore, the medical profession has failed to find a remedy for this distressing malady. At last, however, the forces of darkness have been vanquished, and the reign of light is at hand. From hours of toilsome and tireless research I have devised an infallible cure and, in the name of science and the spirit of Hippocrates, I present it to humanity. In giving directions I shall remember that no doubt the reader, out of sheer magnanimity, will wish to use this cure first on someone other than himself.

At the first sneeze have the patient take one-half a litre of three-year-old rye whiskey. If a good brand is used, the patient should not have to be coaxed; but, if a personal prejudice is involved, the rye may be changed to Scotch. When the eyes of the patient begin to cross, he will be ready for the next treatment.

In a bowl marked number one, crush together ten tablets of aspirin, six of bromo-quinine, four of alkaseltzer, and thoroughly mix with this three tablespoons

<sup>\*</sup> Ed. Note - I hope he never tries writing again.

of Baker's best bicarbonate of soda. In another bowl, marked number two, pour eight ounces of castor oil. The mixture slowly add three and three-quarter ounces of paregoric, the juice of six lemons, and four ounces of sloe gin. To reassure the timid, here let me say that in the following procedure there is absolutely no danger of explosion. Quickly pour the contents of bowl number two into bowl number one, shake twice, and decant the mixture into the sick one's mouth before he begins to doubt the benignity of your purpose.

As soon as the last drop has been swallowed, or perhaps sooner, the patient will have the desire to run. This desire is normal, healthy, expected and should be encouraged until two miles are covered at top speed. Walk or carry the patient home, and let him soak for two hours in water exactly one hundred and sixty-two degrees F. Hoist him in front of an open window and urge him to scratch his ribs and utter loud shrieks. The lastmentioned treatment is of immense psychological importance.

By this time there should be no difficulty in convincing the patient that the best place for him is bed. Lay him abdomen down, and with a twenty-ounce rubber mallet beat deftly and rhythmically once on the first vertebra, twice on the second, three times on the third, and so on until all the vertebrae have been adjusted or a peculiar crunching sound is heard. Any objections of the patient can be overcome by a few sharp cracks on the base of his skull. Pile six woolen blankets, one comfort, and two quilts on the patient, being careful not to cover his head, and let nature do her work.

We must remember that it is nature who heals; we can only do our best to help.

# Can You Tell a Joke?

JEANETTE ULRICH

SO YOU'VE heard a joke? So what? No doubt seventy-five per cent of the student body has already heard it. But don't let that stop you! Oh, no; go right ahead and pick out some long-suffering friend and get the foul thing out of your system. However, before you start, here are a few pointers on how to tell jokes and amuse punsters.

At the head of the list of the most disliked jokesters is the person who tries to tell a joke that is so screamingly funny he can't control himself long enough to tell it. He starts off, "Oh, Joe, ha! ha! ha! ha!, have you heard - oh, gosh, it's funny; it's a scream, ha! ha! ha! Wait'll you hear it!" So you patiently wait until the laughter subsides a little and he is able to go on again. "Why did - why did - ha! ha! ha! - the chicken cross the road?" And he goes off into another spasm. Grit your teeth, assume a martyr's expression, and try very hard to get a little chuckle ready. Then, between gasps for breath to replenish his exhausted supply, you hear that just screamingly funny reply, "Because Robert Taylor was on the other side. Ha! ha! ha!" Keep calm: eventually he will notice that the answer didn't make much impression on you and will start to explain,

The person who tries to explain a joke is as detestable as the person who can't tell one for laughing, because he not only has a low sense of humor, but insults your intelligence as well. Very gently he begins, "Now, listen—

Robert Taylor is handsome, see?" and looks earnestly at you while you nod wearily. "And chicken is a slang word for girl, understand?" He searches your face anxiously for signs of a light breaking and finding none, exclaims desperately, "Well, don't you get it? Gosh, you're dense!" Tearing his hair, he goes through the explanation again. Giving up in disgust he walks away mumbling something uncomplimentary about your sense of humor. Congratulate yourself that your perseverance for a half-hour will save you from many such tortures at the hand of this particular fiend.

The most tantalizing of jesters is the one who comes up and says he has a brand new joke to tell you. Of course, you only have his word for it, but the least you can do is to listen politely. "Why is an elephant like a kangaroo?" Well, it sounds new; so, joyously, you ask, "I don't know — why is an elephant like a kangaroo?" hoping that at last you will be one of the first to hear a new joke.

"Oh, goodness! What do you know about that? I've forgotten the answer!" Here is a good situation for a justifiable murder but remember that there is still a chance as long as he is alive.

"Jimmy told it to me just a half-hour ago! Isn't that disgusting? Now I'll have to find him to let him tell it to me again! Gee, I'm getting a short memory!" The things you think about such a person are unprintable, he is the kind of brute who would hold a piece of candy out of reach of a baby until the poor thing screamed his head off. Creating suspense with a joke is unpardonable and the thought that you may go through eternity without ever knowing the points of similarity between an elephant and a kangaroo is enough to give you nervous prostration.

A joke sure not to get a laugh is one with no point to it whatever. In fact, it isn't a joke usually but only a weak pun, or a play on words. A horrible example is: "Did you hear the story about the three men?" And the equally horrible answer is, "He, he, he."

The most discussed problem in the United States, next to the unemployment problem, is what to do with both the people who invent, and those who tell, such trash. To add insult to injury, there is a group who make up long narrative stories and when they can't think of a suitable ending add something like, "And so to this day nobody knows what happened; but we do, don't we?" Of course, we don't, but you just can't do anything about this type of individual. We have still to found an institution for them.

Many articles have been written about people who

try to tell of situations that can't possibly be humorous unless you were in them. But the situation made such an impression on him that he comes up and begins enthusiastically, "Say, you should have been ice-skating with us last night! We were teaching Charlotte, and you know how she is! If you had only seen her when she first stood up on the ice!" Now, to really appreciate the story, you have to be in the mood and be willing to work your imagination overtime. But as he continues and tells you at great length, with all the minute details, of how they taught Charlotte to ice-skate, your interest begins to wane. If you are not careful, you may find yourself yawning in his face. The narrator usually ends up, "Of course, you really should have been there! I can't tell you how funny it was!" The best thing to do is manage a smile, no matter how weak, and say that you're sorry you missed the fun.

The most odious jokester is the one who has no taste, or very poor taste at least, when it comes to telling jokes. A joke is a joke to him, no matter when, where, or with whom. An icy stare usually covers the situation, but if it doesn't, it only proves that—well, it just proves what I've said and think of jokesters.

## **Demons of Renunciation**

WILLIAM JETT

THE ART of refusal is practiced so extensively by man that it may well be classified as a reflex. People frequently refuse so realistically that they convince others that they actually mean it — thousands of persons are fooled in this manner annually. A commonplace example of this phenomenon is the proffering of candy between children. One child asks another if he will have a piece of chewing gum, while the child asked immediately begins to fumble and hesitate, answering sheepishly that he doesn't know. Whereupon, the benefactor insists on acceptance, for he knows that his victim is suffering between the evils of greed and desire. Cases of refusal among children have a very low percentage of success, since the refuser is inexperienced, not to mention unwilling.

Adults, however, present a harder problem after the age of thirty. At this stage of the game, grown-ups have passed the exuberant period, and desire only three or four cups of tea instead of a bathtub full of lemonade. Their artifice and calculating renunciations crack the most persistent offerer. A simple illustration may be

cited when two mature adults dine out. Mr. and Mrs. A are dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. B, so, when everyone has partaken of an appreciable volume of food, lo and behold! the table suddenly becomes overladen with groceries. This incident, never doubt, was no chance happening, but deliberately planned by Mrs. B, who immediately seeks to make eating miserable for Mr. and Mrs. A. Says Mr. B, "Come now, have some more steak. Here, have some potatoes, they're delicious."

Mr. and Mrs. A. who are both satisfied, reply in unison, "Really, I don't care for any more. You shouldn't have gone to so much trouble for us." This is a bad counter attack, since the B's only try to prove that nothing is too much for Mr. and Mrs. A, and Mrs. B then waxes eloquent in her attempt to ambush the A's. After some minutes of combat, Mrs. A puts an end to the whole affair by stating, "But my dear, didn't you know that Mr. A and I are both on a diet. Not too many calories or carbohydrates, you know." Ah, this is the supreme triumph, for Mrs. B knows as well as you and I that nothing can swerve Mrs. (Continued on page 31)

# **Nightmare**

Nolan Chipman

The Place-The Men's Room at S. T. C.

The Time-You pick the time.

The Setting—(To put yourself in a receptive mood):

Read Grapes of Wrath. See the movie, "Hurricane."

Hear "Gang Busters."

Let's listen to a group lounging in that far corner:

"Listen, bright boy, do you realize what kind of material we'll have after February?"

"Sure, the team will have one more handicap."
"The ball club isn't going badly, though."

"No, it isn't; anyhow, I'm sleepy" (yawn).

A monotonous voice drones the length of the room: "Who wants to sell a car token?" No reply.

Coach Minnegan walks in, "Have any of you gentlemen seen Marty?"

"Yea, Coach, he went upstairs to practice the piano," answers a classmate in a quivering voice. Several men exchange glances akin to consternation, and mutterings

of "Allah be praised" drift through the room.

"All right, I'll see him later," says Coach, and nods

approvingly.

Monotonous voice drones again. "Say, whose gotta extra car token?" No reply.

A group seated under the mirror is conversing.

"D—n, next year we'll have Mr. Moser's math, music practicum, botany, history, and I'll probably repeat music elements. Oooolhh! Man, it makes me groggy to think of it."

"Me too. Gimme a cigarette. Are you still smoking Camels? O. K., O. K. Yea, I'm crazy about them. Thanks! Got a match, too? Thanks! Now, I still say Camels ——"

Lerner breezes in with brown brief case trying to hold the pace. "Does anyone of you gentlemen find it expedient at this time to allow me to purchase a car token?"

"Yea, here's one."

Monotonous voice intervenes. "I asked you first."

"I know, but doesn't someone have to keep Lerner quiet?"

'I guess so," drawls monotonous voice, and resumes chant with rising crescendo, "Listen, men, I've gotta have a car token." No reply.

By the table near the radiator a group is gathered.

First Soph—"Listen, mates, I need a date for our dance."

Second Soph—"Date! Man, you've got two more

Third Soph—"Don't worry, you can't do any worse than you did last time."

First Soph—"Listen, that girl wasn't as ugly as you think. I've seen worse."

Third Soph—"Me too! But where?"

Monotonous voice drones in the room again. "I'm not joking, it's snowing. I can't walk the first fare. How about a car token?" Still no reply.

Second Soph—"No kidding, are you boys sending flowers?"

Chorus—"What!" "The man's demented." "Boy, do you feel well?"

Bright Soph—"Gentlemen, I'd send flowers if I wasn't so susceptible to hay fever." Small books and someone's Science Activity fly in that direction.

Far to the other end of the room, by the blackboard, there is the most animated group of all. Laughter is subsiding.

"Listen to this one. Why can't lightning strike a street-car?" Pause, "Because the motorman is a non-conductor."

A few smiles registered. "Wasn't bad for a clean joke."
"No, I rather liked it the first nineteen times that I heard it."

"Listen, here's one. Confucius says -- "

Monotonous voice has risen to shrill crescendo: "Will somebody please sell me a car token?"

A Senior from a reclining position on a red-leathered chair innocently raises his cycbrows. "Why didn't you tell me that you wanted to buy a car token?"

Owner of monotonous voice throws his hands to heaven and sinks to the gray floor in a heap.

### COURAGE

IRMA SENNHENN

"Farewell, farewell to all my friends," The maiden sadly sighed.

"I dread to leave, yet there's no hope. I may no longer bide."

"I must go forth to meet my Fate,"
The damsel bravely said.
And though she shook and went y

And though she shook and wept with fear, She still marched right ahead.

Her friends, in silence, watched her go.
They could not lend a hand.
For all alone she had to do

The tasks that Fate had planned.

And o'er the group a great hush fell For courage so far-reaching. And bravely she went forth to meet Her nine weeks' student-teaching!

# POETRY

#### ABOUT ME

I'm very ordinary, Heavens above— I'm not the least bit unusual— But he doesn't think so—with me he's in love— Which accounts for his state so "confusial."

He writes of my lovely soft curly brown hair, He writes of my knowledge prolific— If anything's wrong with me he doesn't care— He's not the least bit scientific.

So I'll show you the poem he wrote about me, Understand the strange words if you can. You'll find that I'm wonderful and you'll certainly see The weird effect love has on man.

#### "TO HER FROM ME"

There's many a poem or verse or sonnet Inspired by nothing more fair than a bonnet; So, thinking me thus, I determined forthwith To compose me an ode to a very "Mith," Whose beauty is known wherever she be And dazzles the eyes of all who can see.

Her name, as you may or may not have guessed (And one which too often is taken in jest), Begins with a ——, and ends with a ——. At the very grave risk of being thought bold, I follow with glee the temptation to raise My feeble voice to sing her praise.

From the tip of her toes to her curly, brown hair, She's without dispute the fairest o' the fair. With a figure and face to put Venus to shame. She's Modesty itself—but if not, who could blame Such a lovable lass for failing to hide A bit of sincere, justifiable pride?

With a happy smile and a word of good cheer, She reveals her joy at just being here; For life to this maiden's a joyous game, Yet serious enough at times just the same: And, while she's pretty, she's a clever girl, too, Who's equalled by some but surpassed by few. So I count myself lucky in being her friend, And luckier still, as I'll always contend, For having her feel as she does about me— As you know, two is comp'ny, and we're not three.

In as many different ways as there are kinds of Jello, I lift my voice in a rousing "Hello!" Now it makes me as happy as happy can be, To send all my love to her, from me.

#### ABOUT ME

You must think me hard-boiled, unfeeling and cold; You must think me so unromantic or old. But the stuff that I write him (and it must be told) Would drive even Neddie Sparks frantic.

So if I've a lesson to teach, it is this. That love is a state detrimental To intelligent action—but for bliss of a kiss I'd rather be senti than mental.

#### JUST ONE MORE MAN

PATSY HERNDON

Yes, there he is, surrounded—
There are men to left and right;
In his heart the cry of battle—
On his face no trace of fright.

And not the least undaunted
He plunges through the line.
"I must; I'm going to do it!"
(He's the big, heroic kind.)

He's heading straight across the field, His footwork is supreme; He dodges one man — there he goes! (He's every maiden's dream.)

He sidesteps neatly one more man And stares him in the eye. "I will, no matter what the cost; "I'm going to do or die!"

Just one more man stands in his way—
His task is almost done.
He dodges wearily, and then
He cries: "I've won, I've won!"

He stumbles, tired, off the field And meets some fellow man; He says, in voice that's full of pain, "I'll never dance again!"

#### SUCH A LIFE!

Johnny pulled Susie's pig-tail, And Billy untied Sara's boot; Frankie insists upon running — (There's some kids in my class I could shoot!)

Today Shirley tattled on Betty And Sally talked all during art. They quarrel and giggle and chatter, I wonder if they really have hearts.

Now, Tommy's a dear, as any can see; And little Marie is a peach; But Jerry's a difficult problem for me; And he's one of "the children" I teach.

I had vision of leading "the children"
To a wide and "unknown realm."
I think it is I who am guiding the ship—
But "the children" are now at the helm.

And whether the course be a smooth one, Or whether it's decidedly not— In spite of who's steering the school bark. I find myself oft on a "spot."

But then I reflect on my childhood And remember some deeds I have done— No — I can't say I was such an angel, So I say, "Yes, they will have their fun."

#### TRIBAL CHANT OF A COLLEGE GIRL

Patricia Herndon

I shall have a taste of glory—
I shall write a famous story—
I shall blind the eyes of nations with my fame;
All the world will wait to greet me—
Kings and Queens will want to meet me—
Ev'ry woman, man and child will know my name.

Or perhaps the stage will claim me;
"Second Bernhardt" they will name me.
I will be the greatest actress ever known.
All my plays will run forever
With their brilliance fading never—
And for me, the brightest banners will be flown.

I might even turn my talents
Toward the Arts — (design and balance);
I shall paint as well as Whistler ever could.
And the fame of my creations
Shall be spread throughout the nations;
I am sure that Rubens' works aren't half as good.

But I'm filled with disillusion,
And I've come to one conclusion:
(For I can't do all the things I've said I can)
Being famous is a bother,
So I'll be a help to father
And I'll go and try to find myself a man!

# EDITORIALS

#### ON HUMOR

HARRY RUSSELL

PREVIOUS TO writing this article I read some of the stories that composed a book entitled Native American Humor (1800-1900). Possibly some of you are thinking that this is the source of some of the stories I tell. but I assure you that none of my stories go as far back as 1800. The idea of all this reading is to attempt to compare the old American humor with that which is rampant in State Teachers' College at present. So, as one needs a basis upon which to make a comparison, the point upon which I base this one is that both are an-

cient. In fact, I would not be a bit surprised if some of the stories told here in college did not date back to Confucius.

The book is written about the humor that was presalent in different sections of the country during the aforementioned time, and I shall try to show you how this old humor is similar or dissimilar to the "old" humor of this college. This may not be possible, however, because many of the stories in the book were funny.

The tales that came from the Down East section of

our country are long and in letter form. The humor lies in the expressions used and the things they wrote about. Most of the anecdotes were about some one's troubles regarding political issues. Towson stories are short but it is still harder for one to try to find the humor in them than it is in the New England tales.

The other large section of the book is devoted to the tales that typify the old Southwest. These are mainly devoted to telling stories about human exploits in the days "when men were men" and didn't have anything else to do but sit around and tell tall stories. Anyone in the present who told such stories would win a charter

membership in the Liars' Club. These stories would win hands down from any of those told here at our institution, which you should take as a compliment.

Many are wondering, perhaps, as to what this article is all about. It is simply written as a warning to those who have great aspirations to become famous humorists. I do not think that anyone will ever write a book about Towsonian humor. So the only way to have your stories recorded is to sneak them into the Tower Light when the editors are not looking. How else do you think this got into this issue?

#### ON EDITORIALS

George Lichter

AN EDITORIAL may be defined as a piece of exposition presenting fact and opinion for the purpose of entertaining, of influencing opinion, or of interpreting significant news in such a way that its importance to the average reader is made clear. In its larger sense, an editorial consists of an interpretation of events viewed from the standpoint of certain definite principles or policies adopted or advocated by the newspaper publishing it.

Interpretation of events and issues is vitally needed. In the very multiplicity of news, in its vortex of whirlpools, currents, and cross-currents, readers, unaided by the opinions and interpretations of experts, are lost. Witness the murk in the average voter's mind when he goes to the polls to vote for twelve or fifteen out of a hundred candidates for office. He has had news about every candidate whose name appears before him in the voting machine. The major three or four he knows, but he is at sea as to the merits of the others. He needs the guidance of an unprejudiced, informed mind that has made a business of investigating the respective merits of office seekers. Such a one is, or should be, the editor. the provider of news about the candidates. Thus, with other questions of public policy, with problems of school buildings, city playgrounds, new highways and hundreds of other moot issues presenting themselves annually for general discussion and intelligent solution.

Whether one regards entertainment as a legitimate function or not depends on one's interpretation of the word entertainment. Many readers are entertained by any

written composition that presents a novel idea or stimulates one to thought. Others demand humor, pathos, or other emotional appeal. Mentality and education may prove to be the determining factors in one's interpretation of the term. The purpose of these "human interest" editorials is to lure the less thoughtful reader to the editorial column and at the same time to lighten the tenseness of abstract thought and argument within the column. A modicum of information or ethical preachment usually is present in such editorials, but entertainment may be their sole purpose.

The editorial column belongs to the editor to conduct as he understands and interprets the day's significant news. The news columns are the possession of the readers. Presentation of unbiased news there, all the news, is their demand and right. Numerous readers may pay no heed to whether the news they read is colored or uncolored. They may even want it warped according to their particular political, religious, or national bias; they are the non-reflective, emotion-controlled herd. The thinking element of present society want all the facts from which to draw their own conclusions. They want the editorial column to turn to for verification, and from which to gain knowledge of the opinions of others. Many times these opinions modify the ideas of the reader.

If an editorial interprets the news, expresses an opinion based on facts, or entertains, it fulfills its function.

# COLLEGE CALENDAR

January 8, 1940 -

#### HELEN HIGGINS, HARPIST

A friend of Dr. Tansil's, Miss Helen Higgins, gave a harp concert at the Convocation on Monday, January 8. Miss Higgins is instructor of harp and harmony at Stevens College, Columbia, Missouri.

Miss Higgins played a varied selection of short numbers, ranging from the period of the classicists down to that of the modernists. The latter were represented by a composition of Salzedo's, the famous harpist. This modern composition caught the fancy of the audience with its clever effects, produced by the player's hand rapping upon the framework of the harp. The numbers from the classic period were more charming, perhaps, and to the writer more satisfying musically. Music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with its delicacy, running melodic patterns, and short, rhythmic figures, is well suited to the harp. It is music which provides an artist with ample opportunity to display a facile technique and a grasp of musical phrase that tests and proves musicianship. Miss Higgins' control of these two factors was pronounced. Short phrases were marked by clarity and delicacy of nuance, while the unity of the entire composition, with its interlocking of phrases, was sustained throughout.

An interesting feature of the concert was the part in which Miss Higgins collaborated with College students. In one of these selections Miss Higgins accompanied a violin solo played by Engene Webster. In the second she joined the harp part with that of piano and violin to accompany a song by a group of girls from the Glee Club.

It is to be hoped that Miss Higgins will include the Towson Teachers College on her Christmas concert itinerary again next year.

# AN IMPORTANT ASSEMBLY ADDRESS BY DR. WALTER H. JUDD: "CHINESE AFFAIRS"

Reviewed by NANETTE TROTT

The war in the Far East has set an all-time high for barbarity and ruthlessness. Over 2,000,000 soldiers have been killed or have died of wounds during the last two and one-half years of battle. But this is not all! Thickly populated slum districts of the city have been bombed mercilessly; helpless, utterly defenseless civilians have been attacked without compassion and with disregard

of age or sex. Indeed, the most authentic sources show that the Japanese attacked women and, through them, the most basic of China's institutions, the home.

We Americans are the unofficial but indispensable partners in Japan's crime. Few Americans realize that 80 to 90 per cent of Japan's imported war materials come from the United States and cannot be purchased elsewhere. For example, 90 per cent of Japan's aviation gasoline is American; over 90 per cent of Japan's scrap iron and steel comes from us. Japan has continued her war with American-made planes which are repaired with American-made parts. Do we realize that one-third of Japan's bombs are made of our scrap-iron and other materials?

In addition to humanitarian reasons, an embargo on the sale of all supplies which will aid Japan in the continuation of her attack on China would help the United States in a very real materialistic way. Our greatest desires today are peace and security. Yet we continue to help Japan wage a war which will stop our access to the foreign markets of China, our largest foreign cotton purchaser. We shall then, by such means, make a further economic problem for ourselves by building and strengthening a competitive Japan to destroy us.

Our part as alert American citizens and members of a world society striving for peace should be twofold. First, we should boycott Japanese goods — silk for stockings and ties, tuna fish, pottery, and novelties and second, we should use our rights of freedom of speech, writing, and assembly to influence our Government. Write to your Congressmen, the President, and the Secretary of State. Urge them to stop sending supplies to Japan by passing an embargo act.

To be sure, there would be many risks in placing an embargo on a war trade to Japan, but we must realize our risks now as well as in years to come if we continue to support Japan's attempt to build up an invincible military, naval, and economic empire.

January 10, 1940 -

#### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

The Student Christian Association recently brought to its members one of its most informing and entertaining speakers of the year, Dr. Bowman, of the Church of the Brethren, Wash, D. C. Dr. Bowman selected as a title "Look Before You Leap," a very appropriate topic for this leap year. In his lecture he discussed what he thought made for happy marriage. Some of his main points were, briefly, these:

Develop the ability to be agreeable to other peo-

ple. Make them want to be with you — not as Benjamin Franklin's friends sometimes were - happier when he was absent. "There are sins of omission," said Dr. Bowman, "and sins of commission, but the greatest of all are the sins of disposition."

Acquire a good sense of humor and develop unselfishness. Above all, set a high value on yourself and

manufacture good wearing qualities.

Set up high standards for yourself and consciously work toward achieving those goals. You will naturally expect the same qualities, then, in the person you choose for your husband or wife. Select persons who have standards, ideas, and ideals similar to your own if you would be happy. In order to be life comrades, people must have harmonious personalities. Mates should be well balanced in chronological, mental, and emotional

Consider whether or not you are financially able to marry - the husband should be able to support his wife in reasonable comfort. However, many could get more out of life on less money. Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed can not expect to start life where their parents left off, either. Though money is important, it is not the most important thing. There are some who prefer a man worth \$100,000 who doesn't have a cent to one who had \$100,000 and wasn't worth a cent.

Select a vital religion which will become a working part of the lives of both persons involved, but not the kind of religion of the man who thanked God for sending his wife a job so he could stay home to read the Bible

Dr. Bowman pointed out that all is not fair in love and war. In order to have a happy marriage there must be love, adjustment, and religion. Is that your pattern for living?

January 15, 1940 -

#### FOUNDER'S DAY ASSEMBLY

Founder's Day Hymn By the Student Body
Psalm 24 Carolyn Tucker
Unto Us a Son Is Born Orchestra
Review and Preview Dr. Wiedefeld
Salvation is Created Glee Club
Christ of the Snow Glee Club
Lo! How a Rose E'er Blooming Jeanne Group

Dr. Wiedefeld spoke of the progress our institution has made since our infant days. However, some of Dr. Newell's philosophy has left its impress upon his professional child, and our aims today reflect some of his of yesterday. May we continue to grow!

# COLLEGE NOTES

#### ORCHESTRA PERSONNEL

SIBYL DAVIS

"Well, if you do not have enough room, you can leave your second violins home, can't you?" someone once asked Miss Prickett.

Leave the second violins home? Never! Without them the effect of the Orchestra would be lost. It is the group which very frequently indicates the harmony through a change in the chords, and points the way of the melody. If the second violin section were small, one would have to arrange the seating to give them the advantage or transfer to the second section some of the first violinists.



Similda Schweinsberg's picture not included.

Nor is the second violin part easier than the first. While it is not necessary for second violinists to play with facility the higher positions, they, to do their job well, must play with precision in both time and tone. Since their part is usually an accompanying part, those who play second violin must listen consistently and subordinate their playing to the lead part or parts. Sometimes a composer, if he prefers an alto melody to that of a soprano one, will write a tune in the second part, thus giving the second violins the leading melody.

In our Orchestra are many players in the second violin section who are capable of playing the first violin part. Most of them played first violin in their respective high school orchestras and were members of the All-City and All-Maryland Orchestras. Have you made their acquaintance vet?

#### OUR STUDENT COUNCIL

JEANNE KRAVETZ

Our Student Council is growing and expanding its functions. A few years ago it hardly was mentioned, hardly noticed. Now I think it is on the way up to becoming a useful, worthwhile help in the hands of the students of the College.

In its new program of coordinating all the activities

that take place in the College, a feeling of high esteem and regard for it is growing. This is as it should be. We are students in a democratic school. We should make democracy work for us. We can do this by making ourselves heard — voicing our opinions, discussing our differences. Democracies cease to work when we sit back and lazily accept all that comes our way without question or thought.

By taking an active interest in the affairs of the Student Council we strengthen it; but not only that, we strengthen ourselves, for we are the Council. A strong Council means a strong College — a strong College develops strong citizens and strong citizens make a democracy work!

Congratulations, Student Council. And by that I mean not only the students, but also the officers and faculty adviser, Mr. Moser, Your splendid work in the past year should not go without mention. Students, the Council is working for our benefit. It will function to a higher extent if we make our support of it evident.

# Meet Charles Keller and Family

NANCY METZGER

HAVING LIVED in the same community and having gone to the same school that Charles Keller did, I availed myself of the privilege of asking him for an interview concerning baseball. I was, indeed, honored when he consented to meet me on January the second of this new year. What a way to start the year! Not only is it rare to have such a famous person in the community, but it is still more rare to have the opportunity of seeing that person—in something other than the movies.

The day! The hour! Somewhat laboriously, Charles Keller rose and walked toward me. Then 1 shared a handclasp that grips. The slight fear that I had had about introducing myself took the outfield. I had reached first base safely, though, I admit, not without difficulty. His address is Grove Boulevard, Frederick, Maryland. Since the street is in quite a new section of town it has neither street numbers nor a well-paved road. I knew not where to go; I passed the icc-skating pond on West College Terrace; I asked questions of strangers; and I felt beastly cold, for the wind blew so that I had to hold my hat on my head. Eventually, I had reached the lovely little red brick house in which the Kellers live.

I surveyed a handsome figure with thick, black wavy hair, dark eyes, rather thick lips, and healthy, dark skin. My eyes met equal scrutiny in the deep-set black ones of the figure little taller than I. He wore dark brown trousers and a tan gabardine shirt. Charlie Keller is true to his photographs.

Being seated, I proceeded to ask Mr. Keller, "Since you've made such a name in baseball I thought perhaps you would write an article about baseball for our magazine?" I hesitated.

A slight smile denied my ambitious start. "No, but I'll answer questions. What would you like to know?"

"I'm a poor one to talk about baseball, especially technical points, but I can't resist seeing Maryland's famous people get a bit more publicity. Perhaps you would like to tell me how you started in baseball?"

Mrs. Keller came into the living room long enough to remove a heavy leather coat from a chair. The snow of that season had done much to make that coat lie useless, especially for hunting.

"Maybe I'd better list the names of these places," he remarked as he lit a cigarette and opened his desk to get a green fountain pen and stationery of a New York apartment house.

Mrs. Keller, a most unassuming person, brought Charles III into the living room from the sun porch. She was wearing saddle shoes, a brown skirt, a yellow blouse, and a tan sweater. She is blonde, and in many respects reminds me of Betty Straining. I have heard that she plays a beautiful game of bridge. Mrs. Keller has made quite a place for herself in the communities of Frederick and Middletown.

I walked over to the sofa where Charles III lay. "Oh, isn't he pleasant? How do you do, little fellow! Oh, look! A tooth! Two teeth! How old is he, Mrs. Keller?"

"He's five months old; he just got those two," she replied, rather proudly.

"Oh, he is the best baby I've ever seen, one chuckle after another. He certainly has a good disposition."

Mr. Charles Keller had started his writing and said, apologetically, "I hope you'll be able to read this. In 1932, 1933 and 1934 I plaved as catcher in the Frederick County League under William Hauver. Mr. Hauver was also coach at Middletown High School, where I played pitcher and catcher in 1932 and 1933. I played soccer and basketball in high school, too.

"At University of Maryland I played in the outfield

in 1934 and 1935. Barton Shipley was the coach. I played basketball and football for one year. I played soccer at Towson once, too." He added, "it was there soccer at Towson once, too." He added, "it was that I had had some difficulty in looking up one of your girls." Baseball was not his only interest, apparently.

"As a semi-pro," he continued, "I played outfield at Kinston, North Carolina, in the summers of 1935 and 1936. I was back at Kinston a week in November. We

caught five deer that week."

"Deer?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes, I caught one. Some of the fellows invited me down to a 56,000-acre hunting camp at Kinston."

"Have you hunted deer in any other states?" I could not resist, for I had had a bit of experience in a Pennsyl-

vania deer camp.

"No, I haven't," he paused. "In the spring of 1937 I left the University for spring training at St. Petersburg, Florida. In January, 1938, we were married." He smiled at Mrs. Keller. The same year I went back to college to finish my work."

"What did you major in?" I inquired.

"Economics."

"And did you find that being an athlete was considered in the work that was expected of you?"

"No, indeed. We had to do straight college work. We

had little time for baseball practice."
"You played with the Newark 'Bears', too, didn't

"Yes, I played with Newark in 1937 and 1938. Since then I've been with the New York 'Yankees.' The first of March we go to Florida for spring training. All the major leagues have spring training there."

"How long does spring training last?"

"It lasts until the middle of April, six weeks."
"Baseball isn't really a part-time job, is it?"

"Training is very strenuous. Last year I didn't get back here to Frederick until the middle of October. This year I'm taking the family with me to Florida; then we'll take an apartment in New York during the base-ball scason," he explained, as he picked up the baby. He then sat down, placing Charles III between his knees. "Rough-neck," he dubbed the laughing boy, and began to bat the little hands around.

"It will certainly not be easy to take him to Florida,

will it? His food?"

"Yes, that's a problem."

"Is he going to be a baseball player, too?"

"It's up to him," he smiled at the baby, perhaps fervently hoping that the child would be athletically inclined!

"He's had a nice Christmas?" I ventured.

"Yes, but it doesn't mean much to him." We looked at the Christmas tree and (Continued on page 31)

# Sports JEROME KOLKER

WITH THE basketball season having reached the half-way mark, perhaps it might be interesting to pause for a brief interim to consider the progress of our team. As everyone in the College knows, our team has not fared too well so far this season. Before condemning the players and our coach, let us first consider some of the reasons for the bad start.

Foremost in the list was the illness of Coach Minnegan. Our team was without a coach for approximately three weeks. This was a severe shock. Second, is the loss to the quint of Daniel Austerlitz, one of the finest basketball players ever to be developed by Coach Minnegan at State Teachers College. With Austerlitz in the line-up, an average state team would look exceptional; a poor team, good. We are still suffering from the loss of his brilliant shooting and play-making. Reason number three is a more remote one; yet, it is of major significance. All of the other teams in the state are far above average, Washington College, Loyola, Mount St. Mary's, and Hopkins, this season, have the finest teams that they have had in a number of years. No one will dispute the fact that a team only looks as good as its opponents allow it to look. While there are many more so-called alibis, there is just one more which the writer would like to mention. It is this: NOT ONCE DURING THE PRESENT BASKETBALL SEASON HAS COACH MINNEGAN BEEN ABLE TO HAVE HIS STRONGEST TEAM PRACTICE TOGETHER! Student teaching and other College activities have caused this condition.

Still, Towson Teachers have a fighting, fast club. Before the season is concluded, they may start clicking; and then watch them. To some this may sound like an absurd prediction, but with Coach Minnegan at the helm and Marty Brill and Bob Cox playing excellent offensive basketball, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

How can the non-playing, grandstand coaches and other College students help the team? COME OUT AND SUPPORT THEM! Show them that we are behind them! Show that we do care! Remember that we cannot always have a winner!

Now for a glimpse into the future. In a few moons, spring sports will come out of hibernation. There's baseball, tennis, and track — with baseball stealing the limelight. Towson will have a strong ball club this year. Among the talent which Coach Minnegan will have on hand are Captain Whitey Lauenstein, an excellent fielder at any position and a powerful slugger; Lou Cox, an aggressive performer, and Jimmy Cernik, the pile-driving slugger.

# THE LIBRARY

### AT YOUR SERVICE

DORIS KLANK

Best American Wit and Humor. Edited by J. B. Mussey, 1937. Tudor Publishing Co., New York.

What is so pleasing as a snack of witty humor? From the subtle to the riotous, from the sublime to the ridiculous, no degree of humor is omitted in this book of all laughs.

If you prefer subtlety, there are poems by Dorothy Parker, and a series of articles by Newman Levy, called "From Saturday to Monday," for your pleasure.

If you favor the riotous, may I suggest "Ferry-Tail from Keeng Mitas" and "Hiawatta," both by Milt Gross. The story of our Indian friend begins thus:

"On de shurrs from Geetchy-goony stoot a tepee witt a weegwom Frontage Feefty feet it mashered. Hopen fireplace — izzy payments." And there's more like it which may be deciphered in several hours of anyone's time.

Do you prefer the sublime? Then you will relish "Capsule Criticism" by Alexander Woollcott and "Perfect Behavior" by Donald Ogden Stewart, in whom we find a rival for counselor Emily, the Post.

Or do you hunger and thirst for the ridiculous? (This book was really intended for you.) To satiate your hunger and quench your thirst there are "Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera" by George S. Cappell, and many articles by Robert Benchley and the noted humorist, Will Rogers.

In the words of the editor, "If there is any kind of laugh that is not represented in this book, it is a foreigner, and had better go back to Russia where it came from."

#### A NEW BOOK OF COWBOY BALLADS

Reviewed by Barbara Haile

Sun and Saddle Leather. Clark, Badger. Chapman and Grimes, Boston, 1936. 201 pages.

The poems that are included in Sun and Saddle Leather may be listed as American Ballads. But in so classifying them, two things are necessary: first, a more definite limitation of the term "American"; and, second, a definition of ballads. In considering them as American ballads, one must realize that they represent one characteristic and well-known phase of American life — that of the cowboy on the vast plains



of the West, and all of the subsequent rich associations.

These poems may be classed as ballads, even though there are many differences between them and the very early ballads. This is because they carry the essential theme or characteristics of ballads. The most important likeness, as I see it, is that these poems seem to represent a communal feeling. All cowbovs lead a life characteristically alike: they roam the wide plains on horseback, participate in round-ups, go to small towns for occasional recreation, herd cattle, break horses, and experience many similar things. The poems in Sun and Saddle Leather seem to capture on paper the life and feelings of the cowboy. For example: "Ridin' " expresses the universal love of the cowboy for his kind of life; "The Outlaw" typifies the horse that is to be broken; "The Lost Pardner" shows how one feels in losing a close pal. You cannot put your finger on any poem that is an experience or feeling of one man only, isolated from all other men. Rather will you find the feelings and experiences in the realm of the cowboy basically the same for all. This idea is further strengthened by the knowledge that Badger Clark, himself, has said that he has found his poems scattered everywhere, sometimes losing their original identity, but being sung and used as typically cowboy poems. Perhaps one reason why these poems are so expressive of cowboy life in general is that Badger Clark, himself, lived part of his life as a cowboy on the plains, and wrote these poems as a means of expressing his feelings, without any intention of publishing them.

Another likeness to ballads is the simplicity. The dialect of the cowboy is used and the feelings and actions are presented quite simply. Still another similarity is in the rhythm. Many of these Western ballads could be and have been sung to music by the cowboys themselves, while riding in the saddle or around the campfire, and by people other than cowboys. These poems have the rhyming scheme of ballads — that is, the last word in the second and fourth lines rhyme. They often have choruses, or refrains, after each stanza, such as we find in early ballads. And they clearly represent the social conditions of the cowboys themselves. Frequently, the ballads protest against any other way of living.

These ballads are different from early ballads in several ways. First, they do not represent superstitions, feats of wonder, legends, etc. They are true to life. They are concerned with no class of people but themselves, they include no battles, sudden deaths, or imaginative wonders. Another big difference is that early ballads almost invariably were narratives. Cowboy ballads are very infrequently narratives; instead, they express an emotion and concern everyday activities. In early ballads you rarely knew what the characters thought about things. The following quotation illustrates this point. (It is the first stanza of "A Cowboy's Prayer")

Oh, Lord, I've never lived where churches grow. I love creation better as it stood. That day You finished it so long ago And looked upon Your work and called it good. I know that others find You in the light. That's sifted down through tinted window-panes, And yet I seem to feel You near tonight. In this dim, quiet strilght on the plains.

Another dissimilarity is the use of description. Early ballads rarely described things, places or people; cowboy ballads do just that to produce certain emotions and ideas. The following is a bit of description in "A Roundup Lullaby".

Desert blue and silver in the still moonshine, Coyote yappin' lazy on the hill, Sleepy winks of lightnin' down the far skyline, Time for millin' cattle to be still.

The feeling which seems to run throughout all the ballads, no matter what they concern, seems to me to be well-expressed by the following refrain from "Ridin'":

Just a-ridin, a-ridin' —
Desert ripplin' in the sun,
Mountains blue along the skyline —
I don't envy anyone
When I'm ridin'.

7

The Fine Art of Propaganda. By the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 140 pages. Reviewed by Harry London

It is platitudinous to say that America needs to be on the lookout today for many and divers forms of propaganda, local as well as foreign, vicious as well as otherwise; but how can we tell what is, and what is not propaganda? The Institute for Propaganda Analysis believes that any reasoning being, sufficiently interested in preserving Democracy, should be able to judge for himself what is and what isn't propaganda, if only we give him an adequate set of critiques, stern enough to apply to all he hears and reads. To begin with, the Institute has used for analysis the speeches of Father Coughlin, whom they believe to be the foremost propagandist in America today. What are the points which we may look for in talks and written word, which will aid us in determining their propaganda content?

 NAME CALLING:—By giving an idea a bad label, or associating the idea with something widely accepted as "bad," the propagandist makes us reject and condemn the idea, without examining the evidence.

When I call you a "Communist," "Socialist," "Jew," "Radical," "Nazi," etc., I have immediately discredited you and your idea to some degree.

 GLITTERING GENERALITY: — Quite opposed to name calling, in that we associate an idea with something good, decent, wholesome, and clean, in order that listeners will accept it without searching out the evidence.

If I say that "———" is good, because it makes for democracy, free speech, social justice, upholding of the Constitution, Christianity, brotherly love, freedom of the press, etc., I may cause you to "fall" for my plan without careful consideration.

Transfer:—Carrying over respected, revered authority to something else, to make the latter acceptable.

If I associate my idea(1)s with the Catholic Church, with the Synagogue, with Protestantism, with the Cross, with Redemption, or other forms of sacred creed, I keep you from examining the evidence against my idea.

 Testimonial:—Use of endorsement, or denunciation by a loved or hated person to extol or discredit the idea endorsed or denounced.

"George Washington once said, '——'; President Roosevelt once said, '——'; Joseph Stalin once said, '——'"; these will cause us to accept an idea, or denounce it, depending, of course, on the big name used. Again, the evidence is not examined. In many cases, claims the Institute, the propagandist violates testimonial truth by (1) using untrustworthy sources; by (2) alleging statements which have not come from the source cited.

PLAIN FOLKS APPEAL:—Method by which propagandist tries to convince the audience that the idea is good, because they, and the speaker, are of the "people," of the "plain folks."

This is to say, "We workers," "we Christians," "we

Americans," etc., must unite to fight so and so, to promote such and such.

6. CARD STACKING:-Selective manipulation of facts. Here, the speaker selects, as he desires, parts of truths, or outright lies, and puts them not-in-their-natural-order, but in an illogical sequence designed for the speaker's own benefit. Here we are kept from examining the evidence at hand, and thus, tend, unjustly, to believe. And finally:

 The Bandwagon.—"Everybody's doing — all of us are doing it - come on; get on the bandwagon."

All these propaganda devices are self-explanatory in their wording, but now we must apply these very sternly to something that we "hear or see," today, this very moment.

Let's take a sample of current writing (and current propaganda) and analyze it on a basis of these critiques: (From the Hearst paper, October 19, 1939):

#### Peace (2)

This resort to diplomacy (2) on the part of Soviet Russia and Finland to settle their differences (6) should point the way for the cleaning up (2) of the whole tragic European mess (6).

Common sense diplomacy (2) and just negotiation

(2) instead of aggression (1) and vindictive vituperation (1) are recommended not only to Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, but to Mr. Chamberlain (6), and M. Daladier (6).

There is no doubt (6) that the whole European situation could be solved (6) as easily (6) as the Finland situation (6), and universal disaster (1) of a World War avoided (2) if a policy of mutual conciliation (2) were pursued.

. . . What Finland and Russia, what Canada and the Western Republics have agreed (6) to do - and have done (6), the countries of Europe can do (6).

For it must plainly be seen that a continuation and speeding up of the present war (1) in Europe will result in the complete economic collapse (1) of all parties in it, with profit alone accruing to the one country which is the common (5) and logical enemy (1) of them all - Soviet Russia (1).

We could go on here at great length, but you should have seen by now how the seven critiques may be applied to any common bit of propaganda published today in the daily press.

The little volume is in the Library (Magazine Room); but only three people have taken it out. Isn't S. T. C. interested in combating propaganda?

# CAMPUS SCHOOL HUMOR

FROM SNOW MEN TO PEPPERMINT STICKS KATHERINE JACOB

This month we have a most charming contribution from the Campus School. The children have written poems that will delight all of us. Their verses flow freely

and rhythmically with a keen sense of humor. The topics have a wide range - from snow men to peppermint sticks. Humor is universal, from youth to old age. This is enough introduction. Here are the verses. Our regret is that space did not permit more.

#### A Snow Man

Johnny made a snow man, His eyes were made of coal, His hat was a tin can. His nose was a roll. Johnny had him pose, He made him shy, He ate his nose. And made him cry. The snow man stood up all the night, And tried to walk about, But in the morning he did sigh, The children had come out. They played about him all the day, And had a lot of fun. They did not see him melt away Until the day was done.

—Louise Wood, Grade 4.

Here are two limericks that are enjoyable. A pleasing effect is accomplished by simple rhyme and rhythm:

There was a young fellow named Paul, Who was so terribly tall That his head touched the roof,

And that was a proof,

That Paul was not very small.

#### Jane

There was a young lady named Jane, Who was so entirely insane That she stood on her head, And said she was dead, Whenever it started to rain.

—both by Nancy Kennedy, Grade 5.

#### Candy Land

Do you think you would like it -

If there were taffy trees; all coated up with chocolate bark

And green gum drops for leaves?

And houses made of ice cream; white and brown and red,

And there weren't any slate roofs; but chewing gum

ones instead?

And roads were paved with licorice sticks, And flowers were lolly pops,

And butterflies were butterscotch,

And grass was green peppermint drops?

And rivers flowed with ginger ale and lemonade and milk,

And people always wore toffee instead of satin and silk, And everywhere peppermint pigs and pully taffy bats,

With surprisingly good fudge terriers, and lovely whipped cream cats? I don't think I'd like it at all.
For ice cream houses would melt and fall,
And toffee clothes would malt in all the to

And toffee clothes would melt in all the towns And people would look like circus clowns. If we spent each day eating candy and cake We'd end each day with the tunning ache.

—Nancy Kennedy, Grade 5.

#### Song of the Peppermints

"Peppermints, peppermints, here we go,
Peppermints, peppermints, down we blow!
Janie is dreaming, we're in her dream!
Peppermints, peppermints, that is all!
Peppermints, peppermints, down we fall!"
Wake up, Janie, come out of your sleep,
Peppermints for a year will not keep!
That was your dream, that was your dream,
Though peppermints really do sparkle and gleam!
—Alice Nelson, Grade 5.

# "SO WHAT"

W. Norris Weis

AS IS the February custom of this column, we offer for your entertainment and enlightenment a boisterous, bubbling, brilliant, blithesome, blustering bit of news which is not intended to be at all unified. It contains smatterings which have been filched from sundry sources around this emporium of wisdom. (Boy, ain't I keepin' this introduction at a high level with them words?) So here we go again to discuss ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings:

#### Things We Never Knew 'Til Now

- Whitey Lauenstein was confused by some girls as being our Math professor, Mr. Moser. (Are you readin', Agnes?)
- 2. The same Whitey is the male hero of Soph. 2.
- 3. The pianist in the Orchestra (far be it from me to mention any names, but confidentially his initials are John Horst) has a fervent admirer in the young lady with whom he eats lunch. Guess who? Yes, sir, Agnes Kernan, it is!
- 4. Willie Gaver has become "Mercerized."
- Bob Reidt is getting around more on week-ends now that he has his own Carr.
- Sam Klopper is still trying to keep up with the Joneses.

#### Things We'd Still Like to Know

- Why Stottlemyer can't keep his kitty off his lap in Richmond Hall parlor?
- 2. Just whose heart Lou Henderson is after? Is it Lutherville's Betty or is it Randallstown's Ruth?
- 3. Why the dorm parlor boys need more comfortable love-seats in Richmond Hall parlor?
- 4. Why Misses Steuart, Wells, Ogier are so intensely interested in the Student Council?

#### Things We'll Never Forget About the Past Christmas Vacation

- 1. The number "48" will we, Harry?
- 2. Colburn Martin's getting home at 7 A. M.
- 3. Jack Hart's "the best Christmas I ever had."
- 4. Christmas Day at Betty Wisebrock's will we, John?
- 5. Dotty DeCarlo's ice-skating party delay.
- Our Christmas Sextet's rendition of "Chloe." (Ed. Note — "Render" means to tear apart.) (Answer to Ed. Note — We meant what we said—"render".)
- Cernick's bowling and his favorite Harford Road lunch room. (Ole Jim can wipe off a mean counter

if the waitress is attractive enough.)

- 8. Gulliver's Travels at 3:30 P. M.
- 9. "Minnie's Sable Cape," allegedly lost at the Astor.

10. Betty Ann's phone number.

- 11. Ruth Nizer's lip-rouge.
- George Hoddinott's poetic expressions of love (overheard in a parlor).
- 13. The trip to the accident ward of the hospital.

14. "Schlepperman's" Sam Lapides' joke.

#### Leap Year

Along with 1940 came Leap Year. Here that old sage, Leon Lellend Lerner, long of Evening Sun Forum fame, injects what he thinks of this custom.

"Leap Year" — when the female becomes the proposer and the male becomes the proposee! Carry it out to its logical conclusion and you will agree that during 1940 no girl is a lady in the true sense of the word unless she—

- 1. Holds the entrance doors open for the men.
- Gets up and gives her seat to the men in the street cars.
- Tips her hat to male acquaintances whom she meets.
- 4. Removes her hat in the elevator.
- 5. Calls for the boy with whom she has a date.
- 6. Pays the check.
- Walks on the gutter side of a boy to protect him from run-away horses and from débris which may be thrown from second-story windows.

All these give the girl the right to propose, and unless the girl who proposes is consistent in following the above regulations, we will agree not to accept! So there:

#### Swingology

(Also from the files of L. L. L.)

Now take a current song like the one entitled, "Oh, Johnson" — what is its swing or any other swing technique? It's only something that, when the orchestra leader doesn't know what his band is playing, they are, (Miss Weyforth, please take note.)

#### Daffynitions

Work: "An ancient American custom. Now extinct."
Adolescence: "A girl who wears her corsage to school
the Monday after the Saturday night dance before."
Maturity: "An adult who has stopped growing at both
ends and starts growing in the middle."

#### College Journalism

College journalists should think daringly, publish boldly, believe deeply. Nobody in authority should interfere with their publishing what they want to publish. And no sensible older person will pay any attention to it after it is printed. (Opinion of Daily Princetonian staff as expressed by John Kieran.) Dare we accept this literally?

#### Conclusion

So ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings have been covered in detail for one month. As is also another custom of this columnist (?), each successive month of this year I shall have a guest co-writer. The month of March it will be a Freshman; April, a Sophomore; May, a Junior; and June, a Senior. This will give each class the chance for prominence that it deserves. So think ahead for your issue.

So, 'til March - so long, and So What?

But, Flash!!! (a remark suggested by the Stark film on News): Three types of machines for relaying news --telephone, teletype, and tellawoman.

Now, really, in closing, let me say that it is an established fact that many men have to live from can to mouth!!

# I Shall Never Forget

Elizabeth M. Lewis

WINTER, WITH its icy edge, watched stealthily over her grave, puffing its feathery store of whiteness silently against my cheek. On every side great trees, solitary ghosts, stood silently stretching white arms to the sky, white purple shadows in weird forms crouched between the tree trunks. The winds made a low and mournful sound as they sobbed in the branches, and I was sure that they understood. The dusky landscape was one pale haze stretching out for miles on either side. Like the withered petals of a rose, the great flakes fell softly. Every decayed stump, every tombstone, every shrub — one great blanket of snow.

As long as I have the power to remember, I shall not forget that day, that lonely grave, that falling snow, that silent beauty, that cold touch of the wind against my check — that all-enveloping whiteness that drifted so silently, imprinting itself indelibly on all the pages of my life.

# A Satire on Life

JEANNE KRAVETZ

LIFE, IT seems to me, is like a one-man street-car, crowded at the front. One gets on and comes in contact with a crowded mass of humanity. The people are close together, forming almost an impregnable wall. It is hot, stuffy and crowded. The car lurches to a stop; a jerk, one loses his balance, falls and then regains a footing. The car goes on. More people crowd on. A hat is knocked off, a sharp elbow pokes one in the ribs; then comes another jerk, another shove, a dirty look, a muttered curse. The car goes on. Conditions are bad, life is unhappy and miscrable.

One thinks that it cannot always be like this. Somewhere it must be better. Somewhere, there must exist the ideal life — a seat in the car. Ah, if there were only some way to find a seat. But is there an empty seat? Doubt prevails. Certainly, had there been some seats, these people would have worked their way farther into the car to find them. Therefore, there are none. Unfortunately, most of the people seem to be able to exist in this crowded car. So why should one look for a change?

The crowd gets worse, the car jerks on, the mutterings cease and then rise again. The car moves on. It stops and more people get on. One thinks, why should more people be allowed to get on the car? They will certainly not be comfortable here and will only make us more miserable from getting on the car.

One person seems to think there is a place for him in the car. He pushes and shoves and elbows his way forward. Some people laugh and say, "the fool, why does he wear himself out? Where is he trying to go? There is no better place on this car." Others gleefully retort, "there, look, he just had his hat knocked off. That serves him right." Vindictively a voice rings out, "I tried to push back and I couldn't." Certainly he can't. Why should he try? His pushing makes us all the more uncomfortable. It will do him no good. "Let's stop him! Stop him!" But the man goes on and on, slowly, slowly, squeezing and pushing and shoving, slowly, squeezing and pushing and shoving, slowly, slowly moving forward. He is pushed back. People smile and say, "See, he couldn't do it. It can't be done." But the man perseveres. Ugly looks, shoves, mutterings, he receives on every hand. But on he goes. One final shove - he is through. He has arrived at the back of the car.

In the rear of the car no one is standing and there are several empty seats. The man sits down. Then he looks around at the other seated people. The people are comfortable and happy. There is room for many more. But they do not come back. The man looks to the front of the car, at the crowded, packed mass. Why don't they struggle and come back? They would be so happy and satisfied if they did. The man is happy and he wants others to be.

Should he go to the front of the car and tell them of the empty seats? They would not believe him. Should he use force and pull them back and place them in the empty seats? Oh, no; they are intelligent people. They should be allowed to decide for themselves. Oh, but they don't move! They stay in the crowded front of the car. They stay there! How long can they remain static?

The car is coming to its destination. More and more people get off. Death!

What have they done during their ride on the car? What have they achieved? Most of them have found unhappiness, pain, dirt, disease, struggle, mental inactivity and social decay.

True, a few have gone on to happiness and constructive living. But what a struggle to get there; what a fight, what torment! But it was worth it. It is worth it! How much better it would be if more people were pushing to the back of the car to happiness and better life.

## The Speed of Modern Life

C. Martin

THE OTHER day I happened to be talking to a very old man. His conversation was far younger than his years; in fact, he was a brilliant thinker, with a facile tongue. As a mere student of life, I carefully noted what he said concerning the so-called speed of modern life. As he talked I felt an inward glow rising above the mere words of his argument.

He said:

"People of today are merely in a mental whirl; physin the United States, are the most leisurely people in history. Not only have we been freed from the serfdom of hacking at the soil with our tortured muscles, but we have also managed to feed ourselves culture and art in the diet of a gournand. Even factory workers, and, perhaps, even some share-croppers, read best-sellers out of public libraries, see an occasional movie, work less than fifty-five hours a week, have Sunday off, and enjoy a fair immunity from pain and suffering. Contrast this, young man, to the blood-sweating galley slaves of the terrible triremes. Contrast this to the plague-ridden hordes of fifteenth-century Europe, when the grimy rabble fell like flies. And, finally, contrast the phlegmatic riders in street-cars with the club-and-fang tamuted Paleolithic, who swung frantically from tree to tree. We've come a long way, son. But the farther we go

ahead, the less we have to exert ourselves, that's true in everything. Remember the old expression, 'the first hundred years are the hardest? Well, in our case, the first million years have been the hardest. We're just drifting along now at the peaceful mouth of the river. We're just viewing the ocean of ease and opportunity. We have come down from a mad, turbulent stream up in the cataract-and-hill country. Let's forget those silly mistakes we made when the whirlpools scared us. We're sailing smoothly now, with new universes beyond. Just forget those jungle fears. We're resting on our oars and don't know it."

## Winter Interlude

VIRGINIA ROOP

DOWN BEHIND the hedge the fluttering flakes tumbled, whirled, and came to rest. The barren spots, withered grass, and broken twigs slowly disappeared beneath the fluff of crispy whiteness. Bit by bit the snow crept upward along the discolored walls of the deserted house. The wind swooped over the roof and moaned eerily as it banged broken shutters and rattled splintered glass. The building creaked and tottered on its foundation with each upward gust, straining as though to burst. Up and down, around and over, the snowflakes went whirling, frosting the panes, lodging in corners, jealously covering every bit of color, leaving a world of white beneath the gray skies. Darker grew the clouds and wilder the wind. Then, suddenly - a lull, a downpour of pelets, a drizzling rain. The cottony mounds sagged and dwindled into icy sheaths, Small drops hung on the eaves, the shutters, the windows, and hardened - evergrowing longer, like the fangs of a yawning dragon. The



rain ceased and the ice-encased world sparkled in the sun!

### The Most Gullible Creatures on Earth

SIBYL DAVIS

THE POOR, deluded creatures who are so easily fooled that they will pay for anything four times, may be numbered among the world's worst. Everybody recognizes them, many capitalize upon their weakness. Mr. Farley is the outstanding champion of their cause in America. For them he has issued countless unnecessary items; and they, being gullible, have bought them faith-

fully. The crowning touch came this year when the Government authorized four first-day-of-issue for one tiem at four different cities, in four different states, on four different dates. The idiotic people were happy, even eager, to get all four "first-days." Is it any wonder that this group has been called "stamp fiends," "stamp nuts," and "the most gullible creatures on earth"?

#### RECESS

KATHERINE JACOB and FRANCES SHORES

My friend, you make no sale to me,

I'm five feet eight and would like to look shorter. Statistics prove that the average he

Is a meager five feet eight and a quarter.

-Saturday Eve. Post.

#### Political Jokes

A teacher, in golden words, talked about heaven to a group of small boys. When she finished, she asked how many wanted to go to heaven. All of the boys raised their hands except Charles McGregory.

"Why, Charles," said the teacher, "don't you want

to go to heaven?"

"Yes," said Charles, "but not with this bunch!"

"Be'in's you getting a hard of hearin'?" Eric asked Uncle Jeb.

"Yep."

"Better go down to Boston to see a doctor," said Eric.
Uncle Jeb did. The doctor told him that if he wanted to keep from being deaf to stop drinking.

"Well," said Uncle Jeb, "I like what I've been drinkin' so much better than what I've been hearin' that I think I'll keep on getting deaf."

\* \* \*

The girl who speaks volumes always ends up on the shelf.

A truck driver was buying some meat in a butcher shop when another man, not so well schooled in the amenities of everyday life, rudely pushed up to the counter ahead of him.

"Give me some dog food," barked the new arrival to the clerk, then turning to the driver, said, "Hope you don't mind?"

on't mind?

"Not if you're that hungry," said the truck driver.

#### Bold Facts

A gal may live alone and lack it.

Snap judgment has a way of becoming unfastened.

Work is a necessity for man.

Man invented the alarm clock.—Picasso.

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

If you doubt that America is the land of untold wealth, ask the income tax collectors.

Teacher: "Are you yawning?"

Frosh: "No, ma'am. That is a silent war whoop."

#### UH-HUH

R. I. G.

Cupid drinks a toast

To that member of the faculty who thought that only Mr. Walther could make the Tower Light —

"Friends, members of the faculty, classmates,

'Jos-lin' us your ears.

We will divert our attention

To another of his peers

That twinkle of her eyes

That crinkle of her nose Compels us her contribution

To humor disclose: i. e.

Mommy (emphatically): "If you walk in that mud, I'll whip you!"

Sonny: "You'd better whip me now, 'cause I'll

do it anyway."
Professor (after bombarding the class with ques-

tions): "And what do you think, Johnnie?"
Student. "Please, sir, we don't have twice to

Student. "Please, sir, we don't have twice to think!"

And today in speech class, this secret she expounded: That if you had 'ooomph' you could never be grounded." (Editor's Note: J. E. J. made the TOWER LIGHT!!)

#### Which Are You?

"The Arabs say that fools are of two kinds, 'simple' and 'complex'. A man who does not know everything and knows that he does not know, is a simple fool; while the man who does not know everything and does not know that he does not know, is a complex fool."

#### Poem of the Month:

"He stood by the gate in silence.
The sky was studded with stars.
The moon cast down a ribbon of silver,
As for her he let down the bars.
They stood by the gate in silence,
Not a word between the two.
But she brushed against him gently,
As slowly they both passed through.
Her eyes were both tender and soulful,
But there's no love in them now,
For he's only the hired man,
And she is the Jersey cow."

"Dippnition":

"Two old ladies fumble at a jewel casket.

One throws a handful of pearls into the mud and the other coos with delight!"

UH-HUH = R, I. G.



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#### The Taming of the Shrew

(Continued from page 3)

Bianca did follow, but with her pretended tutor, Lucentio, who took a short cut to the church and married her on the sly. When Lucentio arrived at his own home in Padua, his real father had arrived to visit him, so Lucentio was in time to kneel at his feet and ask at once for his pardon and blessing (more of that who-struck-John stuff.)

Pete had a swell time on his journey back to Padua, but poor Kate had to take it all the way. He made her obev every little wish of his, even sillier things than he had done at home. He made her kiss him in public under threat of taking her back to Verona if she didn't. (They were quite touchy about kissing in those days.)

And to wind this up real literary-like: Indeed, by the time they reached Lucentio's house there was no more obedient wife in all Italy. Katharina even went so far as to comment in her "My Day" speech that woman's greatest virtue is obedience to her husband.

Moral — if any — Them days is gone forever.

### May I Help You?

JAMES CERNIK

"MAY I help you? A fresh shoulder? How many pounds? Oh, six pounds! Let's see - humm (handling fresh shoulder). How does this look? (holding up the shoulder). Oh, ves, I'll weigh it! Two ounces over six pounds. Won't do? Why it's only two ounces more than you want! Are you sure it's too much? All right, I'll get you another. How is this? (holding up the shoulder). Too fat!! Why, lady, this isn't fat at all!! It should have some fat on it or it will cook tough. What do I know about cooking? I haven't been married five years for nothing! You want to see the first shoulder I had? Let's see, where did I put it? I put it right in front of you? You say the other fella took it? But I don't see where it is my fault because he sold the shoulder. I am sorry. But I am keeping my mind on my business! What was that you wanted? A quarter pound of bologna? That's all!!! Thank you!"

<sup>&</sup>quot;I didn't send for a piano tuner," said the puzzled householder.

<sup>&</sup>quot;No," replied the piano tuner, "but the people next door did.'

#### **Demons of Renunciation**

(Continued from page 13) A from her allegiance to the feminine altar of dicting. Now, let us analyze. Mr. A really wanted the steak and potatoes, but did not care to embarrass his wife; while Mrs. A really wanted the salad and coffee, but knew that she would have to take the other evils if she accepted the tasty morsels. That is the situation — two guests, literally starving, desiring nourishment, and willing to accept it if encouraged enough; but what happens? The two guests leave the table hungry and disappointed, through their own efforts. No, it doesn't make sense, but this thing is constantly going on every day. Let us only hope that Mr. and Mrs. A never repeat that the B's are not good hosts because they don't make you feel enough at home.

These are only two classic examples, with no mention made of countless other types of refusal such as automatically declining to speak, to expend money (a universal illustration), to lend things, to buy something, to go somewhere, or to officiate at an event. Human psychology is a funny thing when one thinks about it. There is nothing under the sun that has not been refused, when the refuser actually wants, desires, and even craves the thing. It is well not to confuse conscientious refusal with the subject now under discussion. Once in a while, some are actually sick, incapacitated, or prejudiced and as a result, when approached, refuse from the bottom of their heart. However, these individuals may be classified by their technique, for they refuse only once; they give their excuse and then shut up like a clam - they simply will not argue. Do not be fooled by renunciation. If a person discourses long and feverishly, be suspicious and go right on insisting.

#### Meet Charles Keller and Family

(Continued from page 21) the pen full of toys. "At Christmas he ignored all his toys to play with a piece of red string. He's learning to like that rubber Porky Pig, though." It was evident, however, that Charles III loved more than Porky Pig when one saw him romping with his father.

Finally, I asked Mr. Keller, who is still in his early twenties: "Do you plan to stay in baseball very long?" "As long as it makes a living for me."

As I thanked Mr. Keller for his kindness and wished the family a successful New Year I felt a genuineness in the man such as I rarely feel only for old friends. Such obliging folks, such famous folks, on whom glory rests so lightly! A Deposit of \$1.00 Opens a Checking Account in the CHECKMASTER Plan at

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"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

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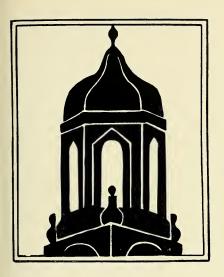




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Cower Light

March 1940

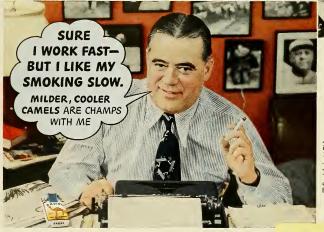




in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum,

famed sports writer and columnist





LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking – slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books ...pictures...and Camels -slou-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler - and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's sprinted . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette-well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful." Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

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Camels—the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos



## TOWER LIGHT

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No. 6

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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly - October through June - by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

Photographs

20 CENTS PER COPY \$1.50 PER YEAR .



# Choughts About You

MARIE M. NEUNSINGER, Class Adviser

TALL LETTERS stood at the top of the newspaper, and I thought about you. War, suspicion, hate, sickness, and death — all yours at the beat of a drum and the sight of a flag.

Youths on parade — eager to change night into day; intent upon making right all wrong; rapid in thought and action, but fearful in their quick young hearts. I thought about you.

In the place of worship, the Priest and the Rabbi looked into the faces of those who had lived many years. Within these places of worship, vacant spaces stretched themselves along in a monotonous way. I thought about you.

I thought about you when the machines in the factory thumped their meaningless rhythm into the ears and minds of time-clocked young lives.

I thought about you when the pictured page gave the world the faces of those thirsty for possession, or power, and for other things necessary to the destruction of a civilization.

Long Thing Land lines to and thing to and to make lines to and lines to and lines to and lines to and the lines

I thought about you, inheritors of a civilization with many faces.

Powerful yet weak, progressive yet backward, religious yet sinful, loving yet hateful. And then, as the rays of the sun ran over the hills just ahead, I knew why I thought about you. You, with your young bodies against a blue sky—your young faces turning toward the rising red sun, were standing there—your feet against the earth. You were thinking many things: of the ways your hands and minds would shape the destiny of men, of your neighbor's goodness and your trust in him, of the ideals and dreams ahead of you—but suddenly you turned away when I slapped your face. You had spoken of something I did not understand or perhaps of something I had dreamed of long ago and had forgotten. Ignorant talk fell from my mouth and surrounded the place where you stood. You were too astonished to speak. My talk went on and on, deafening my own ears, and taking away almost all of your daring.

As I thought about you, I looked at your faces, and then at the rising sun your hopes, your dreams, your future work, I remembered as once my own. The sky was clear again.

My job is not to make you "grow up," to make you forget all your goodness — but to keep you standing with your face to the East, your ideals stretched before you, and your youth a star in the night.

COURT JAMA FERRAL KINNA FERRAL FERRAL JAMA FERRAL KINNA

### Freshman

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ALLAN O'NEILL, MURIEL FRAMES



### FOREWORD

WHEN ONE has published a book, and wishes to express to the public his love for a certain person, or his appreciation for the assistance rendered him by other individuals, he writes in the forepart of his work what is commonly known as a "dedication."

Perhaps it would have been just as well for a group, the Tower Light staff, to put together, as of any other month, a regular issue, and print on page one or two, in fine-looking twelve point type, the words, "Dedicated to the Freshman Class of State Teachers College." But such was not the intention of the Tower Light's editors when they said that the next issue would be a "Freshman Issue." When those words were used in conjunction with the Tower Light, it was intended that every freshman who wished to make his class better

known would help in the issue.

Were we to assign one or two articles in athletics to individual freshmen, and let the class' work go at that the College would probably be impressed with the in clination of the class towards sports, and towards noth ing else. By the same token, were only the library see tion authored by freshmen, the College might be im pressed by the bookishness of the crowd. And so on.

So, for a month and more, the Freshman Class ha swarmed all over the Tower Light office, as if by insur rection, and has taken control. What is to be read in these pages is truly a representative work — not of freshman, or of two freshmen — but of the entire class whose issue this is. This is the work of June '43; the credit (we are sure it will be a credit) lies with them.

### THE WISDOM OF LAO-TZE

Mr. Kenneth Miller

Footsore and lame In the fifth month I came To Tchisakar, The city-of-industrious-artists.

In Tchisakar I found many artists:

One said, "From this shapeless wood I carve Aphrodite."
"How long to finish?"
"A lifetime is too short —
But it will be beautiful
For Eternity."

Wailing
Over her dead son.
"I make from these cries
Immortal music,
The symphony of sorrow."
"And then — "
"Then I am finished,
My life's work done —
My fame assured."

Another heard a mother

Around a corner sat
A huge fat man
Holding a wondrous pipe,
And smoking.
He blew smoke-rings into the air,
And watched them fade.
"Your art?"
"Smoke rings;
I seek to blow the Perfect Ring."
"And if you do?
And when the wind destroys it?"

Laughing, "I'll try to blow another."

"Then," as his belly shook,

Two Men Go To War

Allan O'Neill

"LOVE THY neighbor as thyself. . . . If a man smite thee upon thy left check, turn the right also. . . . Thou shalt not kill. . . . Europe, my friends, may be at war, but thank God, America is not." His thoughtful face unusually grave, Tom Crystal finished his talk and sat down. He had demonstrated the ruin and the utter idiocy of war. It was against all that is best in man. It was a sin thrown at the face of the Almighty. . .

Every member of the church had come an hour earlier to hear Tom address the League. He was the outstanding young man in his group: well-settled in his job, an engaging speaker, and a respectful listener to the words of his elders. The mother of every eligible doubter said but he

daughter smiled broadly on him.

Sitting near the back of the room was another fellow the same age to-the-day as Tom, twenty-three, and so much like him that they were often taken for brothers. George Mantz was not a conspicuous public figure, but he was liked by men in church and out. He lived a decent life, and did not argue with the pillars of the church, although he had some ideas of his own. Some of the older women shook their heads and just among themselves concluded "He is a nice youngster, but it's too bad, he is a little weak."

Well, that was 1915. The United States bankers still had their money, and public opinion was throwing kisses to Germany. But public opinion is a fickle lover, and with the propaganda mills working three shifts a day, in no time all Germans grew horns, and all Englishmen sprouted wings. We "loaned" the Allies our

money, and then we went to war.

Tom had a part to play. The old men talked of duty and cursed the barbarous Huns. Mothers hugged their children and prayed with suppliant eyes for Tom to protect them. He was a symbol — young America saving democracy, saving civilization, saving the world. It was no time for questionings, for idle thought. Tom himself said: "It's going to be a dirty job, but it has to be done."

To George the whole business seemed like a Mardi Gras. A holiday spirit was in the air; brass bands went through streets on wagons, and a soap-box orator occupied every corner. The circus had come to town. But the circus lost its glitter and enchantment when George was cornered and made one of the attractions; when the moving pictures stopped, the lights went on, a promoter pointed him out in the audience and asked him why he was not in France. He felt like an outcast in his own city.

Both Tom and George were drafted in the army. Through his connections, Tom got a place in the Quartermaster Corps, safely behind the lines. A German shell exploded near his depot and slightly deafened him. Soon afterward he was given an easier position still farther back.

George was sent up to the front. He lived with lice and the rats. He smelled the sickening stench of rotting flesh, and heard the anguished screams of wounded men. Shrapnel hit him, too. It pulled his right arm out, crushed his collarbone, ripped off his chin, and tore away his nose. Luckily (or unluckily) he was rescued, carried to a dressing station, and later sent to the rear.

The war ended and both men came back. George was placed in the Perry Point Hospital at Havre de Grace, where the doctors patched and grafted, chiseled and sewed. They took pictures of their work on him, and hung them in the Medical Museum in Washington, showing the marvels of present-day surgery. Sight, speech, and sanity gone, he lived another year, then died.

Bathed in glory, Tom received a hero's welcome and Government pension with equal aplomb. To all inquiries he replied, "Yes, it was a dirty job, but it had to be done." He sat up front in church to hear more easily, and nodded his head in approval when the pastor preached, on Armistice Day, a sermon in honor of the late patriot, George Mantz, who "gave his life to keep chaste our honor."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . If a man smite thee upon the left cheek, turn the right also. . . . Thou shalt not kill. . . . Europe may go to war again, but, thank God, America never will."

### Churchyard

MURIEL M. FRAMES

I HAD been walking through Lexington Market, sniffing the aromas from the pans of baked beans and pickles; pricing the coarsely brilliant calendulas, and the boxes of friendly-faced pansies; happily munching an oversized banana — more conventional folk stared and all the while thinking that Lexington Market is the most human spot in Baltimore. It stamps its feet in winter and perspires in summer; it swears and drinks, coaxes and harries; there, men are men — and the womenfolk run the business!

With my arms exuding bags and boxes of irresistible pansies and daisies, and the last vendor's cry slowly receding, I emerged upon an unfamiliar street. The curb was a receptacle of trash; a croupier raked in its bits of debris. Each red-brick house presented white-stone steps, a requital for its own drabness. The church at the corner, dingy and deserted, was half-hidden behind a rather high brick wall. I saw an iron grill near the corner which proved to be a door and, on an impulse, I opened it.

A granite block confronted me, and though the inscription was still a blur, I realized this was Poe's tomb. I paused, awed, for a moment while the Gold Bug, Descent into the Maelstrom, and The Pit and the Pendulum collided in my mind. But there was more beyond. Uncut grass had encroached upon the flagstone walk, but it was still discernible. It was a straight and narrow path that led through this unkempt garden. I could envisage the stern and implacable men who had directed its course, their only evidence the unperturbable tombstones resting at weary angles, tired sentries whose uneventful watch had been too long. The names they bore were Sarah and Susan, Zachary and Jonas; and the dates were often historical and always very old.

Each blade of grass was insulated with silence, each loaf-like stone crusted with apathy. Outside the wall children must have been playing, cars honking, newsboys screaming. But the occupants of that garden were not there to be disturbed by such raucity, and the old brick wall repelled every sound.

I suddenly felt embarrassed at my intrusion. Those epitaphs were not meant for my eyes. Rather, I think, they were understood only by the ones who rested in their shadows, by the faded grass, and the impotent windows that still pretended to watch over them.

A shudder slithered through me. I don't know why Perhaps it was the close-set graves, the riddled windows of the church, the lifeless moth that lay on a stone. All this belonged to things dead. The men and women who mouldered under that sod - had they laughed and loved, cried and suffered, wrestled with the soil and conquered the sea, borne children and killed men, and then died, to be interred for centuries in a neglected plot in a disinterested metropolis? And Poe, his follies, his failures, his successes, his "immortal" genius - yes, immortal! But suppose we could smash that granite tomb and look, would we still think of im mortality? Was this degeneration about me truly symi bolic? I thought of the market, so intensely alive. Wha was the answer? I had been taught one; but was it the truth?

Then I saw it. A bird must have dropped the seed Out of this sterile soil had grown a lovely iris. Its paste petals were spotless, and it raised its head triumphantland victoriously above the dving grass and sunken graves

Then I knew the answer.

### **Town Meeting**

Reported by Charles Leef

"WHAT SHOULD our children learn about war?" The members of the Te-Pa-Chi Club of the Campus Elementary School were interested enough in this question to convert their monthly meeting into a panel discussion of it. Dr. Wiedefeld was to have acted as moderator; but illness prevented her attendance. Dr. Clinton Winslow, professor of political science at Goucher College, proved a capable substitute.

In opening the discussion Dr. Winslow pointed out that the panel did not intend to discuss war in the abstract, since in these times that would be fruitless and impossible. There was to be a statement from each member of the panel; then there would be a "catch-ascatch-can discussion," in which the audience, represented on the platform by two empty chairs, was urged

to participate.

The first to speak was Miss Lena C. Van Bibber. Before presenting her point of view she made it clear that the ideas which she was about to express were not necessarily her own, but, rather, those of several pacifist organizations which she had consulted. Many of these groups frankly believe in indoctrination. They urge that textbooks be rewritten and instruction adapted so that the concept of the degradation and futility of war be imparted. The teaching of the evolution of society without considering the part played by wars they consider desirable.

Mr. Paul L'Oiseaux, a veteran of the World War and father of a boy at the school, approached the question with considerably more realism. He agreed that the great majority of us desire peace. However, he believed it necessary to face all the facts with an objective attitude. Since the world has become so small because of the marvelous means of communication that we have, it is impossible to keep war news from children. It is his theory that we should not de-emphasize war; rather, we should emphasize the peaceful arts and sciences. Particularly he opposed the idea that there never was a good war. "We live in a world in which we must struggle to exist. Many of the benefits of the world are the results of wars! If we are not willing to go to war to maintain them we shall lose them. It is morally right to be prepared to fight." In closing, Mr. L'Oiseaux buttressed his arguments with two quotations from the Scriptures,

Mrs. Ralph Barnett introduced herself as an average mother. She believed that an appreciation of peace could be developed by pointing out the economic devastation of war - the loss of lives and goods - and the set-back in cultural advancement. She believed that the truths of history should be sufficient to approach a solution of the problem.

The next speaker, Mrs. Donald Wilson, agreed substantially with Mrs. Barnett in many of her statements. Patriotism, she believed, should not be sentimentalized. the rights of other countries and nations should be emphasized. The school should help the child understand the barrage of propaganda which he meets.

Mr. Philip Wagner, the editor of the Evening Sun. declared that he doubted if parents have much control over the question in point. He was skeptical of the influence of pacifist ideas, H. G. Wells, who had become a pacifist after the last war, recently wrote an article suggesting that the Allies should bomb Berlin. Children, he believed, are not particularly upset by atrocities and horror pictures. He cited the popularity in Canada of sets of wounded-soldier toys. All children need not be given the same approach to war.

Speaking finally, the moderator, Dr. Winslow, told of a statement that he had found in a typical textbook in American history, published in 1904: "The most important event in American history was the Civil War." In a modern textbook now in use the theme is: How new citizens are made. The contrast indicated a marked change of emphasis. "I doubt," he said, "whether attitudes are determined so much by textbooks, else all the speakers would be militarists." To destroy pictures, toys, and other items that pertain to war would be merely to combat inconsequentials. The child should be allowed to make judgments on all the evidence he can collect. There should be a re-emphasis, perhaps, but no complete omission of references to wars from texts,

After these six had made their statements, there followed a general informal discussion. Mr. L'Oiseaux asked why we need peace propaganda. No one will say that war is a good thing, Mr. Wagner ventured in support of this idea that recent polls indicate that 90 per cent of our people do not want war. Contrasted with this is the attitude of the Foreign Policy Association, a supposedly well-informed group, who are strong in their support of the Allies. Dr. Winslow indicated that what and how we teach of wars depends upon the age of the child. He would not hesitate to point out the military genius of Washington or Grant.

A member of the audience, Dr. Newell, retiring president of the Te-Pa-Chi Club. (Continued on Page 19)

### Introducing Kappa Delta Pi

"CHARACTER — Achievement — Scholarship": these are the qualities which have been the measure for membership in Chi Alpha Sigma, the school honor society, Since 1925 membership in Chi Alpha Sigma has been one of the highest honors a student at this institution can attain.

But with the advance of the institution from Normal School to Teachers College status, the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity itself felt that there should be an honor society of greater renown — nothing less than a chapter of a national organization, for which only graduates of colleges and universities of high standing are eligible. After much study, correspondence, and consideration by Chi Alpha Sigma, through its adviser, Dr. Dowell, and others, Kappa Delta Pi, an Honor Society in Education, was selected as the ultimate goal. For seven months more there was intensive effort—and at last hope grew into certainty.

The culmination of effort and the realization of hope came on Saturday, February 17, 1940, when Epsilon Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi was installed at the College by Dr. William C. Bagley of Teachers College, Columbia University. Twenty-four persons, exemplifying "commendable personal qualities, worthy educational ideals, and sound scholarship," were initiated as charter members: Dr. Wiedefeld, Dr. Tall, Misses Brown, Grogan, Hill, Kestner, and Mr. Moser (faculty members who are graduates of the school and members of Chi Alpha Sigma); and all members of Chi Alpha Sigma who received degrees from the College, or who are matriculating for a degree. After the initiation and installation ceremonies, held in the North Parlor of Newell Hall, the following officers of the new Kappa Delta Pi chapter were elected: president, Mrs. Margery Willis Harriss; vice-president, Miss Marion Cunningham; secretary, Miss Frances Jones; treasurer, Mr. Malcolm Davies; historian-reporter, Mr. Charles Haslup; and counselor, Mr. Harold E. Moser.

Following the ceremonies, a luncheon sponsored by Chi Alpha Sigma to honor the new chapter, was held in Newell dining hall. Dr. Tall introduced the main speaker after luncheon, Dr. Bagley. He spoke about Kappa Delta Pi, the "Phi Beta Kappa of Education" and one of the largest honor fraternities in this country (ours being the one hundred twenty-first chapter). Dr. Bagley told of the beginnings of Kappa Delta Pi at the University of Illinois in 1911, and of the present important status of the society. He cited its noteworthy publica-

tions — The Educational Forum, the Kappa Delta Pi Lecture Series, and the Kappa Delta Pi Research Publications. The Laureate Chapter of the honor society, which numbers among its members John Dewey, Edward L. Thorndike, Charles H. Judd, Elwood P. Cubberley, Lewis M. Terman, William H. Kilpatrick, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, William C. Bagley (Laureate Counselor), Paul Monroe, Truman Lee Kelley, J. McKeen Cattell, David Eugene Smith, Frank N. Freeman, Walter Damrosch, Charles A. Beard, and Patty Smith Hill, is the closest approach to an Academy of Education to be found in the United States.

Dr. Wiedefeld, as president of the College, welcomed the new fraternity as filling a long-felt need. Other distinguished guests who spoke a few words of greeting to the new chapter were Dr. Mary Braun, president of Chi Chapter, Pi Lambda Theta (national graduate honor society for women), at Johns Hopkins University; Dr. David E. Weglein, faculty sponsor of Alpha Rho Chapter, Phi Delta Kappa (national graduate honor fraternity), at Johns Hopkins University; and Mr. G. Gordon Woelper, president of Alpha Rho Chapter.

It was announced at the luncheon that Miss Nannette Trott would be the delegate from the Epsilon Chapter at the biennial convocation of Kappa Delta Pi to be held in St. Louis at the same time as the N. E. A. meeting this year.

The following are charter members of Epsilon Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi:

Dr. M. Theresa Wiedefeld Dr. Lida Lee Tall Mr. Harold E. Moser\* Miss Stella Brown Miss Mary Grogan Miss E. Heighe Hill Mis Hilda Kestner\* Mrs. R. P. Harriss '36\* Marion Cunningham '37\*\* Frances Jones '38 Malcolm Davies '36 Charles Halalm '38 Larue Kemp '37\* Sarah Strunsky '38\*\* Muriel Jones '37 Helene Davis '38\* Catherine Schottler '39 Ruth Dudderar '39\* Dorothy '09el '39\* Beverly Courtney '39 Charlotte Hurtt '39\*\* Nannette Trott '40\*

Evelyn Fiedler '40\*\*

Those of the faculty who are members of other chapters of Kappa Delta Pi, and who were also helpful in the establishment of Epsilon Alpha Chapter, are Dr. Crabtree, Miss Munn, Miss Steele, Dr. Tansil, and Dr. West.

<sup>\*\*</sup>Tower Light Editors

<sup>\*</sup>Tower Light Staff Members

### A Bachelor Is Born

E. FISHEL

"BILLY, YOU must!"

"I can't!"

"Well, you'll have to if you intend taking me to Mariorie Peabody's dance,"

"But why, May?"

"Billy Potter, you know very well that all the girls are going to wear corsages and -- '

"May, I've told you a thousand times that I can't get any money from Mom or Dad this week."

"Either you'll buy a corsage for me or I won't go with you!" With this statement and a good-bye, both uttered with complete finality, May Bevens strode with all of her twelve-year-old dignity toward her house.

"G'bye," said Billy, turning away and scraping his scuffed shoes on the pavement. He started muttering to himself, "Darn ol' women, Always want something, Where am I goin' to get enough money for flowers by tomorrow night? Darn ol' women."

With his head drooping all the way home, Billy mumbled his troubles over and over again to himself. "Guess I should have told her to go ahead and go with that snobby Sammy Johnson. If there's anyone I hate, it's he." Carried away by this last thought, he began playing with his loose front tooth and thinking just how much he hated Sammy Johnson,

No one was at home when he arrived and sank unhappily into an overstuffed chair. Billy's first case of love had struck him hard, but he appreciated May all the more because he had had to fight off so many opponents before he could claim her as his girl. He knew, too, that his hold on her adolescent heart was none too strong, for "money," the main attraction of a boy, he did not have. May Bevens had him under perfect control, and she knew it. Naturally, she made the most of it and kept Billy busy running after her.

Billy slumped deeper into the chair, thoroughly stumped. He rotated his tooth with his tongue as he always did when his mind was preoccupied. "If there

were only some way - - "

Suddenly Billy snapped out of his coma. He had an idea, and a good one - one which would work. "Why shouldn't it work?" he thought, as he ran upstairs to his bedroom.

When Billy's mother came home, she called immediately to see if her son were home. Billy had planned on this and his answer was a low moan. Mrs. Potter speedily diagnosed the origin of the moaning and in a ew seconds was beside her one and only voicing all sorts of maternal sympathies. Finally she extracted the information from Billy that his front tooth was "hurting like all heck," and in true motherly fashion the fact that it was only a baby tooth, and a very loose one, didn't interfere with her intention of delivering her son from misery.

Her offer to take Billy to the neighborhood dentist to have the offending tooth removed was refused, but the money to pay the dentist was not. Mrs. Potter carefully wrapped Billy's jaw to protect it from the cold and, with many forebodings, sent him on his way to the dentist alone.

Once outside his home, Billy smiled happily. His plan was working. He went immediately to the Potter garage and found inside a piece of stout string. With this single surgical instrument, he started a delicate operation.

By looking into the car mirror, he was able to tie the string around his loose tooth, and then it was but a simple matter to tie the other end of the string to the knob of the garage's side door. This done, Billy hesitated, "Now to build up courage," he thought, as he plunged into a long youthful monologue. Finally the remembrance of Mr. Potter's statement, "Billy, you're a little man and you have to act like one," proved the deciding point and he slammed the door. The door shut and Billy's mouth opened. Out came a tooth and a yell, which abruptly gave way to low sobbing as he realized the danger of his mother's hearing him. At any rate, the deed was done, and he had money to spare.

At six o'clock the next evening, Billy and May (corsaged) arrived at Marjorie Peabody's. He had suffered one of his few baths and Mrs. Potter had carefully brushed his suit. Even his hair was well groomed. May thought he looked wonderful and wondered why one usually so loquacious as Billy could be so quiet. He had opened his mouth only several times during the entire evening, and then only to mumble something. Suddenly when he again laughed at one of their youthful hostess's jokes, she saw the reason for his silence - saw, but didn't understand. Had she realized that the gaping hole in Billy's mouth was created in her behalf, she might have acted differently; but she didn't know.

After losing the first three dances with May to Sammy and having been snubbed by May several times, Billy at last perceived that something was wrong. A glance in a nearby mirror showed him what was the matter. His face did look ter- (Continued on Page 20)

#### EVENING

ALEDA HEBNER

Into the purple void of twilight, Slowly sinks the sun Like a burnished copper disk — Evening has begun.

In the West the bands of gold And streaks of apple-green Change to blue and purple — Evening is serene.

In the East an after-glow
Lights the pale blue sky
And the roaring water surges
When the tides are high,

The beacon in the lighthouse turns,
Waves dash against the rocks,
Rough, grey, and jagged —
Boats anchor at the docks.

Soon darkness crowns the heavens And the skies are filled With myriads of twinkling stars — The waters, too, are stilled.

#### MY ROBIN

I have a little robin,

He always sings for me.
He flew into a berry patch,
And then into a tree.

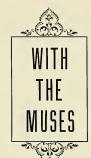
He is a jolly fellow,
That is fat and fair.
He flew to my window,
And from there to my chair.
Morgan Posey,
Third Grade, Glasva School, Charles County.
Teacher, Agnes Carpenter, '39.

#### THE SUN

JULE T. WRIGHT

Slowly, wearily, the sun climbed up the mountain White with heat, he reached the top And fell exhausted in the cooling valley lake, Whose ripples whispered "Stop . . . stop."

He lingered there awhile, Warming his watery nest. Then climbed the western sky, To fall again to rest.



#### PARTY OF THE POWERFUL

MARY JANE CLOGG

Szzz, bang, crash! Figures fall, Buildings shake, Trees tremble, The guns roar with laughter.

Screams, sighs, yells! Children die, Men scatter, Women pray, But the cannons feast on,

War . . . a gay party; Men are the food, Women the dessert, Children the humor.

War...a desire of the strong, Where innocent suffer And powerless obey And helpless die....

#### THE OTHER WISE MAN

Lois Anne Cheetham

"Where can I find the Christ?" he asks. They answer naught. And so he passed.

"Where can I find the Christ?" he pleads.
"God knows I've sought."
They heed not his needs.

As through the night he onward goes,
He breathes a prayer to God.
Could be but be with those

Three blessed men of earth, Glad ones who stood At the dear Saviour's birth.

Ages on ages roll around.

Will thus it always be,
The home it has not found?

Of centuries there shall pass a score Ere he shall find at Calvary Rest in Christ forevermore.

#### THE WIND

WANDA CARTER

The wind Hangs in the trees in tangles, It moans Because it is caught so fast — It fights. The trees bend low, taunting The wind

#### MANIFESTO OF THE INDIVIDUAL

H. M. L.

This is the charter of his soul, his brief, He who seeks to live apart from men. Who casts an introspection with his pen Upon his own dull thought, and minor role In the "speed-fraught" life of his companions.

This role, I say, is not significant, It means but little to the rest of folk. Yet they are loath to see their yoke Of bondage not descended on his back.

They post upon him penalties for lust; The lust, I mean, for rugged individualism. He seeks a path away from men, but They do ferret him well out, and seek To fast-impose on him the stifling rules Of all men.

Of men who will be bound By ties of "right and wrong," Of "good and evil," "love and hate," Of "lust and continence," Of "corruptness and chastity."

I cannot see where their concept of life Is yet more virile than his, the individual's. Yet they are not denied, nor are they In any mood, at any time, to accept the Current scheme of things; I mean, Of native individualism.

Bleed the man
To death; rob him of his "wealth."
Render him excommunicate, But individual
He will not, he must not remain,

This is the cruel totalitarianism Of group's fast life. Simultaneously Lived, which inhibits any truly free Expresion of his mind; or call it, If you will, his soul.

#### THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON

They were a band of happy youth, To Washington they sped, Intent upon expounding truth To a governmental head.

They dressed in colors bright and gay Which dazzled all around. Their placards screamed "This is our day," As the youth took over the town.

The rain it came, 'twas such a shame,
But to them it did not matter.
In them enthusiasm reigned
In 'unadulterated twaddle.'

"My friends," the youth heard 'bove the clatter. They turned to him in glee, For here was one who knew the matter, A soul to listen to their plea.

The President's speech we will not quote,
As he lectured on the "isms."
To reds and whites he solemnly spoke,
Which added some blue to their prisms.

That night the youth were very blue,
Their spirit had been chilled;
But, Lewis said, "I will be true —
The C. I. O must be filled."

But Eleanor at Sunday noon
Said, "Now this is 'my day.'
I'll help to change their gloomy tune,
And send them on their way."

Virginia Arneal, Anna Quintero, Martha Jane Norris, Adele Mitzel.

#### AIR RAID AT DAWN

SHIRLEY G. GREENBERG

The mist this morning rose as loath to take Its cover from the town. The shocked corn stood An army vigilant upon the field, Its stalks as spears that pointed to the sky Alert to prick the clouds with metal shafts That yet fell short of any base. There came The shrick of demon motors, only two, No time for sirens — but street barricades Shelter in blind defeat the white-faced men Swarming from homes in which their children sleep, Closing a hand upon eternity. . . .

### Mysteries of the Moon

JOHN BAREHAM

IT WAS in the year 1610 — over three centuries ago—
that Galileo of Italy peered through the telescope, which
he had invented, and discovered the rough and pitted
surface of Earth's companion, Luna. He, and those who
peered after him, compared the round holes they saw
with the nearby volcano Vesuvius and called them "craters." More than thirty thousand of these "craters" have
been measured and mapped, the largest being 115 miles
across, the smallest just wide enough to drop a schoolhouse in.

Throughout three centuries of study, and with three times ten thousand holes to observe, there has yet been no answer to the question: "What causes the round and ringed depressions on the moon?"

The first theory was that they were volcanoes. Many of them are entirely too big, however, to be classed as such; if you stood near the center of one of these great craters, you would not be able to see the rim, more than fifty miles away, because of the moon's curvature. There is no sure evidence of lava's flowing from the rims. Certain astronomers much prefer the term "ring plains" to "craters," because they wholly reject the idea that they are dead volcanoes.

The thought that these rings are the remains of huge lava bubbles that burst on the moon's surface is interesting. A bubble more than one hundred miles across would be a whopper! No material that would stand the strain of this great diameter is known, however; and since the moon is surely composed of rock material (not cheese, as you may have been told) the bubble-theory has burst.

The idea that the moon has been bombarded by countless meteors, large and small, is held as most probable by some thoughtful scientists. A crash against the rocky surface of the moon (for there is no water nor soil upon it) would throw the debris in a circular ring.

It is a pity that there are certain objections to this sopleasing explanation. Meteors should have struck slantingly upon the moon, and made elliptical (flattened circle) rings, whereas all the rings are practically true circles. The "ring plains" also occur in certain locations, leaving great smooth areas called seas; meteors would have bombarded all portions of the moon alike, not just certain areas,

There is also a theory that after the moon had hardened outside, the fluid lava within seeped through small holes in the crust as the passing earth raised tides. These welled out, and then were sucked back, leaving a bit of ring each time. Finally, all the liquid rock froze, and left the floors level within the rings of mountains.

Geologists are now searching for types of rock upon the earth which they believe will chemically resemble the rock found upon the moon. The tests for these rocks are based largely on the color and quantity of light they reflect. If these scientists find the type of rock they seek, they will experiment with them in vacuum tanks, at high and low temperatures. Possibly thus they may partly solve the mystery of the crater formations on the moon.

#### WHEN JUNE COMES

GORDON FORRER SHULES

The shepherd boy with garment rude
Sat silent on a knoll.
And also there a gentle maid,
With face not purer than her soul.

And with her pipe played him a tune As he list' on sylvan sod.

A tune as clear as ere had touched The silken ear of nymphite god.

The sun was setting in the West, Said she, "Sweet lad, I leave you now, But will return in moonlit shades." Then kissed him on the mouth, and how!

### Broadway HeLEN DWYER

AFRAID I would miss something of the glory that is Broadway in the early morning hours, I stood at the hotel window gazing wonderingly at the "big city." It lay stretched before me in its shining armour of brilliant lights. The stars in the heavens seemed to have lost some of their brightness, when compared with the miracle of light which surrounded me. The dull tramping of millions of feet came to my ears, the warning note of a taxi horn, the weird siren of an ambulance battling its way through the dense traffic, the distant blast of a steamboat whistle. The faint din from Cab Calloway's Cotton Club, combined with the softer more soothing rhythm of Guy Lombardo's boys, produced a curious effect, vet stirring. Even the occasional gusts of wind which came through the open window were laden with whiffs of city life. Keyed to a high pitch of excitement. I retired to dream - of Baltimore.

### Intersection

THE SOUTHWEST corner of

Liberty and Lesington Streets is an ordinary corner in an ordinary city. The impassive but impressive Representative of the Law, whose realm is bounded by its curb, is only an ordinary cop.

"Pretty dull evening?" I queried, by way of conver-

ation

"Oh, just like all others. Nothing ever happens on this corner."

"No accidents - no gunmen?"

"Naw, nothing like that - not since I been here."

"Ever see any interesting people?"

"I did see Mrs. Roosevelt one day, and when Ann Harding lived here she used to come by right often. But that's about all. The rest of 'em are just ordinary folks."

"I think I better warn you, officer. I'm being initiated into a sorority and have to stand on this corner from six until midnight, so please don't arrest me for loitering."

"O, K., lady — it's all right by me!"

Propped against a plate glass window, I waited for twilight. Night was unobtrusively stamping out the last few flaming jets of the fiery sunset. The buildings—whose prodigious mouths had swallowed droves of workers that morning, digested them during the day, and emitted them at night, stared at each other, arrogant and tacitum.

A light blue silhouette shared my backrest. Her gloves and hat matched her dress, and a gold locket nestled in the curve of her neck. A smile answered my glance.

"You waiting for someone, too?"

"No, just waiting. And you?"

"For my husband. He's working late — he often has to — but he'll have to run out for something to eat."

"Oh, I see. So you're going to surprise him as he nuns."

"That's right. I — I have to tell him something. I couldn't wait. I think he'll leave by that side door over there, the one where the girl in the flowered print is standing."

I watched her eyes. They were building castles of the fruit vendor's discarded lemons. She was very happy.

A minute paused, shrugged, and slid on.

"There he is! The man in the light gray suit — Oh, God!"

Printed flowers blossomed on a gray coatsleeve and vere crushed against the side of a broad shoulder. The lowers and the gray suit turned a corner and disappeared.

I scrutinized an uninteresting apple.

"I've been a fool," she said. "I didn't know. Goodye." "Good-bye."

The rough boards of the corner fruit stall huddled together as the vendor plucked the last of their lustrous feathers and left them to their nightly destitution. Piercing yellow eyes gleamed at me from every angle. Twenty feet above the asphalt the street was a red, green, and blue mosaic of neon signs, jutting out from every store.

A single figure, clutching a suitcase, scuttled across the street to an idle taxi.

"Municipal Airport. I have to make the Clipper." The words were clipped and secretive.

Waves of the after-threatre crowd billowed toward the intersection, and then flowed on. The streets were lanes of metal sausages, bumper-linked.

By now it was very late. Straggling groups of charwomen, their impossible figures skillfully draped by darkness, poured from the tall granite structures around me. A girl with mundane eyes walked by, too obviously, an over-evident pocketbook dangling from her arm. A ditty urchin shuffled glumly by, a symphony of patches, fringes, and grime.

I moved to the curb beside a girl who had been poised there for a few minutes. She swayed once as I touched her arm.

"Is anything wrong"

Her look held the scorn that only a hungry person can feel for the well-fed.

"I haven't worked for three months and I'm hungry and broke. I hope you're happy, too," she added, sarcastically.

"What's the idea of standing on a curb at midnight? Does that help?"

"I'm waiting for a car to come - a fast car."

She must have sensed the conflict in my mind, the parley with words. Then suddenly she stooped. When she rose a five-dollar note, carelessly dropped by someone during the day, lay on her palm.

"Finders keepers?" she questioned.

"I guess so."

"Where's the nearest bus station? I'm going home." I was leaving when a radio car slid to the curb.

"What's new, Tom?" asked the same cop.

"Oh, usual stuff. A woman jumped in the harbor. Unidentified. Was wearing a blue dress, and gloves, and a gold locket. A kid got bumped off at North and Charles, and they picked up a bank president at the Municipal Airport trying to make off with about a million dollars. What's new with you?"

"Not a damn thing. You ought to know by now — nothing ever happens on this corner!"

### The Legend of the Deep

Jule Thompson

ONCE UPON a time, many years ago, in the faraway land of Imaga Nation, high up on a mountain there dwelt a strange people, secure from the rest of the world. Mother and Father Gigantomachy were well over fifty feet tall; and each of their six children, five boys and a girl, was rapidly approaching his parents' height.

It was upon a holiday while they were dining that our story has its beginning. The table was beautifully spread—all thirty square feet. There was a turkey for each child and two for each parent; there were bushels of potatoes and barrels of gravy and oodles of cranberry sauce—just all kinds of good things to eat. But there was only one salt-shaker for the entire family. True, that one was of immense proportions, its capacity exceeding ten pounds. Being carved of gold, the shaker was even more unusual. When the meat course was

served, Spacious, the beautiful golden-haired daughter whom Father Gigantomachy dearly loved, asked for the salt. In his haste to give it to her, Father knocked it over. It dropped off the table, rolled out the open door, and went down the mountain side into the sea.

Soon the good people of the land could not drink the briny water; and the giant, on learning this, was very much distressed. In an effort to mitigate the gross unpleasantness he had unintentionally caused his people, he sent a son to each of the five seas to find the cellar and the undissolved salt.

And now, when you go to the seashore for your vacation, the tangy air strikes your cheeks and the enormous waves from the sons' swimming beat against you; for the Gigantomachys have never given up their search. Until their shaker is found, the sea will be salty and the water will be rough.

### **Much Ado About Something**

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

ONE OF the most unique qualities of the human race is its insatiable capacity for celebration. From earliest times humans everywhere have seemed to feel the need or urge to designate, in some fitting manner, any event which strikes them as outstanding or memorable. Indeed, it would probably be safe to say that almost every year of civilized times has witnessed one or more of these festive celebrations.

As our present year, 1940, ushers in a new, unfathomed decade in history, we cannot but be conscious of the number of commemorations of noteworthy events which are taking place. No less than three of these have, to date, received wide-spread advertisement at the hands of the press.

The first, and probably the most publicized of these, is the five hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing by Johannes Gutenberg, at Mainz, Germany. After inventing his printing ink, a press, a suitable mixture of metals for his type, and a system for molding the pieces of type, Gutenberg was able to print his first large work, a Latin Bible of 1,286 pages, and to "give the world that great boon which brings news, new ideas, and the world's knowledge to rich and poor everywhere."

Of subsidiary importance, but nevertheless meriting

much acclaim as an anniversary, is the three-day national celebration to be held next month in honor of the centennial of organized dentistry. This movement originated in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, founded by Horace H. Hayden and Chapin A. Harris in an effort to provide public instruction in dental education. For an interesting editorial on this subject see the Baltimore Evening Sun, February 20, 1940, and its article by Lee McCardell, entitled: "Dentistry as a Profession."

The third major celebration to receive official press notice is that commemorating the founding of the Order of the Jesuits by Inigo Lopez De Recalde, more commonly known as Ignatius Loyola, just four hundred years ago.

Curiosity prompted the writer to investigate other anniversaries which might possibly be celebrated this year, and to submit a few of the more obvious occurrences to the reader. Did you know that 1940 is

I. The thirteen hundredth anniversary of one of civilization's most bitter episodes — the burning of the Library of Alexandria, Egypt, and its estimated fabulous treasure of seven hundred thousand volumes? It is believed that the books were fed as fuel to warm the public baths for six months. (Continued on Next Page)

### Music and the Average Man

Sylvia Gelwasser

CONFUCIUS, THAT Chinese intellect, whose ideas have become so popular during the past few months, once said.

"Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed,
If its laws be good or bad, examine the music it
practices."

Here, certainly, Confucius recognized the truth; he saw music as a fundamental expression of a people and of a nation.

Music is appreciated by men of every age in every walk of life. It is a boon to the present civilization, a vivilization living in the midst of much uncertainty. Because of its universal appeal, music, even today, is the language of the German, the Frenchman, the Finn, the Russian, the American. It is a language that springs incerely from the inner man and is not adorned with ies or propaganda; it is a language of deep basic origin.

This present generation is more music-conscious than ast generations have been. It realizes the fact that muic is one of the greatest motivating powers in the world. Secause of the affiliation of music with certain very successful persons in American life, several modern psyhologists have suggested the idea that music might ave been a minor factor in their success within the ealms of business and politics. For example, George Lastman, king of the photographic industry, donated en million dollars for the construction of a music school in Rochester. The late Charles M. Schwab, once presilent of the Bethlehem Steel Company, started his

career as a professional teacher and organist. Great statesmen have studied music, Francis Hopkinson was a composer of some note, while Thomas Jefferson, Michael Hillegas, and George Washington were lovers of music.

The psychologists have given many reasons to back up the correlating of success with music. First is the fact that music is, in a sense, a science. It is as symbolic as chemistry. Its notes, measures, key signatures, fingering, and position playing are comparable to formulas. Remembering notes, dynamics, time values, and key signatures simultaneously requires as much self-control and accuracy as performing a difficult experiment in physics. Anyone who expects to play a musical instrument well, must develop poise and efficiency.

Music is important to the development of man from another angle. It acts as a great stimulus that enriches the emotional nature, and keeps this nature under good control. Emotional outlets are vital to the average human, and no better or more profitable one can be found than that provided by music.

There is still another factor that places music upon an important level, and that is its recreational value. Music is to the mind of the average person what play is to one's physical self; it is a fine source of refreshment and recreation.

The chief aim of music is to eurich the mind and happiness of every living individual. Realizing this factor, modern man has acknowledged music one of normal living's necessities.

#### MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING

- 2. The one thousandth anniversary of the founding of mints (not juleps) in England?
- 3. The six hundredth anniversary of the first use made yy Occidental nations of gunpowder in warfare? Ironcal as this anniversary may seem at this time, gunpowler was first believed to have been used in Europe, at he battle of Cressy, in 1340.
- 4. The four hundredth anniversary of the beginning f Francisco Coronado's exploration of what is now rizona and New Mexico, in the search of "Seven Cities of Cibola" and rumored stories of gold and silver?
- 5. The centennial of penny postage in England? The just postage stamp was issued May 6, 1840.

- 6. The twelve hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first use of the name "England"?
- 7. The one thousand fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Oxford University by Alfred the Great, in 890?
- 8. The two hundred fiftieth anniversary of England's first making white paper?
- 9. The fiftieth anniversary of our land-grant colleges in this country?
- 10. The three hundred fiftieth anniversary of the invention of telescopes by Jansen, a German, and of the invention of logarithms (students, note bene) by Napier?

Can you add to the list?

### Telepathy

SIDNEY BLUM

FREQUENTLY THERE appear in the news columns, accounts of incidents which are attributed to telepathy. For years scientists have been conducting tests to determine whether there really is such a thing as thought transference, or telepathy. Let us see what has been proved.

First, telepathy should not be confused with clairvoyance. Clairvoyance is the act or power of discerning objects not present to the senses but regarded as having objective reality. Telepathy is the communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independent of the recognized channels of sense. For example: if a number of cards were placed on a table, face down, and someone tried to name them correctly, it would be a case of clairvoyance. Yet, if another person had known the positions and what the cards were, then telepathy might have come into action; for the first person might have named the cards by reading the mind of the second person.

In surveying the field of telepathy one is impressed by certain outstanding facts. First, that all mind-reading demonstrations which have been performed on a public stage and which have been properly investigated have either been found to be fraudulent or, if the performer is sincere, to have been explained by some abnormal condition or influence.

As regards scientific work in the field of telepathy there is this to say. A scientific test is a controlled test all its factors must be controlled, and by changing one factor at a time we are able to tell, positively, what the effect is. It is extremely difficult to control all the factors in a telepathy test. If one person in a test (let us take a card test, for example) is more successful than others, it proves nothing so far as telepathy is concerned. Why attribute the success to telepathy, when a number of other influences may be responsible for it? If we do not know what the reason is for success, it is just as logical, and probably more so, to assume that it is not telepathy.

Another method of treating experimental results is to compare them with mathematical chance. Of course, an average may be affected by errors or outside influences, but not so easily as may an individual test. Probably the most reliable of all such studies was conducted by Dr. J. E. Coover at Stanford University. He tested many persons at guessing lotto blocks, playing cards, and other objects; and in no instance, without exception, were the results more than might have been expected from chance.

Professor Sumner Boyer Ely of the Carnegie Institute of Technology had this to say about telepathy in an article in the Scientific Monthly for February, 1940. The reader must judge the worth of the following quotation:

"The final conclusion regarding telepathy is clear. It can be very positively and definitely stated that there has never been any evidence produced which would warrant the belief that there is such a thing as telepathy. The most careful and reliable tests show no indication whatsoever of it. While, of course, this is a negative proof, yet after all it is proof that no such thing as telepathy exists. We can positively say that no mind has ever yet communicated with another mind other than through ordinary sensory channels."

### So You Think That You Know Science!

JOHN BAREHAM and SIDNEY BLUM

- If a Farenheit thermometer registers zero, what would it measure if it were twice as cold?
- 2. What is homogeneous light?
- 3. What is the lowest temperature ever attained by scientific experiments?
- 4. What is the lowest temperature ever recorded in the United States?
- 5. What is the greatest pressure ever exerted on a given surface through scientific experiment?
- 6. The largest camera on earth records how much surface at one exposure?
- 7. How tall is the tallest "homo sapiens"?
- 8. What is the largest and oldest tree on earth?
- 9. How old is the earth?
- 10. How many different kinds of molecules are there?
- 11. How many humans exist on the earth?
- 12. How many different kinds of atoms are known? (Answers on Page 36)

### **One The Censors Missed**

News Wit Der Letter March the two States of the United

Mein dear Cousin Hans:

I now take my pen in hand and wright you mit a lead pencil; we do not lif where we used to lif, we lif where we haf moved, to the place where we are now liffing. I hate to say; but your dear old aunt vot you loffed so well is dead. She died of new monia on New year's day at fifteen minutes front of five. Some people think she had population of her heart. De doctor gave up all hopes when she died, her breath all leaked out. She leafs a family of two boys, two calves and two cows. Old Mrs. Offenbach is fairy sick. she is joust on death's door and de doctor thinks he can pull her through. She has such a nice little boy, he is joust like a human beast. Your brudder Gus took our dog Fido down by de sawmill to have a fight. He runned up against one of de big circular saws, he only lasted one round. All de

Grassenbachs have de mumps and are having a swell time. I am sending you a black overcoat by express. In order to safe express charges, I cut off de buttons, you will find them in the inside pocket. I joust graduated from the college and took electrocution and physical torture. I leaf Ned to be a stingy grafter. Hands Kratz was sick. De doctor told him to take something so he went down street and met Ikey Cohen and took his watch. Ikey Cohen got him arrested, de lawyer got de case and Hands got de works. We have thirty chickens and a fine dog. De chickens are laying six eggs a day. De dog is laying behind de stove. De people is dying around here that nefer died before. Your brudder Frank is getting along fine mit de small pox and hopes he finds you de same. Hoping you will write sooner, I remain here. Your consin.

Max.

P. X.—If you don't get the letter let me know and I will write you a nudder von soon.

### Confucius Said - -

HELEN PICEK

SINCE CONFUCIUS is saying so much today, and I am confused as to what he did say, I feel that I must be set aright once and for all, lest he turn over in his grave.

Confucius, or Kung-fu-tse, really lived. He was born 551 B. C. in the kingdom of Loo, now a province of Shantung, and was China's greatest philosopher and moral teacher. Confucius confined his teachings to the daily intercourse of men and their relations to each other. (Here I am stumped, for doesn't he still do so today?) Kung-fu-tse also expounded the writings of the ancients, for he believed one of the tragedies of humanity to be that it had learned so little from its own past. He is quoted to have said, "Study the past to discern the future." (This cue was probably the first to be snatched by history teachers.) The principles from these ancient writings he emphasized, together with morality of life and fidelity to ethical principles; hence, the innumerable proverbs. When questioned by a student if there was any word which might be taken as a general rule of behavior throughout a man's life, he replied, "Is not such a word 'reciprocity'? Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you," he replied.

Besides the books containing his doctrines, Confucius is also accredited with the editing and pruning of collections of poems, folklore, annals, songs, and rites then in vogue in the various parts of the empire. Confucius became famous as a teacher in his early thirties. With his spread of fame he traveled to neighboring countries to preach and teach; thus having access to the various literatures. The proverb, "I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue," was heard and accepted by many.

Confucius died at the age of seventy-three, saying, "No wise ruler appears; no one in the whole kingdom desires my advice; it is time for me to die."

Nowhere in my readings, however, did I find trace of the present paronomasia and so, to ease your conscience, Kung-fu-tse, and to beg your humble pardon, I shall say that you did not say:

"Man behind eight ball usually follow wrong cue."

"He who takes Vitamins, knows his ABC's."

"Bum steer not always found in stockyard."

"He who cook up false rumor, often finds self in stew." (Continued on Page 21)

### EDITORIALS



### An Individual's Opinion

MORTON M. KRIEGER '43

EVERYONE HAS thought about religion at some time or another; it has been discussed many times and will always be discussed whenever educated people get together. Certain aspects of this subject have been brought out by the three speakers sponsored by the Student Council. However, the question, "How does the scientist, not affiliated with any 'religious organization', feel about religion?" has not been dealt with to any great length.

A clear definition of religion is needed. (Morals in religion will be discarded for it is debatable as to whether they are a necessary part of religion.) Stated simply, religion is man's attempt to explain the universe, or nature if you like. From this point of view, science makes its declarations. Science is that knowledge of general truths or particular facts, obtained and shown to be correct by accurate observations and thinking. What the scientist cannot explain concerning our universe — that is his religion.

Science is never at a standstill. Thus, whenever the scientist learns something new about nature and makes this discovery factual, his religion is not supernatural, says the scientist. It can better be considered a stimulus and a curiosity rather than that which incurs fear or terror. The scientist's religion is important to him even though it declines as science advances.

### Science and Religion

James P. O'Connor '42

The so-called contradictions between science and religion, about which we hear so much today, very seldom originate in the work of true scientists or honest and intelligent theologians. Instead, their fountainhead is the distorted reasoning of the not-too-well-informed person who knows very little of the subject.

In reality, there is no possible conflict between reason and faith because God is the Author of both natural and supernatural truths. Thus, the opposition (which is only apparent) arises from the putting forth of one error or other as a scientific or a theological truth. Today the wise individual finds opposition impossible when he keeps religion and science within their own confines.

One of the many reasons for this seeming conflict is the insistence on the part of pseudo-scientists of proofs and explanations for everything religious—the existence of God (most of these persons boast of being atheists), the religious mysteries, passages from the Bible, etc. It is strange, indeed, that nearly everyone of these "scientists" feels quite positive that no reasonable arguments can be advanced for these religious doctrines, despite the fact that they have been tried and accepted by the majority of the greatest thinkers for generations.

Many proofs of the existence of God through scientific reasoning have been advanced, but space forbids a development of these. However, they may be studied in the pages of any manual of natural theology (Beeder, Natural Theology; Jovee, The Principles of Natural The-

ology).

"Eymieu, in his La Cart des Croyants dans les Progre's de la Science an XIX Sie'cle, has listed the names of 432 scientists of mark. Setting aside 34 whose religious views are unknown, he tabulates as follows: Atheists, 16; agnostics, 15; believers, 367. Selecting out of this total 150 original thinkers and scientific pioneers he finds among them only 5 atheists and 9 agnostics, compared with 123 believers (the views of 13 are unknown)."

Such men as Linacre, Galileo, Vesalius, Stensen, Galvani, Laennee, Muller, Corrigan, Secchi, Mendel, Pasteur, de Lapparent, and Dwight saw no difficulty whatever in being loyal to both natural and supernatural truth. As Dr. Collingwood says: "These men were not afraid of fresh discoveries, for they had faith in the Creator of all phenomena. Because they heard the voice of God, they were cager to catch every whisper of that voice in the world of nature."

Those "scientific" minded persons who reject religion for its incomprehensible mysteries are foolish, indeed. These inexplicable truths are not unreasonable but, instead, are above and beyond the reasoning of a finite mind.

Mystery is in no way peculiar to religion. Science tells us that the paths of planets vary very little, that the moon is held to its orbit by the earth's attraction, that a

heavenly body has a gravitational pull so many times greater than that of the earth's; but when science tries to explain these facts, it merely uses phrases which are meaningless, and clarify nothing. As Newton truthfully put it: "I know of the law of attraction, but if you ask what attraction is, I really cannot tell."

Another reason for the "opposition" between science and religion is the determination of certain well-meaning people to use the Bible as the last word on scientific research, refusing to attribute to it anything but a literal translation.

Their obstinate stand on the "Theory" of Evolution, despite the decisions of their churches to the contrary, is the source of the present misunderstanding on this subject. Most churchmen agree with the Reverend Bertram Conway's statement that the "Bible is not a textbook of science, and therefore cannot rightly be quoted either for or against evolution."

### **Concerning a Student Council Meeting Event**

The Freshman Editorial Board does not, of course, nake any class commitment on such an issue as the National Youth Congress. We believe sincerely, however, that it is the express function of this staff to do its utmost to exorcise from our midst, the type of conditioned opinion which motivated a freshman at a meeting of the Student Council one day to say it was his idea that what he termed "propaganda" be removed from the halls so as not to unduly influence students to favor joining the Youth Congress.

In the first place, such an action, as that freshman well knows, constitutes an acrid, stenchy violation of what is known as "basic principle," as typified by such locuments as the Bill of Rights. Surely, in an institution where the Student Government is held to be to the student body what the Federal Government is to the United States, such a time-honored value as "freedom of press, of speech, of assembly, of petition, etc.," should eccive observance to its fullest, and most wholesome pirit. That alone makes a valid indictment against the warped, conditioned, red-baiting mind whence stemmed he "suggestion."

Secondly, our friend seems to have been totally misinformed on the matter of propaganda. If he tracks back on his Latin, he will find that the word itself means "ought to be propagated." That is to say, that which is spread was worthy of spreading from the start. As our writer failed last month to point out in his review of "The Fine Art of Propaganda," the word in question is today very much abused. Just as the name "Communist" has provided a valuable epithet to fling at well-founded opponents, so has the word propaganda proved the best way of discrediting any statement, from the brassiest of lies to the most self-evident truths. The freshman who made the suggestion is one who has but succumbed to the fashion of labelling everything propaganda. He was right. The posters were propaganda, but they were certainly worthy of "being propagated" since they moved students to thought; made students worry whether to vote for, or kill the Youth Congress issue. Our regret, of course, is not that he was a freshman, but that conditions exist which beget such ridiculous statements.

#### TOWN MEETING

(Continued from Page 7) expressed the very signifiant fact that those who are against war are very often the first to support a war. Mr. Wagner cited several incidents in his experience to indicate how difficult is the obtaining of accurate war news.

Mr. L'Oiseaux, in answer to a question, said that war, hough generally destructive, had given quite an impetus o advancement in several fields — aviation, chemistry, etc.

In our opinion, the most significant observation of the liscussion was made by a member of the audience, Dr.

Leonard. It is rather ironical, he said, that an actual war crisis must be at hand before we have the impulse to have such a discussion about war. We wish with Dr. Leonard that we had more foresight about such vital problems.

We rather regret, too, that none of the speakers chose to discuss more in detail those fundamentals which bring about wars — nationalism, imperialism, insecurity and its consequent greed. Perhaps such a discussion would have been more fruitful than a discussion of the external symptoms of war.

### Roof Over America

A FAR-REACHING educational program, designed to give the American people (and especially those interested in building and improving their homes) straight-forward facts about housing, has been annonneed by the United States Office of Education.

The information will be brought to the citizens by radio, printed bulletins, and graphic exhibits. Of outstanding interest to teachers is a bulletin to be issued by the U. S. Printing Office, tracing the historical rise of our diversified housing situation of today, telling of pioneer efforts to effect improvements, largely by individuals, and discussing present concerted efforts toward better conditions, both in city and rural areas. Charts, drawings, and photographs will serve to illustrate the popular style to be employed in the text.

Besides this bulletin, and exhibits, which will be displayed before thousands of persons in schools and colleges and at meetings of public and educational groups. depicting how the Government not only tests materials and methods, but helps industry rehouse entire communities, an unusual radio series entitled "Roofs Over America" will be broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System at 2 P. M., E. S. T., every Sunday, beginning March 24, and ending June 16. The titles and general content of these programs are as follows:

March 24: What Do We Mean, "Home, Sweet Home"?

The status of housing today - Slums that blight metropolitan, industrial, and rural areas - Extent of sub-standard housing.

March 31: How We Got That Way.

History of the housing problem in America - Americans on the move from south to north, from east to west - Farm tenancy, one-crop farming, and droughts that blight rural

April 7: What Price Bad Housing?

Inadequate sanitation and infested homes raise doctor's bills - Cheerless homes and cheerless people - How society pays for the criminally and physically unfit.

April 14: Hurdles in Housing.

How speculators and excessive costs created housing shortages and high rents - The mortgagee, the "villain in the piece" - How building associations and Government agencies come to the rescue,

April 21: The House That Jerry Built.

Methods of the unscrupulous builder - How incompetent planning and the speculative fever led to jerry-built houses; attitude of home owner - How lack of knowledge of housing standards and the possibility of a quick sale result in the home as a "temporary" abode.

April 28: Voices in the Wilderness.

Battling for the better housing: Work of Jacob Riis, Jane Addams, Edith Elmer Wood, Barney Vladeck, Lawrence Veiller, Theodore Roosevelt, Lillian Wald, Julius Rosenwald, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt - Rise of the technicians: Robert D. Kohn, James Ford, Louis Pink.

May 5: Doing Something About It.

Getting adequate housing laws - Increasing the number of local housing authorities - How civic, church, labor, social, and patriotic groups are "doing something about it."

May 12: Streamlining the Home Industry.

Planners and builders get together — Can we have mass production of housing? — How the Bureau of Standards, U. S. Forest Products Laboratory, and private research foundations serve technicians and home owners - Narrowing the "no-man's land" in housing.

May 19: The House Next Door.

Advantages of the building restrictions and zoning regulations - Protecting "old" neighborhoods against deterioration-Rural zoning: "How shall we best use this land?" -Experiments in zoning.

May 26: Rooms with a View.

The Garden Cities of England: Letchworth, Port Sunlight, Bonrnville, etc. — American experiments: Greenbelt towns, Sunnyside, N. Y.; Chatham Village, Pittsburgh, Happy Valley, Tenn. - Government enterprise in community planning.

June 2: Keep the Factory Fires Burning.

Better housing means better business - Government as a guarantor of building investment - Cooperation of architects, contractors, materials, men, financial institutions for

better construction.

June 9: Here's What We Mean, "Home Sweet Home." A housing tour: Life in homes of slum-clearance projects, HOLC rehabilitated homes, resettlement homes, homes financed by FHA insured mortgages.

June 16: Uncle Sam on the Housing Frontier.

Public housing and the American tradition - Government services available to city and farm owners - How Government helps private enterprise to provide a better Roof Over America

#### A BACHELOR IS BORN

(Continued from Page 9) rible without that tooth. but hadn't he lost it for her? Nevertheless, all his attempts to explain what had happened were curtly dismissed by May as she would go sailing off with Sammy.

"Well, let him take her home, then," was all Billy could say as he stamped out of the Peabody household. He walked up and down the streets for over fifteen minutes while he thought over women in general and one girl in particular. His mind could find no rest, but he knew his stomach still could.

The corner drugstore drew his attention. Over his third chocolate soda he reached a conclusion. He solemply vowed himself to life-long bachelorhood.

### ORCHESTRA PERSONNEL

Sylvia Gelwasser







Martin, MacDonald

THREE INDISPENSABLE units of any orchestra are the violas, the cellos, and the basses. The violas and basses are needed for harmony, and the cellos sometimes play beautiful melodic strains, as well as accompaniment. Due to the interest and diligence expended by both Miss Prickett and the student body, these instruments are played by members of the College Orchestra.

With the exception of Miss Helen Rohnacher, the students did not play these instruments until they entered State Teachers College, This fact, I think, is truly amazing. Most of us realize how little time there is to take part in extra-curricular activities, even if those activities require no outside preparation, yet learning to play a musical instrument proficiently takes outside preparation, and also requires plenty of determination and patience

The five members of this section are:

Miss Helen Rohnacher Miss Martha Schnebly Miss Jane MacDonald Miss Catherine Gray

Mr. Donald Martin

### **Headline Mentality**

(The Remedy of the Baltimore Sun)

THE BALTIMORE Sun has been conducting an experiment since last October. While many of us did not know it is an experiment, for we didn't stop to think about it, The American Committee News Service for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, a semimonthly publication with an editorial board and contributing staff, including Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University, Dean Ned H. Dearborn of New York University and sixty other almost equally esteemed sages, has found it of sufficient importance to bring this matter before the eyes of all to whom this pamphlet is circulated.

The Sun is following a clearly defined policy of:

1. Presenting the news conveniently by organizing and collecting related stories.

2. Making the issues more intelligible through the incorporation of background material.

Frankly, an attempt to get away from "headline mentality," from sensationalism and distortion, it is significant that the experiment began the day after England and France declared war against Germany. Double-deck headlines have been replaced by brief captions. Related stories are grouped together under captions like "War in the Air" or "Plight of the Neutrals."

Besides its technical and budgetary advantages, the plan gives the reader a better opportunity to compare conflicting dispatches, makes for easier presentation of explanatory material, and - above all - destroys headline sensationalism.

### **CONFUCIUS SAID - -**

(Continued from Page 17)

"Nut behind wheel, only thing wrong with auto."

"He who act like Donkey in daytime, in night beware of tattletale brav."

And since Confucius did say:

"The ancients were guarded in their speech.

Like them we should avoid loquacity. Many words invite many defeats,

Avoid entering many businesses, for many businesses create many difficulties." - -

I think it best to conclude.

# THE LIBRARY

### **Europe In The Books**

JACK WILLIAMSON

THE EUROPEAN situation continues to roll off the presses, and comes out now as three new books, two of which are devoted to himself, Adolf Hitler.

Dr. Hermann Rauschning, one-time president of the Danzig Senate, and at that time on the "inside" of Nazi politics, is author of the first, The Voice of Destruction. It appears to be the result of his many talks with Herren Hitler, Goering, and Hess. The entire setup a few years ago would appear at first glance a dream but, according to Dr. Rauschning, it is nothing short of a nightmare. As early as 1932, Hitler prophesied the present complex of European events, including the Russian alliance, the ultimate partition of Poland, and the "anschluss" with Austria. At that time, de Fuehrer went so far as to "see" a German-inspired revolution in Mexico, and a general unrest in the United States. Often, he spoke wildly of dying a martyr to the Fatherland, and then went on to mark savagely the advent of a new Roman Empire, having as its hub Berlin, Significant is one statement attributed to Hitler. We may be destroyed, he said, but if we are, we shall drag with us a world - a world in flames. Dr. Rauschning debates furiously with himself as to the extent of Hitler's sanity, but comes to no logical conclusion. However, the author deserts his party long enough to declare convincingly that the Nazi realm is a house of cards that a single puff will destroy.

Herr Hitler is again in the spotlight, under the critical focus of Dr. James Shotwell's book, What Germany Forgot. It is Professor Shotwell's purpose here to debunk the now popular conception that the Treaty of Versailles determined Germany's economic and social downfall. Most Germans, says Professor Shotwell, seem to forget the war which preceded and made for the Treaty. Germany expected a "status quo" peace, and this she could not get. The depression that followed the peace was not caused by the peace terms, but rather by the war. Shotwell blames the Allies for the Weimar Republic's failure. The French occupation of the Ruhr, he writes, was the straw that broke the camel's back, and Germany's reaction was — Hitler.

Soon after the present conflict broke out, Oswald Garrison Villard had the notable journalistic privilege of



experiencing both the British and German attitudes. He spent most of his time, however, in Prague, and accepted conditions there as duplications of those in Germany. The contrast between England and Germany, therefore, he calls tremendous. For the Allied side of war-time Germany, don't miss Germany at War, and particularly its introduction, "England at War".

Our Country's Money. By Frederic Majer. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. New York, 1939. 121 pages.

Perhaps few institutions are so essential to our present-day civilization as money; yet very few are those of us who have ever stopped to consider how money originated, or the stages through which it has passed in its development, or its multiple function today.

Are you one of the many who have always taken money for granted? Do you know what the earliest type of money is supposed to have been and can you name examples of it? Do you know about when and why coinage came to be used in exchange? Do you know about when and why paper currency first came into existence? Do you know how our country's coins and currency are made?

If you feel in the least shaky about any of the fundamental questions concerning money, a brief perusal of Mr. Majer's splendidly illustrated little volume should prove helpful and highly enjoyable.

Perhaps you are so fortunate as to be able to answer these questions. In that case your main enjoyment from reading the book will undoubtedly spring from the discovery of such fascinating facts as: Where the word "dollar" comes from; the reason why 1938 was chosen as the year in which to issue the Jefferson nickel; the source of the slang expression, "two bits"; how the motto, "In God We Trust" came to be used on our

coinage, as well as countless other bits of monetary miscellany.

Primarily, the book was intended for juveniles and should prove valuable as Social Studies material for children from the sixth grade on; nevertheless, no adult should miss it if he has either the need or the yen to "discover" money. — R. H. C.

After Twelve Years. By Michael A. Musmanno. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 414 pages.

Very recently, several lawyers, as individuals, were approached by other individuals, who had a very old story to tell. It was related to the barristers (without mentioning names) that a certain "party" was under indictment for passport falsification with intent to defraud. By expert legal handling, these lawyers were asked, with how light a sentence could the defendant be punished. The lawyers, who had great confidence in their powers of speech, answered, as individuals, that they thought the defendant might get off easily, with a fine of several thousands of dollars. Then they added, "What's the fellow's name? What particular case do you have in mind?" And the answer was, "Earl R. Browder." To this the lawyers countered with, "Nothing doing. That is a political case!" During the trial, in this "political case," Prosecuting Attorney John T. Cahill told the jury very movingly that Browder was the "mocker of our most sacred institutions." On the other hand the judge presiding charged the jury that "Matters of public policy or interest are not to be considered.'

I retell this story because it typifies, as a current example, the American political trial. One may bleat all day of a "working democracy," with "free institutions," but one cannot get away from the fact that an individual may be framed. Such is the anatomy of the political trial. However, it is not at all safe for us to touch the Browder case too closely, for it is of today, and is doubtless shaded over by superficialities. We can go back to our books of history, and find, even here in America, a political trial which outranks all political trials in its filth, and corruption, and authorized murder. The case of which we speak will be noted as more notorious than the Browder case, since the man was, at least, "guilty" of the charges. In the earlier case the defendants were not guilty. That is certain. But they were anarchists; and and it has been demonstrated that when the State desires the "removal" of political enemies or offenders, nothing stands in the State's way. The case of which I write is the case of Sacco and Vanzetti. It is with this case that After Twelve Years deals.

As the title implies, the words are written about

twelve years after a notable occurrence of some sort. Notable, indeed! August 22, 1939, was the twelfth anniversary of the electrocution, with a ghastly finality, of a pair of Italian immigrants (patriots of the time used the name "wops") for a crime which they did not commit. Judge Musmanno (he sits in the Pennsylvania Court of Common Pleas) was a member of the Sacco-Vanzetti defense counsel in the later years of the trial. Incidentally, when we speak of "later years," it is vital to note that six years were required for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to as much as pass sentence on two men it had convicted earlier. As a judge, and as a legal light, the author doubtless, is well aware of the anatomy of trials, and legal procedure and, with this added experience of 1921-1927, is well aware, also, of the nature of the political trial.

Judge Musmanno has begun shooting verbal darts at the thick, impervious wall of Massachusetts' legal, judicial system. He has pointed out the host of improprieties, and abuses of the logical items, in the Commonwealth's system, and at points, the Judge becomes so eloquent and so powerful that it would appear that the darts might in reality be cannonballs. Some of the abuses were (and are) lasting; some were temporary modifications expressly for the Sacco-Vanzetti case, To name but a few, here are several of the most glaring ones:

At the time of the trial, there was a peculiarity in Massachusetts law which put the defendants on display before the jury, et al., confined in a big barred cage. First, the prisoners are unable to point out to their counsel, perjuries, obvious falsehoods in testimony. Such is evil enough. Moreover, the jury is moved psychologically to assume, by powers of suggestion, that behind bars is exactly the fitting place for the defendants. And as long as the State is going to all this expense to put away two men, it might as well electrocute them as send them to prison.

Another glaring fault in the legal system is taught in this excerpt from the opinion of Massachusetts' Supreme Judicial Court to an appeal of the case:

"... It is not imperative that a new trial be granted even though the evidence is newly discovered, and if presented to a jury, would justify a different verdict." (Italies mine—H. M. L.). This is to say that after the State has gone to the expense (I believe it was about \$2,000 per diem) of trying two men, there is absolutely no point in retrying them, even though they may be innocent, and even though it is their lives which are at stake. Massachusetts was engaged in reversing an old legal maxim and axiom which states that a defendant is "innocent 'til proved guilty." The axiom was being laid aside in the instance of two "anarchist wops," and

now read: A man is guilty 'til proved innocent, Yes, sir! The machinery of our Justice is too complex to be set in motion twice for a pair of wops, who seek to overthrow our "most sacred institutions." I should hardly think that a more brazen statement than that made by the "Supreme Judicial Court" has ever been read, or heard. If examined closely, it will be seen that, whether wittingly, or no, this statement speaks for the Commonwealth's attitude of "getting rid of two anarchists," no matter what anyone says, or thinks, or does.

Furthermore, there is the "evil unto himself" of Judge Webster Thayer, who was a very proper judge, because he was the type who, on the football field of Dartmouth, would say to his friends, "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards?" With this statement and question in mind, I think that nothing more need be said of Judge Thayer, for Judge Musmanno has said what needs to be said; and if more information is desired concerning the man and his motives, one may read Upton Sinclair's two-volume novel, Boston. I shall quote a sample of Judge Thayer's objectivity, and his earnest quest for truth and justice. Remember. It was not a political trial; but here is what Judge Thayer said to the jury as he opened the process:

"... remember the American soldier had other duties that he would rather have performed than those that resulted in his giving up his life on the battlefields of France, but with undaunted courage and patriotic devotion that brought honor and glory to humanity and the world (he) rendered the service and made the supreune sacrifice. So I call upon you to render this service here with the same spirit of patriotism, courage and devotion to duty as was exhibited by our soldier boys across the seas." (Long live J. P. Morgan!)

The above takes on new meaning when it is remembered that Sacco and Vanzetti were "slackers"; they fled the country in 1917 to avoid conscription (for which they were not eligible). I cannot here point out much of the nature of the evidence which sent the two men to the chair. I can only sum up the case for justice, by writing that (I repeat) whenever the State sees fit to remove an individual or individuals, no constitution, no law-books, or no evidence will deter that State from carrying out its sacred mission.

Imagine, just imagine, the girl who, upon seeing a car, running at 18 miles per hour for one or two seconds, could describe Vanzetti to the last detail. That is not very puzzling, after one learns that the defendant was seated right before her eyes! Judge Musmanno is no fool. He, as a jurist, knows that a jury can be affected by even one word of perjured, or framed evidence. And when he complains about the withholding of retrials, he knows quite well that it is the fault of persons, as well

as of the written law. In Massachusetts, for example, it was Judge Thayer's place, before an appeal could be made to higher courts, to confess that he had not conducted the trial impartially, and that he had made raw decisions. Fancy that!

To make one more point in the anatomy of political trials, I shall try to show (Judge Musmanno and Mr. Sinclair have done so) how the State government, hand in hand with the Federal Government, and with every citizen who was interested in currying favor from the Messrs, Big, all united to kill Sacco and Vanzetti. Mr. Coolidge kept his mouth quite shut when he might have commuted (by suggestion) the sentence to life. After all, when men are dead, you cannot bring them back, even to pardon them. When they are safe away in prison, matters are not quite so bad. Witness Mooney and Billings in California. The Department of Justice had in its possession, it is believed, records of a redbaiting investigation of Sacco and Vanzetti, which would have explained away their "consciousness of guilt," upon which the State rested so much of its case. Why did the two men lie?

The Commonwealth's Governor Fuller was about to commute the sentence when he got wind of the news that Coolidge (they were both good Republicans) was not going to run for office again. He, too, curried favor, with the "populace," by ridding us of wicked radicals.

And so on down. Some current sage, wisely anonymous, has said that you cannot beat a system. It's true. You can't beat a system. Sacco and Vanzetti did not go out to puncture the integrity of Massachusetts' legal system. But in convicting the two men of crimes they did not commit, the State removed its own veil, and the system, and its protagonists, were seen for what they were. Judge Musmanno has written well. His is another Boston, with the superficialities of fiction and love removed. All loves, that is, but genuine love of justice.

- H. M. L.

Since the girls have been wearing such short dresses this year, instead of saying, "Pardon me," they say, "Pardon knee."

Miss Munn unwittingly provided us with one of the best puns of the year. She said, "Now, making a dress is of material nature."

The other day a big discussion was on in the Men's Room concerning an S. T. C. myth. One boy said, "Marie Parr is the best looking girl in College." Another said, "No." The first replied, "She's not parr from it."

### Iolanthe

ON FEBRUARY 12, 1940, Iolanthe came to Towson. This mythical figure, as portrayed in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta by the same name, was personified at the College by the Play Arts Guild of Baltimore. The presentation was made in the interest of the Cultural Fund for the students and was sponsored by the faculty.

After an extremely slow and mediocre first act, the presentation gained momentum and the favor of the audience, which numbered near the 600 mark. The reason for the unsatisfactory beginning was probably the performers' inability to adapt themselves and their singing to the large auditorium. This was to be expected, however, since their own Guild Theatre in which the are accustomed to act is not one-quarter as large as the Teachers College auditorium. The entire troupe made a remarkable recovery and adaptation in the closing of the first act, where the Peers first made their appearance, and during the entire second episode.

Iolanthe is a satirical play which ridicules the English Parliament. The story is made even more fantastic with the interweaving of complications involving marriages of fairies and men, resulting in half mortal-half fairy off-spring, which is quite a handicap, as was pointed out in the play. The subtlety of the entire play hinges around the remark that "the English Parliament should leave its nose out of affairs that it knows nothing about; namely, affairs of government." The plot is fast moving and the music distinctly Gilbert-Sullivan style, much like The Mikado.

The managers of the Guild deserve congratulations for the excellent scenery and lighting which portrayed to the audience the desired mood. This was a definite aid to the selling of the show as was also the beautiful and elaborate costuming.

Dean Gehring, a former student here, in spite of her evident temperament, possessed the finest female voice of the cast, while the Peer Tolloller, to whom Phyllis became engaged, was outstanding because of his brilliant red velvet robes and his baritone voice. The Lord High Chancellor deserves special mention for his fine acting. It was obvious that he was the most experienced member of the company.

The accompaniment was loud, but not perhaps without reason. It should be considered that the new acoustics may have made it necessary for the accompaniment to be fortissimo throughout, though many thought that this distracted from the singing.

All in all, it was to be considered a successful performance. The remarks of the crowd as it made its way toward the exits were on the whole quite favorable. All enjoyed the production and since the Cultural Fund found itself some \$300 richer, it was quite a financial achievement. It may be mentioned in closing that it is somewhat regrettable that the student attendance was not better. However, those who were not there must definitely feel that they missed a thoroughly enjoyable and worthwhile evening.

Many thanks to the faculty.

### We Came, We Saw, We Left

D. KAPP

WE CAME!

Parts of costumes temporarily draped over furniture, floor, and partitions . . . makeup boxes scattering their contents everywhere . . . street clothes hanging from racks . . talking . . laughter . . . phrases of Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny! How You Do Love! . . .

All this together presented the scene before us as we entered the Little Theatre immediately following the performance of *Iolanthe*.

Amid this din and confusion we freshman girls, who had come to ask an interview of Miss Dean Gehring, struggled toward the star's dressing room — the stage. There Miss Gehring received us and readily consented to talk to us about the Guild Players and her part in

their work. Through Miss Gehring's answering graciously all our questions and adding other comments, we learned a little about the beginning of the Guild, its organization, and its work. The Guild Players is a semi-professional group; i.e., they give performances every week, but are not paid a salary. The organization was started fifteen years ago, as a result of some work done in the Hopkins Playshop, by Mr. T. Morris Cushing. The group gives performances every Friday and Saturday night at the Guild Theatre on 22ud Street. Since the audiences have been so great for Iolanthe, this production has been running since November, 1939. There are usually from (Continued on Page 33)

### College Calendar

January 24, 1940 -

The College assembly enjoyed a piano recital by Miss Julia Schnebly, a sister of our own Martha Schnebly.

This program, the second which Miss Julia has given us, again evidenced an unusual achievement for a young girl. In a simple, unaffected style, Miss Schnebly played classical and modern compositions. Her playing was marked at all times by breadth of tone, and where needed, by a pleasing delicacy. She observes phrasing and plays with a certain spirit that shows that to her music is a great pleasure, a pleasure which her audience cannot but feel.

Because Miss Schnebly plays particularly well and because of her charming manner, the doors of the College will be open to her whenever she can favor us with a program.

#### January 29, 1940 -

Rose Quong, an English-educated, Australian Chinese, who is making a lecture tour of the United States, spoke in assembly on the "Soul of China." Even though Miss Quong had an Oxford accent rather than the expected Chinese, she looked very Oriental with her straight, glossy black hair, cut in bangs, and her beautifully embroidered Mandarin costume. In acknowledging our greetings, Miss Quong reflected her ancestry in her graceful bows.

Through translations of Chinese poems, fables, and legends, the proverbs of Confucius, and interesting anecdotes of modern China, Miss Quong instilled in her 
audience the feeling that China must, and will, create 
a new world out of the "very most dead and hopeless 
water."

Perhaps one of the greatest factors in the molding of China has been the teachings of Confucius, not the Chinese whom we have been of late abusing, but the Confucius who left the world invaluable studies of human nature. Chinese life is imbued with this philosopy of Confucius. Some of the proverbs as translated by Miss Quong might well be observed by us.

Shall we remember: "Man by nature is born good;"
"A closed fist can receive nothing; a closed mind can
receive nothing," and "The first thing a man must
learn is to live at peace with other men."

#### February 1, 1940 ---

Reported by Marjorie Siebert

The first of the religious symposiums was held on February the first. The Reverend Gottlieb Siegenthaler,

pastor of St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church, was the speaker. He presented the Protestant point of view on the Contribution of Religion to Education for Citizenship, First, Reverend Siegenthaler defines what the Protestants mean by education. Education is that process by which the community seeks to open its life to the next generation and enable young people to take their part in life. It attempts to pass on to them its culture. Where education is viewed as a stage in development, younger minds are trained both to receive it and to criticize and improve upon it. Herein the Protestant approach differs from that of either the Jewish or the Catholic, Both of the latter present codes, Salvation here and hereafter depends solely on the priest or rabbi. The Protestant view is much harder: You must stand on your own feet, live your own life and be answerable to your own God.

The four ways by which religion contributes to education for citizenship are:

- 1. The church is a home in our loneliness.
- 2. It is an armory in the conflict of high and low ideals
- 3. It is a nucleus of human brotherhood, a fellowship of free persons under the law of Christ. It is supra-racial, since it embraces within its fellowship peoples of every color. It is supra-class, recognizing no social distinction between rich and poor.
- 4. It points to a redeeming grace men and nations' deepest, most desperate need is for a Saviour. That sacrifice of Christ is the profoundest message of the Protestant Church. Without that message, practical life as citizenship would choke us like dust.

#### February 8, 1940 -

The second religious symposium in the series of three was led by Mr. Doehler, of Loyola College. He impressed us with the fact that we have a serious responsibility. First, we are a part of the "sole surviving sane nation." Secondly, we, as educators, are responsible for the preparation of the next generation for the reconstruction of America and the world. Our share in this nation's life is: citizenship — intelligent, responsible, cooperative membership in society. An intelligent citizen knows his function in society; a responsible citizen accepts his rights with the accompanying duties; and a cooperative citizen protects the rights of all citizens.

Religion is man's acknowledgment and fulfillment of his debt of dependence on God. God gives laws to his possessions. Obedience in religion means that one accepts the laws of the god of that religion. Catholicism recognizes three obligations of man: first, acknowledgment of God as Creator, Saviour, and Ruler; second, the proper use of his own capacities; and third, normal living with his fellowmen.

Catholicism earnestly attempts to contribute to the education of citizens. It has initiated many study group and classes for adults. Likewise, Catholic action, a kind of mission work done by lay apostles in lay situations, is doing an excellent piece of work in education for citizenship. Every effort is being made to develop characters for the full life in a "peaceful, well-ordered society."

February 15, 1940 -

Reported by Fredwin Kieval

The third lecture in the series of religious symposiums for the current year was delivered by Mr. Abraham Joseph, a prominent Baltimore attorney. Mr. Joseph spoke in the absence of Rabbi Abram Shaw, who was ill.

In his general remarks, Mr. Joseph showed how three great Western religions stem from the same root and parallel one another in championing similar ethical values. He declared that the reason why so many conflicts arise among the constituents of these three religions is because religious differences are accentuated while their likenesses are pressed into the background.

In measuring the ideal citizen, the speaker used the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus as a yardstick. This chapter propounds social legislation affecting the home, family life, business, labor, and minorities.

As a further contribution toward educating for citizenship, the speaker cited the Rabbinic injunction of the law of the land you shall obey." Such an injunction came about after the destruction of the Temple in 70 A. D. and the subsequent dispersion of the Jews to all parts of the world. Thus the combination of the two clegal systems, one Rabbinic and the other Biblical, makes a powerful force in educating for good citizenship.

### **Faculty Notes**

Dr. Crabtree, Miss Joslin, and Mr. Miller attended a meeting of the College English Association at College Park on February 10. In attendance were representatives from colleges and teachers' colleges of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia. The immediate problem under consideration was "The Teaching of Freshman Composition." In the morning session Dr. Bement described a "Writing Laboratory" experiment at George Washington University. The Maryland State English Supervisor discussed the problem from the high school viewpoint — what must high schools give to constitute adequate preparation for college English?

Following a delightful luncheon, with the University of Maryland as "host," came afternoon discussions, and plans for a future meeting.

Dr. Anita S. Dowell was elected president of Chi Chapter (Johns Hopkins University) of Pi Lambda Theta (national graduate honor society for women), at a meeting of the society on February 17. She has served is secretary in previous years.

Towson has another faculty member who is an officer of a Hopkins chapter of a national graduate honor fra-

ternity. Mr. Walther is treasurer of Alpha Rho Chapter of Phi Delta Kappa.

Mr. Minnegan spends his Saturdays at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., as part of his plan for becoming "Dr. Minnegan."

Dr. West is busy writing workbooks to be used in connection with the recent series of junior high school texts, "Science Problems," of which he is an author.

By now everyone should have seen, in professional magazines or on bulletin boards, the advertisements announcing the new series of readers by Dr. Crabtree, her sister, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

#### MARRIAGES

February 1, 1940 —

The marriage of Madeline Veronica Dunne, Class of '27, to Joseph Nathan Sanford, took place at the rectory of the Catholic Cathedral.

February 2, 1940 -

Gertrude Johns and Nathan Jaffa, both of the Class of '37, were joined in wedlock.

#### The Easter Parade

SHIRLEY HICKS

IN THE spring a young girl's fancy turns to clothes. This year her attention will be drawn to pastels. Pastels are definitely "in" this season. Hot pink is a much discussed shade, and, indeed, it has every right to be so, for its soft lights appeal to any girl's vanity.

Pastel blue is still worn extensively. You who have blue eyes will do well to look into some of these lovelier

shades of blue.

1940 brings to the front another shade: gray. It's quite the rage! Gray and hot pink, gray and red, gray and navy. Never before has so much of it been used.

For those of you who are a little more conservative, navy is always good, particularly this spring. Featured at one Baltimore store is navy with garden colors, a very attractive and good-looking outfit. Caramel brown is also being displayed popularly.

Solid colors are always lovely, but this year enough stripes cannot be had. Dashing prints are the vogue,

also, along with the lighter monotones.

As far as the general style of Easter fashions go, there is little change. Only a few things stand out as being different. One of these is the use of wool with silk print dyed to match the wool, or perhaps a stripe with a solid piece for trimmings dyed to match the background of the stripes. We shall see a lot of that this season.

Another new aspect is the military influence. This is seen in the cash-and-carry pockets so popular on spring clothes, the military cut of coats. This latter is emphasized by the use of epaulets. Moreover, buttons are made as gas masks; hats are fashioned after army caps.

As for the hats, flowers prevail, The Easter bonnet of this March 24 will be a bunch of flowers perked demurely on a head of curls. The hat will be adorned by a voluminous veil situated on the hat, but face veils are decidedly passé. Besides this, straw sailors and bonnets and felt spectators are numerous.

This year, buyers will stick to the traditional patent leather or kid pumps, sandals, and spectators. New styles such as the wedge and bows are being forced, but the latter seem to be the only one to be successful.

Handbags are about the same. Featured in patent leather, suede and kid, they vary as to size and shape.

As to gloves, wear the white or neutral doeskin or kid. Doeskin is perhaps better because it can be easily laundered. For those of you who prefer colors, there are a variety of shades featured in suede.

A most essential item is the accessory. Being sold now are countless pastel necklaces, pins, and bracelets of flowers. The iridescent jewelry is also being sold. Most interesting are the pins and lapel decorations, found in such things as musical instruments, golf bags, amusing caricatures.

Just one hint: use color. However, as you use color, blend in your make-up with your color scheme. Nothing can detract more from a girl's appearance than make-up that clashes with the costume.

Another thing; clothes do little for a person if she herself is not tidy. Watch the hair. Is it washed regularly? Is it kept curled so that those objectional stray pieces stay in place?

Nails are also essential. It takes but little effort or your part to keep your nails clean and well shaped Too long a nail is not pretty. Also, a bright, unsightly polish adds little to the appearance. Stick to the pret tier shade of polish for the shorter length nails.

These are just a few beauty hints, but we all want to look our best on Easter Sunday; when arrayed in our new outfits, with perhaps a lovely corsage, we step be fore our admirers, hoping for a nod of approval.

### The Men's Revue

NOLAN CHIPMAN

THIS YEAR the men have planned their Revue as a departure from their policy of several years' standing No longer is it to be an edition of the Men's Revolt, or the Men's Revenge. We are simply letting more expe rienced and competent hands do our burlesquing and are going to feature several reels of early films, whose every minute of running time is sure to keep you smiling tittering, or bursting into unpremeditated, untamable laughter. The main feature will be Lon Chanev in The Phantom of the Opera, and two ole' time comedies wil round out the program. Following the films, thirty min utes of selected vaudeville will be presented, featuring none but four-star performers. After the show, there will be dancing 'til one o'clock, with John Horst's ten piece orchestra, which is still receiving wide acclain from those who heard it at the Sophomore Jamboree.

Remember! The Revue is to be given only one night At that time, we guarantee you a highly enjoyable eving. Here are some of the men who are working har preparing for the event: Weis, Henderson, Seidler Herold, Robinson, Johnson, Kahn, Astrin, Weiner, Cer nik, Lichter, Wilde, Lauenstein, Kassel, Chipman, Daw son, Brill, Weiner, and Schwartz. All you men have to do is to hustle up a date somewhere and all you wome have to do is to subtly convince some nice fella' with car that he simply can't miss (Continued on Page 36

# **Democratic Scandinavia**

HELEN PROSS and PHYLLIS WALTER

t O DAY, I N our "propaganda-conscious" outlook on Il radio and newspaper reporting, it is with a sigh of elief that we listen to any first-hand accounts of the European situation. Such was the feeling, we believe, of our student body when Mr. Arnold Kean, New York orrespondent of the Scandinavian Press, addressed our ssembly recently on the subject "Democratic Scandinavia and the Wars".

Education, cooperation, and social legislation, acording to Mr. Kean, are the watch words of Scandinain and Danish culture. Education in these countries is not of a purely intellectual character, but is practical ind well adapted to the agrarian interests of the majority the Danish citizens. For example, Mr. Kean referred the relatively simple but efficient method of handling mall business partnerships: The Danish folk put their tust in personal integrity rather than in complicated outracts. As far as social legislation is concerned, too, hey are progressive — having inaugurated such pracies as medical insurance and old-age security. Their bublic funds have been appropriated for benefits to heir own race, rather than for destruction of others.

The Scandinavians, with all their naiveté, are shrewd enough to realize that they would be helpless in the face of an invasion by a large power. Consequently, with the exception of Finland, they are putting forth every effort to maintain friendly relations with other European governments. Although this is being accomplished with some economic loss, these small countries feel it is the wise policy to pursue. Then, too, Denmark has a few aces up her sleeve of which Germany is well aware. Both countries know that it is more advantageous for Germany to allow Denmark to remain independent than to attempt any aggression. It is this last fact, probably, which accounts for the apparently happy, unconcerned outlook of the average Dane.

In his address, Mr. Kean referred to a recently published book, Denmark, A Social Laboratory, by Peter Manniche. A copy of this book has been placed in our library by the I. R. C. We feel confident that with Mr. Kean's interesting remarks on Scandinavia as a stimulus, this book will soon be in great demand among the students.

#### Father's Day in the Campus School

JAMES JETT

HE BIRTHDAY of the Father of Our Country as appropriately observed in the Campus School. The rather's Day program brought to the school 97 fathers— ien who are interested not only in their own children, but who are curious to see the philosophies of modern ducation in action. They deemed the occasion as an iducational one for themselves as well as their children. It was their patriotic responsibility, as a part of an enorous social community — our country, to come and to tam. They saw education in action; we, from the inide, saw patriotism in action.

Grades four and five had special "opening exercises" o start the day. Perhaps you, reader, may remember the me when opening exercises were a universal and daily rocedure in the elementary schools. However, in the rogressive schools of the country, which display the merican spirit of moving ahead swiftly but through original changes, the formal exercises are a thing of the ast. Yet these, given mainly for the benefit of the fathers, were educational in their aspect. They might have een termed "modern opening exercises."

The teaching of arithmetic, reading, social studies, science, and spelling was seen by most of the fathers — for nearly all the grades included these subjects in their morning program. Certainly there were evidences of correlation, that the fathers might see how the new philosophies provide for a continuation of the interests of children in a not too diversified way.

May it be known, too, that an old-fashioned spelling bee was given in Miss Schnorrenberg's room. The fathers modestly refused to participate — probably because they didn't want to show their sons up (?).

Miss Grogan's first grade presented three plays, under the guidance of the student teachers — Misses Hutton and Mercer. A large stage in the front of the room had been made by the children. Backdrops of scenery were a product of the children — probably made in art classes. The muslin curtains were designed with child paintings — and the curtains drew, like those on a "regular" stage. The three plays acted were "Little Red Riding Hood, "Cat, Cat and Mouse, Mouse," and "Three Billy Goats." All the (Continued on Page 55)

# Old Sport, New Rage

MARVIN M. KLOMPUS

GROUPS OF eager, hopeful men are discovered daily looking at idle factories, inspecting town halls, measuring school gymnaisums, and peering into empty barns in your neighborhood. Do not be alarmed, however, for they are simply looking for a place to lay out badminton courts. For in badminton has been found the perfect week-end pastime, the duffer's delight. For you and me it is the simplest, most inexpensive of active games, whereby all may have fun. For the outstanding athlete it is an interesting game, and as fast a workout as any in which contestants are kept apart by a net.

Upon seeing beginners patting one of those goosefeathered shuttle-cocks back and forth with their frail acquets, brawny athletes have turned pale. The thought occurs that they have permitted themselves to enter a scene in which a tame game is being played. This is an error, because the game has persisted among the sportloving British and hardy Canadians since the distant days when man could not make a proper ball.

First-class badminton singles calls for the footwork of a lightweight boxing champion, the wind of a distance runner, and the quickness of eye and snap of the wrist needed by a man fighting bees with a popsicle. It displays the fundamental strategy of tennis, plus a few tricks of its own. The shuttle-cock can be smashed with the force of a man's full strength, or slithered over the net with the dainty deadliness of a lady wasp slipping into her home.

Not a new sport, badminton nevertheless had not made rapid strides in the United States until recently. No two authorities agree on the history of the modern version. Legend says it started in 1873 at a dull house party at the home of the Duke of Beaufort, from whose estate, "Badminton," it is supposed to have received its name. Among those at the party were two English army officers who had seen the game played in India under its original name of "poona." After sticking goose-quills in champagne corks, they began batting them across the table, and other guests proceeded to follow them.

For the next twenty-five years, badminton led a double life. In England, it enjoyed mild popularity as a socialite amusement, for which the proper uniform was evening dress. In garrisons and officers' clubs in India, where it had been played as "poona" for centuries, badminton was played more vigorously, and took firmer root.

Despite the intense development of the game among the British and Canadians (to whom it was introduced in 1895), the oldest club in the world is the Badminton Club in New York. The club was founded in 1878 b two young men who had learned the game in England By 1887, it was organized with a board of governors i full control, and with the charming and praiseworth policy that only "good-looking girls ever be permitte to join."

On the court, the women wore trains and picture hat the men, Prince Alberts and choker collars. One of newspaper account described the game thus: "Badmin ton is an easy-going game which does not require the muscular exertion demanded in bowling, and is quite a jolly withal. The game is bound to grow in favor if for no other reason than that it leaves the participan breath sufficient for chat and gossip."

In the United States, strenuous badminton did neput in an appearance until about 1927. About 1931, bar minton began to boom and, in April, 1937, came of a when the national championships made it jump i daily papers from the society to the sporting pages. It currently the fastest growing game in this country, an exhibition, tournament, and intercity matches, as well, state and national championships, are held regularl However, it has reached its greatest development i Canada, where it is organized nationally under the Canada, where it is organized nationally under the Canadian Badminton Association.

In an interview a few years ago with Quentin Re nolds in Collier's, Jack Purcell, world professional char pion from Toronto, pointed out the game's chief draback: "The beauty, and incidentally, the fault of ba minton is that after a man plays it two or three time he thinks he's an expert. It seems very easy to hit the 'bird' back and keep it in play. It is easy, if you are plaing against a beginner. Because of this, players ofte just dub along without bothering to learn court strate and deception."

This is significant because I am certain that most you who have played little badminton have experience just what Purcell mentioned. There are few sports whic can be mastered without practice, and this one is 1 exception. Therefore, if any of you aspire to becon capable badminton players, steady practice and a know edge of the court fundamentals are essential.

Father: "Well, Willie, what did you learn at scho today?"

Willie (proudly): "I learned to say 'yes, sir' and 'n sir,' and 'yes, ma'am,' and 'no, ma'am'."

Father. "You did?" Willie: "Yeah."

# ·~ & PORT \$ ~ ~

JEROME KOLKER

OMETIME WITHIN the next five years you may ben your evening paper to the sports page and be greetl by the following headline:

Whitey Lauenstein Sold to the Majors

of course, this prospective success story has a few then the to it, but Whitey, being a catcher, may "back-op" his way to the solution. For those of us who are of acquainted with the ability of our hero, I might manically expound with glowing metaphors his clever adership of the baseball team for the past three seams, his mighty swatting, or his flawless fielding; but his is not necessary, for you will see for yourselves in few short months.

Now for the story behind the headline. During the set two seasons, Whitey not only went behind the bat or our team, but also climbed on the mound to pitch hen called upon and also played first base, second base and outfield upon different occasions. What was the sult? Whitey had taxed his throwing arm so greatly ant lameness and soreness have persisted ever since. While this article is still at press, our hero will be reciving treatment for his injured limb at the expense of the Baltimore Orioles, who believe Whitey to be of sufcient value in the future to offset any expense that they are juncar in priming him for a career in baseball.

If you do read this headline, remember that I TOLD OU SO.

During the last week of April, our College will be repsented at the world-famous Penn Relays, which are aditionally held at Franklin Field in Philadelphia. This orified and gala track and field meet is so arranged that impetition is on an equal basis for each team entered. To other words, colleges or high schools of equal rank impete against each other. Thus the race is a close one hether those competing are the best in the world, the est in the country, or just average.

The particular race in which we are interested is the lason-Dixon One Mile Relay Race, in which each of our runners sprints a quarter of a mile.

One of the quartet who carried our colors last season id not return this past fall. Another runner is needed b fill this gap. All interested should speak with Mr. linnegan as soon as possible.

With the basketball season ebbing into hibernation, and Coach Minnegan pulling his fast-greying thatch to

little avail, our mentor has at least found a silver lining to this fruitless season's dark cloud. Edgar Fishel, a freshman, has blossomed under careful tutelage into an excellent prospect. The possessor of a fine frame, plenty of speed, grace, a fine eye, and an ideal temperament, this neophyte should become a fine ball player.

If records and experience mean anything, State Teachers College will have a fine baseball team this spring. Yes, I mean the State Teachers College at Towson. Do not be surprised if at our opening game you find Whitey Lauenstein catching, Sam Clopper or Frank Dorn on the mound, Marty Brill at first base, Jack Hart at second, Johnny Shock at shortstop, and Johnny Horst on third base to round out the infield; then Lou Cox in left field, Jimmy Cernik in center field, and Harry Russell or Charley Rembolt in right field. With every man, except Frank Dorn, a veteran of our past campaigns, this team ought to go places.

The fact that these names have been associated with all the positions on the team does not necessarily mean that there isn't any room for new talent. Every man who goes out for the team will not only receive a fair trial, but also will avail himself of the opportunity to learn baseball from the ground up.

I regret that the following anecdote concerns Whitey Lauenstein, for he has been the subject of much of this article; nevertheless, because of its irony, this story is of sufficient interest to make us forget the names involved.

State Teachers College played Johns Hopkins University in a baseball game at Johns Hopkins near the end of the season last spring. Hugh Trader, a sports columist for one of the leading Baltimore papers and the gent who selects the All-Maryland Baseball Team for his paper, was present at the game. Because of his sore arm, as was mentioned previously, Whitey Lauenstein played first base in this game.

During the course of the afternoon, in four times at the bat, Mr. Lauenstein crashed out two home runs and slashed a sizzling single, beside playing a fine defensive game around the initial sack.

Results! A week following, when Mr. Hugh Trader picked his All-Maryland Baseball Team, lo, and behold! there was Whitey's name on the second All-Maryland Team. For what position? Why, first base, of course!

Yes, Mr. Trader, who had seen our College team play only one game that season, had selected Whitey as the first baseman on the mythical second All-Maryland Baseball Team, when Whitey was undisputedly the finest catcher in the league. Artists', Sign Writers' and Engineering Supplies Studio, School and Drafting Room Furniture Drawing Material

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GREETINGS, READERS! (We hope there are read ers.) We're just poor freshmen struggling to give you decent substitute for W. Norris Weis' super "So What Now, without further ado, we shall plunge into th "dirt" and see what our boys and girls are up to. . . Ah! Romance - S. Sharrow and R. Nizer might just a well not have gone to see "G. W. T. W." Richmon parlor sofa would have served the purpose just as wel (Ask D. Hess about that parlor sofa.) . . . Jack Wi liamson is an Eagle Scout in the B. S. A. . . . Oh, dea Johnny S. and Harry R. are teaching. But Lou C. is bac with us and things oughtta start "poppin'". . . . E. Gr lock's favorite song isn't Oh, Johnnie by accident! . . C. Gross, who is prevented by student teaching from censoring this, keeps the home fires burning (Eh, 1 Volk?). We might help the Culture Fund by installing a parking meter in the lower hall,

#### Three Guesses:

What "brilliant" boy (Fr. 3) asked Dr. Lynch female cows had horns? . . . What ten-cent comic boo is rapidly replacing all college literature? (Pssst! Supe man.)

#### Freshman Lingo:

How many of you have succumed to Fr. 4's "Arch" Snaffle" lingo? It's been waffled around since a litt: while. Perhaps many of you have been wondering abo: the way we freshmen have been talking to each othe. We shall attempt to enlighten you. After reading th, perhaps you will be able to enlighten us!

Arch: name given to all freshmen

Archie: lady arch

Snaffle: too complex to define

Waffle: any meaning you care to give it On the snorton: on the level

Sneeburn: used at the end of all sayings

Alphabaterie: fill in for poem

Morphistetery: fill in for same poem On the Zeeder Zve: locality of freshmen

Snaff the movra: and if so, why not?

Kurwenal: we don't know what it means, eithe

Oo Oo (second Oo accented; with thum's down): you are done for

Phadisee: down to the poolroom, boys

Craterie: so I ain't neat

Hey laddo: this means you

Laddess: lady laddo

Yea-a Manro: form of greeting or salutation

Hottentotten: hippa-dippa Phatisadel: gimme sumpin' We trust this has given you a start. If interested in nvestigating further, please consult "Grand Arch"

nvestigating further, Grieger, Freshman 4.

#### Our Dorm Students:

S. Baker and Mary M. have been making nocturnal isits to Richmond parlor.

We wonder what would happen if the Frosh Pres. ver got the Wrights wrong or the wrong Wright? But hat couldn't be because two Wrights can't make him wrong (or can they?).

Lou H, and Ruth are so much so that they even feed ach other bits of food at the breakfast table.

Whose ring are you wearing, Ronnie? Why?

Ask Curly what he learned at a Fr. Hallowe'en party. Practice makes perfect!).

Are you inquisitive? Ask Ralph Lanci about the dog." Ask Lillian S. about M. W.

•

#### Jaceremonious Finis:

Well, that's about all we have to impart to you right now. We hope you've enjoyed us!

# WE CAME, WE SAW, WE LEFT

(Continued from Page 25) thirty to forty members vorking in the Guild.

"Have you been with the Guild long?"

"For four years, ever since I left State Teachers Colege."

"Have you studied dramatics or had any voice train-

"I studied at Peabody for a year and had some experience with the St. Louis Opera Company during the ummer."

"Do you enjoy the work?"

"Oh, yes indeed. I'm crazy about it!"

With this information, thank yous, and good-byes, we left the charming Miss Gehring with the intention fseeking interviews of the other members of the cast. As we came from the stage we saw that the other women, who by this time had finished dressing, were seginning to tear down some of the brown paper that livided the room in two. Squeals of delight from the women on one side — shouts of consternation from he men on the other side ——

We left!

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#### Service Station To Freshmen

MANY FRESHMEN have asked, "What is studen teaching? Is it as bad as they say? How much does is count? Is it important to work while at the College? Briefty, I shall attempt to answer these perplexin

queries.

Student teaching is a term applied to that portion c the time in the life of the student of State Teacher College when he puts into practice the theories he ha acquired during his career at the College. There ar two terms of student teaching — one in the junior ver and one in the senior year, each of nine weeks' duration Student teaching is carried on by city students in varior schools throughout the city, called practice center County students do their student teaching either in th Campus School or at nearby county schools. Each stu dent gets one term in a primary grade-first, second, of third, and one term in an intermediate grade - fourtl fifth, or sixth. (In the county, the seventh grade is als utilized by our student teachers.) Usually there are tw students at each practice center. While out practic teaching or student teaching (the terms are synonmous), the students are under the guidance of exp rienced people in the field of education. These peopl are called practice teachers. Their job is to instruct an to guide the prospective teacher. After the student ha spent nine weeks in the center, each practice teache gives him a rating and fills out a gray sheet upon whic is written an objective account of his work, teachin personality traits, attitude, etc.

Upon the completion of both terms of student teaching, the two marks are averaged according to the conbined judgment of the two practice teachers and the College supervisors who have seen the student teaching mark is very, very, important because it is averaged with one's rating on the Batimore City Professional Examinations to determine one's ranking on the city lists.

The answer to: "Is student teaching hard?" is no easy to give in a short space. It depends to a great e tent upon the individual student and the individu teacher of practice. If one has a good background ar the ability to organize work with reasonable facility, I will find student teaching not as hard as it would othe wise be. Still, it must be admitted that a greater per cei of those who have been out student teaching will no hesitate to tell you that there is more work attache to teaching than there is to attending and preparif for class at the College. One does not have to go o student teaching to know that it is more difficult teach others than it is for one to learn.

It is difficult to be more specific than this, for he

nany hours one spends in the practice center, and how namy hours one spends at home in preparation depend ntirely upon how fast the individual can do his work, nd how much work the specific practice teacher rejuries. It is only natural that some practice teachers require more work than others, although there has cen an attempt to equalize the amount of work that is required.

"Is it important to work while at the College?" My answer is, yes. I have two specific reasons for saying this.

 It has been found that there is a high correlation between people who receive high scholastic marks, and hose who come out high in the professional examinaions which are given at the end of the four years in the College (for city students).

What the individual learns at the College aids him greatly in the organization and presentation of his work

vhile teaching.

 For the county student, the scholastic average neans even more, for this average, the student teaching nark, and the teacher's personality are the elements which influence the County Supervisors' selection of a eacher.

Student teaching is the period when one puts into mactice that which one has theorized upon, discussed in the various classes at the College, read about, and hought about. During this experience, one comes into ontact with the class-room situation and finds what the cetual situation is like. One comes back from student eaching with the feeling that there is much more to be tudied and learned. My sincere advice is to study and carn before going out student teaching so that YOU vill be prepared to put forth your best effort in an atempt to prove your worth. Remember that a little extra affort now may save you precious hours in your practical est.

#### FATHER'S DAY IN THE CAMPUS SCHOOL

Continued from Page 29) children participated in he acting. Did the fathers see the educational value of hat period? The new education is the education of exorience, realized in part through the function of the ectivities program.

The climax was the assembly program; a great gathring of fathers and their children — the fathers, symbolic of Washington; the children, his fellow countrynen — ever desirous to be like the patriarch: idealistic, et knowing that active cooperation was demanded in ttaining their ideals. The Gettysburg Speech of Linoln was resaid; songs of patriotism resung; and the uncrican flag was featured, under the care of Girl and Soy Scouts. The symbolism was complete in its univerality: America's past and America's present.

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#### **Science Answers**

- Scientifically speaking, cold is the complete absence of molecular motion. Therefore, a definite answer to this question is impossible.
- Theoretically, homogeneous light is light which is made up of waves of one definite length.
- The coldest cold ever obtained by scientific experiment is 1/20 of a degree centigrade above Absolute Zero.
- Sixty-six degrees below zero Fahrenheit was recorded at the Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming on February 9, 1933.
- A pressure of 1,440,000 pounds per square inch was produced at Harvard University.
- A surface of 760 square miles of ground was recorded by a camera used by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.
- Robert Wadlow, of Alton, Illinois, towers 8 feet, 3 and ¾ inches into the atmosphere.
- The oldest and largest tree is located in Mexico and has a circumference of 108 feet. It is believed to be more than 2,500 years old.
- Some scientists have computed the age of the Earth to be between two and three billion years.
- There are as many known molecules as there are compounds.
- 11. Approximately 2,300,000,000 individuals inhabit the Earth.
- There are as many known atoms as there are elements, or 92.

#### Freshmen In Sports

ALBERT RAIM

THE FRESHMEN have made a commendable showing in the fall and winter sports of the College namely, soccer and basketball. More than one-third of the freshmen men have participated in varsity and jun ior varsity sports. In addition, the class as a whole turner in a fine performance on Play Day, capturing the trophy by amassing the greatest number of points. Their most notable feat was a hard-fought victory in the softbal game with the sophomores.

Among the freshmen who turned out for the socce team were Edgar Fishel, Willard Gaver, and Marvi Klompus. Fishel showed great promise and has an ex cellent chance of winning a regular fullback post or next year's varsity. Gaver was also a fullback on the junior varsity, while Klompus was regular junior varsity in side-right. Other freshmen on the soccer squad were Gordon Schules and Solomon Chaikin.

An unusually large number of freshmen men camout for basketball, and two of these landed regula berths on the junior varsity five. They were Isaa Schkloven, and Fishel, who was high point scorer of the team and who will probably play with the varsity nex fall. Other freshmen members of the junior varsit squad were: Oscar Brilliant, Klompus, Robert Lytk-Jerome Pleet, David Hess, Morton Krieger, and Alber Raim.

#### THE MEN'S REVUE

(Continued from Page 28) the good time on the 29th Now don't forget:

Men's Revue, March 29, Lon Chaney in The Phat tom of the Opera, comedies, vaudeville, dancing t Horst's styled swing and, perhaps — another attractio which you won't want to miss. We can't tell you abor that now.

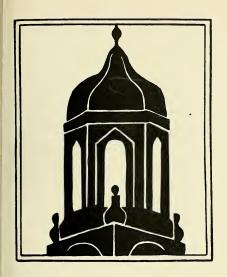




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# TOWER LIGHT

APRIL · 1940 Vol. XIII No. 7 « 33

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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly - October through June - by the students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland.

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# AN OPEN LETTER

#### M. THERESA WIEDEFELD

I FEEL strongly inclined to step out of character, as president of the college, and forgetful of all clse for the time being, write only to my class. I may never have another chance. I am adviser to the Sophomore Class, the Class of '42, and that thought brings me more pride than comes from being president of the college and a member of the State Department of Education. I was appointed to preside over the college; the Sophomores elected me to membership in their class. And so, here I leave you, dear readers, to have a talk with them.

We all came here together, you and I. We were all new on that thirteenth of September in 1938. You registered and I talked to you at the end of the day. I was as green as you, and you were not as frightened as I. I answered your questions as best I could and I told you what members of the faculty told me you should know.

You started off on your own and you have managed your affairs with very little guidance or advice from me. I have sat with you during your class meetings and I have watched you grow. You were a mob of unrestrained, irresponsible, noisy, but enthusiastic young people. You had come from about one hundred different Maryland high schools. You were all striving for expression, and at times you seemed to be headed in a hundred different directions.

\$\$\\\ \alpha \\ \alpha \\

TELLETE LETELLETE ELETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE LETELLETE

I marvel at your development. Your cooperative strength is great. You are now a dynamic group of people, learning to assume more and more responsibility. You have exercised wisdom in the selection of your leaders. You have managed your affairs with excellent judgment and good taste. Your jamborce gave opportunity to demonstrate the achievements of your many talented members, and it was delightful. Your dance was an expression of social and artistic standards of the highest order and made me proud that I belonged to you. Your participation in the Physical Education Demonstration gave me a new understanding of your strengths. I was impressed by your skill, your grace, your control, and your creative ability. The air was so charged with class spirit that even though I did not speak I felt that I had lost my voice; and later, when I tried to talk, found myself rather hoarse. When you won the plaque I was "secretly" proud.

You will be remembered as the first full class to enroll for the four year college course, hence the first freshman class which did not have to be broken into city and county groups.

I like to believe that you are the real "American Youth". Because of you as such I can vision an era in a changing social order which is full of promise, one teeming with life and vitality, one actuated by wholesome purposes, and guided toward those goals which mean above all else the enrichment of the human personality. You will be my dream come true; and I shall always be jealous for your success and your happiness.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS SPIRIT

Edgar Clopper

"WHAT THIS college lacks is school spirit." How often we resented this absence of enthusiastic loyalty which caused a minimum of participation in college events! So we decided to do something about it.

Our initial problem was to find some way by which we could develop the few remnants of spirit which existed. As a possible solution we planned to offer more opportunities for students to display their college spirit in the development of projects for the year.

Under the capable leadership of Aaron Seidler the Sophomore Jamborce was planned and executed. It was a grand success. Those who were present gave their whole-hearted support, and in doing so enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It was the success of this first attempt that proved to us that we were on the right track.

The Student Council bought, earlier in the year, a badminton set to be used by the entire student body. We immediately saw this opportunity, and took advantage of it. Virginia White, who ranks second in the women's division of badminton amateurs in Maryland, was appointed to arrange a tournament in which the faculty as well as the student body might participate. On College Night, after the tournament is ended, two trophies will be presented: one to the winner in the women's division, and one to the men's champion. You are hereby invited to compete for the prizes; they are yours for the taking.

You may ask. "How were the Sophomores able to administer this program for the development of school spirit?" First, we have a great deal of talent in our class, ranging from orchestra leaders, to champions in sport and leaders in community affairs. See-

# Sophomore

#### TOWER LIGHT STAFF

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Mildred Snyder Katharine Zirkle Eugene Webster

Art.

Jane Disney Henry Astrin Audrey Pramschufer Charles Guertler

Sports:

Aaron Seidler

Dorothy Shinham Nolan Chipman

Fashions:

Alice Crane Ellen Elste Humor:

Frances Shores Margaret Carter

Editorials:

Edgar Clopper Fredrica Biedermann

Science:

John Chilcoat Norma Gambrill

Assemblies:

Jeannette Jones Margaret Zillmor

General Literature: Madeline Cabell

Mary Bickle Agnes Kernan

ond, we have the will-to-work. Since we have thes requirements, we can justly conclude that we hav college spirit.

We believe we are doing our part, but please remember that we need your cooperation! Show us that our work is not without results by your whole-hearted participation—not only on College Night—but in every day affairs of the College.

# We Sophomores

Frances Shores

IT WAS the day after the Sophomores had won the Girls' Demonstration that the inspiration to write this hit me. However, the incentive lay not in our prowess in battle, but in Miss Bader. After the affair was over, noble words concerning the Sophomores rang through the cavity in my head. My vocal cords showed signs of a permanent collapse and caused me to indulge in a bit of Listerine. When I retired, the bot-

tle appeared to be three-fourths full, but the nes morning it was empty. Evidently, in the excitemer of our victory, I must have drunk it for want of something better.

But, to get back to the incentive, it was in histor class the next day that my noble thoughts concernir my class were waylaid as I tried to explain in some uncertain terms what the commons on a feudal mane were. The "is you is, not is you ain't!" from the instructor took the wind out of my sails, and I decided that I didn't know what I was talking about. It was then that I determined to be very particular about the terms I applied to people, places, and things. Later, on my way to the library, I encountered Aaron Seidler, whose chest had expanded ten inches. The word "sophomore" was being used at random. Then it dawned on me that since I didn't know much about a commons, I might certainly be a little vague as to just what a Sophomore is. Consequently, I went in to consult Mr. Webster (not Eugene the violinist, but Noah the philologist). Much to my surprise, I found that we Sophs have been calling ourselves names.

The word "sophomore" comes from two Greek words which mean "wise fool." Of course, being a wise fool is a step better than being just a fool, but they are both bad enough. For a while I had the notion of demanding that a publication containing such degrading remarks be removed from the library, but on second thought I decided there might be some truth in it.

"Sophomore" is also associated with the Greek order known as Sophists, Since I have yet to engage in the study of Monroe's History of Education, I can state only a few facts concerning them. Originally the Sophists were "wise men" who established in Greece a curriculum that included science, mathematics, and languages. History does not say whether they advocated flash cards in math and projects in science. Later the Sophists came to excel in argumentation, though they frequently disregarded truth and judgment in order to have the last word. That, I suppose, is where we come in. Having had the seeds of knowledge sown in our Freshman year, we are probably in a state in which we think we know a lot, but really know very little. Sophomores are also defined as immature, shallow, and bombastic. Although I resent the adjectives used to describe our order, I must admit that immaturity is directly related to my number sense.

So we Sophomores are the wise fools who won the Girls' Demonstration and who are blossoming with spirit. But despite all philology says (personally, I wouldn't put a thing past those ancient Greeks after the predicament they left me in during a test last year), we still think we are a very, very good class—we sophomores.

# Following Trails In The Air

COMPTON CROOK

IN THE old Department of Agriculture building in Washington, occupying only a few feet of frontage on one of its endless corridors, is one of the most interesting suites of offices in the world. This is the head-quarters of a unique research project. Here Frederick C. Lincoln, biologist in charge of research in bird migration, and his several associates keep their fingers on the pulse of bird movement in the Americas.

Across Mr. Lincoln's desk flows a constant stream of reports, the neatly tabulated results of thousands of field hours of watching, trapping, and banding birds. From the Arctic Ocean to Terra del Fuego more than 900 species of birds wear the distinctive aluminum or copper bands of the Biological Survey. Millions of individuals have been banded. And for every band placed a record eventually finds its way across Mr. Lincoln's desk and into his ever-growing files.

A bird so banded may then unwittingly reveal interesting facts about the habits and movements of its species. On each band, whether it be the ponderous copper circlet fashionable for the legs of eagles and condors or the tiny wisps of aluminum worn by humming birds and kinglets, certain information is stamped. There is a series of numbers and, in conspicuous letters, "Notify Biological Survey, Washington, D. C." Each band is registered in the Washington Office, as is the name of the person to whom it was issued. When the band is placed on a bird, information concerning time, location, and species is compiled by the bander for the Survey.

The released bird may then provide further data in a number of ways. It may return often to the trap where it was first banded. Always its number is read and its presence recorded by the station operator. It may be taken by a trapper hundreds of miles from where it was banded, thus showing distance of migration. It may be caught far away quite soon after banding, and a fact concerning speed of migration may be recorded. It may return to the same home ground year after year. Longevity information may thus accumulate. A bird sometimes is trapped by station after station along its migration route, and the actual lane of travel plotted with great accuracy. Even its desicated dead body or a fragment of leg still bearing the band may

find its way back to the Survey via some interested cooperator. Bands have been found in the stomachs of fish, frogs and reptiles. Often information concerning manner of death accompanies the returned band, thus closing the record for that individual with a final useful bit of data.

Bird banding was not begun by the Government. Enthusiastic amateurs invented the technique, and they remain the chief practitioners of it. The first banding to be done in the Americas was when John J. Audubon, in 1803, marked a brood of fledgling phoebes by wrapping a leg of each with silver wire. He had the amazing luck to have two of his birds return to the same location to nest the following year.

In 1909, an organization called the American Bird Banding Association came into existence. Its members used bands of various manufacture and design, and laid the foundation for the solving of many biological riddles by the data they accumulated. Some banders of those earlier days designed and even made their own bands. This experimentation was of value, and gradually the most suitable types of bands evolved. Some oddities appeared. The now famous Jack Miner banded the ducks and geese that came to his sanctuary with bands on which were stamped not only his name and address, but often a verse of Scripture as well.

The migratory bird treaty act of 1918, and treaties with Canada and Mexico providing for the safety of birds migrating across their borders, led our government finally to assume full responsibility for bird banding in North America. Bands, methods of record keeping and the like were standardized, and all other banding outlawed. Those students desiring to use this method of study were investigated, and if found worthy were issued special permits to operate banding stations. Helpful information on the construction of traps, baiting, handling of birds, and similar topics went out constantly from the Biological Survey offices. The bird banding organizations of the nation, by this time three in number, cooperated whole-heartedly. They formed a loose federation of bird banding cooperatives, with the journal Bird-Banding as their official organ. This small journal cannot now accommodate the volume of studies made by the bird banding method, and thousands of interesting articles have appeared in the nation's other ornithological publications, notably The Auk, The Wilson Bulletin, and, on the Pacific coast, The Condor.

The banding technique has been modified in a number of ways by students of special topics or by species of unusual habit. Perhaps the most interesting innovation is color banding. In order that individual birds may be identified in the field without the necessity of retrapping, colored celluloid bands in recorded combination are placed on the bird's legs in addition to the Biological Survey band. Thus a cardinal known to frequent a certain area may be given a vellow band over a red band on the right leg, and a blue band over the Survey band on the left leg. The combination may easily be seen with a good field glass, and the identity of the bird established at any time. Much life history and territory study is now being done with this technique. For instance, any reader of this might possibly see, along the Bay, Herring gulls with gaudy band combinations. These birds are banded each year on their nesting grounds on islands off the New England coast and at certain other locations. If the color combinations can be accurately seen it might be well to record them; the banders would be happy to have any news of their birds.

Bird banding is not, of course, confined to the Americas, It is now practised all over the world. English bird journals abound in studies made by bird "ringing". North African ostriches have been roped and bands of galvanized iron affixed by diligent application of a soldering iron, Australians have banded the almost extinct Kiwi. On Wake and Midway Islands, the Laysan albatrosses and gannets are banded by hundreds each year. And even now, among other things, the scientific assistants of the ubiquitous Admiral Byrd may perhaps be placing bands on the great Emperor penquins of Antarctica.

The bird banding cooperators of the Americas are as varied as they well could be. From at least one old lady in a wheel chair who bands twenty or thirty birds a year at a window feeding shelf, to trained biologists who band thousands of such colonial or gregarious forms as ducks, gulls, chimney swifts, and even vultures. Mr. Lincoln's permit holders form an interesting array. So strategically are they located that the migrating hordes of birds must filter through a sieve of banding stations. In addition to the banding work, each station is a sanctuary, where food and safety await the birds Thus the mechanical requirements of conservation. the esthetic advantages of augmented numbers of song birds, and the data for the solving of many phases of the riddle of migration, all are provided by bird banding.

At the State Teachers College our banding statior is new. However, more than thirty birds already wear our bands, and some of these have returned more that once to the traps. We hope eventually to find out a great deal about the movements of our campus birds and believe that the station will become one of the most interesting of the perennial activities of our Department of Science.

# On The Maginot Line

(A letter direct from the Front)

Thank you very much for your letter received some days ago when I was in France, I am at present still in the Army but as I am a Theological student, the War Office has fetched me back from France and in due course I shall be released from the Army to continue studying. As Colleges are greatly affected by the war I am not certain that I shall be able to get admitted until after the war, in which case I shall probably apply for a Commission, so at the moment I am tather uncertain as to what will happen next, but I expect I shall know within the next few weeks.

As my letters are probably not censored now I can tell you far more than I could of my five months in France. It is a very hard life indeed which takes some getting used to. The food, though good, is not nearly like home made, and is eaten in a very primitive fashion. We always slept on the floor, though this was not nearly so bad once the knack of sleeping almost on one's face was learned. I did not see one war casualty out there and I think that the number is under twenty for all the B.E.F. I did quite a lot of nursing of ordinary sickness and casualties through road accidents, etc., and gained a lot of experience that will be very useful to me in years to come. I really liked the nursing part as I felt I was doing something to help the fellows instead of just hanging about and waiting. I have even had to help the doctors perform minor operations.

As to the war itself, I did a spell of a fortnight up in the Line. I was with the troops who have taken over a sector of the Maginot Line. While I was there, there was considerable artillery action but as I have said, not one British casualty. Apart from the artillery and night patrols things are very quiet indeed. The Maginot Line is a simply marvellous fortification and the French claim that it would take a million men to break it down is no idle boast. If Hitler does ever overcome the Maginot, he will not have enough men left to carry on the war with. My personal opinion is that the Siegfried and Maginot Lines are both practically invincible and that when and if this war does really develop on land, it will either be through Belgium or Holland on one side, or Roumania and the Near-East on the other. The Air Force and Navy seem to be having all the work at present, though the Navy lads have got a thankless task searching for German mines, particularly the magnetic mines which are lying on the bed of the sea and are, of course, invisible. Being on the east coast, Great Yarmouth sees much of the Navy's activity and I admire the spirit of those lads very much. The east coast also gets its share of air raid warnings. In fine weather at the front we had air raid alarms going almost all day and I have got so used to them now that they pass almost unheeded.

I do not know the boy you mention in the R.A.N.C., but since during the war the medical services are so great it would be almost impossible for me to find him. Do you know what Unit he is in?

I am sorry to disappoint your two girl friends but pen pals or the commencing of pen friendships by the B.E.F. is very much discouraged with all due apologies to your friends, because of the spy trouble, Many foreign agents, both in England and abroad, try this means of getting information from the troops and we were told that it must stop. Anyway the letters would probably be stopped by the censor.

If you reply to my home address above, my mother can forward your letter to me wherever 1 am, back the Army or at College. I hope that I shall be able to return to College, as the Army life is far from inspiring, and while there is nothing doing it seems such a waste of valuable time. Surely the Army would not miss just one!

I hope I have not bored you with all this war and army talk but I have heard nothing else for the last few months. I shall be pleased to hear from you again as soon as you have time to write.

Yours sincerely,

Maurice.

P.S. I have met many of the Canadians in England and their accent or intonation, whichever it can be called rather fascinated me.

#### RAIN

B. A. BLATTER

When we are sad enough to cry, God gathers up our tears Then sends them back to bless the earth And quiets all our fears.

## Education and Peace .. MONROE

NANNETTE TROTT

(Miss Trott, as the delegate of Epsilon Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi to the Biennial Convocation in St. Louis, here reviews the address of Dr. Paul Mouroe, Professor Emeritus of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, on the significant subject, "What Can Formal Education Contribute to Further International Understanding and International Peace?")

TO PROVE that this question is a vital one, we have only to consider the three great wars going on at the present time involving two-thirds of the population of the world. Surely, no greater proof is needed to show that the question has not been settled, and that we, as humanitarians and educators, must still seek an answer to it. It is my sincere opinion that the problem of hostility between peoples can only be solved by education.

In spite of wars some progress has been made toward the goal of international peace. In the first place, practically no people of the world really want war. All agree that wars are futile and unsuccessful in that they accomplish nothing. Even the German people, raised in a totalitarian ideal of government, would agree with us if we could get their honest opinion. This same attitude would not have been so general a hundred or even fifty years ago. In the second place we have demonstrated that educational methods can control masses of people. This is particularly true of the Italian, Russian, and German schools which use the same methods but have different aims. They have done a more thorough job than we, and have shown us that we have much to learn from them about education. In the third place we have demonstrated the use of the very modern methods of education-the radio and cinema. In this, too, we are far inferior to the Germans, Italians, and Russians who have demonstrated the effectiveness of these two agents. If we, as educators, do not use and control the radio and cinema, some other less competent officials will use them in the wrong way, and completely abolish the privilege of adult education. The Persian government is buying the whole system of schools and placing the cinema and radio under militaristic influences. Can we in America afford to sell our educational birthright for a mess of pottage?

What then can we as educators do? In the first place we can control the curriculum material and purge it of the hostile and erroneous ideas which are all too prevalent in our textbooks. In a recent attitudes test given several groups of school children, the following ideas were expressed: Japanese are queer, primitive, and bloodthirsty; Mexicans crazy; Germans are crooks; and the Chinese, opium-eaters. "Where do children sign's wrong; it should read, 'Have vou anything left?'

get these prejudiced ideas which have in them th roots of intense race prejudices," we might well ask It is surely the responsibility of educators to contro the sources of education.

In the second place we must make war as abhorren to children as we have made crime. We have done good job in belittling crime, but too many of us fa to condemn war with equal vehemence.

In the third place we must use terms properly s that they make clear what we really want to say. For example, the killing of innocent Chinese and Poles murder, not war. We must bring about a condemnatio of aggressive warfare.

In the fourth place we must remain optimists. Hav children realize that the human race is advancing, an that, although we have always had war, it does no necessarily follow that we must always have war. we believe in progress, we cannot say that because others have reverted to the methods Neolithic ma would have used, we, too, must do it.

In the fifth place we must rally youth lovalty aroun the idea of a super state. We are never going to solv problems of international scope until we have som thing bigger than a mere nation or a nationalistic fee ing. We must be willing to sacrifice something the we prize for the common good of all. What then woul keep us from having a United States of Europe?

Finally, if we wish to love our neighbor, we mu know our neighbor-for understanding breeds sympath and sympathy breeds love. Let us seek to form a quaintanceships between people of different group America is in a better position to do this than at other country. Let us, then, rally all our forces arour. the flags of all the world to promote understanding ar tolerance.

Tourist: "The Indians certainly don't say much." Government Agent: "They have their reservations

A man paving his bill at a fashionable hotel notice

a sign above the door, "Have you left anything?" Ouickly he went back and said to the manager: "Th

### **Trees Have Souls**

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS

OH, YES, trees have souls. Did you ever stop to wonder about that strange, tall combination of beauty against the morning sun? That apple tree, that cedar, that maple, pine, ash, oak, spruce, elm, hickory? Oh, I could go on naming them forever—each so closely related, and yet each so completely different. Growing in the same carth, shining in the same rain, breathing the same air, enjoying the same sunshine. Alas, lashed by the same tempest, split by the same lightning, beaten by the same cruel blows of mankind, broken by the same ice and snow, growing on the same hilltop, yet each producing so different an individual! Yes, not even among humans are there two souls alike.

Trees have ideals—great, magnificent ideals! Each tree belongs to a certain family, each family having its own group of habits, aspirations, and ideals. Wherever they may grow, there is always the trace of that remembered family ideal. The clm strives to be fairy-like and graceful; poplars strive for beautiful lines,

straight, tall and majestic! The oaks strive for masculine beauty, and great, strong limbs; while the apple tree's ambition is to be lovely. Who has not been impressed by the wealth of beauty the apple tree displays in the springtime. Alas, many of them fail to fulfill their ambitions, but is it not so even among humans?

Sometimes I think that the greatest ambition among the tree families is to do great and good things for the betterment of humanity. Looking about me, I cannot help but feel that most of them have been successful. What beautiful dresses they don purely for our enjoyment! Who among us might have pink apple blossoms in bloom for his hat, topped with real birds for decoration? What would we not give for a gown luxuriantly figured with great magnolia blossoms?

Oh, what friendship exists among the tree family! Together they strive to fulfill their ideals. I have seen them join hands and grow together, where there is hardly room for one. I am sure no other group of individuals could so clearly understand the true meaning of friendship. Each sacrifices its own completeness for the sake of sharing with a friend.

Do I hear someone who doubts the existence of souls among the tree family?

# The Flesh Is Weak

NOLAN CHIPMAN

THE SKY is dotted with millions of stars. A gentle breeze is quietly rustling the plentiful June foliage. In the driveway of the Cromwell cottage, Ronald Mase-field slowly opens the door of his black coupe and lazily swings his long legs to the ground. He is a handsome eighteen-year-old, faultlessly attired in sumer "formal." As he walks across the lawn, he looks at his watch and nods slightly with satisfaction as the radium dots tell him that he is ten minutes late. On the second step of the porch, he pauses to make a half-turn about and flicks his cigarette through the air in a long arch, watching until the tiny meteor buries itself in the grass. His second ring of the door bell is answered by Mrs. Cromwell.

"Good evening, Ronald."

"Good evening," said Ronald as he strode over the familiar threshold.

"Make yourself comfortable; Jane will be down in a minute." Ronald sat down, just a little annoyed, but with a resigned look on his face. As always, Mrs. Cromwell opened the conversation. "Ronald, aren't you glad that examinations are over?"
"Yes, 1 really am!"

"I know you are. My husband and I were talking at the supper table last night about his college days. Why Herbert used to sit up all night and study and often ..." At this point, her voice trailed through space, Ronald was dreamily anticipating the interval between the end of the dance and the arrival home at some time in the morning. However, he nodded slowly, knowing that this would suffice to keep Mrs. Cromwell talking for a few minutes.

Suddenly he heard, "How's your Mother and Dad?" Automatically the reply was, "Oh they're fine," and as an afterthought, "Doc says that Dad can start back to the office in a week."

Mrs. Cromwell didn't notice the contradiction, but began discussing her own ailing kidneys as Ronald kept nodding and changing his facial expression at practised intervals. By habit, he glanced at his watch. Mrs. Cromwell interpreted the signal and called upstairs.

"Iane dear! Ronald is waiting."

"I know Mother. And where is the lipstick that I just bought?"

"It's in my bureau. In the upper right-hand drawer."
"Thanks, and Mother, tell Ronnie that I'll be down in a minute."

"Ronnic" limply bared his teeth as he heard the message first hand.

Mrs. Cromwell walked back into the room. "Jane is always late for her dates. I don't know what I'll do with her," she said with a noticeable amount of pride in her voice.

Ronald remained silent—not that he wouldn't have liked to say something. Yes, Jane always was late. True, she was lovely; she did possess a rare amount of charm and wit, but that was no excuse for always making him wait. Other girls just as popular always jumped at the chance to go out with him, and were always ready on time. Well, they were not quite as popular, Ronald's eyes glowed as he thought of Jane's eyes, her lips, her smile.

Mrs. Cromwell awakened him. "I suppose Jane does have an excuse this time, because the fellows didn't bring her and Marion home from the shore until seven o'clock. They said something about the car breaking down."

Ronald looked up. For the first time that day, he was really awake. So Jane had gone to the beach with Bob Lynch, that trombone player who was old enough to be her father. (Twenty-two, to be exact.)

"Did they have a nice time down at the shore?" he asked, vainly trying to conceal any interest.

"Yes, Jane said that she had a marvelous time. You know, I didn't want to let her go, but she pleaded so and Mr. Lynch brought his married sister along so I thought it would be all right. And Jane did have such a fine time."

Ronald wished that he hadn't asked the question. He suddenly attached great importance to an Esquire which was lying on the sofa, and began thumbing through its cartoons, hoping to get the thought of Lynch and Jane's being together out of his mind. As he was studying one of Petty's drawings, Mrs. Cromwell excused herself, and walked upstairs. He could hear her voice in the upper hall.

"Jane, dear, please hurry. You have kept Ronald waiting twenty minutes now."

"All right, Mother, Ronnie docsn't mind. After all, you know it isn't my fault. Where is the tie to my white wrap?"

Ronald was beginning to think. So he didn't mind, No, he never did. Probably didn't count either. It was all very amusing. Mr. Lynch had a date all day, faked car trouble to get home late, and now, he. Ronald, had to wait a half-hour for Her Highness. No, Ronald didn't mind. She'd see. He wanted to be a hermit anyhow. Wait until Jane dear came down. He'd tell her once and for all, right here. Yes, right here in front of her mother. If Jane thought she could make a monkey out of him. The same thing had happened night after night. Was he a man or not? Maybe not, but it didn't take so much guts to tell a woman where to get off if one went about it in the . . .

"Hellooo! Really am a little sorry to have been so long." Jane had appeared in the doorway. He looked up and beheld a vision of loveliness swishing into the room.

Jane looked at him. "Get that odd look off your face. I'm not quite so fascinating that you must stand gaping, but..." she drawled through soft, perfect lips.

Finally, Ronald recovered enough to hold her wrap. Her sudden appearance had made it possible to discern his thoughts. His knees were actually twitching.

"Be careful with these, they're lovely," said Janc as she smilled her sweetest and she put the box of flowers in his arms. By this time Ronald had regained some of his customary composure.

"Good night, Mrs. Cromwell." he said as he fol lowed Jane through the doorway. On the porch, he held her hand as tightly as a vise, but the serene faraway look on his face made Jane wonder and forget to wince

#### HAVE YOU LIVED?

MADELINE CABELL

Have you heard at dawn's break The sound of birds as they wake, Beheld the golden sun come up. Pouring from its shining cup All the beauty of heaven? Then you've lived.

Have you seen through the day As people travel on their way Happy thoughts expressed by smiles? Have you for love walked extra miles? With heart full, ended the day? Then you've lived.

Have you watched as twilight falls The sun go behind heaven's walls? Seen the birds as they homeward wing? Does your heart with a prayer sing As yon enter home—your palace halls? Then you've lived.



#### SPRING RETURNS

MARGUERITE WILSON

When winter's reign is at an end And snow melts fast away, When days are growing warm and long And birds arrive to stay, There comes a gentle, fragrant maid Who trips along the lanes And when she smiles, the sun shines bright And when she weeps it rains. She travels through the countryside New life to earth to show: And when the flowers raise their heads, She stoops to help them grow; She gives the streams a silver laugh, She makes the woodlands ring, With all of Nature waking up, We know the maid is Spring.

#### THE NIGHT SKY

C. Martin

Often when I glimpse the nightly arch of sky
Bending beyond like a darkened Roman road,
I see the starry legions slowly twinkle by.
But other times I feel the whole affair
Is just a meadow hung up in the air,
With saffron-sprinkled daisies dancing in deepest blue.
I have even thought of many colors hiding there,
High in that curving palette that's so tritely called the
sky.

Then gods alone could choose the hue With which to paint the world anew. Blending blue, and black, and white and night— Oh, the gods could make the greatest sight.

#### PRAYER IN PRACTICUM

B. A. B.

"Let my voice thrill them Hold them all spell bound! If only I am able To 'mow' them all straight down.

When I play my music, With one hand on the keys, Please, dear Lord, I'm asking— Fix the wobble in my knees.

I practice singing do-mi-so In accord with every rule, For tomorrow I teach music Over in the Campus School."

# ON GETTING PEOPLE TO WRITE FOR THE TOWER LIGHT

Patricia Herndon

Approach number one,
When there's work to be done,
Is to smile very sweetly and say:
"We have heard of your grace;
Your intelligent face
Makes us sure that you'll write right away."

Or, if that doesn't fit,
Here is one, you'll admit,
That will set them to scribbling like mad:
"Your name was sent in
To Miss Munn; so begin
On a topic—or get us an ad!"

Or, another to try,
When the deadline is nigh,
Is to look sort of harried and blue:
"We've been tearing our hair
In the depths of despair—
"Til we suddenly thought about you!"

Well, I've named but a few
Of the things you can do
To make people write, but I know
That once in a while,
Though you've smiled your best smile,
You are bound to hear someone say "No!"

And in case of this last,
When all hope now is past.
There is only one method to use:
Spot your victim and yell,
Like a bat out of ———,
"Please."

APRIL - 1940

# How Well Do You Know Maryland?

JOHN CHILCOAT

AN EDITORIAL appearing in the Evening Sun last year has inspired me to write this article. Since I live on a farm among the rolling hills of Baltimore County, I have a considerable interest for the subject.

"A man who has recently come to live in Maryland after a number of years in Utah, remarked the other day that it was a pity all Marylanders could not spend a little time in the Middle West. For then, and only then, he thought, would they realize to the full, the bounties which Nature has showered upon this State".

To him, it seemed a revelation to find himself among people to whom irrigation had been little more than a word, who had never seen their soil whirling in the air and blowing away during a dust storm, never to return, who had never witnessed an attack of locusts or other vermin; or seen their cattle dying in the fields for lack of pasture or of water or had only in rare instances been troubled by droughts on the one hand and floods on the other. It annoyed him somewhat, to think that Mary-landers take their good fortune for granted, and that Baltimoreans in many instances think of their surrounding countryside as so much territory to cover as soon as possible en route to Annapolis, Ocean City or other points north, south, east, and west.

It is about time for Marylanders, including the dwellcrs of Baltimore City, to take note of the State's agricultural resources and her favorable geographical position, which for her size makes her one of the wealthiest farming areas in the Union. In addition to being a large industrial center and one of the country's leading ports, Baltimore City is also essentially a market town.

Milk, meat, fruit, vegetables, and poultry are in daily demand by no fewer than 20,000,000 persons within a radius of 200 miles of Baltimore. Within close proximity of Baltimore are four large cities: Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington, and Annapolis, which can easily be served by means of trucks. From this, one may see that the Maryland farmer is reasonably sure of selling what he raises, with little transportation charge, unlike the farmer of the Middle West who has to go balf way across the continent and pay large freight charges to reach his purchasers.

As to climate, Maryland is situated midway between the most northern and the most southern State and, having both mountains and seashores, she enjoys the advantages of both sections. Rainfall is abundant, varying from an annual precipitation of 41.56 inches on the Eastern Shore to 39.37 inches in Western Maryland. We are thus a little above the average as compared with 61.6 inches at Mobile, and 7.8 inches at Phoenix, the highest and lowest stations recorded by the United States Weather Bureau. The growing season, calculated from the last killing frost in autumn, varies from 12 days at Oakland, Carrett County, to 212 days at Solo mon's in Southern Maryland. "There is considerable variety in the quality of the soil in the various sections of the State, but on the whole it is excellent and, when not abused, retains its fertility. Of the 6,362,240 acres of land area, 4,374,398 acres, or two-thirds, are fam lands, divided into 43,203 farms." This is an average of 101 acres per farm.

Agriculturally, the State is broken up into four di visions which are: the Eastern Shore; Southern Mary land, comprising Anne Arundel, Calvert, Charles, Prince George's and St. Mary's counties; North Central, com prising Baltimore, Carroll, Frederick, Harford, Howard and Montgomery counties; and Western Maryland comprising Washington, Allegany, and Garrett coun ties. The character and production of the land is rough ly uniform in each of these divisions, although the four areas are capable of further subdividing. For example the southern and northern Eastern Shore have individu al characteristics; Anne Arundel is distinguished fron the rest of Southern Maryland by the emphasis given to orcharding and trucking, and Washington County, in the Great Valley west of the Blue Ridge, is more nearly similar to the North Central area than to Allegany and Garrett counties with which it is included.

(To be continued)

#### A STAR

JEANNETTE JONES

Like a drop of shining dew In the heaven's grass of blue, Little brightly sparkling star Send your friendliness afar.

To the traveler lone in the dark, To the lovers dreamy in the park, To the child with wandering eye,

To all of these and others too O shiny beacon in the blue, Quickly twinkle now and then Giving God's blessing to all men.

# **Branch Library**

B. A. BLATTER

THE DOOR to the library was reluctant to open. It always had been a difficult lock to manage, thought the tall woman dressed in black as she joggled the key. Perhaps the door shared some of her resentment at having to go from the bright sunshiny freshness of the morning air into the musty atmosphere of the branch library. There was no glamor in being a librarian, she mused. Nothing ever happened to break the dull routine of stamping books out and checking books in. The same long rows of books stared at her as she entered, emphasizing the beginning of another long day.

The telephone was ringing shrilly. "This is the library... Do we have what?... No, I'm sorry, we don't have any book-reports of Ivanhoe here." As she hung up the receiver, the librarian could hear the young

girl's "Oh" faintly echoing in her ear.

A middle-aged women, obviously panting, pushed open the library door and sank in the nearest chair.

"Dearie, pick me out a nice love-story."

The librarian turned from the shelf with two light fiction books in her hand. "Have you read either of

these?"
"I have so much trouble finding things to read," the
woman complained. "You know, I have a very sensitive
mind and I must be careful what I put into it. The doc-

tor told me any excitement was bad for my blood-pressure. These aren't, uh, very vulgar?" The woman coughed. "Well, I believe I'll try them, but don't be too surprised if I bring them back tonight. You never can tell from the modern titles what the books are really like."

Two little boys ran in yelling, "Hi-ho, Silver!" and chased each other around the tables. They stopped suddenly as they saw the librarian frown over the pile of books she was slipping. Immediately they assumed innocent expressions. "Miss, what time is story hour?" one of the cherubs asked.

"I'd like a detective story for my brother who is sick in bed," chimed in the other small boy.

The librarian was selecting a properly exciting mystery book when the old man shuffled in. Promptly at ten-thirty every morning he came to the library to read the morning paper. So accurate was he that the large library clock could be set by his coming. He greeted her with his usual "Good morning," and seated himself in his customary chair at the window.

The door swung open more easily as each person entered. There was something a little enchanting in turning to see who was coming in next, the librarian thought, secretly amazed at herself for the discovery. "If you wait long enough," she was thinking half aloud, "the whole world will come in." She smiled a little as she filed some eards in the cabinet. There was something alluring about her career after all.

# My Day

Eleanor Catt

garage from my black and white Romeo. Really he is a little too persistent; this daily wail comes to be a burden one cannot escape. I believe I do like the yellow suitor best, too; he is really handsome, with some Persian blood, and so affectionate. Heigh-ho! there is really no hurry. I can take a little longer to make up my mind. 6:00 a. m. When all was quiet again, I stole nimbly down the ladder rungs from the stored awnings, where I have made my boudoir. It was certainly cold on the garage floor. I slipped out of the cat-hole of the garage (heredity will tell — I heard Her say Her grandmother here a cat-hole with a little swinging door into the kitchen of their old home). I thought, though it was still dark,

if I mewed under the bedroom window. She might

come to the back door and let me in. No. She did not

5:00 a. m. I was awakened by a serenade outside the

7:15 a. m. She came into the kitchen. I heard Her step and rushed to the little stool on the bench by the kitchen window sill. I scratched on the pane so hard with both paws that She heard me at once, and let me in. I like that pretty warm blue-green robe She wears; it has a belt and tassels to play with while She dresses. Sometimes if I sit in a chair back of Her, I can reach the locks of her hair as she brushes it. Sometimes, these cold mornings, it crackles with something she calls electricity. My fur does, too.

8:00 a. m. Very satisfactory breakfast. The mackerel seems to be a very good kind; I'd like it three times a day, but She says:

'No, only once a day," when I run and put my paws on the tall white shining box in the pantry, where it is kept. I do not like the food so well at noon.

10:00 a. m. Have had a good wash, played with my

come.

mouse, and stretched a while. A nap on my cushion would be very restful,

11:00 a. m. She says I have to go out while She does errands. I don't see why it would do any harm for me to stay in. My paws are very clean; it would not hurt the blankets or the spreads if I napped awhile on them. Still, it is Kismet. I will use this time to see if everything is going well around the garage and yard. Golden Fur may call at noon. He snatched a kiss when he left me to go home to lunch vesterday.

1:00 p. m. Lunch did not please me so well today. Really, I detest vegetables. A saucer of milk is not especially intriguing, either; it seems very plebeian to one who boasts an Angora grandmother, even if there were several mesalliances in her career.

If She lies down on the couch and covers Herself with the little blanket for a while, as She sometimes does, I will curl up at Her feet. So cozy and comfortable. She pats me and lets me stay there then. Why can't I at night. too?

2:00 p. m. Before She woke, I thought it would be a good chance to steal in to the big front room and examine the ornaments. I enjoy looking at myself in that great shining glass back of the davenport. My stripes are really beautiful; my face is round and my features are well-shaped. I am sure my eyes are soulful and full of expression. I think it is time I made my debut in society; I never stir my foot off this place. After all, we're young only once.

I was just playing very softly with some little objects on a round tray, when accidentally I patted one to the floor. I was frightened and ran under the davenport to hide. She came in, and fetched me to Her room and shut the door; but nothing was broken. She said, "No, no!", but did not scold me.

4:00 p. m. I helped Her write letters today. First, I jumped on Her desk lid, and chewed the end of the pen holder to help Her make black lines, and then She put me on the floor and gave me a little pencil to roll and carry about in my month. Then She went into another room and sat down before a little instrument in a black box. She hits a little black box and white keys with Her fingers, and little arms come up and strike a piece of white paper.

I climbed up and sat in the box that covers the thing at night (I think She calls it a typewriter), and I patted the keys, too, and put my paws on the paper. She said to me: "You're a great help, you are!"

Then I chewed a little on some black paper She calls carbon. She laughed at me and called me "Dirty-Face."

"Dirty-Face," She said, "go out and wash yourself, you're a disgrace!"

6:30 p. m. Dinner was really quite satisfying. I think I can last until morning without being hungry. I chased a match and slid over the kitchen linoleum while She washed dishes. I will help Her read the papers this evening.

8:30 p. m. My mistress was reading letters tonight. She said:

"Your Auntie says if I'll bring you to visit at her house, her kitty, Igor Stravinsky, will introduce you to all the best back fences in Montclair!"

10:00 p. m. And so to bed.

# On Going Home From Work

MADELINE CABELL

THE YOUNG man walks briskly as the sun slowly sinks in the evening sky. Yes, he has had a busy day, and he is tired. But he thinks not of this; for at home she is waiting. His young wife is there anxiously waiting. Yes, he must hurry; but he walks to save the money for their new home. Every penny counts. It is only a matter of time now until she will run to greet him. As he walks, he passes many people waiting for the bus.

The young girl with the tired look waits impatiently. She must hurry home, too; but to an invalid mother. What has happened during the day? Is her mother worse, better, or just the same? Exhausted, she shifts her weight from one foot to the other. Will the bus never come?

That man, how worried he looks! He isn't old; but

worry has aged him. How is he going to tell them? What is he going to say to her? What will they do? He thinks of his job. He is no longer needed, past forty, too old. Way must be made for the younger man, for the college graduate. Yes, way must be made, made at his expense. Three little mouths to feed. He cannot bear to think of them. How is he going to tell her?

A package drops. She stoops to pick it up and drops another. Last night she would have been peeved, but not tonight. Her face glows with radiance, and she laughs as she picks them up. Will Bob like her new dress? She hopes so. She has been saving for more than a month. There is just enough time to get home, eat take a bath, and dress before he comes. Why is the bus so long in coming?

Wearily, a young woman of thirty takes her place among the "bus-waiting" throng. Have the children done well in school? Is little Bill's cold better? Have John and Mary been playing out-of-doors? Did they have a good lunch? Will Bill be awake when she gets home? She hopes so. Often she's too late for that goodnight kiss, for that hug by two chubby little arms, for that "Good-night, Mummy." How she misses them! The bus should be coming.

The tall young man with the boyish face waits anxiously. He has so much to tell the family about his new job. He hopes he has done well. The boss is so pleased

with him, and said, "Report early tomorrow morning, Barnes." How pleased his mother will be; how proud to think that at last her son is one of the millions of workers, one of that great army! The money will help, too. Sis needs so much now that she is a Senior in high school. Yes, he has a lot to tell them. The bus is late tonight. Traffic must be heavy.

The sun has gone to rest. The bright blue of the bus appears on the horizon. One by one the throng file to the curb and climb the steps. At last they are on their way home.

# Taken for a Ride

MINDELLE KANN

THIS WAS to be a trying day in the life of Elmore Wilson. He knew it and was prepared for the worst. The people in his home town had given him careful instructions on what to do, and he made up his mind to see it through to the finish. As he walked through the door of the massive building, he was aware that all eyes were upon him, as if they had by some means known that he was coming.

He tried to lose himself in the crowd that surged about him, but to no avail. He was too dressed-up for these city people. They acted as if they had never seen a pair of red and green striped Sunday pants. Elmore could feel cold merciless eyes following him as he sought the object of his visit. Now, he almost wished that he had stayed home and been content to listen to other folks tell about their visits to the city. This thought became a growing obsession, and several times he was tempted to turn around and go home. But not He had gone too far to stop now. If he didn't go through with this, he realized that it would be a blow to his pride from which he would never recover.

The crowd was becoming thick, and he knew that he was nearing his quest. He hated crowds, especially city crowds; and now they had him hemmed in on all sides. He could feel the cold perspiration on his forehead and all thoughts had been pushed from his mind by the singleness of purpose which drove him on, like an automaton

The crowd moved slower now, and he could see the small barred door to the room he sought. In a few moments, he would enter that door with a few other people,

A man in uniform was guarding the door, as with faltering steps, Elmore entered the room. His first impression was of being herded into a cage, for the room would not accommodate more than ten people, even if all were standing. There was no other exit except the barred door by which he had entered. A feeling of panic welled up in him as the uniformed man closed the door. Elmore had been told in detail of the horrible deaths people die in such rooms as this, and his mind became somewhat resigned to such a fate. However, when he looked into the hard unflinching eyes of the man in uniform, he felt something akin to a chill traverse his spine.

Beside the man in uniform was a control-box upon which his gloved hand rested. Elmore's eyes rested on that hand, and tried to imagine what would happen when the big lever was pulled. The attendant's hand tightened on the handle of the big switch, and Elmore instinctively braced his feet more firmly against he knew not what. With sudden finality, the switch was thrown. An oppressive weight pressed against his feet, and his head began to spin in giddy circles. He lost all thought of the others in the room and clutched at the wall for support. Then it was all over.

How he had ever lived through such a trying experience, Elmore could not fathom. He hurried as quickly as possible to the street, and soon was on the bus going home. All during the ride, he formulated plans for telling everyone about his experience; and it was with a feeling of exaltation and triumph that he descended from the bus and half walked, half ran toward his modest home.

As he neared the entrance, he could see his mother's silhouette in the doorway. He was running. Coming within calling distance, he could restrain his pent-up emotions no longer. His excited voice rent the evening's quiet: "Hey, Ma... I just had my first clevator ride!"

# Cosmic Rays

JOHN BAREHAM

WHENEVER PHYSICISTS, amateur or professional, meet and "talk shop," there is nearly always a discussion concerning cosmic rays. "Cosmic," in Greek, means "the orderly universe;" today we translate it to signify "outer space." "Rays" imply ripples or waves moving through something or space going away from its center of origin.

Cosmic rays come from an immense distance. They travel with too great a speed and strike too hard to have originated in the earth's atmosphere. There is no difference in the number of these rays that come from regions of few and of many stars, and therefore they may come from outside that great galaxy of which our sun is an unassuming member.

Cosmic rays possess tremendous energy. They penetrate lead (which stops x-rays) as easily as light goes through glass. Measuring instruments have detected them at the depth of 700 feet beneath the surface of a lake. No other ray is known to have pierced water to such a depth.

Cosmic rays are most frequent near the poles, and least so near the equator. This fact has been confirmed by many expeditions, even by that of Commander Byrd in the Antarctic in 1935. This is the chief reason for believing that the rays are really particles bearing strong charges of electricity. The earth's magnetic field must repel the bombardment, and cause the charged masses to turn away from the equator and toward the poles.

Cosmic rays strike atoms of our air's gases, and expel electrons from them. This "atom dust" flies off at high speed, making it difficult to determine, in many of the experiments, whether the "primary particle" or "secondary particle" is being measured.

Because of the effects that these rays are believed to have upon our existence, they are the chief interest of the most noted physicists in the world today. These men do not agree as to the complete nature of the rays. Some believe them to be rays, as the name implies; others believe that they are merely particles. Evidence seems to be amassing in favor of the "particle theory." Nevertheless, the nature of the origin of cosmic rays is still one of science's most baffling problems.

#### Quotations

from Teacher Education Journal (September, 1939)

"It's what you read when you don't have to, that determines what you will be when you can't help it." — (Motto over browsing shelves of the State Teachers College, Alva, Oklahoma. Authorship unknown.)

A bright adolescent was asked to tell the difference between a professor and a teacher. His answer: "Well, a professor is one who professes; but a teacher is one who can really teach."

"If I cannot always be right, I will at least make a desperate effort always to be clear; for if I am clear and wrong I can be corrected, but if I am obscure and wrong people will merely think that I am wise." — William C. Bagley.

#### PROPHECY

L. Du Val

They say that in ten million years or so
The sun's heat will give out; and down here below,
We'll all freeze to death—well, think you they know?

I doubt it!

The world's growing older and colder, they say— The sun's going farther and farther away,

The night's growing longer, and shorter the day— They shout it!

Suppose they are right, and that all of it's true, If they've figured it out, what can I, or can you, Or can anyone else in the freezing world do About it?

Ten million years, or a decade or two, What does it matter, to me or to you? We'll know then as much as the scientists do About it! In ten million years, it won't matter a lot, Whether it's cold, or whether it's hot, Or whether there's sun—we'll lie there and rot

ut it! Without it!

# Homespun Philosophy

AARON B. SEIDLER

N THE course of one's life, one is subjected, willugly or otherwise, to what other people have to say,
ome of the sayers are wiser than the listener, other
e not; some think more deeply, others think only on
e surface; some philosophize on the things that
ney meet in everday life, and others pass them over
s common-place and ordinary, and not worthy of
trention.

If one remembers that a man's wealth is not always ow much he owns, but rather his appreciation of what e owns, he cannot, unless through sheer laziness, iscount the wise and philosophic sayings of others, hough they be neither sage nor philosophic. All of us by things; but how do we say them? Are we subtle, lever, witty, or philosophical?

For the past five years, one of my hobbies has been he collecting of the sayings of others. They are listed a my scrapbook as "Homespun Philosophy". You may really the familiar with the men who wrote them r who said them; their names in this instance are of the value. To me it is not who they are, but rather that they say, and how they say it. Will you share some of them with me?

"We dare not trust our wit for making our house bleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice cream."—

"The man who has nothing to boast of but his llustrious ancestry is like a potato—the only good elonging to him is underground." — Sir Thomas Dretbury.

"Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, bstains from giving wordy evidence of it."—George Eliot.

"The work an unknown good man has done is like a ein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly naking the ground green."—Carlyle.

"Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult o drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave."—
ord Brougham.

"I complained of having no shoes—until I saw a man with no feet."

"Labor has the power to rid us of three great evils oredom, vice, and poverty."

"Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a foot-ball, and it will be round and full at evening."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."— Emerson.

"It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education than to have education without common sense."—Ingersoll.

# WE MUST LOOK ON THIS THING SANELY

Margaret Carter

Romance of course, was made for youth— For giddy, childish fools. Pledges of love can hold no truth And may prove dangerous tools.

If you want me and I want you, We both would be quite dense To say we've found a love that's true— Just wouldn't be good sense.

So if I gaze at moonlit skies, And quote old Avon's bard, It's just that due to your blue eyes My chemicals are jarred.

#### **FORGIVENESS**

PRISCILLA MANLEY

How beautiful to me the words
That Jesus spoke one awful day,
When nailed beside him on the cross
A thief, who cried, "Remember me!"
These words of cheer Christ spake to him,
"I truly say to thee, today
In heaven thou shalt dwell with me."
Oh Christ, who spoke those thrilling words
While dying, mortal man to save,
Teach me forgiveness by Thy grace.
And fit me for Thy home above!

Manager: Why did you send back those eggs? Weren't they cooked long enough?

He: Yes, but not soon enough.

Dr. Abercrombie: In what sections will you find dust in the air?

Freshman 4: Industrial sections.

# EDITORIALS

# Wanted: MORE DISCUSSION ON THE HONOR SYSTEM

Fredrica Biedermann

JUST WHAT does the term "Honor System" bring to our minds? Do we picture tattling and wholesale cheating, or do we think of the development of attitudes of honor? Do we think of punishing the dishonest person and protecting the honest person, or do we think of a way of helping the dishonest person, in a movement toward building honor?

I'm afraid that many of us do not know exactly what we do think. We need more discussion and more opportunity to give important ideas their worth. The Open Forum proved to be a success, but ideas and opinions cannot stop there. In a few instances they have been carried farther into lunch table and panel discussions in several sections. These are clearing up ideas, but only to a mere handful of people.

Let's have more discussion on this topic which is so very important, especially to future teachers. Here are some poignant questions we should consider:

- How do Honor Systems work in other colleges besides those mentioned in the Open Forum?
- 2. What is the real purpose of the Honor System?
- 3. How can we build up honor?
- 4. How can we prepare for an Honor System in this college?

#### I Think This

MARY BICKEL

IT WOULD be very interesting to see the results of a national poll, conducted perhaps by the eminent Dr. Callup, on the question: "Is honesty the best policy and why?" On the basis of such a poll, I think that most people could be fitted into one of the following groups:

1. Those who believe, preach, and practice the doctrine that honesty is the best policy. (Yes, there are such people; I know some of them personally.)

2. Those who believe and practice that honesty is the best policy. (These people remember that Christ was crucified; they do not preach.)

3. Those who believe and preach that honesty is the best policy—for others, (Their motto goes something like this, "I'll take mine here boys, you'll get yours in heaven.")

- 4. Those who practice that honesty is the best policy. (They don't believe it, but they wouldn't like to be, or can't afford to be caught doing otherwise.)
- 5. Those who preach that honesty is the best policy. (What they believe and practice you don't know until you have conducted business with them in which the question comes up, "Who's it goma be, chum, me or you?" As a rule, you catch on rather rapidly.)
- Those who do not preach, practice, nor believe that honesty is the best means for planning and conducting one's affairs. (They may be divided into three groups:
  - a. Those who are caught.
  - b. Those who are not.
  - c. Those who are still running.)
- 7. Those who believe that honesty is the best policy (but why be a good apple in a barrel of rotten ones?).

As to what is honesty, I refer you to the dictionary: "Fair and candid in dealings with others; true; just upright; trustworthy; characterized by openness or sincerity; frank. One who is honest in the highest sense is scrupulously careful to adhere to all known truth and right, even in thought." No loopholes here; no falling back on circumstances and implication. The dishonest are alike in kind, differing only in degree.

## Irony

NORMA GAMBRILL

ALFRED BERNHARD NOBEL, the great Swedish chemist and engineer, was born in Stockholm over one hundred years ago. He devoted much of his life to the study of explosives, especially nitroglycerin. He patented the invention of dynamite, and later perfected several other explosives. At his death Nobel owned nearly a score of dynamite factories in various parts of the world.

By some queer quirk of conscience, Nobel left his fortune, a fund of \$9,000,000, to establish the Nobel Foundation. The interest from this fund is the money given each year in the famous Nobel prizes. The interest is divided into five parts. One part each is given to the man whose achievement is outstanding in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, literature, and in the interest of world peace. How strange that the man who invented dynamite, the deadliest of all weapons, should be willing to leave his money for the furtherance of peace. Maybe that is just human nature after all—trying to undo what has gone before, to better conditions we helped make bad!

# CHE LIBRARY

#### AT YOUR SERVICE

ou and Heredity, by Amram Scheinfeld. Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y. 1939. 434 pages.

Reviewed by Mary De Peppi

HERE ARE few of us who have not at sometime tour lives wondered just what makes the human body ck. Perhaps you were curious to know just why you ad certain individual characteristics of hair-color, eyeolor, skin-color, and features. Or maybe you have asked ourself such a question as "How long may I expect to live?" To turn to psychology, do you know the latest enetic facts in relation to that ever-fascinating subject, ersonality?

All of these questions have been answered in the

ecently published, highly-entertaining book, You and Ieredity. Written from a layman's point of view, or s the author puts it, "from the outside, looking in," he material is presented in a manner unobstructed by echnical terms, and easily understandable even by hose with a limited scientific background. The infornation contained is of a nature that will make it ineresting and valuable to people in all walks of life. The Dionne quintuplets are discussed in one of the 1any chapters. A study made found that these five hildren are "identicals"—the product of a single egg; hus all carry the same hereditary factors. Three of the Dionnes, Cecile, Annette, and Yvonne-have similar haracteristics, while Emilie and Marie differ in several espects. Marie and Emilie are more far-sighted than the thers, have slenderer faces, have a peculiar way of rasping things, and are the smallest and lightest. Because of the fact that each Dionne is a distinct inividual in a uniform environment, the question has requently arisen: Which is more important, heredity r environment? Scientists wish there were another set f quintuplets. Each one would be raised in a different nvironment, and the results would be compared with

Also included in You and Heredity is an original enetic study on the inheritance of musical talent. 'ocal and instrumental artists, (among whom are nany well known personalities) were approached and sked direct questions as to talent in the family and alent as children. After the information was organized, he following conclusions were made:

1. When both parents were talented, in most matngs, one-half to three-fourths of the children were alented. 1 Al Reuschier

2. Where only one parent was talented, in most mating one-half the children were talented.

3. Where neither parent was talented, the average of talented offspring was one-fourth or less.

Only the highlights of material given in the book have been touched upon by this brief review. If your interest has been sufficiently aroused, as I hope it may have been, you will find You and Heredity in the Science section of our library.

Sue: "He comes from a poor family."

Maw: "Why, I thought they sent him to college?" Sue: "Sure. That's what made them poor."

- -

Tommy: Mamma, why do they put Sunday next to Monday?

Mother: I don't know.

Tommy: Was it because cleanliness is next to godliness?

Teacher: James, what is an island?

James: An island is a piece of land surrounded by water, except in one place.

Teacher: In what place?

James: On the top.

Caller: Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I'm from the electric company. I understand there is something in the house that won't work?

Mrs. Smith: Yes, he's upstairs.

Judge (in a dentist's chair): "Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"

he Dionnes

# IPORTI



JEROME KOLKER

W1TH MUSCLES straining, chests heaving, and faces writhing, two runners broke the tape in what was believed by all to be a "dead heat". Then from the announcement stand: "In the 880-yard run, the first place medal was won by Driscoll of Hopkins, second place medal goes to Bob Cox of State Teachers College...", and the voice bellowed through the amplifier the names of the other place winners. Then was heard, "The time"... (Yes, the time—it must have been fast. What was it?)... "was two minutes, three and one-tenth seconds. A New Record!"

That's what the spectators saw and heard, but the story behind it . . . They missed that completely.

Bob Cox had gone to the starting line along with the best half-milers of the Mason-Dixon Conference in a race for which his opponents had been primed for over three months. This was Bob's first half-mile race of the season.

The sharp report of the starter's gun sent the seventeen runners sprinting around the first turn with Driscoll of Hopkins leading the pack. With only two hundred and twenty yards remaining, the race appeared to be a "run-a-way" with Driscoll fifteen yards ahead of the second runner and twenty-five yards ahead of Bob Cox who was running in fifth place.

Then it happened! The clamor of the crowd paralleled the bid of a runner as their voices rose in a crescendo. Bob Cox moved up from fifth place to fourth, to third, to second . . . and then that long gap of fifteen yards. The roar of the spectators told Driscoll what was happening; he put on his final sprint. Cox, driving on with terrific speed was gaining and gaining. The finish line flew toward them; the tape was broken by one hurtling body and carried by the other. Yes, not one runner, but two had broken the existing record; one a seasoned runner who ran a beautiful well-planned race, and the other, Bob Cox, of State Teachers College, who almost matched the experience and speed of his adversary with a tremendous finishing sprint and will-to-win.

Too bad. Bob, that you timed your sprint too late. We would certainly like to see you in the record book:

Record for 880-yard run held by Robert Cox of State Teachers College, Towson, Maryland. Time: Two minutes and three seconds. Perhaps we may see it yet. Bob still has two more chances at the record.

In the February issue of the TOWER LIGHT, the writer made the following statement upon which he was congratulated for his fine spirit. (Each congratulator felt that as far as the prediction was concerned, spirit was the only thing that left a loophole for congratulation.)

"Before the season is concluded, they may start clicking, and then watch them." Of course, the statement referred to the basketball team which, up to the time the February issue had gone to press, had won only two out of eleven games.

Well, colleagues, Mentor Minnegan's men mightily massacred their mediocre record by closing their basketball seasons with three victories in their last four games. The writer is not gloating; he is merely trying to point out the fact that the prediction made in the March issue concerning Whitey Lauenstein should be taken more seriously. I assure you at the time each of the two predictions were made, the latter seemed more probable.

In athletic games at State Teachers College, or for that matter, anywhere else, it is the man who score the points with spectacular outside shots in basketbal and the player who kicks the goals in soccer who receives the plaudits of the crowd and the backslaps of hero worshipers. While we are heaping praise on these men, and many times they deserve it, we are prone to forget the person whom Coach Minnegan calls "the forgotten man of sports". I mean the team player—the man whose fight and drive inspires his whole team to battle on even when the chances for victory seen hopelessly lost.

We have such an athlete here at the college. If yor were told that he was the captain of the soccer team then you would know immediately who he was; but, prefer to introduce him in another way.

A certain soccer player who was good enough to play fullback on the varsity soccer team, became the manager of the basketball team in his freshman year When a sophomore, this same young man, besides seeping his post as manager, played basketball for the first time in his life; and this playing consisted of two or three games. When the starting team of 1938-1939 came out on the floor in their initial encounter, nany of the spectators rubbed their eyes in utter amazenent. "Was that ————— on the starting team? I lidn't know he could play basketball."

The truth was that he couldn't; but the drive, the spirit, the rebounding power which this player possessed forced the Coach to put him in the line-up and

eave him in.

Then this past season! Another change, and more everubbing! Yes, this same athlete—slightly over 5'10" in stature was very frequently seen exploring the stratosphere (somewhere around the basketball hoop) gathering in rebounds for his team. Fighting, driving guarding, rebounding . . . never a let-up!

Need I tell you that it is Lou Cox about whom I am writing! When Lou Cox graduates in June, he will leave behind one of the finest athletic records ever compiled in this college; but even more than that, he will always be remembered as the most spirited team

player we have ever seen.

#### **Demonstration Night**

D. GRONERT

THE FOURTEENTH annual girls' inter-class lemonstration was held on March 14. It was a great success—for the Sophomores! But according to all accounts, everyone had a gala time.

As was customary, the evening began with a stunt oresented by each class. The Freshmen, dressed as mice and cats, executed an effective dance. The Sophomores oresented a classroom scene, complete with mathenatics, science and gym lessons, and a never-to-beforgotten student teacher out for the fifty-fifth time. The Juniors went back to the gay nineties for their nspiration. Their stunt consisted of barber shop singing and a display of the proper technique necessary for tandem riding. The Seniors, judges for the evening, ang several clever songs and reviewed their previous stunts. All the presentations were enthusiastically received. The main events proceeded as follows:

- Lads a Bunchun ... ... Juniors
   Morris Dance
- 2. New Castle ..... Sophomores English Country Dance
- 3. Hop Mother Annika Freshmen Swedish Folk Dance
- 4. End Ball

- 5. Rufty Tufty Juniors
  English Country Dance
  6. Sicilian Circle Sophomores
- American Country Dance
- 7. Norwegian Mountain March Freshmen Folk Dance
- 8. German Bat Ball
- 9. Irish Lilt ..... Juniors
  Folk Dance
- 10. Black Nag ..... Sophomores English Country Dance
- 11. Pop Goes the Weasel ... Freshmen
  American Country Dance
- 12. Newcomb
- Throw and Stoop Relay

The three classes then gathered at the front of the auditorium and sang their class songs in turn. Thereafter "Alma Mater" was sung by the entire student body present. Finally Dr. Wiedefeld made the announcement for which everyone was waiting—that the plaque was to be awarded to the Sophomore class, which had amassed a total of 288 points, to the Juniors' 28134 points and the Freshmen's 27444 points. With this announcement, Demonstration Night came to a happy if somewhat tunultuous close.

## Girls' Sports

DOROTHY SHINHAM

MANY PEOPLE wonder why the girls do not lave a varsity basketball team. The girls themselves dunit it would be fun, but there are reasons why they are content with things as they stand. In the first place, here is not enough money for a girls' varsity team.

You may think there is no expense connected with it, but the amount of money which can be spent is surprising. To begin with, there must be good equipment. No team can win with balls that are showing their age. Then, too, there is the expense of actually conducting

a game with another college. A referee must be hired (fifteen dollars per game is the usual charge), transportation must be arranged, and visiting teams must be given their dinner in the dormitory (thirty-five cents for each person). Then, of course, there would be the question of uniforms. The girls could not play in their gym suits, because each class wears a different color.

If the student body really expected girls to have a varsity team, it would involve raising the student activity fee several dollars.

Besides the expense, there is another factor which Miss Roach and the Girls A. A. Board feel is more important than mere money. If there were a team it would mean that only a selected number of girls would have the opportunity and the experience of participating in games. Not only that, but many girls would not have the chance to play at all, even in practice, because every bit of equipment and every bit of coaching would go toward improving the varsity squad. It is true

that we could have junior varsities; nevertheless, man people would probably stay away from practice, be cause they would feel that there was no chance for then on the team.

As it is, any girl in this college may have the privileg of playing on teams whether she is a skilled sports woman or not. If you aren't so good, no one make fun of you. Everyone is out merely to have a good tim and to gain relaxation from classes and studying. O course, if you are athletically inclined you will have every change of improving your game.

As for a reward, every girl who reports faithfully to practice and who plays conscientiously will be given place on one of her class teams. The class teams the play each other to determine whether freshmen, sopl omores, juniors, or seniors will be superior in athleti prowess. Besides, every girl is eligible for a numeral, letter, or a star if she secures the required number of points.

## **Sophomore Men in Competitive Sports**

AARON SEIDLEI

THE SOPHS have done well in comparison with last year's established record in our college's competitive athletics. Although one year ago as Freshmen we Sophomores aided considerably, we believe we can furnish dependable strength for the present, as well as for the future success of the sports program at State Teachers College.

Regarding S.T.C.'s sports program of the 1939-40 season, we find that the soccer team, the most successful of our teams to date, was well represented by Sophomores. The backbone of this team's success was due principally to the following men: Jack Hart, a fine center halfback: Creston Herold, a versatile booter; Warren Culbertson and Charlie Rembold, two boys with a high degree of consistency; and Don Martin, Bill Kahn, and Ed Clopper, a group which did nuch more than words can describe to make this season's soccer aggregation so successful. Other Sophs who lent their talent to the team were: Lucien Peters, John Dawson, and Bob Reidt. Capably managing the team's affairs was Marty Brill.

The Teachers' basketball quintet has closed its curent season. Not once during the basketball seaso has Coach Minnegan been fortunate enough to have his "first five" play together in intercollegiate compet tion, let alone practice together. Student teaching an other activities caused this condition, However, doin their share fighting against odds, were several me on the Varsity representing the Sophomores. Mart Brill with his brilliant shooting and play-making abilit deserves top honors for a splendid performance. Or cupying berths on the Junior Varsity were: Ed. Cloppe Charlie Rembold, John Dawson, and Morty Weine

We should like to take this opportunity in beha of all the athletes to thank everyone for the increas in appreciation of the sincere attempts of those who, t the best of their ability, represented the College i these intercollegiate athletics.

Editor's note: Aaron Seidler, the writer of the above articl also deserves mention for his spirited and capable performant during the basketball season.

# Sophomore Women in Sports

DOROTHY SHINHAM

SINCE THIS is the Sophomore's own issue of the Tower Light, I hope the other classes won't mind if I turn the spotlight toward the Sportswomen in our class.

The last time we heard, Virginia White ranke third among the women badminton players of Marland. She may be second by now, because that your lady is climbing. Remember (Continued on Page 32)



# Che Swing of SPRING APPAREL

ELLEN ANNE ELSTE

YES SIR! These S.T.C. students must be congratulated on their smart duds this spring. But before we make personal mention of our outstanding good tasters, let's review briefly some of the general fashion trends.

Suits are definitely "in" again—especially those with the hip length jackets and boxy pockets. The skirts are pleated or softly flared and are worn with fresh white rique or batiste blouses. Most of the coats and suits are fitted and have much less emphasis on shoulder padding. Tweeds and solid colors are most popular.

Color in spring always means pastel — just oodles of soft blues, pinks, beige, blue grays, and white. The leading color with which these lighter shades are worn is navy. Other new colors are cadet blue, dusty rose, and daffodil.

What are we seeing in the line of accessories? The newer gloves are mostly of doeskin or capeskin. We find the Milan Breton sailors and toques are here again. Have you seen the "overseas cap" in legion red md blue? It's quite the thing for that tailored costume. We believe that the cash and carry pockets can be rightly called accessories this spring. They're being featured not only on skirts, but on sports and afternoon chesses, too. Their purpose seems to be to relieve milady of carrying a bag. We see the trouser-waist belt is still a quite popular accessory.

How do you like those new waist-length belted jackets now in vogue in all the lovely pastels? They're grand for this "in between" weather.

Saddle shoes and terry cloth socks are the present rage in footwear. A newer trend in saddle shoes seems to be those with side lacings. Incidentally, plaid shoe strings are still well liked.

Now let's take a quick glance about the campus and

utter a few words of applause.

First to those coeds whose current choice of sweaters and skirts is just too perfect—Audrey P., Mickey Mac C., Peggy M., Margaret W., Alice C., Katherine J., Patsy H., Florence A., Eleanor W., Budge B., Kay E., and Marjorie P.

To the two Sophs who are particularly outstanding for their constant neatness in their whole appearance: Doris

K. and Evelyn I.

To Frances L—that sophomore in the dorm who's always wearing new shoes she buys in Washington. It was Frances who first introduced us to the side-laced saddle shoes. Just now she's wearing a new pair of two-toned moccasins.

Our boys certainly haven't lost any time in adopting the new Men's Dress Code. They can really pick up some snappy sweaters. A nod of approval goes to these:

H. Astrin's pin stripe (Ah yes, Henry, and with those saddle shoes you have that good old collegiate air).

J. Horst's "Study in Green" is also quite effective.

It's been reported that J. Bareham is right there in his tan sweater which he dons with his brown tweed trousers. Won't you wear this ensemble more often, Mr. B.?

A. Seidler and E. Johnson, too, both seem to be "wearers of the green".

Is this a false assumption or are some of our men too sophisticated to take up this sweater-in-class idea? At any rate, by being so conservative they are definitely retaining that dignified and professional man-about-town air.

#### THE WISH

JEAN CONNOR

I would I were a freshman who
Could speak when he is spoken to —
Who tells his teachers when and where
With statements smooth and debonair.

But though 1 have a countenance
That registers intelligence,
It often seems to me unfair
To have to prove my brains are there!

# MUSIC

#### Orchestra Personnel

MAXINE BATIE

"WHY DO we have an organ in the Orchestra? I never hear it." This is a question often asked of Miss Prickett and members of the orchestra. Why have it, then? The orchestra is built around the organ. The organ binds the orchestra in the middle, often doubling for the woodwind section. Without it, much of the blending harmony and various tone effects would be missing. With these facts in mind, we should give Miss Gelwasser and Mr. Horst the credit which is due them for their proficiency in playing this instrument.

Most of us realize the importance of the piano in a small orchestra. Without the harmony of the piano chords, the effect of a small orchestra is incomplete. Because it is not a solo instrument, it must be subservient to the rest of the orchestra. The piano, like the organ, must also double for other instruments, in the event that a part is weak. Therefore, it can be seen that a piano lends balance as well as harmony when skillfully played.

Without the reeds or woodwinds, a noisy or stringy tone is effected by the orchestra depending upon the predominance of brass or strings. In a string ensemble the effect is charming, but a continuous string tone in orchestral expression becomes exceedingly monotonous. A feeling of breadth and power is desirable which cannot be had from the strings alone. The woodwinds help to achieve breadth, since their tones amplify or intensify those of the strings, and add brilliancy to them as well. For instance, when a plaintive, melancholy tone is desired, the clarinet can be played to give this special effect.

Miss Wilhelm has been working diligently on the tympani, perfecting the essential rhythm which is allotted to these important percussion instruments.

#### THE ALUMNI ORCHESTRA

Over a month ago, Alumni members of the Orchestra and Miss Prickett organized an Alumni Orchestra, which meets every other Tuesday night from 7:30 to 9:00 P. M. Anne Arundel, Baltimore, and Harford counties, as well as Baltimore City are represented by members of the graduating classes from 1930 to 1938. There are twelve charter members, who make up a com-





Nelson Gelwasser Sussman

Wilhelm Horst

plete instrumentation. Members of the College O chestra who qualify will be invited to join the orchestr upon graduation.

At the first meeting Mr. Malcolm Davies was electe president of the organization. Under the direction c Miss Prickett, the orchestra has begun work. Th members plan to make their initial public performance on Memorial Day, at which time they will play a select tion at our College assembly. Miss Prickett also plan to have a number combining the present College an alumni orchestras on this date.

#### Notes from the Glee Club

ON MARCH 27, the Glee Club took part in musical program for the benefit of the Metropolita Opera Association. This organization is conducting nation-wide campaign for funds with which to continu its work and this was the opportunity of the Colleg to help. The program was held during the assembl period and a silver offering taken.

Last year the Glee Club joined the Maryland Fede ation of Music Clubs and participated in the preview of the Spring Festival at the Maryland Casualty. W have joined the Federation again this year and had part in its spring program. The selections sung by ou group were:

"The Lord's Prayer" - Malotte

"Roses of the South" — J. Strauss "Salvation is Created" — Tschesnokoff.

The program was held on April 5, at the Peabod Conservatory.

#### ALUMNI GLEE CLUB

Let the Glee Club look to its laurels. There is no an Alumni Glee Club!

About seventy-five graduates, all former Glee Clu members, have responded by letter or their presence t n invitation to organize and prepare for the seventyfth anniversary of the College next year. Because of he difficulty in arranging the time of rehearsals to suit veryone, the attendance has not yet attained the goal hat suggests itself — the complete quota of seventyve — one for each of the anniversary years, but the verage attendance of forty-five thus far achieved is ratifying.

Rehearsals scheduled for the rest of this year are unday, April 7, April 28, and May 19, all at 3:00 P. M., a room 101 of the Administration Building. We hope to simp for our friends for the first time on Alumni Day, his year, June 8.

### Meet--Maestro Horst

THE ENTHUSIASTIC reception accorded "Johnny lorst and His Boys" at the Sophomore Jamboree was an udisputable indication that we agile alligators are catable of recognizing pure and unsullied swing — as profuced by creative swingaroos.

However, we are mere novices inducting ourselves nto the depth of swing and are only cognizant of an tist in our midst. The important thing is that the abilty of "The Boys" has been acclaimed by an experinced and popular musician.

On Friday and Saturday evenings, March 15 and 16, Johnny Horst and His Boys" played at the "Jolly Junor Jubilee" at Forest Park. Eddy Duchin, who was urrently playing here in Baltimore, had accepted Forst Park's invitation to visit the Jubilee on Friday even-

ing. When he heard the "Boys" "a-swingin' away," he immediately inquired the name of the band. He and Johnny Horst met. Eddy Duchin commended the band with the profound utterance: "It has great possibilities." And that, dear students, in any man's language, is something!!

### **Musical Notes**

MILDRED SNYDER

Another Sophomore member of the Glee Club is adding laurels to his name now that he is singing with "Horst's Orchestra" . . . of course, we mean Jack Hart.

The outstanding work of Eugene Webster, Sophomore violinist, is familiar to you because of his lovely duet with our guest harpist of a few months ago and because of previous accounts of his achievements.

Very shortly we of the College shall see a new member in the orchestra. Miss Mary Metcalf of Sophomore 2, who has been studying violin with Miss Prickett this year, has joined the orchestra and is now practicing the repertoire of the orchestra.

Some day in the far distant future when you ask your pupils to turn to page eight in their song books, don't be surprised to find the composer of the song to be M. M. Wilson. Recently Miss Wilson has set the child's prayer, "Now I Lay Me," to music and has composed a few children's ditties.

### A Period With Our Health Officer

ESTHER BLUMSTEIN

T IS Monday morning. The last bell has rung, the ustructor smiles pleasantly, not apologetically, but firmy, as she begins with a question, not on the lesson, is there a health officer here?"

Someone meekly raises a hand and proceeds to rise, at he same time dropping a notebook which scatters its omponents none too gracefully. She walks towards the vindows when suddenly, like a summer shower, she emembers the thermometer. This must be the one oom in the building where that all-important device so yet has not been spied. The reading is seventy-two. Although this may sound comfortable, the rule states hat when the temperature is seventy-two in any room, here is too much warmth.

Thereupon our health officer proceeds to perform

her noble deed. After looking at both sides of the radiator (the wrong side first) she opens the window ever so little. Unconsciously, an attempt is made to analyze the amount, but why bother? No measurement is perfect

Our health officer need never be oppressed by the thought that she will have to remain in her seat for an unendurably long time. Her training has begun. After half a period of comparative tranquillity, a tap is felt on the vertebrates with the summons, "It's freezing in here. Turn on the heat. I feel as if I were in an icebox."

The health officer has a mental debate, but under social pressure, gets up as unobtrusively as possible, carefully evades stumbling, and then turns her eyes to the thermometer, which now reads sixty-seven degrees. She smiles as she closes the window, turns the wheel on the radiator to the left.

Once more back in her seat, the health officer is fairly complacent, when a firm tap is felt. "Turn off the heat. Open a window. I'm roasting in here. I'll get a headache yet, and I'm going to a test next period."

The health officer glances at her watch. That bell can't delay much longer. There, it rings! Walking

through the halls with other students she hears, "Th next time I come to College Monday without my jacket I hope somebody kicks me."

Our health officer keeps her fingers crossed, hopin that perhaps by some good fortune, the next room wil be in a healthful state or, if not, no one will know th difference.

# College Calendar

February 26, 1940-

Brilliant Fagin, of the Hopkins Playshop, came to speak to us about various plays and productions. He told of producing "Our American Comedy" in 1929, and of one of our own students who had a part in it. This comedy was first produced by professional players in 1789.

Dr. Fagin surveyed the typical drama of this country and England. America has not had much time to produce tragedies, but Eugene O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson have recently begun to write them. On the other hand, the Americans have produced a great deal of good farce. The comedies at which America laughs seem chiefly to have yokel-like characters, like Rip Van Winkle and David Harum. An outstanding actor in such roles was Will Rogers. The English are noted for their barbed satire, such as that produced by George Bernard Shaw, and for their "teacup and saucer" comedies, which are comedies of manners with sparkling dialogue. Ben Jonson and Shakespeare were especially skillful at writing this type of comedy, and Philip Barrie, in his "A Philadelphia Story," now playing with Katherine Hepburn in the leading role, has produced a modern example of merit.

Dr. Fagin gave us some idea about the work of the Hopkins Playshop and about plays and productions in general. The Mummers sponsored this assembly.

#### February 29, 1940-

A new type of campaign assembly was introduced at a meeting of the Student Council. After the student body, under the able leadership of Mr. Seidler and his corps of cheer leaders, had worked up a display of College spirit which culminated in the singing of "Stand Up and Cheer," the candidates for the various offices of the Student Council were called to the platform and introduced one by one to the student body. Each candidate or campaign manager made a short campaign speech. Following these was a "campaign parade" with

signs and more cheering and the singing of "For He's Jolly Good Fellow," to adjourn this spirited meeting.

#### March 4, 1940-

Mr. Bettinger, an artist who conducts an art schoo on the Gaspé Peninsula, presented a color film of thi beautiful country. In his choice of subjects, which ir cluded lovely wild flowers in brilliant colors, quaint docarts, exciting winter sports, and the graceful bird lif of the peninsula, the speaker revealed himself the tru artist. There were no flaws in his photography. Eacl picture helped us to understand the life of this pictur esque region, and Mr. Bettinger's humorous and rurning commentary sufficed to make every picture clear Even the accompanying music, the Franck D Mino Symphony, was aptly chosen for the film. No doubt th speaker awakened a desire in many to visit this farcinating country when we have a chance to travel.

#### March 5, 1940-

At about 6:05 P. M. girls came down the steps read for the birthday party, dressed like the "Gay Nincties, with tight waists, high necklines and big sleeves. Mis Greer's hat, with its large plumes, made a great hit as did the many upswept hair styles. The wing of th dining hall, like "Little Old New York," had the lam posts and street signs of Broadway and Fifth Avenuc After the dinner, appropriate songs were sung and several dances were introduced. Prizes were distributed fo proficiency in dancing. All those who had birthdays in November, December, January and February enjoyer the old-fashioned party immensely.

#### March 6, 1940-

At the regular Vesper Service on March sixth, we were led in informal discussion by Miss Dorothy Emerson, a staff member of the University of Maryland and the Girls' State 4H Club agent. The theme of the service was "Praver." Many phases of this topic were

iscussed, the main ones being prayer for others, prayer r self, and prayer when we don't recognize it as such. he problem of answered and unanswered prayer also roved to be an issue of great interest. To add to the sint of the occasion, Martha Schnebly read several oems, to the accompaniment of violin music by Gene Vebster.

#### 1arch 8, 1940-

Huge bunches of luscious-looking purple grapes hung om an auditorium banded with the colors of the Span h flag. On the backdrop was a Spanish couple dancing. hus was the atmosphere of this year's Rural Club lance — A Spanish Fiesta — set up. The soft music of 10 orchestra and the gay rhythms of the Spanish dancing, Esta Bablan, combined to make the dance an enjoyable one for all those present.

#### larch 11, 1940-

Kirk's Silver Company of Baltimore presented an edcational picture and lecture on the making of silver. Il the important processes: melting, cutting, weaving, ngraving, chasing, and polishing were shown and ex lained. Of particular interest were the steps in fashioning a lovely silver teapot from a round disk of silver, and to procedure employed in engraving and chasing degns by hand on other large pieces of silverware. All lose who saw the pictures should now have a better apreciation of the infinite amount of patience and craftstanship which are involved in the manufacture of perction silverware.

#### Iarch 18, 1940-

Sponsored by the Natural History Group, Mr. Allan Grukshank, an instructor at Audubon Nature Camp, boke on wild birdlife. His lecture was splendidly illustrated with colored photographs which he had taken while observing birds.

Mr. Cruikshank devoted a great deal of the time to gannets, wild birds which nest along the cliffs of the Gaspe Peninsula and upon nearby Bonaventure Island.

Other photographs of birds and mammals were shown and Mr. Cruikshank accompanied these by telling erstwhile potential photographers how to begin to develop the technique of taking pictures. Among his photographs shown were several which had gained wide recognition because of their excellence, one appearing in a recent Life magazine.

The speaker emphasized the importance that photographs have in teaching, stating that very few teachers recognize their value.

He also spoke about the great pleasure and enjoyment he derived from his work and he reiterated the fact we so often hear that birds are the most fascinating of creatures to study.

Mr. Cruikshank talked in a personal and charming manner, and his conversation was often sprinkled with amusing comments.

#### March 23, 1940-

Wedding bells pealed for Grace M. Lowe, class of '34, and William L. Story.

#### Anaheim, California, March 5, 1940-

"Connie Mack thinks rookie Al Rubeling will fill the dreat third base for the Philadelphia Athletics," Al, originally of the class of '34 here at State Teachers College, was purchased from the Atlanta Crackers, of the Southern Association, for the sum of \$35,000 last season. Al is a right-handed batter who hit well over .300 for the Crackers.

### Things We Can't Live Without

- 1. Mr. Crook's haircut
- 2. Aggie Kernan's little blue skirt
- 3. Mr. Moser's 3-pointed handkerchiefs
- 4. Bill Kahn's announcements
- 5. Mr. Minnegan's "Steady, now"
- 6. Whitey Lauenstein!!
- 7. The library's overdue sign
- 8. Jack Koontz' friendliness
- 9. The place over the hill

- 10. Charles Guertler's posters
- 11. Izzv's little white coat
- 12. Whitey Lauenstein!!
- The three lemons in the parking lot (fresh, at that)
- 14. The "attractive" satin shorts our boys wear at games
- 15. Bernie Phelps' little hat
- 16. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights at ten!
- 17. Freddie B.'s impulsiveness

### **Posters For You**

HENRY ASTRIN

"ISN'T THAT a good-looking poster?" an admiring girl-student says of a piece of tagboard bearing moderne India inked words. "Bah, not so hot!" replies a male and walks away.

Lucky poster maker! You have been selected to serve on a publicity committee, and that, my son. is quite a privilege. You merely have to make a few posters, that's all, just a few small things, nothing elaborate... you may even develop the idea of the poster yourself.

You may say to yourself, "Golly, I'm on the publicity committee! I wonder why they selected me, of all people? Well, I had better get some materials from the bookshop. A piece of tagboard and a bottle of India ink! I suppose I'll have to pay for this myself. Oh, well, Okay. Here's thirty cents. You're welcome. You know, I'm beginning to think it's almost worth thirty cents to be on the committee. I can just picture myself pointing nonchalantly to my poster and saying, 'Oh, yes, this is mine,' while my head grows out of proportion. . . . Now what can I put on this thing? Something terse, like ARE U COMING TO THE MAKEMORE REVUE? No. that wouldn't do at all! How about MAKE MORE FRIENDS AT THE MAKEMORE REVUE? Yes, that's pretty good! Novel and concise, I believe I'll use it. . . . How does one begin these posters, anyway? Let's see. . . . one, two, three, four, five. . . . I'll need five lines. The tagboard is two feet in length, so . . . five into twenty-four will go five, no four times with four left over. That's four and four-fifths inches. Heck, my ruler is divided into sixteenths. Oh, for a slide-rule! Well, let's see. Thirty-two, forty-eight, sixty-four, eighty, eightysix. That's five into eighty is sixteen, and that times for is sixty-four, also sixteen into eighty is five. So the means that one-eighth, no, five-eighths of an . . . wai five into sixteen should give me . . . aw, what a head ache! I'll just put it on four lines. That means six inche to a line, or five with one inch between. There! No I suppose I'll have to make a rough sketch of the lette in pencil, M A K M O . . . say, that doesn't look exactl right. Oh, I left out the 'E'. There, that's better nov MAKE MORE FRIENDS AT THE MAK MORE REVUE. Now comes the hardest par Ho-hum, I'm getting a bit tired, too. Oh, oh, a litt too much ink on here! Whew, I can hardly draw straight line with this kind of pen! What kind of would look best here, I wonder. Oh, what's the diff! don't like all these capitals. Should I make them lowe case? I wonder if some color might help, too. On se ond thought, no! Etc., etc."

Fortunate man! You have finally ended your labo and may now sit back and reap your reward. You do no sign your name at the bottom, for you have been toll by your art teacher that only a few people in this word are good enough to be able to put their names to a piec of art without any qualms of self-consciousness, anyou, my boy, are not one of those few. So you display the bit of publicity in the most prominent spot in the hall hoping you will be seen tacking it up. Of course, you are never seen, and with the passage of time, the judge (students) also pass . . . all but a few who stop lor enough to say, "Isn't that a good-looking poster!" ("Bah, not so hot!")

# So What

W. Norris Weis

HAIL SOPHOMORES! Well, it's your issue, so let's read about you. To properly introduce you to these sophisticated Sophs, it is only just to say that they are especially noteworthy because of their

- Supply of students who have a swell sense of humor
- 2. Cooperation in all College events
- 3. Participation on athletic teams
- 4. Injection of some real school spirit into the gang
- 5. The Sophomore Jamboree
- 6. The class "lovers" and the class "loves"

### Things to Remember About the Sophs

- (How could we forget?)

  1. Wild Willy Kahn's announcements
- 2. Seidler's Master of Cerimonving
- 2. Seidler's Master of Cerimonying

  3. Agnes' criticism of So What
- 4. Johnny Horst's orchestra
- 1. Johnny Hoist's Orchestia
- 5. Lou Henderson's "Good Humor"
- 6. Sam Klopper's "conduction" of class meetings
- 7. Miss Parrich's lawn, eh, Bob Reed?
- 8. Jack Harts's crooning
- 9. Jim Cernik's Bund

#### Interesting Note

It has been pointed out that if all humor columnists ere laid end to end, it would be a swell idea!

#### Sophomore Romances (Lest We Forget)

1. Dave Hess and Peggitrude

2. Willy Gaver and Miss Mercer. (All's not well.)

3. Ruth Dietz has our Long Lou

4. Nan Frey and Lucien O. Peters 5. Johnny Dawson and Ronnie

6. Bob Reed's Carr

7. Sam Klopper and Jeanette Jones

#### Unrelated Ravings

It was unusual to give way to two joint writers for the reshman issue, but the two co-eds did admirably with ne material in a limited space. Mary Jo and Harriet roved very observant for only being a year old.

### Learnings Required for a B.S.

- 1. Topography of the Glen
- 2. "Live-fish" handshake 3. An automatic grin
- 4. The receiving-line technique
- 5. To be able to classify scientifically the modern coiffures
- 6. Become a Mozart in four easy years
- 7. To eat undetected in the library
- 8. Men: Acquire their Ph.P. (Philosophy of Pool)
- 9. Electrical skill in handling the light switches in the Parlor
- 10. The art of masticating one's food without being comprehended by the scrutinizing eye of the librarian

#### News Notes on the Profs

)id you know that --

- 1. Coach Minnegan treated to cigars?
- 2. Miss Weyforth got a ticket for reckless driving? 3. Miss Birdsong joined the Maryland Youth Congress?
- 4. Miss Yoder hereby cancels all outstanding library
- 5. Miss Bader refuses to interrupt a student while

No, we're not nuts; but this is April Foo, month, so e humbly ask pardon.

But it's not April Fool when we report that Eddie Duchin congratulated Johnny Horst when he (Duchin) heard Johnny playing at Forest Park High. That's some feather in the cap of your orchestra, John, me lad.

So, until the May issue, when Lee McCarriar returns from the great outdoors (Student Teaching to youse) to collaborate on the Junior issue column, 1 say -So long, and, So What!

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YORK ROAD . TOWSON, MD.

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SO THEY SAY . . .

He moved like a glacier of molasses.

I'm so flat they could play me on the victrola.

She's so argumentative she won't even eat anything that agrees with her.

Did you know that every year is Leap Year for pedestrians?

As badly off as a woodpecker in the petrified forest.

Victor Columbia Decen Rluebird Records

# HOCHSCHILD KOHN & CO.

### Baltimore

#### Jean Connor DILEMMA Clever as I am,

At one thing I'm inept -How to sign a late slip When I merely overslept.

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### Why I Agree With Darwin

Colburn Martin

THE DISMISSAL of assembly, and the ensuing holocaust, is indeed a blot on the record of mankind. When the herd stampedes, all civility is dropped and the generally mild lambkins turn instantaneously into inhuman killers.

In fact, the entire process of assembly-dismissing itself is almost unbelievable. You have to be there to realize the frightful loss of human life and property. Just a few minutes before the assembly period ends, a feeling of unrest and tenseness pervades the audience. About that time the barometer drops on all ships out on Chesapeake Bay, John R. Weeks sends out a storm warning low-pressure area over northern Baltimore, When Dr Wiedefeld calmly announces "assembly dismissed," it is the equivalent of saving, "the world's coming to an end." As the President's words shatter the calm, even sinew is strained, every deep breath has been taken, and all prayers have been said. There is a pinpoint of silence. In that brief instant the earth braces itself for the titanic explosion to follow. When assembly is dismissed, it's like letting the cats out of the bag - WILD CATS!

Each person feels his sacred obligation to emulate a hurricane. Every child of nature returns to the Jungle Law. The weaklings are trampled sickeningly under foot Once in a while above the clash, thunder and acric smoke, comes a bellow from the bursting lungs of a helpless marshal, screaming: "Women and childrefirst. Walk, not run to the nearest exit! Remember the Alamo. Haul in the yard arms! Reef out the uppers Batten down the hatches and all men on deck!"

And this is only one of a thousand pictures, All de scribe the same Armageddon. All shiver as they remem ber the desolation left after the Hunlike horde has shot through the doors. Limp bodies, weak groans, and tat tered standards fallen in the dust, with wisps of smoke still hovering like phantom buzzards above the battle field, and with the faint note of a dving bugle call fad ing away — this is the Flanders Field of State Teacher College. Here is where America's National Defense is being strengthened, in our little old test-tube proving ground, the assembly. Here are forged the muscles, and the broken-field running of the hope of our nation. We cannot help but consecrate this hallowed ground to the marshals, to the faculty, to all those brave souls who have not died in vain, that we might get to lunch 7.5 seconds earlier.

### an Sant, S.T.C. '25, Appointed to New Post with City Schools

HE MANY Y. M. C. A. friends of Thomas A. Van nt, Jr., will be pleased to hear of his recent appointent to the headquarters staff of the Baltimore Public hool system. He has been made acting director of the vision of Adult Education.

Mr. Van Sant was vice-principal of the Patterson Park nior High School at the time of his appointment. He s been a member of the faculty of the Baltimore Cole of Commerce - the Y. M. C. A. School of Accountand Business Management - for a number of years, ing instructor in Economics. He is one of our most

pular faculty members.

In addition to his interest in the educational work of 2 Y. M. C. A., Mr. Van Sant has come up through 2 ranks of Y. M. C. A. wrestling, and is a skilled refce in addition to being a several-time South Atlantic A. U. champion and a high scorer in national A. A. wrestling meets. He coached the Johns Hopkins Unisity wrestling squad for several seasons.

Knowing Mr. Van Sant's eminent qualifications as educator, as an athlete and as a man, we feel that the v school authorities could not possibly have made a tter appointment than this one to what is becoming increasingly responsible post in the city school sys-

-From Y. M. C. A. News.

### D YOU KNOW THAT . . .

Subjects have a right to partition the king?

In most of the United States murderers are put to death by elocution?

Goethals was the man who dug the alimentary canal? The centaurs were half-hoarse because they had to live in damp caves?

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle?

Milton was a blind poet who wrote "Paradise Lost." When his wife died he wrote "Paradise Regained"?

A vacuum is an empty space in Rome where the Pope

The Boar War was when Louis XIV hunted a wild pig?

Natural immunity means catching a disease without the aid of a doctor?

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution?

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Ultra Hooey

# Tower Light SCOOPS COUNTRY

CALVIN PARKER

EVER ON the alert for new ways to benefit its readers, the Tower Light has beaten the entire literaty world to the punch. We have succeeded in obtaining (at great expense) from Ballyhoo Magazine of happy memory this amazing new feature — and, best of all, it will not cost you one penny extra! Sounds unbelievable, doesn't it? Of course it does.

### BALLYHOO'S GLOSSARY OF ADVERTISING TERMS

or

How to Tell What the Ad Pages Are Talking About In One Easy Lesson.

"They laughed when I sat down with Harper's Bazaar."

Advertising	Plain English
Parfum	Perfume
Oduer	Odor
Creme	Grease
Mode	Fashion
Poudre	Powder
Delicate Membrane Any Pa	art of the Body
Better-Class	Higher-Priced
De Luxe	Expensive
Oral Cavity	
Lubricate the Skin-Texture	Put On Grease
Pore-Deep Cleansing Wa	shing the Face
Big Money About Fifteen I	Dollars a Week
Harsh Irritants	
All the Ingredients of a Comp	etitor's Product
Artisan	
Emollient	
Modern Science The Copy Write	
Ordinary	
Creation	
Astounding Anythir	
Amazing	
Achievement	
Society Leader Anyone with	a Fancy Name

Great Scientist
Any Doctor Who Will Sign An Endorsement
Lifetime Until the New Model Comes Out
Underthings Underclothes
Dermatologist Skin Doctor
Pharmacologist Drug Clerk
Exclusive Expensive
Initial Expenditure Price
Vitamins
Dentifrice

### Sophomore Women in Sports

(Continued from Page 22) the exhibition which shand Howard Stottlemyer gave at the Sophomore Jan boree? The crowd "ohed" and "ahed" during the etire match. She has a terrific drive and doesn't min using it on her opponents. In the early part of Marcl Virginia went to New York to participate in a tourn ment. There, among many top-ranking players of the country, she reached the quarter finals, . . .

The girls didn't do so badly in basketball either. large number of them came out for practice eve week. Then in the inter-class games, they tied the Seniors for first place. Who knows what might have happened if they had played off the tie. (One freshmateam was tops, too.)...

And of course there is Girls' Demonstration Nigh The Sophomores are rather proud of that plaque. None can deny that we didn't work hard for it. We gaw way to the juniors in Newcomb and in German Kie Ball but we were victorious in End Ball and in Thro and Stoop Relay. Our dances were such fun that we smiled as we danced. Could that be why the judg rated us so highly?

Hats off to the Juniors and Freshmen. They we good, too, as was shown by the closeness of the scort The judges must have been hard put to determine the winner, but we're glad they decided as they did.







Cower Light

May 1940

OUT IN SANTA BAR-BARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!

... but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-'round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...bandles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-'round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF ... MORE PUFFS PER PACK! In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested - slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to



EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST-people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U.S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while extras in Camels - an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking ... a plus equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

amels\_the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos



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# MAGNOLIAS AND PROGRESS

Jane E. Joslin

Spring is at our door again.

The willow trees that have bravely stood guard over our ice-choked brook through the long winter are now waving green baby ribbons over its rippling surface. The tuneful song sparrows are singing in the Glen, or feasting on the insects in the magnolia trees.

Those blessed magnolia trees! How the memory their blossoms has cheered us! How the promise of the coming has heartened us in the days of storm and col Their huge bronze buds, stoutly resisting the per trating cold, have kept up an unlabored rhythm growth. With amazing rapidity they are now unfoldiwhite and dusty pink blossoms before our very expressions.

TOWER LIGH

plossoms of such beauty of line and color that we can only stand motionless before them and gaze in silence.

As they breathe out their almost transparent beauty and shed their glow on man and wall, they seem to all us to springtime consciousness, to new effort and ulfillment in all our ways. If we are willing to listen, hey whisper to us the secret of progress.

One of their first rules would be that we take stock of ourselves as students, just as one cleans the attic in pring, and make plans for successful unfoldment next ear and all the years.

Do we need to discard some habits, habits that imbede our progress, or some outmoded beliefs that have 10 further use? Are we wasteful and careless, even lazy nd indifferent concerning our great opportunities for ndividual development and democratic living? Are we liscouraged over the results of our efforts to study and chieve? Let us make a fresh start. Gratitude makes the tarting easier. Encouraging another is a great help. wice this year has one member of the faculty been eartened by the thanks of students, once by a student or assistance in the making of a teaching unit, and nce by a college class for attending a Jamboree. Peraps it will encourage the Assembly Committee to hank them periodically for the inspiring programs ofered us for convocation. Nowadays, students and faculty like seem to stay awake altogether. That must be a ign of progress.

We can resolve to be flexible in making adjustments or the social good. Ways can be found to share our ssets with organizations and other colleges to our utual benefit and understanding.

We need to arrange our daily activities in a simple, rderly fashion and sweep out unnecessary complexies, as well as to turn from an uncritical, imitative attern of living and teaching, to a plan of maturing idgment and originality. Let us not be like the Chinese sholar who, Pearl Buck states, hated anything that was esh or original because he could not fit it into the yles he knew.

Let us be avid for learning, and approach the task in the spirit of receptivity and independent accombishment; let us be articulate as well as thoughtful and filling to offer leadership to give impetus to progress; and above all, let us develop the art of attentive listenae, in order to live gracefully and to understand the irring events of today.

We must not be outdone by obstacles. Carleton Vashburne tells in his A Living Philosophy of Education of a Winnetka child who entered a formal private thool in England. After some boring Chapel periods, he boy addressed the astonished headmaster with an

offer to make the assembly more interesting. Later the headmaster told the story, "If the young blighter had been one of our own boys, I would have caned him for his impudence. But I realized that he had just come from a new-fangled school in America, so I merely put him in his place!" What is our solution for this problem?

Let us laugh more. Said a student of Buffalo State Teachers College recently, "Laughter keeps ugliness from a woman's face and meanness from a man's disposition. A laugh is invigorating and cleansing to mind and body."

Let us strive for good fellowship. In a letter to his wife at the close of the Civil War, Sidney Lanier writes thus of their children, "Let us try to teach them, dear wife, that it is only the small soul that ever cherishes bitterness; for the climate of a large and loving heart is too warm for that frigid plant."

Just as the enthusiasm of our students made a Tot Lot possible for little children in Baltimore, so we could organize a plan to share in alleviating the sufferings of children in war-torn Europe. It would mean sacrifice, but surely human happiness means more to us than amusements—and gum.

Let us welcome our parents to the college. It is good to have them come because all is well, and because we wish them to participate in our life, rather than to hear about it and pay the bills.

Summer plans are shaping themselves. One group of Juniors has a plan underway to see the Mississippi river this summer. The rest of us may go abroad at home by enjoying trips to the mountains and ocean. In the same way that the introduction of the practicums in the college has afforded opportunities for close observation of child growth and deeper thought on procedures to achieve this growth, so perhaps the college will sometime give proper credit for summer camping with children on a twenty-four hour basis.

Through all these experiences, our eyes and ears will be more attuned to society's problems, and our hearts and minds will be ready to discover effective solutions and to raise worthwhile problems in new areas. These things will help our college to fulfill its destiny to stand like the magnolias in their places, sharing with the world the fragrance of its progressing ideas. The waters of inspiration will gush out from it, and young people will come to it through the years.

John Finley wrote the same message of our magnolia trees in *The Mystery of the Mind's Desire*: "To be seeing the world made new every morning as if it were the morning of the first day, and then to make the most of it for the individual soul as if each were the last day, is the daily curriculum of the mind's desire."

# Children In This Changing World

DOROTHY E. ZIEGLER

PARENTS' PRIDE and joy! Teacher's little citizens! Gifted children! Unfortunate children! Poor children! Rich children! White kiddies! Colored ones! Gustaf—who speaks with an accent! Jane—who enjoys elocution! Eleanor—who lives fifteen stories above the ground! Paul—who lives on a wheat farm! Barbara—whose father is a bank president! Billy—whose father helps keep the city clean! Individuals—all of them, irrespective of their particular situations. Individuals because they live in a country that recognizes and provides for the development of their individualism. How fortunate are these future American leaders in this changing world of todat!

And why do I say future leaders? Because now, more than ever, teachers are privileged to lead and to train children to live in a democracy. This means training in leadership and cooperative living, where responsibilities are shared by each member of a group. All of today's "infants" cannot be tomorrow's "Roosevelts" or "Deweys" or "Fords" or "Thorndikes" but they can be leaders in their local governments, in their smaller professions, in their communities, and certainly all of them can be leaders in their families. But they must first be shown the ways of democratic living. Here the teacher's part is the most valuable one.

Recently a Finnish teacher stood looking at the ruins of her nursery school. Two days before, the enemy had passed overhead in bombing planes, and almost immediately the school and the surrounding park and the church nearby had passed away with the planes. Some unfortunate women and little children had also been caught unaware. The teacher's heart seemed almost to stop. This loss had been great but there were still others who needed her guidance. She turned from this sight, relieved to know that she might be allowed to bring happiness for a little while to some children who might never realize freedom.

At the same time an American teacher stood with her class pledging allegiance "to the flag of the United States of America." She would soon start her day's duty of helping these Americans appreciate their freedom and intelligently understand the positions of their "brothers and sisters" in other parts of the world.

A significant movement is being started throughout this country by Dorothy Canfield Fisher that will aid all teachers in helping their pupils be democratic citizens. This movement is known as the Children's Crusade. Interest in the refugee problem led some Vermont people to care for young Cerman refugee chil dren during the summer months last year that the might learn American ways of living in New England The effect this had upon the American youth led Mrs Fisher to her larger idea of the Crusade. Through thi Crusade, every American child may contribute pennie to be used for the aid of innocent children who are the victims of greed and war. Such contributions will be made only after the teachers have helped the children realize the freedom and fortunate opportunities offered to them, and yet denied to boys and girls like them selves who live in another part of the world.

This Crusade offers a wide field for the teacher Will he use this opportunity and go on to devise othe ways of giving children the freedom which belongs to them?

To those of you who will graduate this year, and those of you who will graduate in years to come,—iour interest "children"? Decide now how you will train intelligent happy citizens and begin your work

# **Progress?**

CHARLES GROSS

FOR A few fleeting seconds of this day and age sat and pondered, not weak and weary, but reasonabl aware of my insignificant position among these equallinsignificant mites called men. Thoughts flashed, it the meaningless manner which they have of flashing and carried me into the realm of those subjects which loom most prominently on the normal mental horizon of the present day. The "isms" are rearing their ugl heads and ever stretching out to encompass some nev mass of puzzled, less aggressive individuals. Certain sectors of this globe have become so densely mobilized and fortified that less informed persons might ever entertain a half-hidden hope of some sort of isostati shift of land masses as a form of divine adjustment However, a saner view anticipates no such change, bu merely a rearrangement in the powers that be witl especial regard for the relation of this movement to our own status in this country. After some thought or the subject we must eventually arrive at the question o whether or not the species as a whole is moving toward

higher lever of culture and ultimately a new and imroved plane of civilization. Obviously, as separate units, e are not agreed upon the most desirable plane.

Here in this country we are amply supplied with shools, churches, means of communication and transcritation, wide recreational opportunities and plenty f natural resources. The same could easily be said of any of today's belligerents. Today's model of each f the things mentioned is fortunately but a milestone in the road to something better; yet there is represented in every case a product of the labor and ingenuity f man over a period of a few thousand years. The same still true of these contributions of progress among the belligerents. Either we have become too passive and complacent in the acceptance of the advantages of its age, or some countries are willfully misconstruing that which was actually meant to bring men to a closer, etter understanding.

Who is to decide whether we are progressing or not? ertainly the decisions would vary with the individual and we would be very likely to get both positive and negative responses as well as a great many thoughtless ones. Since we never even expect a homogeneous reaction from any group, especially on such a question, it seems wiser to consider a more objective variable, namely, the effect of certain innovations over long periods of time. Even at such an early stage man may review the major events of the past and with a reasonably acceptable degree of success class them as either decided marks of progress or definite retrogressions, not because they were at the time of their occurrence helpful or harmful but because of their far-reaching effects denoting a greater or less degree of progress. Therefore, our conclusions should not be drawn too quickly; few of us would hesitate to sacrifice our lives in the defense of our own homes, in spite of our previously well-founded ideas of what is or isn't genuine progress. Should we not then exercise a great deal of foresight in any major activity and immunize ourselves against this popular idea of blind acceptance of authority through the use of a little more rational selfguidance?

# **On Progress**

REUBEN MILLER

HE CHAIR or bench upon which you are sitting xists only because people such as yourself sit on it. f we are to find a more beneficial way of sitting, or we were to abolish sitting altogether, or if in some ther unknown manner, we were generally to cease sing chairs for sitting purposes, the time would be nort indeed before they would exist only as relics f an age gone by. This same obvious truth obtains not ally for a chair or a bench, but for a bed, a table, a ook, or radio-in short, anything that is the product f human effort. The history of the race is packed with vidences of culture that are today only representative f something that used to be. Pyramids, for example, re no longer built, because they no longer serve the uman motives that were manifestations of the specific eligious, economic, and social conditions of the time uring which they were built. Many other instances right be cited, but the point is too obvious to demand urther exposition.

Indeed, the idea of the function of an object plays n integral role in the very definition of it. Something be defined, must first be recognized, and recognition tails at once two distinct processes of thought. First, n association must be made between the object at

hand and similar objects made familiar through previous experience. Second, a differentiation must be made between the object and all other objects made familiar through previous experience. These are accomplished by generalization of all objects of the individual's accumulative environment and are manifested in two ways: the idea of the physical properties and the idea of the functions of the matter.

In other words, we never recognize a thing without considering its function as well as its material properties and then associating and differentiating it as far as these two attributes are concerned with objects of previous experience. A chair, as an example, is functionally a seat for one person and materially something with legs and a back; in no definition of "chair" can these two parts be omitted. In many cases the idea of the function is more integral than the idea of the phyiscal properties because it is not so easily removed from the mind. Remove the back of a chair, and although its function may remain the same, it is no longer a chair-it becomes a stool. Again, at times, a chair serves very well as something off which one eats-the function of a table. But in such cases, the object is still referred to as "a chair used as a table," because the function ascribed to it is still that of a seat, thus necessitating the modifying phrase "used as a table" in the designation.

The foregoing implies that all material manifestations of present human culture have functions. This is indeed true, especially when we realize that it is these functions that primarily supplied the original impetus for their institution and are continuously making for their propagation as long as they (the functions) remain intact. In the final analysis, the entire process is inevitably for the realization of the natural law which calls for satisfaction of living matter, or more specifically, human life. As soon as there is a change in the human drive and in the corresponding function of matter to satisfy this drive, there follows a corresponding change in the form of the matter itself to further compensate that drive.

The nature of progress implies first of all some change. As has already been pointed out, this change is the direct result of corresponding changes in the essential motivations of people which work toward increasing satisfaction of human life. Not all change is progress, however; there must be a change for the better in order to satisfy a complete definition of the term. It necessarily follows therefrom that the changes in human drives must themselves be of a higher standard.

What is the agency that makes for higher human aspiration? What is the instrument that drives individuals to seek ever more worthy ideals and realities? The one obvious answer appears as broad as the horizon: education. It is education that uncovers for one the wealth of acquaintances that he has hitherto not known. It is education that, because it reveals unrealized experiences, makes the individual dissatisfied with the banality and seeming uneventfulness of the present life. It is education, that, because it makes him restive and impatient, eventually results in the progress necessary to satisfy that individual.

In defining progress as change for the better, there is at once implied a comparison, and the two parts compared are easily understood when we realize the element of time that must be entailed. For in the evaluation of any progress, the comparison must be made between two well-defined periods in racial or geologic histories. True such evaluation is more frequently traced through a series of stations on the track of time, but essentially, such a process must consist of the accumulative comparisons between successive pairs of posts and a subsequent synthesis to make the trip a continuous one.

The basis for comparison, however, is not as easily discussed. What is to determine whether or not one thing is better than another? It is correct to say that

a thing is good to the degree to which it serves it purpose. But what is to be the measuring stick or which the goodness of one stage of civilization or one phase of culture can be compared with another? Wha is to be the ultimate aeme of perfection which will se the goal towards which progress may be said to move and which will determine the road it is to take?

Astronomy today is a far cry from its early astrologica beginnings. "Legitimate" music of today is quite a improvement over its mono-elemental rhythmic origin And certainly today's art of teaching by far exceed the primitive method of training as far as application of psychology and philosophy are concerned. All of this present-day endeavor and any of many others to abundant to specify have reached a more advanced stage of scientific achievement, but how are we to sathat any one of them is inherently better than its an cestor of one, a hundred, or a thousand generations ago

The answer lies in the functional aspect of humai culture already expounded. Things are better if the increase the satisfaction of human life; and, conversely things are not better if they decrease the satisfaction o human life: the degree of progress varies directly a the degree to which it makes for personal happiness In this association there appears a pessimistic point-of view that is decidedly difficult to counter satisfactorily It is a point-of-view that is reactionary in scope and materialistic in character. The trend of reasoning i follows is this: If progress increases happiness, it i motivated only by the desire for happiness that is in turn inspired by education. Now happiness is the ball ance that is accomplished between desires and th satisfaction of those desires; and the less that person de sires, the happier he will be, Don't educate him! Th fewer will be his desires; the less restive he will become the happier he will be. Why educate an individual t the modern method of taking a bath? It will only mak him want a bathtub. And to the extent that he doesn' get the tub, he will be unhappy. Granted it's no progressive, but if progress is simply the means to th end of happiness, would not some other means be jus as desirable? And isn't this other means simpler t accomplish? Furthermore, doesn't it do away with tha intermediate stage of unrest, that exists until progres can fulfill its function? Finally, isn't it true that education besides breeding dissatisfaction, breeds more edi cation, which brings about more dissatisfaction, thu making for a vicious momentum-gathering process the increases in size, rolling downhill like a snowball?

The difficulty in coping with such a point-of-vie lies in its pragmatism and is due to the education principle that the concrete is more easily understoo than the abstract and to the (Continued on Page 27)

#### LAMENT OF THE NORMAL CHILD

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

(From The Educational Forum-March, 1940)

I was strolling past a schoolhouse when I spied a sobbing His little face was sorrowful. "Pal, come tell me why

you weep," I said, "and why you seem so sad."

And thus the weeping child lisped his tragic tale.

The school where I go is a modern school

With numerous modern graces; And there they cling to the modern rule Of "Cherish the Problem Cases!" From nine to three I develop me: I dance when I feel dancy, Or everywhere lay on With creaking crayon The colors that suit my fancy. But when the commoner tasks are done, Deserted, ignored, I stand; For the rest have complexes, everyone, One hyperacting band. Oh, how can I ever be reconciled To my hatefully normal station! Why couldn't I be a problem child Endowed with a small fixation?

I dread the sound of the morning bell, The iron has entered my soul. I'm a square little peg who fits too well In a square little normal hole. For seven years In Mortimer Sears Has the Oedipus angle flourished;

Why wasn't I trained for a problem child

With an interesting fixation?

And Jessamine Gray She cheats at play

Because she is undernourished.

The teachers beam on Frederick Knipe With scientific gratitude,

For Fred, they claim, is a perfect type Of the Antisocial Attitude.

And Cuthbert Jones has his temper riled

n a way professors mention,

But I am a perfectly normal child So I don't get any attention:

'm nothing at all but a normal child

so I don't get the least attention.

MAY . 1940

The others jeer as they pass me by; They titter without forbearance, "He's Perfectly Normal" they shrilly cry, "With Perfectly Normal Parents." For I learn to read With a normal speed; I answer when I'm commanded; Infected Antrums Don't give me tantrums; I don't even write left handed. I build with blocks when they give me blocks. When it's busy hour, I labor; And I seldom delight in landing socks On the ear of my little neighbor. So here, by luckier lads reviled, I sit on the step alone. Why couldn't I be a problem child With a case to call my own? Why wasn't I born a problem child With a complex of my own?

#### CELLINI

#### JAMES G. JETT

Whose delicate works, whose soft and light design Have brought a nation's potent genius forth? Whose modeled thoughts have shown a peoples' worth And drawn their right distinction with a line?

The worker's work of works becomes a shrine-A thought that had its simple lyric birth Now shows two peoples' common thoughts on earth. Whose lasting fame is this?—Cellini, thine!

In shining silver, bronze, and gold are cast The statues and the pieces of his art. In minds of men throughout the world is caught The mem'ry and the greatness of his past. Our hope of racial ties shall never part, It lives an ideal in the works that he has wrought.

#### DEAD

#### Matilda Wolpert

I saw him only vesterday; We spoke—and once he smiled. Oh, God, if only I had known His grief, his wild Despairing, hopeless pride, Who knows . . . He might have lived; Instead-he died.

ARE NOT all men destined to die? If not on the field of battle, then in their beds or in the factories wherein they slave? We wage a war to save an ideal. But I know, and you know, that we are slaughtered to save a vision. Not a symbol of peace and happiness; but one of money, and wealth, and greed. Not ours is this wealth; but the possession of others who tell us that we go to a glorious death to save Liberty. Men have fought for freedom before and will be asked to fight for freedom again. The ideal is gone but no one took it. It disappeared as ice that stands in the hot sun on a summer afternoon. Long years after, men will fight and bleed and die for this freedom.

I am like a drop of water that is lost in the flood that covers the earth. But always the earth rises again, just as it rises now. I will die and no one but you will care. And as the years roll by you too will cease to care and look upon my name with pride written on a granite slab. "He died for Liberty," you'll whisper as all the others whisper, and that will take the sting from my absence. Yes, I shall die and the symbol and the ideal will flourish; and then the ideal will die, and again men will murder each other to save the symbol and regain the ideal. And again and again this will happen as it happened before. So be not sorry for me.

I can look at the fools and laugh at the hideous joke of slaughter. The fools who seek to kill me are fighting for the same thing as I, so what is the difference which dominates? Liberty will be the end . . . Liberty and a symbol. I am comforted, for there is liberty to gain . . to gain for others, for I shall be dead and cold and forgotten.

I shall not leave my medals for you to remember me by, for the senseless brass will moulder and the ribbom will fade and the token will be forgotten. I leave you but a kiss. Its meaning will not be obscured by time nor will it ever be forgotten and lie around for some small child to find and wear bravely upon his chest

# **Scientific and Social Progress**

James P. O'Connor

IN THE realm of physical science our generation is witnessing, whether it knows it or not, the most rapid and outstanding achievement which has taken place in any field of endeavor since the dawn of civilization. This amazing progress is, I think, the principal feature of the age in which we live. Consider for a moment how the advance of physics and chemistry have revolutionized our ways of living and making a living. In comparatively few years science has brought to the door of the poorest citizen the necessities and luxuries which were formerly enjoyed only by the very rich, or which were not available at all. The railroad, the airplane, the X-ray, the electric light, the products of synthetic chemistry are all now within reach of everyone. To modern man nothing seems impossible in this era of physical advance, nor does he see any reason why such advance should not be continued.

Scientific achievement has progressed with such great speed and immensity that today it seems to be without limits. Yet at the same time we find that social development has gone forward at a snail's pace, and that at times it seems to have been at an absolute standstill. On questions of a political, economic, legal, and ethical

nature man has shown himself to be a colossal blun derer; and through repeated error has found himself in a middle of perplexing social difficulties. The curren war will undoubtedly raise many new problems, and i is extremely doubtful whether it will solve any.

During the nineteenth century, it is true, there seem to have been considerable social development, such a rapid rise in the standard of living, the abolition o slavery in America, the more complete establishment o nationalism, the diffusion of popular education, and the extension of democratic government. Surprising as i may seem, these evidences of social progress are duchiefly to the achievements of natural science.

For instance, the introduction of power driven ma chinery has lowered costs, raised the standard of living and provided more leisure for millions of workers. The machine has transformed the character of human labor Previous to its introduction most men labored at purer routine drudgery. With the coming of machine power human slavery ceased to be necessary, and those who direct industry came to realize that the machine opera tor must be literate; he must be able to read and under stand instructions. The rapid advance of popular educa

on in industrial nations is accounted for more on this one than on any other. And with popular education as come a desire on the part of the masses for greater articipation in government.

It must be admitted, however, that the influence of ientific achievement has oft times complicated social roblems; for example, the airplane and poison gases are added to the horrors of war; but such complications only amplify the cry for adequate sociological stations.

Thus, we see an astonishing contrast between the hysical sciences and the social studies. In one field re flow of progress has been rapid; in the other—uggish and interrupted. Why does this amazing situion exist?

The answer to this question lies in the nature of the rigin and the development of the material universe and the social structure.

Nature, in constructing the former, has worked in ays we call "scientific"; and there is in the universe wholeness and a oneness—an interrelation and an aterdependence. It is man's discovery of the unchange-be laws of this universe which has enabled him to Ivance so far materially. On the other hand man

built the latter, not scientifically, but in the main haphazardly. He often confused a step forward with a step in the right direction. Instead of working towards an ideal, he changed the ideal and called it progress, forgetting that we can never know whether or not we are making progress unless we have a fixed point of reference.

I think Dr. Joseph Mayer struck the keynote of the whole problem when he said:

"It is as if Nature in the dim distant long ago wrote a book, which we now call the natural sciences, and as if Man very much later began the writing of another book, still unfinished, the book of human society. Man's Book, to be understandable and scienfific, should follow precisely the lines laid down by Nature's Book, but it as yet does not. It has been written largely as a child might write it, without understanding and knowledge, and its various errautes and additions have occurred chiefly as war or famine or social upheaval has guided the pen. Only as man applies the lessons of the Book of Nature to the thoroughgoing revision of his Book of Society can he hope for intelligent and rapid social progress."

# **Progress for One Only**

CATHERINE GRAY

IOBILIZATION HAD come eight months ago Ameriania, Men from twenty to thirty-eight had een called. There remained only those over thirtyght, under twenty, and those young men with families support. John Gallaudet was listed in this last group. He and Charles had looked after Mom since they ere twelve-sometimes selling papers, shining shoes playing errand boy for everyone in the neighborhood. ou see Mom had heart trouble. The doctor said she couldn't have worked so hard when the boys were oung. She shouldn't have scrubbed floors and taken washing at the same time. But soon she could tend eacefully to a little garden as she always had wanted. er boys found steady work. Then M day, Charles as the oldest-twenty-five. He left for the battlefield ith the first troops. John was left. Charles and John ere different somehow. Charles read newspapers avidly nd believed every word he read. He would have liked have used his two strong brown hands on that little lexander the Great and wrung every breath from his ody. John rarely read the newspapers. He was much

like his mother—small, pale and bespectacled. He read authoritative books a great deal, trying to decipher human nature, trying to understand it. "In time the little man's subjects were bound to revolt. No peaceful, intelligent country could long endure the enslavement of their neighbors." John could build a whole evening's conversation around these statements. Besides, he would tell you that it was none of his business. He felt that he didn't really know what the war was about or why his country was involved. It hadn't been attacked, no more ships were sunk by one side than by the other. For another thing, he didn't even like to see moving pictures of people being killed. He wasn't a coward; he was just different. So it was that John stayed at hone to work for Mom while Charles went to battle.

Charles' story was at the other extreme. Wounded, and fighting under the severest, nerve-wracking shell-fire, he led his regiment to a victory. He won a cross of honor and his name became a password for courage. He recognized the enemy and killed him whenever possible. He wasn't blood-thirsty; he was a good soldier.

At home John worked like fury. Always he studied in spare moments. He advanced in business to the position of senior clerk of the company. The golden opportunity of becoming manager loomed close. Here there was no killing. How he hated even the suggestion. Even though his company manufactured blades, he made sure that he didn't see the long, thin, shining pieces gleaming with anticipation. At home he was happy, too, His mother loved Charles, but John was the baby. They understood one another so well that no words were necessary. But John had a battle to fight, too. He fought it every morning, every lunchtime, every evening. He knew what people thought when they saw him on the street in civilian clothes, It wasn't easy to look at the fathers and mothers of sons who had gone "over there." It was hard to keep on walking when accusing eyes bored through his back. Once he felt like turning and screaming to the whole stupid, unfeeling lot of them, "Who are you to stare at me? What have I done? Is it a sin for me to keep my mother alive?" He never did.

The hour that the little gold star had been placed in Mom's window, Mom had a heart attack. Expensive doctors were necessary and nurses, too, John worked harder, hoped that THEY would be satisfied with his brother's sacrifice and leave him alone. One day the whole matter was settled for him. A large white envelope came announcing the fact that he was wanted at the war office. He had been drafted. His was the next class called-men with families. Little silver and black specks circled before his eyes. His heart contracted. He gasped. What about Mom? The letter said some money would be provided. He laughed, shrilly, hysterically, Some money! A country, already pinched by war, handing money to old women who couldn't raise a hand in defense of that country. And he-he couldn't fire a gun. Even at the fairs, he jumped when Charles laughingly shot white tin ducks at the shooting galleries. And the long, shining bayonet he had seen on the posters, he couldn't plunge one of those into . . .

"John, dear. Come. Breakfast is waiting. You musn't be late"

"Yes, mother. Coming."

"What did the mailman want, dear?" The tiny woman buttered a piece of toast and placed it at John's plate.

John had answered that question mentally. So many were called. Maybe he'd be forgotten. He smiled and gave some simple explanation. But governments don't forget—especially in time of war.

One warm golden day John came home to mother with four soldiers—military police. His mother sat star-

ing at the little gold star in the window. The four mer moved quickly to surround him. Their purpose was

"But John is my only son—now." The men were im mune to this.

"He can't use a gun." She continued to stare at the star. John stared at the bayonets.

"He doesn't like to harm people," was the last plea. The men shouldered their rifles and two of then swung John around to leave the room. The paralyzing moment passed. The boy saw suddenly that he mus live the nightmare he had feared. He broke from then and ran to bury his face in his mother's lap. He criec and squeezed her hands, holding fast as though she could save him. After a few minutes, he realized tha his mother had offered no soft words of solace; has not smoothed his hair as had been her wont when he came to her with trouble. He looked up slowly and then very quietly rose. Soon he left the room with the police.

John was spared from the firing squad and sent to the front, perhaps because of the circumstances,—hi mother's death. Her heart failure could have beer caused by only one thing—possibly a second gold stathat only she could see. What John felt is not for u to imagine. THEY had taken his brother. THEY had taken his security. THEY had robbed him of a careet THEY had killed his mother. A pale nervous yout became paler, ill-tempered, bitter and rebellious agains all the command that he held responsible.

A drunken word from him caused fifty deaths and th loss of a strategic position. Drunken? Or quite sober Communication with the back lines was severed b a clumsy soldier's misstep. (John's.) Clumsy? Possibly His companions hated his regressive, sullen silence, hi half-hidden sneers. Volunteers, for the most part, the had no use for a forced draft soldier and he had no use for the "saintly, hyprocritical, medal-worshipin bunch". He knew that they saw him hang back when an advance was ordered. He knew that they had ve to see him fire accurately or use a bayonet advar tageously. They were glad when he deserted. The cursed him when they heard he had joined the enemy They screamed for his blood when an advance wa thwarted because of information he had carried wit him. They yelled with glee when a patrol surrounde an enemy squad and shot a particular one in the bac as he ran for shelter.

As he lay on the field, John felt no regret for wha he had done, He had had his revenge and now it wa all over. There'd be no presidency of the blade con pany for him. There'd be no (Continued on Page 20)

# How Well Do You Know Maryland?

JOHN CHILCOAT

AARYLAND'S population of 1,600,000 in the 1930 ensus listed 660,000 or approximately one-third as aral. Economically, farming ranks second to manucturing, employing about 85,000 people.

Generally speaking, farming is diversified, indicated y the fact that, with the exception of tobacco, pracially every important crop and every type of livestock and poultry is produced to a greater or less extent in very county in the state. Of the average \$90,000,000 alue of farm products sold, traded, or used by the perator's families, general farming accounts for \$22,00,000. This figure can be compared with the following istribution of the types of farming carried on in Marymin order of their value:

General Farming									
Dairying									22,000,000
Crop specialty .									11,000,000
Truck									10,000,000
Poultry									6,000,000
Cash grain									6,000,000
Abnormal									
Fruit									3.000.000
Animal specialty									2.000,000
Self-sufficing									2.000.000
sen-sumenig .									2,000,000

Such terms as dairying, truck, poultry and fruit are

self-explanatory. Cash grain refers to corn, wheat, oats, barley, rve, and buckwheat - those grains that are threshed and sold immediately rather than those fed to animals whose by-products yield the profits. Crop specialty refers to tobacco, white potatoes, and sweet potatoes; animal specialty to beef cattle, sheep, hogs, and their by-products-those animals that are not kept particularly for their offspring, but instead are sold for their meat and slaughtered by-products. Abnormal refers to institutions, horse farms, forest products, etc.; self-sufficing to farms where fifty percent or more of the products are used by the operator's family. General farms are those where the products from any one source are less than forty percent of the whole while the special types are farms where the products from any one source exceeds forty percent of the total.

The agricultural picture of Maryland looks simple, but it is a mass of intricate problems that require solutions or certainly considerable improvements obtainable only by a greater educational system and a more thorough understanding and greater cooperation between producer and consumer.

# Crime and Punishment BY FREUD

HARRY M. LONDON

### I. Prologue

HAD spent the evening engrossed in some harsh ut thought-provoking poems by Archibald MacLeish. Jow, the only thing I had ever learned from MacLeish as how to write "poetry", and I prided myself somehat in having been able to reproduce the MacLeish liom in personal verse efforts. I repeat: I had spent the vening reading MacLeish; and as I am every evening ompelled to do, betook myself to bed at 11 o'clock, lear of conscience, though a little dulled in visual apacities. Once under protection of a pair of woolen lankets, little time elapsed before I was asleep: as undly as that proverbial log which makes its way only having dozing humans compared to it.

#### 11. The Dream

Needless to say, my activity the rest of the night

was not conscious. I had a dream; I did not experience the horridness of the night's affairs. I only witnessed them with the objectivity of a diagnosing doctor, without the diagnosis.

My sleep began in a park: on a park bench, newlypainted green for the spring and the birds and the spring-fever-ridden men who perennially turn to park benches for small-time salvation. I was on the bench, and here, too, I was sleeping . . . quite soundly. Under the bench was a very nebulous hound, whose nebulosity prevented my identifying it as to species. And behind me and the bench, a tree: thick-trunked, heavy-infoliage; offering all the shade of the African tree: but it was night, and my sleeping self had all the shade it needed.

Passed five minutes of a thus far static dream, and an almost bald-headed man neared the bench. The dog told me so, and because of his barking, I awakened. By the look on the gentleman's face, I was to have been rudely startled out of park-bench sleep within the time it would have taken for him to pick up a rock and pitch it in my direction. And I could see that this gentleman was, from all facial appearances, Mr. MacLeish himself, whose picture I had seen in magazines.

Now MacLeish is not a brutal man, though he has evinced some left-wing tendencies, and I saw now that, since I was already awake, he was discarding the rock, happily, not for better weapons. He seated himself on the bench next to me, kicking the dog away; but the filthy little animal took up his place under the next bench, some thirty-five feet away, realizing, perhaps, that I was in for a disastrous evening. MacLeish began to speak. But his hand was in his pocket, tense, much as one sees in the cinema, and I was not a good example of steady nerves at the time.

"I understand you've been imitating my style in recent months, Mr. ———," he opened. "And I want to know why!" He waited for a few moments, and got no answer, for Mr. ———— was unusually inarticulate (I was), and the poet was moved to action instead of weak, oft-mistaken words.

He "asked" me to come with him. His voice was gentle, and his manner calm, but his hand was still in his pocket. I could not refuse the dog-kicker, and so I proceeded to march wheresoever MacLeish decided he might do a better job of ... well, shall we say—revenge for plagjarism? Yes. Because then, in efforts rationalize this dastardly act, I lit on the mildest of my offenses, aiming to show the world, later, if I were ever to come out of this night's trouble alive, for what "heinous crime" I had been punished.

My end was not nearly so rapid as I had expected. I was seated unceremoniously in a clean-looking, shining-by-lamplight automobile, but at this junction I was blindfolded with a clean white handkerchief, and without any word at all, the car started, and I was being taken to . . . God and MacLeish knew where.

We must have gone about on wheels for hours on end, and still I felt MacLeish neither tiring, nor resolving (he spoke nothing) to end up anywhere in particular. I hoped then it wouldn't be the bottom of the lake, but the lake, I thought, might be better than...

And still he stopped not. I finally mustered up sufficient nerve to ask him as to where the honorable poet and librarian was taking me (or, if he preferred, where the honorable poet was going) and when we would get there. To this he replied with harshness that reminded me of the booted dog's aching rib: "Shut up!"

I trusted, since he valued his own life, that both his hands were where they belonged; that his gun (?) was

no longer in a ready position to harm me were I to . . . But I was blindfolded.

After "six years" of riding about he stopped the car, and, alighting, I was asked to march rapidly ahead. I obeyed, ending the brief trek at the door of a house. (It must have been a house; still, I was unable to see, and it might not have been a house!)

"How are you, Jimmy?" MacLeish asked the fellow who had opened the door. But it wasn't a fellow. It was a girl, whose voice, I judged, belonged to a young lady about seventeen years of age, small, yet domineeringly large; thin, yet outstandingly plump. Perhaps my ears were deceptive tonight.

Jimmy answered she was quite all right, and who was this nice-looking person Archibald had brought to the house (1 had guessed correctly) and wouldn't we both come in and have a cup or two of tea with her.

We came in, MacLeish and I, and the poet was gracious enough to permit me to take the blindfold off, whereupon I set eyes on a most beautiful creature: quite short, thin, but well-built, very dark-haired, and I shivered through and through when she said, "How are you today?" A moment later when she asked me whether or not I knew why Archibald had brought me to the confounded house (when I laid eyes on her it was already a blessed house) I almost fainted dead away for the passing thrill she sent vibrating through me.

"Shake hands with the young lady, fellow!" Mr. MacLeish suggested. And so I did. But the squeeze she set on my right hand was something unbearable; her strength belied her "femininity." I winced in pain; but the light was coming to terms with my eves, and the nature of her face and her body allayed most all the pain I felt while she "held" my hand. I winced under this pain for a half-hour while MacLeish launched a tirade against what he called "adolescents usurping the pens and the glory of matured poets." I granted him all he said, and the truth thereof; yet I couldn't keep my mind on him and on what he said. My thoughts were centered on the young thing that had a vise-like grip on my right hand. But MacLeish said, "If you promise me to stop writing in my style, I will tell Jimmy to let go your hand, because it hurts; I know.'

To this bargain I agreed, though I felt I was getting a raw deal, for the grip, though not relaxing, was becoming bearable. Yet I wanted to get away from the patent hellishness of the whole scene, and the night, wherein I had been torn away from a relatively peaceful, quieting sleep on a park bench.

Jimmy let loose her grip, for which I pined a moment or two. Then, MacLeish advanced toward me, gently asked Jimmy to step aside, (Continued on Page 28)

# EDITORIALS



'Do not ask if a man has been through college— Ask if a college has been through him."—Chapen.

### Silence, Please?

PHYLLIS WALTER

HERE 1S no place in State Teachers College hich is safe from noisy students. Even the library, here silence is required, is filled with bustling, scrapg, giggling, and buzzing voices. The halls, where lking is permitted, are filled with the banging of ekers, stamping of feet, and the shricks, screams, aring laughter, and raueous voices of boys and girls. ould it be that these future school-teachers, through ntact with small children, are trying to imitate their ture pupils? Or can it be possible that our students we unfortunately never grown out of this stage? If is latter be true, then certainly the system employed the elementary schools for keeping the school reanably quiet should be applied to the State Teachers ollege group. All the students should enter the school 9:00 A. M. and leave it at 3:30 P. M., thus avoiding e noise created by students in the halls during the st and last classes of the day; cloakrooms should be ovided to replace the lockers and the noise that ey make; study periods should be eliminated to keep idents out of the halls during class sessions; and young achers should have to participate in gym activities

without changing their clothes, thus preventing the commotion caused by humans running through the halls from the gymnasium to the showers. Certainly, the accompanying reasons for climination of the privileges of students is obvious. There would be no days in which classes would begin late or end early, no study periods for library work or relaxation, no individual storage space, and no refreshing showers after gym.

Wake up, students! Look at the advantages you possess! Will you throw them all away, or will you work hard to raise your ethical standards so that you may make college life pleasant for yourselves and for your fellow-students? Prove that State Teachers College is worthy of being ealled a "College"!

# Activities

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

INTELLIGENTLY guided activity is conceded to be basic to all true learning situations, whether the process be with teachers, college students, elementary school children, adults, or with infants,

This underlying principle deservedly permeates our curricular and extra-curricular program here at Towson, and gives our student council, our clubs, our classes, and our athletics their chief excuse for being.

If such a program is worthwhile, and there is little controversy on this point, its pursuance calls for the most effective participation of which the student body is capable, both personally and financially.

Our major activities depend, ultimately, for their financial existence, on the activities fees which each student pays on registration day in the fall. As a matter of common knowledge, these fees include the fifty-cent Student Council fee, the dollar Class fee, the dollar and a half Tower Light subscription, the two and a half dollar Atbletic Association membership, and the fifty-cent Culture Fund fee. In all, the total amounts to six dollars per year. The question is, do our fees adequately meet the requirements of our activities, or are they exorbitant or insufficient?

Most of us will grant that the fees could hardly be smaller than they are without seriously impeding the general student program. Of course there are a few who, because of some ill-founded aversion to a particular item treated in the fee, declare that the total sum might be reduced.

The general opinion seems to be that the fees are all too slim for the needs. Several organizations which receive a definite allotment through the Student Activities allocation have felt that their programs, and the

resultant values of these programs to the students, have been decidedly curtailed by the comparative leanness of their appropriations in the light of the results expected of them. For some time these organizations, the Athletic Association and the Tower Light, have vainly striven to get along on what they receive from the fees plus the small income derived from holding dances and from soliciting the support of the classes or the student body. Futhermore, the small proportion of the fees allotted to the Student Council seems meagre if the Student Council is really to function as the most important student group in the school. The inherent possibilities of a student council with greater reserves upon which to draw cannot be realized under the present set-up. Athletic programs, both of a physical and a recreational type, dances, student dramatics, series of cultural assemblies-all of these might be handled much more effectively by the Student Council were its income larger. Finally, the activity fees make no provision for a school yearbook. If the majority of the students are in favor of a college yearbook, it certainly must be financed at least partially from the activities fees paid by every student. And if it is to be a success, it must be a college project previously provided for financially. Witness the disheartening failure of the present Senior Class in trying to raise enough funds, at the last minute, and without the whole-hearted backing of the entire student body, to finance a yearbook.

It may be asked how other teachers colleges compare with ours as to fees. Scant knowledge does not permit me to make a broad generalization, but discussion at the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers seemed to indicate that few institutions of an enrollment similar to ours could admit of such ridiculously low fees. Kutztown, Pennsylvania, with an enrollment of 470 students has a fee of \$22,50 a year; East Strondsburg, Pennsylvania, with 530 students has a fee of \$21.50 a year; Edinboro, Pa., with 400 students, \$20 a year; Fitchburg, Mass., about \$16 a year; North Adams, Mass., \$10 a year; Frostburg, Md., \$10 a year. The general range was from \$10 to \$22.50. Many of the institutions definitely provided for their vearbooks in the fee. Frostburg provides that \$2 of the \$10 be set aside for the yearbook. North Adams designates \$600 of its total \$1430 to its yearbook fund. East Stroudsburg takes care of its yearbook problem by a general fee of \$1.50 which is included in the activities fee and an additional toll levied on each member of the Senior Class amounting to \$2.00.

Are you one of those who feel that a teacher's education derives little value from activities sponsored by the entire student body, or do you favor a more significant program not curtailed by an obvious lack of funds? If you are of the first group, you will swear that these ideas constitute a betrayal of the student body; if of the second, you will give the ideas presented some thought. My personal conviction is that the present fees are inadequate. What is yours?

### A DEBT

MATILDA WOLPERT

I never saw the setting sun, Its lovely colors one by one, Diffusing when the day is done, Until the summer 'thirty-one.

I never saw the naked trees Stretched out against the sky like "v's", Nor saw the steepled horizon Until the summer 'thirty-one.

Oh, I'll remember 'thirty-one Until my days on earth are done, For round about my part of town, A row of houses was knocked down.

#### PREFACE TO SPRING

MARGARET B. OWINGS

I love the sound of wind As it roars through the trees. I love the eerie whistle As it sweeps about the eaves.

I love the graceful sway Of the branches as they dance. I love the swirling dust As it wisps by in a glance.

I love to see the grass All bent and silver green. I love to feel the freshness As it sweeps the earth so clean.

I love the clear cold feeling As it pushes 'gainst my face. I love my hair all tangled As it's tousled out of place.

I love the way of wind As it drives the pouring rain. I love the scent of sweetness As it brings new life again.

### Do We Know Children?

LEON L. LERNER

F WE keep an eye on where we, as potential teachers, re going and what we intend doing, then we may surely spect to arrive at our destination more quickly. It important, therefore, that we, in our four years of

important, therefore, that we, in our four years of ollege life, never allow ourselves to forget the children ith whom we shall associate. After all, we are spending our years studying children in order that we may spend he next forty, or so, in living with them. Our object children. What can help us know them better?

We can better know children by spending as much me as possible with them. Such a course of action ill aid in gaining insight into the ways of boys and itls, into their habits, their abilities, their likes and islikes; it will lead to discovering how to be a friend of them, how to gain and hold their respect. Certainly, one of the most serious charges that can be brought against a teacher is that she has lost contact with children, that she has stumbled away from the living things that children are and has buried herself in an assorted collection of books and theories and principles. The more time we spend away from children, the more prone we are to forget our duties towards them and our relations with them.

Pestalozzi remarks in a letter to a friend, "I myself learned with the children. Our whole system was simple and so natural that I should have had difficulty in finding a master who would not have thought it undignified to learn and teach as I was doing." It is apparent that living with children will mean learning both with them and about them.

# Lots of Luck

### or DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN

HELEN PICEK

AND THEN it came to pass, on the eighth day, ie set out for her practice center." She had seen her assmates leave for theirs, nine weeks previously. She ad seen them return strong, determined in spirit, but naller of rank.

They were all wishing her luck—those who had been dd those who had not been—just as tho' she were bing away never to return. She felt a lump rise in her troat as she purchased a penny pretzel stick. They ad even taken away her locker key. She now did not wn a locker. Strange, that after three years she should iddenly feel such an affection for the old place.

It stood magnificently on the hill with its tower early buried in the clouds, she noticed as she threw flecting glance over her shoulder. Even this glance emed to bear finality. Someone was waving to her, Lots of Luck"—"Lots of Luck," she needed it—now not she was going away.

Today she had taken her last math test. No, no sgrets; but she would miss math. Yet she would be aaching arithmetic in the school where she was going!

Ah, there was still one more obligation! She had to

write a Tower Light article. On what? Student Teaching? Why not? She began:

Did you know that:

- A certain bass fiddler supplied her class with rubber pencils on April the first?
- Mac of the "So What" slipped the following to his fifth grade:

"All right, Lou,

Know what to do?"

- 3. Nelson of the clarinet taught his class one of his own compositions?
- 4. J. J.'s seventh grade is catching on?

J.J.: "The next word is 'mist.'—What's the matter, Johnny?"

Pupil: "Sorry, Mr. Jett, I 'mist' that one."

5. A shy brown-eyed lass told her class to put their papers on the floor in front of Mr. Flowers. Imagine?

Here endeth chapter 1 of the tale of that great adventure.

### The Red and The White

JAMES G. JETT

THE COLORS made from light and atoms are various. Red, to the scientist, is the reflection of light rays of a certain length. White, scientifically, is a stimulus resulting from many reflected light rays. In respect to S. T. C. journalism, however, red and white now mean one thing: The First Annual Towrer Lieurr Dinner, held on the evening of Tuesday the second of April, this year of our existence, 1940. Such was the color scheme, carried even into the menu. We had beets and potatoes—and steak. What the steak was for, I don't know . . . to eat, I guess. The flames of the red candles lighted the tables with the white coverings. And, as Dr. Wiedefeld noted, even Miss Munn repeated the color scheme with "a smiling pink face beneath snowy white hair."

Sympathy and disappointment merged when we discovered that our speaker, Mr. R. P. Harriss, had suddenly become ill and was unable to appear. His wife, an honor graduate and former staff-member, appeared for him. She had obtained Captain Wise, a member of Baltimore City College's English department, to come as an almost extemporaneous speaker.

After dinner we all retired to Richmond Hall Social Parlor where Sydney Baker lent more color (of a different material nature) to the evening affair. Our mindwere soothed with his violin selection.

The more technical business of the evening was dealt with by Captain Wise. He spoke chiefly of the effect of language use and propaganda in connection with the press. People are too often misled, he said because they cannot analyze words and ideas.

Captain Wise believes that a basis of fundamentals is needed in life. Just what fundamental he meant he did not say; therefore, I presume he was speaking of funda mentals in spelling, grammar, and arithmetic—or the "tool" subjects of the school curricula. Yet in order to connect this statement with his previous ones, he must also have meant science and history, for how could we analyze to get the right meaning had we no such hasis?

Getting a little more technical in regard to journalism, the speaker told of some tricks in writing such as figures of speech, using effective words, and juggling words and phrases about to make the sentences more interesting. An instance to demonstrate his point was taken from the book of perfect literary style, the Bible.

Captain Wise was helpful to us in many ways—offering suggestions as to form and content of a publication and also in attempting to analyze our difficulties.

### **Glee Club--Past and Present**

JOSEPH HILLYARD

WOULD YOU like to take a peck into the annals of our Glee Club? We find Miss Weyforth taking over the directorship of the Glee Club in 1928. The membership at that time was slightly more than half of its present enrollment, consisting of sixty-five girls' voices. We first have record of the men entering the Glee Club during the school year 1929-30. Since then the Glee Club has grown in size and in quality of performance. The total membership is now one hundred fifteen and Miss Weyforth is seeking to keep the membership within this number.

1937 was an outstanding year in Glee Club history, as it was the year in which ninety academic gowns were bought and given to the Glee Club for use on formal occasions. Different alumni groups contributed toward the purchase price, and the Glee Club itself

gave a considerable sum, the money having been carned at public performances. The Glee Club first appeared in the gowns at a Maryland State Teachers Association meeting at the Polytechnic in October. 1937. The evening was a high spot in both appearance and performance.

Since 1928 four hundred persons have been members of the Glee Club. About seventy members of this Alumni Group hold weekly rehearsals at the college. They will take part in the Alumni Day program, June 8, at which time the memorial windows to Dr. Tall will be unweiled. They will take part next year in the celebration of Towson's seventy-fifth anniversary, In addition to the various numbers sung separately by the Alumni group and the Glee Club, the combined chorus of one hundred and fifty voices will sing.

### **Orchestra Personnel**

MARY REINDOLLAR

NEARLY EVERY morning before nine we are greeted by evidences that the brass section is at work. The usual remark, if you notice, as one approaches the music room is, "They're at it again." Yes, they're at it again, but do you realize what they accomplish by working at it again and again? To use the theme of the junior class issue of the TOWER LIGHT, they show definite signs of "progress," real progress. Did you know that both Norman Wilde and Richard Cunningham have learned to play their instruments since attending college? Any brass instrument, to be played well, requires study, but not over so long a period of time as stringed instruments.

The brass section in our orchestra includes: three

trumpet players, Norman Wilde, Richard Cunningham, and David Shepherd; and two trombone players, Bill Kahn and Lou Henderson. There is an important part for each instrument. The trumpets lend volume and brilliancy in addition to majestic qualities, while the melodic trombones give solidity of bass and nobility of tone.

So the progress made in the early morning rehearsals is really progress toward a worthwhile cause.





Cunningham Wilde Shepherd

Henderson Kahn

# **Swing Finale**

B. E. Tribull (Based on an interview with Will Osborne)

WING MUSIC is on the way out. The jitterbugs of a year ago are now requesting waltzes of America's eading dance maestros instead of "Flatfoot Floogie."

The swing maniacs who have been spreading nervous breakdowns for several years now—via African tomom drums, shrill clarinets, and torrid trumpets—are due or a letdown unless they change their ways,

Notes no longer will be unheeded dots on paper, and he non-exhibitionists, who prefer the Viennese waltz to he "Suzy-Q." are due for a comeback. All of these pinions were gleaned from an authentic interview with he well-known orchestra leader. Will Osborne

Osborne organized his orchestra at the ending of the zzzera and soared to fame with the advent of sweet nusic bands. At the time of the debut of the American rooners, Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee became rivals ecause each claimed to be the first crooner. Now Osborne's orchestra plays "slide music," an effect reated by three trombones sliding from one note to nother, which is so different it is the only musical ffect known to be patented by the government.

Concerning the passing of swing, says Maestro

"Swing music has reached its pinnacle. Not long ago I played a waltz, the younger set would walk off the floor. Now they ask for waltzes. Like ragtime and jazz before it, swing was bound to fade-out sooner or later for another style. But the death of swing has been hastened by too much publicity. Today, every one knows the technique, the style, and the identifications of the bands as well as we do. They know who plays the trumpet for this orchestra and the drums for another. A few pioneers in a new field of music, probably sweet again, are the only things needed now to sound the death note."

#### TIME

#### IEROME KOLKER

Time, Oh why must you pass so fast? Can you not wait for just a while For one who doesn't like a change?

Oh why are you going away? Time, where are you going so fast? Have you no regard for me today?

Time, why don't you stop your onward rush For men to cease their wearing life, For all to pause and rest and think?

# JPORTJ



JEROME KOLKER

The reach for serves, the sizzling ace, The starter's gun, the hard, fast pace, The whip of arms, the batters' raps, The swish of clubs, (those blasted traps), The stretch of bows, the arrows' hum All these are signs that Spring has come.

YES, SPRING has come, and our attention turns toward our vernal spotts' program. Baseball, track, tennis, and archery . . . cach demands its place in our newly enlarged program. This year's baseball team threatens to steal the show, for Coach Minnegan potentially has a good team. By that I mean a team good enough to upset any other in the Maryland Collegiate League. Armed with a trio of good pitchers (Cox, Dorn, and Clopper) and an experienced "murderer's row" (Lauenstein, Dorn, Cernik, and Cox), the team should be heard of with glowing reports.

Someone might question my optimism in regard to the team, pointing out that our team's progress to date has not been a too pleasing one. There are many reasons for this, and they are NOT alibis. Coach Minnegan has been shifting players, changing the batting order, trying out rookie pitchers, giving all a chance, in short, trying to find his best combination for the competition which will shortly follow. The team look good; their chances for a successful season are also good. They will do their best to win. You do your part by coming out and cheering them on.

Because the Tower Light is a monthly magazine, it is virtually impossible to give to the reader news which they have not heard before. By the time the May issue is distributed, the results of what has happened at the Penn Relays will be known to all, while at this time I am only able to tell who have been selected to make

the trip to Philadelphia. Bob Cox, Lou Cox, Charles Guertler, Henry Astrin, Ed Weiner and Jerry Kolker have been chosen. Of the group, Guertler, Astrin, and Weiner (all Sophomores) are newcomers to the squad. With two more years after the present one in which to run, these men along with Bob Cox—who has one more season after the present one—should form a team most worthy of representing our College.

For all who are interested, a complete description of how the men fared at the Penn Relays will be found in the June issue.

Our tennis team has truly been "a victim of circumstances". Not once to date have weather conditions and court conditions been favorable for play. Arrangements in scheduling have been made so that the courtmen can travel with the baseball team to the various colleges. Of course the schedule will not be as large as the one for baseball, but still it will allow the men to have more competition.

This is the second year that State Teachers College has considered tennis as a major sport, and while our team will not be the best in the State, much improvement is expected over last year's showing. Sol Snyder, Jimmy O'Connor, and Howard Stottlemyer are the returning veterans who will form the nucleus of this year's squad. Any predictions at this time as to the team's success for this season could only be a guess, and the writer does not wish to venture. Nevertheless, at this time, we can at least pray for the men to have conditions suitable for play.

For the past three years, perhaps more, there has been an argument raging at our College over the following question:

Is thinking necessary in sports?

One faction claims that thinking is not necessary in playing games, for the players perform the skills mechanically without thinking. The other group believes that thinking in sports is essential. The adherents of this latter group think it is necessary because of the many different situations arising at split second intervals which demand instantaneous thinking. The writer is not going to say with which group he is sympathetic, but instead is merely going to relate a brief anecdote

of an incident which occurred last season when our paseball team was playing Salisbury Teachers College it Salisbury. Let us see what light it throws upon the

With Towson leading 5 to 0 in the eighth inning, the rame looked "in the bag", Salisbury had a runner on hird base; but just the same, there were two outs, Sam Clopper, our pitcher, was breezing along having alowed only a pair of hits. Charley Rembold, our catcher, was handling Clopper well. Everything was screne. Note: The psychological conditions were as nearly controlled as possible at a ball game.) Clopper took his stretch and hurled the ball toward the plate. The pitch was wide and called a ball. Suddenly, someone from the Salisbury bench yelled, "Let me see that ball", and held his hands out appropriately. Rembold, without thinking, threw the ball. Quick as a flash the runner on third base darted home to score Salisbury's lone run, ruining a shutout for our pitcher.

This incident has not been elucidated for the purpose of punishing Charley Rembold; in fact, it is being published with his permission. It is merely an attempt to furnish evidence which might help to settle this

prolonged feud.

### The Dawn of Our National Sport

LILLIAN CONNALLY

'BATTER-UP!'' calls the ump and another game of baseball is under way. The packed, shouting crowd probably have never realized how old the national game eally is.

Baseball is a truly primitive game presented in a nodern form. It is interesting to note the various addiions and subtractions of different centuries which toaled have given us the sum of present day baseball,

From early records, we find that the game was a avored form of ancient recreation. Frequent references vere made to it by Greek and Roman writers. From a nuseum in Great Britain comes another proof of its being an early game—a ball, thirty centuries old, used in he Nile Valley, appearing as the wretched forebearer of the modern baseball. Since these primitive days, nankind has learned much about the artifice of the grand sport.

In the early 19th century, American youth of the Eastern States played a game called English "rounders" or town ball. This was neither planned nor skillfully played, but was found to furnish considerable excitenent. A stout paddle with a blade and dressed handle erved as the bat, while the ball was apt to be composed of a bullet, piece of cork, or a metal slug wound tightly vith varn and stitched on the surface. Many other games developed from "rounders".

Barn ball was the next game to appear. Two boys participated—as batter and pitcher. The bat was a stick or an old axe handle. One boy pitched the ball against he barn for the other to hit, upon its return. If the atter missed the ball, he was forced to surrender the at to the pitcher. If, however, he struck it, he tried to core by running to and touching the barn and reurning to his former position before the pitcher could ecover the ball. Hence from barn ball came the fundamentals of baseball: the pitcher, batter, base hit, and

Later came the games of the "old-cat stage"--"oneold-cat," "two-old-cat," "three-old-cat," and "four-oldcat." More players and bases were added in each of these games. On the square field of "four-old-cat," one of the most important developments in baseball took place; the system of competition was introduced to make the game more exciting and interesting. The players were divided into two groups which competed against each other. The team at bat scored runs until each player was put out in turn, then they yielded to the opposing side. The team with the highest score naturally was the victor.

Now that competition held full sway with both fans and players, clubs automatically began to develop. The first known club of the national game in this country was the Knickerbocker Club of New York, An important contribution of this club was the publication of a drafted code of rules in 1845, including the elimination of players to nine, and standards for uniforms. Strange as it seems, the uniforms of the Knickerbockers consisted of blue trousers, white shirts, and straw hats! Later in the 70's and 80's, both amateur and professional clubs sprang up with ever increasing rapidity. Today baseball has a strong hold upon men and boys of America.

Some years have elapsed since baseball made its debut into the world. It was kindly welcomed in ancient times and continues to be. "Indeed, it seems that baseball and America met at an early age and grew up together," says one author. Whatever the future of the game may be, there is no likelihood of its ever becoming unpopular. Listen to the slapping down of bills and jingling of silver at the (Continued on Page 30)

# **College Night**

OPENING and closing with a bang, the annual College Night was a huge success. With a large crowd of enthusiastic students on hand, the Seniors and Freshmen literally stole the show.

The Seniors presented a one-act play. The Wedding, by John Kirkpatrick. The leading players were very forceful in their portrayal of a nervous couple before the wedding. A glance back to the Gay Nineties was given by the Freshmen. The scene was the Diamond Horseshoe Cabaret in the gay old town of New York. The feature of the program was the dancing of the Can

Can by six French girls imported from Paris for the occasion. The Juniors presented an amateur show, which lived up to its name; while a burlesque of progressive education was given by the Sophomores.

After each performance, the classes came forward to sing their class songs. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the audience was led by Norris Weis in singing school songs.

Refreshments were available and for the rest of the evening the crowd danced to the strains of the Southernites, who feature one of our own students, Bill Kahn,

# **Progress in The Student Council**

BETTY STEUART

WHEN WE glance back on 1939, and the past four months of 1940, we can say, "The Student Council has done a good job." We wanted badminton and WE GOT IT; we wanted a new ping pong table and WE GOT IT; the men wanted permission to wear sweaters and THEY GOT IT. All the possible requests were granted.

Besides increasing and improving the recreational facilities of the college, many other changes were in augurated. The chairman of the Athletic Association and the chief marshal were added to the executive committee; the handbook was revised, a ways and means committee was established to aid in unifying the clubs; a student council was formed to arrange

assemblies; a dance code was written; a dress code for men was propounded; the social committee was enlarged by the addition of a social chairman for each class, thus unifying them; the Christmas entertainment was directed by a student committee with the help of Mr. Miller; and Play Day, elections, and May Day were sponsored and directed by the Student Council.

In view of the information presented, I would say that the Student Council had gone far toward achieving its goal, which is to have all student activities connected with the general council. Much credit for this progress is due Eleanor Williamson, president; Mr. Moser, faculty adviser; and Dr. Lynch, assistant faculty adviser.

Let us hope that the rest of 1940 and 1941 will find us as successful or even more successful!

# **Progress for One Only**

(Continued from Page 10) limousine for Mom. THEY had caused that and THEY had paid. Curiously, he wasn't afraid anymore. He knew he had been hit, but it didn't hurt.

When finally someone threw shovels of dirt over him and placed the enemy's helmet on a stick over his head, he decided to rise and see what had taken place in the world. He found others like himself, many of them, who had all had the same experience and had

decided to cling together. Ever since they have wandered on the face of the earth. Now they are in Europe, working for peace. John has found himself; he has changed—it's his business now; he understands so much: he has progressed so far. Perhaps he can help the world find itself and progress towards a civilization that doesn't call men between the ages of twenty and thirty-eight and men with families to the battlefield.

# College Calendar

April 1, 1940 -

Miss Ethel Einstein, who helps tourists plan their ravels, related her experiences during her recent trip o South America. Miss Einstein traveled southward dong the eastern coast by boat, and northward along he western coast by plane. Her technicolor movies idded much life to the wealth of experience.

At Barbados she took pictures of dark-skinned men and women diving for coins in the harbor, Near Bar-

ent of using eighteen oxen for one plow. There were vindmills and sugar plantations too, Jasmine and the carlet flamboya made beauty along the countryside. In Rio de Janciro one saw a great South American netropolis. The schools were open to all peoples. The ace-track likewise had a prominent place in the inerests of the inhabitants of Rio de Janciro; the jockey lub donates a great deal of money for schools and for harity. Near the city there is an extensive snake farm hat supplies reptiles for medicinal purposes. Rio de aneiro uses many automobiles, of which over ninety

ados farming appeared to have progressed to the ex-

Santos, the coffee-shipping center, is a very pleasant ity. Its convenient modern hotels are quite famed. In New Year's Eve one hotel received sixty-five thou-

and orchids.

ercent are imported.

Beautifully planned and somewhat resembling our wn Washington is the city of Buenos Aires. A striking ifference between the two cities exists relative to the abits of women. In Buenos Aires the women arise t noon, At four o'clock they go downtown to have heir tea in the streets and at such times all traffic either stopped or diverted for the continuance of his ancient custom.

At Santiago, Miss Einstein photographed dances and mgs by the Incas. Next she pictured Valparaiso and fiva del Mar, the aristocratic suburb of Valparaiso. From the plane Miss Einstein took some very imressive pictures of the snow-capped Andes. Miss Einein's story not only lured the traveler; it challenged to photographer.

#### pril 8, 1940 -

It is said that new blood in a family strain is a very eneficial thing. Biologically speaking, we believe this true, but intellectually speaking, we know it is true, vidence was very forcefully given us at the beginning the new term by Mr. Miller, a part of our "new lood", when he spoke on "Poetry in Education."

To understand the place poetry has in education, we must agree upon the meaning of education. Does our idea confine itself to the progressive or does it still cling to the traditional? There is much to be said for progressive education, and yet it seems that in "progressing" we have neglected many of the fine tried and true principles which constitute traditional learning.

The basic concepts in the modern school are freedom, student interest, activities, and a new idea which has

arisen; progress in democracy.

"Teaching is an art, and as such is practiced always, not five days of the week for thirty-six weeks out of a given year. The schools need the best, not the average persons as teachers. Stupidity flourishes where education fails."

Great poetry is a challenge to our minds. Many students are unable to meet the challenge. Some of the difficulties which the study of poetry presents to the teacher are: One can teach how to read poetry not how to appreciate it. The time allotments are insufficient to give poetry a chance in the overcrowded educational field; objective tests of appreciation have not yet been devised.

Americans always look for a moral in poetry. If it cannot be found in the poem, then they look to the poet for the moral. Consequently, when a good poem is written we seem to be influenced by the man who wrote it. To quote, "We must prefer a good poem by a bad man, to a bad poem by a good man."

Poetry is peculiar in that it rarely means what it says; but perhaps is not so peculiar after all, since humans are prone to camouflage their meanings. It may be interpreted by moods, attitudes, intentions, and is a fusion of the intellect and emotions. Because it is an art, and knows no bounds, poetry deserves more than its place as the step-child of Education.

### Monday, April 15, 1940 ---

Have you ever had a secret desire to invent one of those intricate little devices that would revolutionize the world? Most of us, it is safe to say, have had the desire but few have ever passed the pipe-dream stage. However, we were able to obtain an authentic inventor, Mr. A. K. Van Tine, creator of a real, tangible lie detector. His rather lengthy introduction to his actual topic displayed a thorough understanding of the human emotions which undoubtedly justifies his position as a member of the Psychology Department of the Drexel Institute of Technology. (Continued on Page 24)

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CHARLES LEEF

Voltaire. By Alfred Noyes. New York. Sheed and Ward. 1936. 643 pages.

THE READING of Tess of the D'Urbervilles for a report 1 considered both profitable and enjoyable; the reading of the volume which is the subject of this report was a task. After having read an hundred pages or so, it was apparent that my choice of books for review had not been wise; but to have suspended the reading to choose another book would have been to miss an opportunity to make a really critical review, which I feel issues too seldom from the professional reviewers.

It is not easy to account for the book's failure to interest me. The author is famous for his poetry, and his apologia "The Unknown God," is said to rank with some of the corresponding writings of Cardinal Newman. The formal aspect of the technique is without fault. Yet the biographical study fails to present to me the man Voltaire and his times. There is an elaborate attempt at scholarship and careful research, but the subject remains almost an undistinguished stranger.

It is my opinion that the flatness of the book results from several imperfections. The style of the author is not well adapted to the life, the character, and the spirit of the subject; the book does not present the "whole man," but emphasizes certain aspects of his life and works that happen to be of especial concern to the author; and Voltaire is not presented as a product of his times, because the background against which he moved is only suggested, and is not given the emphasis and detail of presentation which it requires.

If this were the biography of, say, Charles Lamb, whose light elegance at times borders on the insipid, the style that Noyes has employed here would be satisfactory; but to portray Voltaire, whose breath is as a refiner's fire, it is hopelessly inadequate. The cause of its flatness is the same general cause that leaves the pictorial arts without interest. There are no significant lines, no sharply-etched characteristic lines, no points of emphasis. Pages after pages are written matter-of-factly, with no apparent recognition of the spirit of the great man they are supposed to portray.

As a poet and Catholic apologist, Noyes might naturally be interested in Voltaire primarily as a poet, and as an agnostic (or deist). As a matter of fact, he devotes a disproportionately great amount of the writing to discussions of Voltaire's poetry, and throughout the book



he belabors the point that Voltaire was not really irreligious. I believe that Voltaire is remembered today, not for his poetry and poetic dramas, but for his critical essays, particularly those embodied in the ten volumes of the Dictionaire Philosophique, and his novels Candide and Zadig. As to his irreligion, there can be no legitimate accusation of atheism. These charges come from those who have not bothered to learn Voltaire's views from his works, but have uncritically adopted the misinterpretations of sources far removed. No matter what are the special interests of a biographer, I do not believe that he may presume to bias his portrayal of man toward these interests so that it becomes little more than a polemic.

Voltaire, generous and magnanimous spirit that he was, was subject in one degree or another, to the vices and follies of his age. Indeed, he is one of the truly representative men of his times. His education was influenced by the emphasis on classical studies prevalent at the time, and he reflected most skillfully and effectively the skepticism and spirit of Enlightenment which had influenced the intellectuals. He was an ardent pro tagonist of the critical philosophy of John Locke; his ideas were tempered by the rationalism which had been given such an impetus by the scientific works of Galileo and Newton; and he was attracted toward liberalism to a degree which affected the government of England. All of these factors in Voltaire's intellectual development are left underemphasized and unex panded. It may be that as a poet with an interest pre dominantly in poetry, the author is not able to appre ciate their importance to his subject; but whatever the reason he has certainly not done them justice.

Since there is no really adequate biography of Vol taire available in English it is difficult to compare thi book to a better one. There is an all-too-brief chapter or Voltaire in the Story of Philosophy by Mr. Will Durant, 1 philosopher. Even with its brevity it does not fail to give an intensive sketch of Voltaire and the factors which influenced his life and thought. The urbane style of the French biographer, M. Andre Maurois, would be wholly adequate, I believe, to a satisfactory representation of Voltaire. Until now, M. Maurois has written of men of letters; whether he has the perpective in philosophy to write about a philosopher I do not know. With all due respect to both, I do not believe that he could do worse than Mr. Noyes has done in the writing of this book.

#### WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

AUDREY HORNER

Mantle, Burns: "The Best Plays of 1938-39 and the Yearbook of the Drama in America." New York, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1939. 545 pages. 83.00.

Once a year, since the season of 1919-20, Burns Mantle has issued his well-edited yearbook of the drama n America. An outstanding feature of this year's series the condensation of the ten best plays of the preceding year. Mr. Mantle presents the plays in the form of a continuous story, reproducing the highspots in the tetual dialogue.

In the introduction to his current book, the author joints out that the trend in the theatre during this ast season was largely patriotic, in so far as several of the important dramas took on a political coloring. The Robert Sherwood "Abe Lincoln in Illinois", the Maxwell Anderson "Knickerbocker Holiday", the Elmer Rice "American Landscape", and the George Kaufman-Moss Hart "The American Way" are popular dramatic successes that exemplify this trend.

Besides summarizing the best plays, Burns Mantle urveys the theatrical season in New York, in Chicago, n San Francisco, and in Southern California. He also neludes in his volume a wealth of valuable data for myone interested in the theatre. A complete list of he plays produced in New York in 1938-39, the full asts for each production, the number of performances given, and the date on which each play opened contitute but a small fraction of the valuable information provided in the vearbook.

To you playgoers who want to keep up with Broadvay's triumphs and failures, I recommend "The Best Plays of 1938-39."

> Mary had a little lamp, It was well trained, no doubt; Cause every time that John came in That little lamp went out.

# Anne Arundel Alumni Unit Meeting

THE Anne Arundel County Alumni Unit held its spring meeting Monday, April 22, at 8:30 P. M. in the library of the Germantown School, near Annapolis. Miss Eleanor Brice, the principal of the school, welcomed the members and guests most cordially. Mr. Don Swann, Jr., of Baltimore, was the guest speaker and talked interestingly on the "Colonial and Historic Homes of Maryland"; besides, he showed copies of the 100 original etchings of these homes, made by his father, Don Swann, Sr., a well-known artist of Baltimore. He also told of the Hilltop Theatre, of Ellicott City, which is being successfully run by a cooperative group of young players. Among the guests of the Unit were representatives of the general Alumni Association, and friends of the College. Dr. Wiedefeld was not able to be present, but sent a stimulating message,

A business meeting followed the talk. The most important matters taken up were: the announcement that the money pledged for the Seventy-fifth Celebration of the Founding of the College, was being collected and would be presented on June 8, Alumni Day; the announcement was made that contributions from individuals present amounting to a considerable sum had been received for the Hammond-Harwood Fund. The present officers of the unit were reelected for a second term. The meeting closed with refreshments and a social hour in the cafeterna. Mr. Hammond Cantwell, president, president, president.

A pleasant surprise was injected into the meeting by the announcement of a gift of twelve etchings from the Hammond-Harwood Home, by Don Swann, Jr., in the name of his father. These etchings are to be sold for the benefit of the Fund being raised by patriotic Marylanders to save the Home from public sale. It is interesting to know that this Home is recognized by the American Society of Architects as having the finest colonial doorway in America.

The Baltimore City Branch of the Alumni Association will hold its spring meeting in The Glen on May 25. The program will include games, a business meeting, and supper.

A woman and a car are much alike—a good paint job conceals the years, but the lines tell the story.

The most important question today is not "What is the world coming to," but "When?"

# SO WHAT

LEE McCarriar

NOW THAT Yours Truly has returned from Student Teaching (Weis calls it the Great Outdoors but I wonder if he ever went student teaching) here comes another of those columns full of things about you and you. Unless I am mistaken, one of the editors will make this column unless he censors it.

This being the Junior issue, the Juniors should be the topic of conversation. With two of our best subjects gone from school and with Johnny Shock and Bob Cox behaving themselves, there isn't much to say. But here goes:—

- I. A professor asked Jimmy Jett when he was born. Jim answered, "April 2," and the prof countered with: "Late again!"
- 2. Ask Marie Parr how films are developed in an automobile.
- 3. The other day at a ball game, one of the freshmen girls watching the writer pitch, remarked: "Isn't he a fine pitcher: he always hits their bats, no matter where they hold them. (Ed. Note: That's no joke!)
- Why wouldn't the above mentioned editor print in the Tower Lient the picture taken of himself and a certain young lady sitting in the hall. That was a Gross mistake. Charles!
- (Ed. Note—Because the picture did not comply with our standards of clarity and precision.)
- 5. The night of the Glee Club concert, two of the S. T. C. men got more attention than the performers. All they did was to close the windows.
- 6. The same evening, why couldn't M. S. and C. H. see Kathleen! Someday you'll grow up, boys. A few things to think about:
- I. After the fine turnout and the good time had by all at College Night, this column can go on record as being definitely in favor of more of the same. P. S. If we have another, I promise not to tell any more of those awful puns. Those puns were so terrible that they kept me awake all night with indigestion.
- 2. Let's have more of Johnny Horst's orchestra. In the very humble opinion of this writer, they have it all over most of the big-name bands in the city.
- 3. How do you like Student Teaching, Dave Hess? Causes a lot of Heck, doesn't it? \*
  - \* Ed. Note: Should this read a loss of Heck?
  - \*\* Oh, what the Heck's the difference.

4. A freshman, asked to define a circle, gave the following answer: "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

By the way, what was it that Miss Weyforth said that almost broke the lie-detector machine? Love conquers all.

Who is this guy: Yehndi?

At College Night, Mickey Sharrow was dancing with a girl who couldn't be Nizer, to the tune of "Tuxedo Junction." In the middle of the song, they stopped dancing. When asked why, Mickey said, "This is one of the junctions."

Ouotes from the faculty:

Miss Birdsong: "Right now I have five boys on my mind . . . all in college."

Mr. Moser: "Have you ever reduced, Miss ———?"

Have her parents changed their minds about boys, Norris, or was Western Maryland having its spring vacation?

What kind of a blowout did you have on the road, Agnes? You and your class are getting plenty of publicity now, are they not?

And so until next month, when Norris Weis will write his last column (at last), Yours Truly and Yehudi say: "So long and So What!"

### College Calendar

(Continued from Page 21)

The obvious curiosity of the audience was soon satisfied when Mr. Van Tine explained the peculiar appartus set up in our auditorium. On a table on the stage immediately before the curtain was the lie detector. An exact reproduction of the reaction of the indicator was projected upon the screen from the center of the floor. Using four of our own students he performed an unusually convincing experiment while the audience witnessed the responses of the recording apparatus as they were shown on the screen. A lie was in most cases immediately discernible.

The extensive use of this instrument was discussed at length with special mention given to its discovery, and its use in detecting a lie in the case of thefts, murders, assaults and other types of crimes. Although not legally accepted in some states it is considered by many others as the handmaid of justice.

# Why a Math Club?

Lydia Ziefle

WHAT IS a Math Club? What does a Math Club o?" Ever since this new organization was introduced to the program of college activities, many curious inividuals have casually asked, "What does a Math lub do?" When this new organization originated at was explained to the students, many of them rophesied very emphatically: "I'll wager that there on't be enough people in the institution to form ch a club, or even if there are, I'll wager that the lub won't last." To the surprise of many students and ven of faculty members, quite a number of people egan to show an interest in the newest organization f the college.

Supper meetings were planned in order to provide portunity for the students to become better acuainted with each other. Programs were planned to rovide interesting historical data which would furnish more complete mathematical background for the cacher, to demonstrate new processes and to provide 1 opportunity for working problems. During one of the meetings the abacus was studied and explained. A todel was built by some of the students, and problems cressolved by the use of the abacus. At the last meeting a "Professor Quiz" program was held in which uestions were asked pertaining to the understanding and meaning of concepts and the applications of these teanings. Here is an example of one of the questions. In you answer it correctly?

The words "pay to the order of" on a check have to o with:

- (a) the validity of the check
- (b) endorsement of the check
- (c) negotiability of the check

Solving problems for pleasure has always been fasciating to those who are interested in mathematics. A rit of each program is devoted to solving problems hich have previously been given to the members. The roblems are sent to each about one week before the recting so as to give the members time to solve, or atmpt to solve, each one. Try this at your leisure:

Three brothers divided four apples among themlves so that one had no more than the other, and x, no apple was divided. Explain how this was possible, he solution:

The first took two apples and each of the others took ic. Then one had no more than the others, although it first had more than either of the others.

The problems form only one part of the newspaper which is sent to each member of the club. This paper gives a brief summary of the previous meeting, an account of the plan for future meeting, besides any news that would be of particular interest to the members.

If one of your friends is a member of the club, I am sure that he will tell you that he really enjoys it. Ask him to explain anything about the club in which you are interested. Don't label your friend queer, just remember that he knows, "mathematics can be fun."

Girl-You remind me of the beautiful moon.

Boy-What do you mean?

Girl-Kinda bright, but not so hot.

Soph.—There's a certain reason why I love you.

Girl-My goodness!

Soph.—Don't be ridiculous.

"What kind of soup are they serving at the C. P. O's mess?"

"Windmill soup."

"Windmill soup?"

"Sure, if it goes around, you'll get some."

She was wearing a Biblical gown—you know, sort of Lo and Behold.

She—I shall never forget how foolish you looked when you proposed to me.

He—It was nothing to how foolish I really was.

### TRY THIS

If a Hottentot tutor taught a Hottentot tot to talk cre the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot to be taught to say aught of what ought or ought not to be taught her? If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, ought the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

### WHAT IS MAN?

Man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he see others do.

-Thomas Jefferson



"IN THE spring a young co-ed's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—clothes!" Apologies for the misquoted quotation above, but clothes seem to be the main problem in the minds of our S. T. C. students. What to wear?—now that winter's snowy blasts have departed and summer's balmy breezes have not yet arrived. Spring is rather an in-between season when it comes to that all-important question: "What shall I wear?" Here are just a few suggestions that seem to have been pretty well accepted as favorites for this spring.

Let's talk about the girls' outfits first:

It seems that the college girl is to be a "Rhapsody in Blue." Navy, aqua, royal, copen . . . any shade just so the color is blue. Different hues of this color are being combined in outfits with touches of red or green for contrast.

Coming in a close second to blue is black. Black with touches of white is really quite smart and helps give that "sophisticated look" to girls. Those black fitted coats with white collars and cuffs are very popular,

Pastels are holding their place again this year. Reefers with hats to match are most attractive. Pink and blue stripes or checks are all the rage.

In footwear, "wedgies" are definitely milady's choice. These shoes come in all styles and range in color from black to multi-colored plaids.

Hats are as crazy as they were last season only they are a trifle larger. Veils are very much in demand.

There is really much more to tell, but note! The boys have been completely forgotten, and we must noverlook the men!

Yes, boys, spring influences your apparel, too. While the girls' theme is "Rhapsody in Blue," the boys change the tune and have as their theme "Th Wearing of the Green." This includes all shades a green. Blues and tans seem to rate second with the med lere is a little tip, boys—there is no better way t make the feminine heart flutter than to appear in on

of those smooth-looking tan gabardine suits.

Colored shirts are ascending in popularity. In fac
all boys' clothing is becoming as gay in color as that c
the fairer sex.

Hats are becoming quite cocky. Wider brims, colore bands, gay feathers, all add to monsieur's spring che peaux. Who knows—men, too, may be wearing vei by next spring. (Remember, girls, they vowed the would never wear green, too!!)

Raincoats are getting shorter by the hour. Have th men forgotten that their main purpose is protection (We mean the raincoats!)

Well, spring is here! We can tell by the flower the robins, and the showers. But so are the new fads an fashions shouting, "Spring is here."

# A MIRROR FOR Your Voice

VIRGINIA J. WHITE

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursels as ithers see us."

THIS WELL-KNOWN and much used quot tion from Robert Burns could very easily have its la line read: "To hear oursels as others hear us," withou losing its intended significance. Seeing one's self very important in helping to recognize defects in pe sonal appearance. These faults may take the form of physical defects which may sometimes be corrected with painstaking effort, and carelessness, which can be corrected more easily. Similarly, if everyone were able to hear himself as others hear him, he would hear herrors in speaking. Then he might take steps to ove come them. Sometimes individuals (unknown to then selves) have defective speech-patterns which, in time may be corrected. More often, it is the "sloppiness in speaking that is the chief difficulty.

We at Towson now have the good fortune of bein

TOWER LIGH

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ble to hear ourselves speak. A few weeks ago the Adinistration secured a machine capable of making reordings and reproducing the finished record. At present he machine is being used by the English department nder the direction of Miss Joslin to further the work oral English. The attempts made thus far have been ery successful. Formerly, the students knew of their nistakes only through the aid of their teachers and allow-students. The recording machine gives a much lore objective way of correcting errors in speaking. The student can hear them for himself, and by making subsequent recordings and listening to a series of records, can note his progress.

The value of such a machine for those interested in music is immediately apparent for the same reasons. This holds true for group-singing, solos, and orchestral work. Then too, for most of us, hearing our own voice is a surprising and exciting experience. The cost is low: less than forty cents for a six-inch record, and the record may be played as many as fifty times. If you are interested, make an appointment with Miss Joslin and really "hear how you sound."

# On Progress

Continued from Page 6) physiological principle that n empty stomach is a more urgent matter than an mpty brain. But this is only a fraction of the integral unction of education. For while it is true that educaon causes unrest, it is equally true that it has a definite piritual value that far overbalances any physical state of uman dissatisfaction it may inspire; in other words, rogress is entailed in spiritual, as well as material things. Such change takes form in the nature of appreciaons; not only in the most obvious category of aesthetics ut in a host of other manifestations as well, which evitably result as the product of increased underanding of the environment both immediate and renote. Still more significant is the added appreciation, a class all by itself, that considers spiritual wealth nore vital than material wealth. These understandings nd appreciations are concomitant appurtenances of ne material evidences of progress themselves. And it precisely this spiritual development of the human ice that makes life more meaningful for the average ian of today than it was for the most powerful tribal nieftain of forty centuries ago. For if physical happiess is relative, spiritual satisfaction is absolute and is etermined by the accumulative sum of appreciations at constitute one's personal makeup.

There are those who might facetiously rebut this oncept of educational worth with the idea that a arving person has no ambition to enlist his reserve f appreciations. The wisest course to take with this gument is not to dignify it by too much consideration, is true that the pangs of a destructive hunger are are prime consideration; the same holds for freezing, ut at any given time, the number of unfortunate inviduals who fall into these classes is insignificant and inmaterial as far as this discussion is concerned.

So far the use of the word "progress" has carried

with it its broader and more general meaning; that is, its relationship to the betterment of human life. There is, however, another more specific connotation of the word which should not be overlooked in a thorough consideration of progress. It is the use of the word as it applies to the various phases of the activity of men for their own sake, and not as it entails directly the progress of the race. Still the two are closely associated. The progress of the human race is determined by the more specific advancements that have been made in the realms of science, education, the arts, and other branches of life; and these in turn may theoretically be broken up into still more specific subdivisions and their respective achievements analyzed to measure the general human progress.

Advancement in all luman endeavor, however, does not contribute to general progress, because some activities themselves do not aim in that direction. Few will deny, for example, that the science and subsequent art of conducting warfare have advanced. This is progress—yes, but only in so far as conducting warfare is concerned. But since warfare is itself undesirable, its progress does not add to the true function for which real progress stands; rather it subtracts from it. The theoretical formula necessary to accurately determine the extent of general human progress at any specific time involves, therefore, the balancing of all positive or desirable progresses that have been made with those that are negative or unfavorable to the benefaction of mankind

### Information, Please

- "Know anything about cars?"
- "Been mixed up with 'em a bit."
- "Mechanic?"
- "No, pedestrian."

# **Just Rambling**

Rena Klein

IN THE spring a potential teacher turns to thoughts of prom-frocks, vacation, white shoes and socks, next year's job (for optimists only) and plenty of ice in a coca-cola. Conspicuous on the campus also at this time of the year is our friend Cernik, all equipped for his bird expedition into the South Glen. How are things these days, Jimmy—in the bag? And conspicuous on the dance floor is the absence of couples who are equipped for an astronomy lesson (to please Dr. West) as they stroll on the campus.

So spring is here and I'll wager that at this very moment Margie ('g' like in 'go') Wells is shaking the moth balls out of her perennial brown-and-white spectator pumps. Incidentally, the biggest question before the student council at the next meeting will be whether the student body should invest in white shoe polish or leave its shoes collectively and individually in the primeval state, untouched by civilization.

Have you noticed the arch the girls are putting in archery? Indeed, they are giving Dan Cupid a run for his money in more ways than one. It seems that the combination of archery and leap-year is quite detrimental to the boys' sense of security. Could it be that our girls' eyes have wandered from the target? But after all, who is to judge which is the target? Wuff said!

If I were L. L. L., I'd say, "My grey matter has been transformed into a seething turmoil of activity by attempts to introduce into this dissertation the annual terpsichorean event of the Junior Class. But alas, I have discovered that my endeavors are of no avail, for all I can find to say is, 'It was springy, you know.'"

After this, I think it is advisable to close, And so I leave you with the thought of the season—

"In the spring a young man's thoughts turn fancy."

# Crime and Punishment BY FREUD

(Continued from Page 12) and with this, sent a hard, heavy blow to my temple which knocked me down; I was asleep on the floor of Jimmy's (?) house for at least eighteen hours, when, at length:

## III. The Awakening

Everything vanished: the park bench, the nebulous hound, the beautiful Jimmy, the bald-headed MacLeish, the blinding white handerchief, the automobile, the house, and the vise-like hand. I was in my own bed, and I was shaking like that proverbial leaf which has nothing else to do but be compared to terrified humans. Under my pillows were still two volumes of poems by MacLeish, and on my dresser were still seven poems I had written in the MacLeish style, only that evening, to my regret.

I was sick; I was tired; I needed sleep. And so I went back to somebody's land of Nod till seven o'clock next morning when I woke to a new day, springy and shining with spring; green of the grass and birds' flights.

## IV. Epilogue

I dressed at seven, ate breakfast on an empty stomach till eight, and sat in the parlor chair in well-intended meditation till time would come to leave. I was going to do several things:

First I would return eight MacLeish volumes to the library and to individuals from whom I had borrowed them.

I would next ask the girl to whom I gave a poem called "Andy's Margin for Error," to give the thing back to me. She had one night suggested that I try not to melt on the way from her house homeward. The fact is, I did melt that night, and wrote a poem telling her about it, perhaps just as MacLeish would have written about a similar situation. It was doubtless this poem which had aroused his anger, and drawn down upor me his wrath.

I would ask for this poem back.

But it was spring: a delightful spring morning though Jimmy was prettier than this non-clusive friend on mine; and though MacLeish could write poetry which was much better than the verse I wrote to my non-clusive friend.

But it was spring.

A service garage on upper Broadway, New York City carries a large electric sign. "Seasonize Your Car."

(The Evening Sun)

# What College Did For Me

### MIRIAM KOLODNER

(Apologies to Robert Benchley, "The Early Worm")

## Things 1 learned:

### Freshman Year

- 1. That polygamy existed in many ancient tribes.
- That if you fight hard enough you may be able to wear anklets.
- That it is easier to buy a piano than to pitch on a pitch pipe.
- That you can leave home at 8:05 and have plenty of time to get ready for class in the morning.
- 5. That Mompiam's is a rather expensive eating place.
  6. That faculty reserves must be in at 9:00. (This
- 6. That faculty reserves must be in at 9:00. (This was a rather hard lesson to learn.)
- 7. That here there are no books in a browsing room.
- 8. That you can leave home 8:15 and still get there before Mr. Walther.
- That you don't have to worry about professionals yet.

## Sophomore Year

- That most girls were unaware until this time that they are sincerely interested in mathematics.
- That Dr. Crabtree's nephew is almost as smart as one's nephew . . . quite remarkable.
- 3. That the Romans clasped their tunics on the right side. (Or maybe it was the left.)
- 4. That you can leave home at 8:10 and get to school at two minutes to nine . . . (Why waste the time before a class chattering . . . pardon me, chatting.)
- That 100 questions must be given in a good truefalse test.
- That sleep is not necessary to existence . . . it is merely necessary to living. (Learned while student teaching.)
- That nine weeks can seem like nine years . . . therefore time is relative and I'm another person who understand's Einstein's theory.
- 8. That one does not come late during student teaching—that one leaves home at 7:30.
- That the Arundel has the best recordings, and therefore, is better than Momjiam's.

### Iunior Year

 That cure for insommia is History of Ed. by Monroe . . . it's guaranteed to give you sleep . . . plus nightmares.

- That you can pass courses without ever using a faculty reserve (all those quarters wasted. . . . ).
- 3. That the worry you did not use in the first year worrying about professionals can be added to the worry you worry this year in one lump sum and produce gray hairs overnight instead of over a gradual period of two years.
- 4. That objective tests are easily marked and are therefore of great value.
- That any teacher who calls a rock or mineral a stone has not had Dr. West's course.
- That one may leave the house at 8:15 and get to school at two AFTER nine . . . if you train your instructors right.
- 7. That gum may be purchased in Richmond Hall.
- That the Smoking Room has better discussions on current topics and problems than the Open Forum . . . (more comprehensive, too).

"The foregoing outline of my education is true enough in its way and is what people like to think about a college course. It has become quite the cynical thing to admit langhingly that college did no one good. It is part of the American credo that all the college stuent learns is to make dates and to dance. I had to write something like that to satisfy the editors. As a matter of fact—I learned a great deal in college and have those four years to thank for whatever I know today.

"The above note was written to satisfy my instructors and financial backers who may read this. As a matter of fact, the original outline is true, and I had to look up that data about the Roman garment."

### COUNSEL

## Doris Klank

Sometimes life is so complicated I don't know what to do; But it seems when I'm in doubt I can always come to You.

You will tell me how to turn And You will show the way I'm thankful that I have a friend To guide me every day.

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People with

Discriminating Tastes Prefer

Esskay Quality MEAT PRODUCTS

# ~~ SPORTS~~

(Continued from Page 19) ticket booths; listen to the crunching of peanuts and crackling of popcorn by the enthusiastic fans; listen to the many radios booming out game accounts into myriad homes and you'll probably agree with me that the game has a very secure future.

I have followed the game through from beginning to end and it is now strike three on the last batter.

thus completing the game.

# BONERS MATHDA WOLPERT

HAVE YOU a sense of humor? Yes? For goodness' sakes, hold on to it; it's precious. It will work miracles for you in the profession you have chosen. It will change forty different children into forty different personalities; it will transform a routine day into untold possibilities; it will make your work more pleasant. Have you a sense of humor? What? You don't know! Well, here's a test for you. These are examples of what you may expect to come across in any normal teaching day. The following boners were collected from the remarks of one class of forty children during one term of student-teaching, Funny? I think so. How's your "sensayuma?"

Teacher: Class, do vou know what I mean by a fort? Regina: Yes'm; it's an old car.

Teacher: Who can use the word mate in a good sentence?

Anne: My mother has a mate to help her with her housework.

Teacher: Do you know of any other words that begin like twelve?

Aline: Twine,

Teacher: Good! Can you use the word in a sentence? Aline: I have a twine-colored coat.

Teacher: Which would vou rather have: 1-5 of a pie, 1-3 of a pie, or 1-2 a pie?

Kenneth: One-fifth; I don't like pie.

Teacher: What small word do you see in wiggle? Child: lggle.

Teacher: What is an iggle?

Child: A big bird that flies around.

Teacher: What is meant by the word cable? Child: A cable is something von find around a milk

bottle that tells you what company made it.

# HUMOR

## KATHERINE JACOB

Secretary Hull has sound reasons for refusing to recgnize Japan's puppet, Wang, as head of the Nanking overnment. The United States can tolerate no comsetition with Charley McCarthy.

—The New Yorker

A slight change has been made in the economy program, Congressmen have stopped saving money and tarted saving their jobs.

-The New Yorker

Professor's daughter: "Circumstances compel me to lecline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources."

Student: "Er-I don't get vou . . . "

Professor's daughter: "That's just what I'm telling you!"

He: "I wish you would quit driving from the back seat."

She: "I will when you quit cooking from the diningroom table."

The long outstanding accounts of the firm were being paid with amazing promptness, which aroused the curiosity of the head of the organization. "How do you do it?" he asked the young man responsible for the change.

"I just recall parts of letters I sent Dad while I was at college," he explained.

—The Rotarian

Bobby to his little brother: "I must share this cake with you—I will give you the nice dainty little piece and take this ugly big piece myself."

Judge: "Madam, do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Witness: "Well, my husband is a golfer and my son drives a second-hand flivver."

—The Rotarian

"Here, waiter!" exploded the diner, "There's a fly in my soup!"

"Al-l-l-h," said the waiter, examining the soup,
"M'sieur ees mistaken; zat in ze soup ees not a fly:
it ees a vitamin bee!"

—The Howling Ute

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## On Our Own

BARBARA HAILE and MARTHA SCHNEBLY

ABOUT A month ago in New York, we, two total strangers to that city, were walking down Broadway when we fell upon a scheme that took us to an opposite section of town. We didn't know anymore about New York than you do and yet we survived to tell our tale,

In the corner drugstore, the first information was gained from a telephone book and by the help of a New Yorker.

"Sure, I know where it is," he said, "As you go out the door, turn to the right and use the subway. You won't have any trouble. You'll see the place when you get there."

Feeling like conquerors of the universe we descended the steps to the subway. But once underground our puff of assurance was crushed in the bewilderment that followed. Such noise! People hurrying in and out, never pausing! Trains every few seconds followed by echoes of silence.

Reassurance returned after the woman at the change booth gave us directions as to the train to take. She failed to name the proper stop for us, but we didn't realize this until later when we were riding along comfortably. For amusement we followed our route on the subway map, and it was here we discovered that the street we wanted wasn't listed as a station. In great alarm we noticed that beyond the next two stops was You Will Be A Welcome Depositor In

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the tunnel that led to Coney Island. The meditations of a passenger were interrupted by us with the important question as to what station we should use. With suspense on our part, but definite amusement on his, he replied, "Past it? No, this is as close as you'll get to it."

The train had already stopped when we asked the question, so we made a dash for the doors before they should close on us.

After leaving the Rector Street Station, our fourth set of directions passed the test. We found the object of our search, Wall Street, the financial center of the world. Walking through a canyon of buildings, we came face to face with "It." After pausing to glory in our own ability, we confidently followed the signs that directed us to the Visitors' Gallery. And what luck! There was a reception committee of one who extended an invitation to us to join the tour that had just begun. Excellent miniature electrical devices and charts prepared us for what was to follow, Ushered out to the gallery, we lost ourselves in that which reminded us of the activity of a nest of disturbed ants combined with the noise of a factory going at full speed.

Oh, ves, Columbus discovered America, but so far as we are concerned, we discovered the Stock Exchange of New York.

Salesman: "This is the type of washing machine that pays for itself."

Prospect: "Fine! As soon as it has made the last payment send it out to my house."





# OF THE HOUR

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SENIOR ISSUE

June 1940

Cower Light





"FASTEST PLANE off the production line today!" That's how Homer Berry describes the Bell Airacobra, amazing new speed plane. He should know. This veteran speed test pilot started flying in 1913...started smoking Camels the same year. "No other cigarette ever gave me anything like the pleasure of a Camel," he says, "They burn slower, smoke milder and cooler. Camels don't irritate my throat and their full, rich flavor doesn't tire my taste. In 26 years, that slower burning has given me a lot of extra smoking." Before you take it for granted you're getting all the pleasure there is in a cigarette, try Camels. Enjoy the advantages of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

## TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY SAYS:

HIS SMOKING S-L-O-W!

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"No fast burning for me in my cigarette. I've smoked Camels ever since there have been any Camels. They burn slower and give me more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. 'I'd walk a mile for a slow-burning Came!!'"





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# TOWER LIGHT

No. 9

JUNE · 1940 Vol. XIII « »

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ALMA MATER

# Selling Fish or Ceaching School?

M. T. Wiedefeld

HE SHOULD be selling fish in the market, not aching school," said the parent of a little boy about the child's teacher.

"Such actions would not be excused in a ditch diger," said a student teacher of his colleague.

"The garbage collectors, the street sweepers are paid much salary as the beginning teachers," said an irate tizen when making a plea for increased salaries for achers.

"The teachers make no better appearance than servig maids," said the commandant of an army post when questing that improvements be made in the post shool.

The above statements concerning teachers are all true uotations from actual conversations. Not one is fictious and many more might be added. They are illusations of what is expected of teachers. They are not teant to reflect in any sense upon the occupations with hich teaching is contrasted.

When a trade becomes a profession and adds more information to its bodies of knowledge, when so objectives and its standards of achievement become fore and more clearly defined, when its implements and its procedures are being constantly evaluated and ested, then it must require more and more education or its candidates, and higher and higher standards for its nembers.

Making a direct application for immediate needs, the liscussion might be confined to three aspects of the ubject, approached through these questions:

1. Do you look like a professional person? "Who wants to?" is a logical response.

2. Do you act like a professional person? "Why should one?" comes back the answer.

3. Are you a professionally minded person? "What does that mean?" might be the reply

loes that mean?" might be the reply.

How should a professional person look? Like any other

other well-groomed person.

Some members of certain professions have earned for themselves characteristic features which label them.

We say, "He looks like an artist;" "He looks like a mu-

sician;" "He does not look like a doctor." An old lady on the hotel porch at an ocean resort once said to the writer, "Do you teach defectives? I know you are a teacher. I told my friends so when you walked into the dining room last night." When asked how she knew, she went on, "I can always tell widows and school teachers. The first appear so sophisticated, the latter seem so confident." That designation is a unique one. It does not imply the drabness, old-maidishness, eccentricity, which such a statement frequently conveys.

The well-groomed person does not affect the extreme and of rower by holding to an old or highly individual style, nor ultra-modern by following the latest and commonest in fashion. He is always particular about his appearance. A careless or hurried toilet, shoddy or inappropriate apparel, excessive use of cosmetics, odor of tobacco, shabby or unblackened shoes, uncreased and baggy trousers, have all, each and every one, been responsible for the failure of individuals to make good. (Continued on Page 13)



EXECUTIVE BOARD-STUDENT COUNCIL

# "Our Day"

SEVERAL days following the election of officers for 1940-41, I approached Allan O'Neill to congratulate him on the acquisition of his new office. Mr. O'Neill received the greeting with his usual modest blush, and then quizzically asked, "Say, what office do you hold next year?"

In June, 1939, I presented the platform of the Student Council. We present the following record as pledges kept:

- A democratic consideration has been given every problem. We have tried to realize that a working democracy is one with intelligent and decepthinking participants who ecoperate by sharing ideas, reaching a sane and satisfying goal for all.
- 2. There has definitely been increased participation in council activities. Although every student has not held the floor during discussion in general meetings, a large percentage have sent problems, requests, and suggestions to the executive board for committee investigation.
- 3. We have tried to make our council a student council. We have added responsibilities by uniting eollege activities such as Play Day, the Olde English Dinner, May Fete, and the handbook publication under council administration, thus giving us strength.

ELEANOR WILLIAMSON

We have stressed our student council but must allot much of our progress to our president, Dr. M. Theres: Wiedefeld, whom we all love and admire for her confidence and trust in the council of voung people.

There is a well-worn path leading to a door near the southern extremity of the college. Behind this door at the castern portion of the room sits another adviser. Here come not only questions of ratio and proportion, but social and administrative problems requiring immediate attention. From here go forth not only suggestions for mathematical improvement, but decisive notations or student actions calling for telescopic minds and winger feet. This is known in council slang as the "Harole Moser spur," the most effective stimulant for dilaton officers. At this time we wish to thank Mr. Moser for all the life and vigor that the council of 1939-40 has absorbed from him.

And now that "our day" has come to the restful twi light of the year, we look forward to an eventful yea for the student leaders of 1940-41.

To you, Betty Steuart, the president-eleet, I give intryour keeping: the constitution, which you have pledge to uphold; the gavel, which is the symbol of power; and rules of order, which represent democratic procedure.

# Summer Evening

Pearle Blood

THE western sky was bright with the sunset. Only the gentle slapping of the water on the stones, and the evening salute of the song sparrow broke the silence. Then the whir of a motor, and gay laughing voices came across the still air, as a crowd of young people scrambled down the bank toward the lake. The evening was soft and warm, the water smooth and inviting. With a joyous splash they waded in together. "O-o-oh, it's cold!" The first anticipation of delight changed to apprehension. The beautiful shining lake had become real, and — it was cold!

In the ruddy light there was no detail, only silhouettes against the sky and water. One slim trembling figure broke away from the others, and waded back toward the warm safety of the shore.

"Come on in! It's only cold at first. You'll get used to it!" Encouraging hands stretched out, and the timid figure started half-heartedly again. The others went on, crying out with pleasure or fright, as they ventured deeper into the cold water. The stones on the bottom hurt their feet. They were only little pebbles, but there were so many of them. Some of the group stumbled. One half-fell on a stone bigger than the rest. Another slipped off a smooth rock which offered a treacherous foothold. The deeper water gave a feeling of lightness and the stones on the bottom began to trouble them less. The voices became more confident, the movements more certain. With easy, sure strokes the figures reached out, trying their strength and endurance, seeking their depth. Presently they found broad flat rocks where they could rest and push off again with fresh vigor. Only the timid one still dabbled in fear, enjoying none of the exhilaration of trying the depths.

One, bolder than the rest, called, "Can you touch bottom? I can't. I'm going to swim to the sunset." In the growing half-light and the cold buoyancy of the



water, anything seemed possible. The crowd watched. "You'd better find the big rock," they shouted. "You're getting out too far." "Who wants a rock? I'm going to the sunset." The swimmer kept moving, but he made little progress. In his first impulsive spurt he had exhausted his energy, and now it took all his strength to keep afloat. The glow in the west was fading. Soon it would be hard to tell where the sun had been. With an effort he turned toward the shore.

As darkness closed in, the voices grew more subdued. The figures came quietly back to the beach; the dabbler who never found the courage to face the new and untried; the boaster who couldn't see his own limitations; the group who had explored the deep water from the solid rocks, testing their skill with different strokes, finding their power. In a few minutes they had gone, and the evening was still again.

But these were only gay young people looking for fun on a hot summer night. What could they have to do with us?

# Recipe for a Leader

NORMAN WILDE

AS EVERY good teacher knows, no lesson is complete until it has been analyzed by the teacher for the purpose of improving the technique of the next lesson. It is unfortunate that this plan which works so beautifully for a series of classroom situations which evolve under one leader, can seldom be utilized by student officers because the annual installation of new officers allows no chance for the old officer to rebuild.

Be that as it may, the leader of any organization must meet many requirements. Perhaps the greatest asset a leader can have is the ability to foresee events. It is most comforting for one to be able to enter any situation knowing that one is ready to meet it. Any club, group, or class aims to rank high in achievement, and the way to achieve is to "be prepared." A leader must realize that merely following tradition because it is the easiest way soon loses its lustre unless the tradition has become a ritual. Unless the originality and enthusiasm of the group is challenged, a lackadaisical attitude is likely to develop. A good leader must inject something new, something original into his guidance.

An efficient leader follows the desires of his group and plans to carry them out. Many times he can foresee the direction events will take, but occasionally he must uncover such wishes by consulting individuals. If there are no ideas, the leader himself must supply them, like the teacher who, through his motivation and bubbling energy, makes that which was formerly dormant blossom anew. But in carrying out the desire of his group, he comes face to face with personalities. If he is an idealist, he is in for a great shock; if a realist, he knows what to expect. Only experience will show him that he is dealing with a number of people who follow the normal curve at all times. There will be a few who indorse certain activities wholeheartedly; there will be a great many who are willing to do their share when asked; there will be the usual few who are never satisfied with anything done, and are seldom willing to help although they never neglect to state their dislikes. Here one's ability to be cool-headed is a great asset. In his desire for the success of his group the leader must "be able to turn his left cheek, then his right, and in turn give away his cloak" to those who cannot realize the situation they so selfishly create. Then, too, a way must be found to interest the entire group in its functions. Every person should have some integral part to play in the solving of the common problem. Only when everyone becomes a participating member of his small society can there be that enjoyment arising from active cooperation commonly called "class spirit."

Poor Richard said, "If you'd have it done, go; if not, send." This may be the best way to get things done well, but the good leader is he who can delegate responsibilities in such a way that they are willingly accepted and carried out as efficiently as if he had done them himself. The director must have an optimistic point of view. He must be the inspiring element, the cheerleader, who is able to instill in his followers the feeling that there is always a way to win. Only then will he have the pleasure of seeing his class work together wholeheartedly for the success of some project, even though some opposing force makes its achievement difficult. If his fellows work together as cogs in a machine; if he can truthfully say he guides a homogeneous group exemplifying the motto "In Union There Is Strength," then he may consider himself successful.

# To Our Senior President

TOOOD KOOOL MADON HOODS

The Senior Class wishes its readers to pause and join it in offering a tribute to its most faithful class president, Norman Wilde.

To you, Norman, a sincere student, a capable athlete, a faithful friend!

MINGTERNAL MINGTERNAL MINGTERNAL PAINT FRANK

May you find the satisfaction and enjoyment, which you so deservedly merit, in your chosen profession.

May you help students develop those same qualities which you have so thoroughly exemplified.



# Lida Lee Call

JAMES G. JETT

When in the West I saw the great sun wane, I thought on greatness as a part well-played. For great had been the day the sun had made, And great had been the growth in its demesne. What power was dealt to suns to thus ordain The hours that lie amidst the heavy shade? What matter, since the potent suns have stayed And since their benefits shall long remain?

So like the suns was her engagement here; And like a sunset, whose elaborate hue Retells the day — in richly-colored glass A window-story will review the sphere Of her influence, wherein children grew. The greatness of her labors shall not pass.



# SO YOU THINK YOU CAN

Miles Fearly Miles Fearly Miles Fearly Miles Fearly

THIS IS one of the first things that we as beginning teachers will have to master. That is as it should be, because unless a class is well disciplined the most beautifully prepared lesson will not be efficiently conducted. You may have heard that a person is born a good disciplinarian. I do not know how true that is, but I do know that a teacher must have a thorough understanding of, and insight into, human nature; she must have a certain basic philosophy of life which will enable her to stand aloof and view dispassionately yet understandingly her children's actions. A teacher must be reasonable in her requirements; she must be able to see what is best for her children.

There are certain fundamentals which everyone may acquire and which when used will reduce one's disciplinary problems to a minimum. First, children are great imitators and quickly imitate their teacher. A teacher who is quiet and composed in manner has a class which conducts itself in the same way. In no other place does a teacher have to be so careful about what she says, what she does, and how she looks as in a classroom. Outside she is with people of her own age who will

# Discipline

Adele Mitzel

interpret her actions, understand them, and sometimes discount them. But in a classroom she is a model — there to set the best example possible. She is a leader, a guide in developing the child's personality for "wholesome living."

Children are very sensitive and respond readily to their environment. That environment should reflect kindness, politeness, and consideration. I have known situations which would seemingly disprove such teacher action, but I feel it is the right way. Naturally, it takes time — the classic simile "Rome wasn't built in a day" applies aptly. It won't work in a day; it will not work in a month — but the important thing is that it will work, if the correct habits are consistently emphasized according to the psychological laws of habit formation.

There are other prerequisites to good discipline, however. You win or lose your class almost the first day you meet. That is the time to start setting up the standards you expect it to fulfill. Let the children feel that you will accept nothing but their best. Let them feel that you mean what you say. You get only what you demand, so demand their best. Make your standards high, yet attainable. When I say win your class the first day I do not mean you should be dictatorial or frighten them. You will, of course, be more adamant the first month at least than normally, until the class fully realizes exactly what vou expect and has become adjusted to your personality. Nevertheless, even that first month you do not have to superimpose your personality in such a way that you stunt the development of theirs. Keep in mind how you react to different teachers. It is not the teacher who frightens you, or the one who tries to subordinate your personality to hers, or the one who is inconsiderate, whom you respect, or for whom you will do your best work. It is precisely the same way with children, only more so. Because of your experience you can sometimes understand why a teacher has such a manner, but children cannot. They have not yet developed such insight. A teacher who is overbearing and unreasonable is often neither sure of herself, her subjects, nor her pupils.

It is also important that all materials be ready and at your fingertips. Such things as having your paper cut beforehand and all books and pictures ready make for a smooth-running class. There must be thorough preparation for each lesson. Furthermore, the teacher should be able to foresee and anticipate, as nearly as possible, what is going to happen in each class period and be prepared for it. She should always be many jumps ahead of her class. As college students you know what happens when a teacher has to look for some materials or not prepared. You turn around and talk to your neighbor although you have had double the years of training of your elementary school children. Finally, there should always be something for the child to do, and he should know how to go about doing it.

To sum up, if you use your authority wisely, adapt your personality to your group, and prepare conscientiously for your teaching, you should go a long way toward gaining the understanding and respect of your class; and there should be little need of your "disciplining" in the old sense of the term.

# Che Ideal Student

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

DAY IN and day out we hear individuals glibly referred to as "college students." Isn't this term a misnomer, at least in its ideal sense? To me the term is somewhat synonymous with the person whom Winifred Gordon has described as "one whose mind is alive to ideas; who is interested in politics, religion, science, history, literature; who knows enough to wish to know more, and to listen if he cannot talk; a person who is not at the mercy of a new book, leading article, or the chatter of an irresponsible outsider - a person who is not insular, narrow-minded, or contemptuous." As the old saving goes: "there is nothing right or wrong, but thinking makes it so." Whether this is, or is not, the definition of an ideal student, is purely an individual matter; yet if we accept it as being essentially ours, it may be wise for us all to consider how nearly we ourselves approach the extremely worthy, yet distantly attainable goal. How ideal a student is the person who:

- Feels that he has adequately completed all assignments when he has taken copious verbatim notes from one reference?
- Takes part in no club work because "he has no time" for such distracting influences, and sincerely

believes that the amount of time spent in study is the prime index of its worth?

- 3. "Cuts" all assemblies because they have fewer values than eating lunch, playing a game of pool or ping-pong, or hunching over a game of cards?
- 4. Confidentially informs other less-informed persons in the Men's Room that drastic reforms are necessary in certain clubs but hasn't considered that his arguments (carefully promulgated as they are certain to be) mcrit the immediate consideration of the group in question? Who casually suggests the "evils" of the group to his audience and "inadvertently" neglects to propose positive remedies?
- 5. Feels that intramural athletics cannot possibly measure up to intercollegiate athletics in their value, because the social implications of the latter far outweigh those of the former?
- 6. Doesn't bother to vote when election time comes, because he has work to do that period, and undoubtedly enough of his simple fellows will vote so that there will be no danger of his losing his right of franchise when he wishes to utilize it at some more convenient period?

- 7. Sits up until 1:00 A. M. studying for an examination and then informs his section members that he "has not cracked a book" when they ask him a a question before the test?
- Doesn't attend dances because it bores him to go through the receiving line, or because he doesn't like the crowd who attend, or because the bands are "corny"? . . . or

Who attends all dances because he wants to be judged in the eye of the faculty and his classmates,

a stalwart supporter of all dances?

Spends all his spare time either dancing in the foyer, conversing in the bookshop, or kibitzing at the games, because, after all, conversation is the best medium for sharpening the wits?

 Doesn't try out for any of the teams because there are more worthy "intellectual" activities which de-

serve his interest?

- 11. Smugly flaunts a 6.5 average in the faces of his classmates and explains the case of his accomplishment by a statement of the comparative simplicity of the courses here at the college as compared with those at Hopkins, Maryland, etc.?
- 12. Blandly asserts when a fellow does well in certain courses that it was "to be expected" because he "stood in" with the instructors?
- 13. Casually offers his services to an instructor under the guise of genuine interest in a course, when in reality he wishes to compensate for poor marks in the subject?
- 14. Seldom supports any evening performances given by student groups in the college because they are amateurish and would necessitate an entire trip back to college at night?

- 15. Unmeaningfully forgets to indicate quoted excepts in his term-paper, feeling that no matter how he might try he couldn't improve the words, so why not call them his own? After all, "God helps those who help themselves."
- 16. Rushes up to the library to get a half-dozen books on the same subject for a week? He cannot possibly use all of them for several days, yet if he should wait until he needs them perhaps he might be disappointed.
- Feels that because he has been taken into the honor society he is the epitome of a generous teachers college education and an insuperable teaching prospect? . . . or
  - Who consoles himself for not having been admitted to the honor society by declaring that members are not selected entirely on the basis of merit?
- 18. Resignedly remarks to his friends that he doesn't know how long he is going to be able to stand the college and asserts that the only thing which kept him from going to a "real" college was lack of money?
- 19. Condescendingly admits to underclassmen after his own trying days of student teaching are over that it is not at all difficult, and in fact a great deal simpler than taking courses in the college?
- Listlessly decides to keep all his complaints "under his hat" because expressing oneself only "gets him in Dutch?"

Let us lose no more time about the definition of the ideal student, but endeavor, ourselves, to be one. Somadera's statement may be of some encouragement: "There is nothing in this world which a resolute man who exerts himself cannot attain."

# From Chi Alpha Sigma to Kappa Delta Pi

IN THE Crystals, the yearbooks of prosperous, populous Normal School days, you will find three Greek etters under some of the individual pictures of graduates — X A E. In June Tower Licitus of "way back" you may find photographs of small groups labeled "The Honor Society — Chi Alpha Sigma." On the back pages of commencement programs as recent as those of last year you will find brief lists of names titled "Members of the Class of —— Elected to Chi Alpha Sigma."

But never again will there be such notations on any college program or publication. The honor society that has served the institution since 1925 has not died: it has merely surrendered its opportunities for growth.

Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity is responsible for the establishment, in February, 1940, of a chapter of Kappa Delta Pi at this college. The school honor society negotiated and paid for the installation of the national honor society chapter which, because of its high standards, cannot even admit that large group of faithful Chi Alpha Sigma members who did not receive degrees from this college. Having performed this unselfish act, the school honor society must now always be overshadowed by its nationally recognized successor that takes over and enlarges its functions and ideals. Therefore, no more students will be elected to Chi Alpha Sigma. With the graduation of its last two student members, Nannette Trott and Evelyn Fiedler, it becomes an alumni honor society.

Though Chi Alpha Sigma has lost its power to grow in numbers it will nevertheless continue to live to the fullest. Two meetings each year will be held in conjunction with Epsilon Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi,

June 1 was the time for such a meeting of the two honor societies. The Kappa Delta Pi's separate business meeting and initiation ceremonies were held at twelve o'clock in Newell Hall. At one o'clock there was a joint luncheon, with Dr. Lida Lee Tall as the speaker. Dr. Tall gave her viewpoint of Scandinavia, as based on her experiences in Finland last summer. Accenting the spirit of the speech, the former Glee Club members present led the singing of "Finlandia." After the luncheon Chi Alpha Sigma held a business meeting - probably its first June meeting without initiation ceremonies.

This June, then, we do not hear of "students elected to Chi Alpha Sigma." Instead, the roll of honor in our June Tower Light and on commencement programs reads:

ELECTED TO KAPPA DELTA PI: Class of 1940 Richard Cunningham Evelvn A. Fiedler Barbara Haile Gwendolyn Sadler Shirley Thomas Nannette Trott

Class of 1941 Catherine Grav Charles Gross

# My Trip to the State Teachers College

by Edgar Allan Poe as told to Baron Munchausen translated in English by WASHINGTON IRVING

SOME YEARS ago, while on a business trip to Baltimore, it was my misfortune to make the acquaintance of Palvin Carker, a young man of rather melancholy appearance and absurd demeanor. We met while carousing in the Hot Dime Cafe under circumstances which will not "beer" repeating. Mr. Carker informed me that he was quite sad at leaving the college he attended and felt that he must confide his feelings to someone. He gave me quite a long-winded story about his life there and how delightful all the people were, and as a result it was with no reluctance that I accepted his invitation to visit the institution.

We boarded a No. 8 street car, a queer contraption, which originally had been designed as an instrument of torture but had recently been converted into a means of transportation. I insisted upon paying the fare, a suggestion to which my host made not the least objection. An hour or so later we arrived at the college, a beautiful structure surrounded by a spacious campus. As we walked up the roadway to the main building I noticed a few people lolling under trees doing nothing whatsoever, which convinced me beyond the shadow of a doubt that this was a college. My host informed me that he intended to introduce me to the members of the Senior Class, since they all belonged to the intelligentsia. As we entered the main building my host hailed a young man of courteous and gracious appearance whom he introduced as a Mr. Cichard Runningham, Mr. Runningham inquired as to my health, the state of my morals, and my religious tendencies. Upon informing him I was a Unitarian he immediately broke forth into a most violent tirade, calling me names unfit to print and finally ended by bawling Mr. Carker out for daring to introduce him to a Christian. My host, very much embarrassed, hastened to inform me that Runningham was a militant atheist and agitator, who constantly penned insulting articles against the faith and made a general nuisance of himself. Following Mr. Runningham's departure two young ladies approached. I noticed that they gave Mr. Carker a disdainful look but seemed glad to be introduced to me. They were, if I recall correctly, Miss Sartha Mchnebly and Miss Mona Delle Borris. Upon learning that I was a stranger in the college Miss Borris produced a pamphlet entitled, "The Theory of Transmagnifycanubandansielity and What It Means to You and Me," and lectured tiresomely upon the necessity for the acceptance of this theory for the salvation of the world. Miss Mchnebly broke in every now and then to add the proper punctuation. After a period of two hours Miss Borris ran out of wind and Mr. Carker and I ran out of the building with a sigh of relief. Mr. Carker informed me that Miss Borris was the longest winded talker and noisiest girl in the entire state and constantly disrupted classes with her incessant chatter. I was exhausted by this encounter and hoped that we would meet no more students that day. Unfortunately, a young man, scowling

fiercely and mumbling to himself, appeared on the scene. At the sight of this new arrival Mr. Carker uttered a piercing shriek, turned on his heel, and fled up the hill. The young man who had been the cause of Mr. Carker's departure introduced himself as Mr. Worman Nilde, president of the Senior Class. He wanted to see my host about the balance in the class treasury because he had a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Carker had no idea of how much money the class had had since the books were turned over to him in September. Mr. Nilde, in a blatant, rough voice, volunteered to show me around, and to introduce me to the rest of the students, a suggestion I very reluctantly accepted, I can assure you. Mr. Nilde told me that he was the bully of the college and had cracked the skulls of half of the male students, and was that evening preparing to trim a certain Larville Cauenstein, who had made himself obnoxious by his contemptible remarks about the young ladies of the college. We entered the foyer of Newell Hall, where Mr. Nilde called my attention to a boy stretched at full length on a sofa. He was one Cuther Lox, the champion checker player of the school, who at the time was recuperating from a strenuous match held several weeks before, Mr. Lox offered to play me a game of ping-pong, but as he had not yet recovered his wind, I did not feel that I should take advantage of him. We found ourselves in a moment surrounded by four charming girls whom Mr. Nilde identified as Miss Fay Keaser, Miss Bary Mashears, Miss Fevelyn Iedler, and Miss Sorothy Disk. These girls were dressed in rather scanty gym outfits, and told me they were going to practice interpretative dancing. Mr. Nilde informed me that these girls had no sense of humor and were consistently ostracized by the rest of the students. Noting that I seemed hungry, Mr. Nilde led me into the dining room for refreshments, which he graciously allowed me to pay for. We secured a seat at a table where a young man was "nosily" eating or absorbing soup in some manner. He turned out to be one Bydney Saker. A friendly soul, Mr. Saker told me that college life was fine except for the fact that the food was bad, the periods too long, and the social life limited to only seven days a week.

Later, in the foyer, Mr. Saker pointed out a Miss Ideley Rill and a Miss Seleanor Ewell, who were dancing together. Miss Rill was a well-known authority on horse racing and had at one time given a man a tip on "Midnight," which she thought was a horse's name but later had found was the time he had finally finished his last race. Miss Ewell was planning to run for Congress on the Communist ticket as soon as she graduated. She had already decided to introduce a bill advocating the removal of the stripes from the Stars and Stripes on the ground that the stripes re- (Continued on Page 14)

# Selling Fish or Ceaching School

(Continued from Page 3) A person who is very fat makes a poor appearance; an extremely thin person gives the impression of having insufficient strength to do the work; a very short person appears to lack the force necessary to command respect; a very quiet person is too often unheard; a very loud person secrude and uncouth. And so it goes! Table manners, so-cial deportment, and speech signify fitness for one's calling. Personality is of the utmost importance in the make-up of a professional person. The candidate cannot afford to minimize it for a minute.

How does a professional person act? Like the wellbred lady or gentleman in any walk of life. Each profession has its own code of ethics but there is much that is common to them all. None considers it ethical to discuss freely the personal problems of its subjects or clientele; none regards with favor activities such as might be considered subjective, dramatization of self, or salesmanship involving competition. All require cooperation of their members for professional ends; all expect the finest and best of which one is capable, regardless of monetary remuneration, personal fame, expenditure of time, or personal sacrifice. Self and selfish purposes should play no part in the professional person's actions. His outlook and his actions are objective, in terms of benefits to his fellow man.

What type of mind does the professional person need? The type of mind which is capable of formulating principles and applying them, of initiating plans and executing them, of originating ideas and dealing with them, of collecting information and utilizing it for practical purposes, and of making adaptations and adjustments in terms of needs and values. This type of mind is not satisfied to expend its energy on material things, it must deal with ideas. It is not content with following readymade patterns; it must be its own pattern maker. It is irked by monotony of scene; by sameness of procedure; by dead level values. It chafes under the pressure of outmoded practices; it is constrained to be cautious in the ready adoption of the unproved, the untested, the theoretical. It gets genuine pleasure from complete absorption in the pursuance of its creations. The professional mind deals with facts, and because it has imagination and systems for organizing and reorganizing and arriving at new facts, judgments, and hypotheses, it can view the world with multocular vision and prepare itself for the infinite development of which it is capable. Such is the professional person. The candidate becomes a quack or a master, depending upon the degree to which he corresponds to the total configuration.

(Continued from Page 13) sembled bars and thus had an immoral effect upon the youth of our nation. A Miss Eynolds stepped up and tried to sell me a ticket to a dance, the proceeds of which were to be donated to a fund being raised to enlarge the tonsils of indigent hogcallers with a view to making opera singers of them. I declined the ticket on the ground that I never could see the difference between hog-callers and opera singers anyway. Miss Eynolds and a Miss Mohnson were highly insulted and left in high dudgeon. Mr. Nilde arrived with two very peculiar looking young men in tow. They turned out to be Mr. Kedwin Fieval and W. Worris Neis. These two lads had collaborated on a popular song called "Ocy, I'm Screwy for Louie, or Bluebird Lay Off My Hat." They asked me if I cared to hear it and before I could answer they called a certain Miss Matherine Kileto to sing it. Miss Kileto declined on the ground that she did not care to waste her breath for fear it would not last her the rest of her life. Nothing daunted, Mr. Fieval disappeared and in a few minutes returned with the two Rott sisters, Alice and Nannette, and Miss Hadelyn Mall and Miss Dary May, who volunteered to form a quartet to sing the song. Miss Nannette Rott sang first bass, Miss Alice Rott second bass, Miss Mall, shortstop, and Miss May left field. I remarked to Mr. Fieval that he should make a great success in the music business as he already had musical feet -two flats. At this juncture Misses Hachel Rale and Weleanor Illiamson screamed that they had just attended the annual I. R. C. picnic, a pink tea organization of the college, and had won first and second prizes in the

beauty contest. Were their faces red! Just at this time in rushed Mr. Saker shouting at the top of his voice that his pal, Jed Ohnson, had been arrested and it was up to the senior class to bail him out. It seems Mr. Ohnson had taken one too many "swigs" of Iron Mountain Elixir and had tried to ride a bicycle through a revolving door. Miss Swen Gadler and Miss Harbara Baile rushed forward with the suggestion that they'd take money from the senior class treasury to bail out Mr. Ohnson. Miss Sessie Icherer objected to this on the ground that he was not worth wasting the class' money on. She suggested that they take up a collection among the students in the senior class. This was immediately done and the following were collected - 13 cents in money, two dayold street car transfers, and one safety pin. As this was not enough, Miss Gadler suggested that the class spend the night in the jail to keep Mr. Ohnson from being lonesome. This was received with wild acclaim and all set out in a body. Just at this time Miss Iansman showed up to explain that she had checked over Mr. Carker's books and found that he had made a slight error of \$230. Upon learning that the class had gone to see Ohnson she set out to join them, dragging Carker with her. I decided to go home and on the very next day received a telegram from Mr. Nilde saying that the entire class was in jail, including Iansman and Carker, and desired bail. I was about to answer their plea when I happened to think that they would probably wind up there soon again, so I decided against it. I don't think that I shall ever forget my trip to S. T. C. and the wonderful people I met there.

## WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?

P. Herndon (I'm sorry, Mr. Kipling)

If you can drive a Cord when all about you Are driving Fords that once saw '22; If you can string a line so none can doubt you And make each girl think she's the one for you; If you can wait and not be tired by waiting When minutes pass and still no date is there; If you can drop a dollar down a grating And still not scream and yell and tear your hair;

If you can sing a song like Nelson Eddy And glide with ease across a polished floor; If you are always gay, and wise, and ready And tolerant of "punny" folk who bore;

If you can own a yacht and several horses Yet never breathe a word about your dough; If you can get an A in all your courses And never drive too fast, and not too slow; If you have looks to vie with Mr. Gable And look like him, excepting for his ears, It's very odd that I have been unable To find someone like you in eighteen years!!

# **Eighty Thousand Visitors a Year**

DOROTHY C. SNOOPS

HOW OUR legs needed a stretching! How glad we were to be in famed Williamsburg at last! Six hours in a bus with only a fifteen-minute stop at Richmond can become quite tiresome. But every minute of numbness was repaid by a delightful stay in that restored city.

The most outstanding impression we received was the extreme spotlessness of the town, set off by the old, yet new-appearing, buildings. It has been said that here, as elsewhere, "The Great American Moron may throw his empty eigarette packets or chewing-gum wrappers out of the window of his car, but here in Williamsburg the White Wings are always busy, and what they miss is garnered up by a certain Dark Angel of Tidiness who goes about with serip and staff pouncing on every atom of paper."\* The business section takes up no more than a block, and contains, among other stores, one tiny moving picture theater and a postoffice. Each store has a well-kept eighteenth-century exterior, but one peep within discloses ultra-modern furnishings.

In all respects, Williamsburg is typically Southern. People just don't rush anywhere, perhaps because they haven't so very far to go. When we reached the private home where we were to stay, we found a note in the door-knocker telling us to select our rooms and to make ourselves at home. This trusting spirit surprised us at first, but then we realized we weren't in a large city like Baltimore. To still further remind us of the Old South were the negro gardeners and groundsmen, appropriately attired in colonial costumes, and furnishing the sentimental tourists with something to write home about. Every day at about five o'clock, the lady guides or "hostesses," similarly garbed, can be seen riding home in a

coach which is a genuine relic. They are attended by a coachman and footman in full regalia of sky-blue coat, black knee breeches, buckled shoes, and cocked hat. On rainy days motor cars are used, since the coach is not allowed to suffer from the weather.

The climax of our stay was reached when we took a guided tour (for one dollar and a half, subject to change) through the main restored buildings. In the Capitol we saw the room wherein Patrick Henry made one of his famous speeches; we visited the dark cell-holes in the Public Gaol and the single bedroom of a gaoler who had twenty children; we were impressed by the luxurious Raleigh Tavern. Most important of all of the show places is the Governor's Palace which is "so sumptuous and so extensive as to take one's breath away." Here we wondered at the splendor of the furnishings, the geometric gardens, and the staff of servants still employed for the sake of appearance. These few scenes are quite sketchy compared to the galaxy of scenes to be found.

A description of Williamsburg would be incomplete without mention of William and Mary College with its 1300 students. With its wide-spreading campus, fraternity and sorority houses, and, from all appearances, extensive college "life," many a young person would be tempted to say, "This is the ideal college town." On our return trip of another six hours, we had volumes to think and talk of, but like all who have had happy journeys, we contemplated how and when we could visit Williamsburg again.

# OUR GLEN JAMES G. JETT

When, like a seed sprout bursting from the dark Subt'anean grave into a flower of beauty stark, This breathing Glen relieves itself of night, I, wandering, felt herein a keen delight.

Where the Muses late had stept Dainty violets faintly slept; (And the Muses left sweet notes For those feathered avian throats). At the blooming of the East Beauty's budding thrice increased — Dewdrops each became a world,
As the glorious day unfurled —
(Either flower, or tree, or sky
Danced within each dewdrop's eye).
And the lovely morning grew,
And its early beauties flew.
Orion ever 'sues the Pleiades,
Like water chasing water to the seas;

And Beauty follows Beauty—as the thought, the word— A budding flower and a flying bird.

JUNE · 1940

<sup>\*</sup> Stevens, Wm. O., Old Williamsburg: 1938, Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., pp. 83-4.

# **Underground Adventure**

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

"CAVE EXPLORING" to the average person probably suggests going (with a ball of twine nnrolling behind one to "mark trail") into a dark, stuffy "hole," where bats will get caught in one's hair, and snakes, wolves, etc., may be lurking in the inky shadows. To the person whose travel experience includes a visit to one of our publicized underground attractions—as Carlsbad, Mammoth or Luray—"cave exploring" recalls walking with relative ease in a company of twenty or more people (as many as a thousand in Carlsbad Caverns), along well-graded paths in an electric-lighted fairyland, under the care of uniformed guides. But to a comparitively small number of individuals "cave exploring" is synonymous for "a fascinating hobby".

The first requirement for cave exploring, obviously, is caves. Any predominately limestone region may be expected to have some caves of the kind most worthy of investigation. "Old timers" in a locality may know of a "little cave in the hills" which has never been more than superficially examined. It was such a situation that led to the discovery of Luray Caverns. An insignificant looking hole in a rocky mountain side may, when opened by dynamite, lead into a passage large enough to admit a person. The passage may shrink into sheer rock within a few yards, or it may develop into—that we shall see.

The minimum equipment for the explorers (for safety there should invariably be more than one person visiting a cave) consists of close-fitting, staunch, warm clothing (subject to being suitable for nothing but cave exploring thereafter); two good flashlights per person, with extra cells and bulbs; candles (to test the oxygen content of the air), and matches in a water-proof container. To these may be added a gasoline lantern, a stout rope, a stone hammer, and a wrecking bar. No, that traditional ball of twine is not necessary; the "trail" in a small cave such as we shall explore can readily be marked on the stone walls by smudges from candle smoke.

Now that you are properly prepared, let's explore a small limestone cave.

The entrance is in the side of a rocky ravine, almost hidden by foliage. Any snakes or wild animals which may make this their home will be near the entrance, so you make a preliminary investigation with your flashlight. Finding no deterrents other than a passage that looks like "Fat Man's Misery", you proceed by crawling like a worm on the angular rocks lining the floor of the passage. Whenever you are tempted to rise to the quadruped stage, you are forcibly discouraged by the sharp impact of your head against the solid rock ceiling. After several vards of worming your way over the dusty rocks of the curving entrance passage, and thinking "cave exploring isn't so hot", you suddenly realize that now there is room to walk on "all fours"—yes, even to rise to your full stature. You have come to a chamber the size of a large classroom.

But how magnificent is Nature's classroom! Its ceiling is decorated with sinuous rows of stalactites, best described as stone icicles, varied in form from large, pendant-like structures to slender, semi-transparent, hollow ones that could be used for soda straws, sparkling crystal-white or glowing with the mellowness of amber. On the floor are stalagmites, like tall "dips" of vanilla or orange ice cream-some giant multiple "dips"; others the inverted cones, their points nearly meeting the tips of the "icicles" above them. Some stalactites and stalagmites meet to form graceful fluted columns; others in a row are fused, like the pipes of an organ, and when struck produce clear bell-like notes of different pitches. At one side of the chamber are translucent fringed draperies of stone in broad folds-tinted creamy white, yellow, amber, pale rose, salmon, and rusty brown.

Thoroughly entranced by the breath-taking spectacle, you find a seat on a damp, toadstool-like stalagmite. The air is pleasantly cool—refreshing after exertion. Everyone extinguishes his light—and then you know, for the first time, what darkness is. Not one fraction of a candle power of light there is: a sheet of the whitest paper placed before your very eyes is just so much more darkness. A hushed awe ensues . . . complete, dead silence . . peaceful oblivion . . . Is this how it feels . . underground? . . .

Suddenly, an icy, clammy touch on the back of your neck! For a moment you are as much stone as your surroundings, incapable of switching on your flashlight. When you do, you find—nothing. You stab the beam of light into all the mysterious corners when—that frigid touch again . . . a wet touch! And then you look up. As you have been sitting directly beneath a stalactite, you have unwittingly interrupted a drop of the lime-bearing ground water in its fall from the stalactite through which it has seeped (leaving there a timy bit of calcium carbonate to add to the "icicle"), to the stalagmite below that is built up by the residue of

lime in the water droplet. Never, after that experience, will you forget how cave formations are developed! You realize then, too, the centuries required to form the stone columns, the draperies. Here is ancient yet virgin beauty, shielding its modeled glory with the cloak of darkness from—nothing except perhaps the unsceing eyes of pale cave crickets and a few venturesome bats. . . . Really, don't let those bats worry you. They have an uncanny skill of dodging objects in the total darkness, so they won't bother you.

You decide to explore farther, for a draft of cool air suggests that there is more to this cave. At one end the chamber narrows to a sharply descending passagedown, down, into the earth. You find you must lower yourself from one level to another, so you attach the rope to a firm column, hang on with both hands, and dangle your feet in the void below until they meet a boulder on which to stand. This far-and no farther, for the only way to continue is through a two-foot high gap, impassable because of a fringe of stalactites barring the way. Undaunted, you apply the stone hammer and wrecking bar in removing the obstructions. Still, it will be a challenge. You squeeze your way into the gap, worm fashion again, when-not an inch can you advance or retreat! Now you know how it feels to be stuck, one hundred feet below light and life. "H--" No! won't call for help yet. Relax. Ease those

tense muscles. There . . . by cautious contortioning you push and pull and grunt yourself forward through the gap, to the plaudits of your portlier companions.

What you see beyond causes you to shout back, "Come on, everybody!" For here, never before seen by human eye, is a miniature Carlsbad, a model Luray, a dazzling, fantastic fairyland: stalactites twisted by air currents into delicate orchids and lilies of stone; spires and minarets; frozen cascades; slender "totem poles"; a pool of crystal water into which drops fall with musical "plunks"—this is beauty worthy of any exertion.

We shall leave you at the climax of this exploration trip (trusting you to find your way out) and mention just one other kind of cave which you might explore: one in which there is still flowing a subterranean stream. Here the procedure may be part walking, part crawling, and part swimming. It you want an experience worth recounting, try swimming far from daylight in a cave—in icy, fifteen-foot deep water, under a stalactite-studded stone roof.

But perhaps you'd better not start your exploring hobby with a challenge like that. First visit a tame, civilized cave, recognize the lure of cave beauty, and then proceed with caution to more difficult feats. You'll find adventure that was old to the cave men, yet is still "something new under the ground".

# A Modern Tantalus

NANNETTE TROTT

DOES THERE ever come a time when you would fain have the power to pour into a song that nostalgia which fills your heart? It happens to me a hundred, no a thousand times a day, until now I know the answer and have stopped wondering.

It is this ... the poets of the ages have made me a serf to the verses they have written. At first I thought it would be so easy to outwit them. "I'll just learn this," I thought, "about the daffodils"; "Herrick," I said, "will surely be more kind." Alas, I was enthralled by the verse and felt that I must repeat it every time I saw a silly, nodding flower. Then one day, long time since, I saw armfuls of daffodils on a windy corner, and so brave and gay they looked that I felt urged to tell about them. "My muse will help me this once," I concluded, and I tried to put what I felt into words. To my dismay, I was as powerless as if my muscles had been paralyzed. Of all the thoughts that teemed through my head, not one

could I express except through the words of Herrick or Wordsworth, which I had learned so unsuspectingly.

Today, no matter what I see and how much I yearn to express it, it can never go beyond my yearning. It will never be more than a poor brain-child, a half-conceived notion of a lovely thing; and, like Half-Chick of the Weather Vane, must always remain unfinished. Therein lies the tragedy of it all. For although it is a terrible thing to be born and to die, it is worse, indeed, not to be born at all.

Why is there nothing in the world left unsung? Why must every mood of nature, every feeling of man have been east into iron forms that print an invariable and indelible pattern on my mind, leaving no room for originality? The trees belong to Kilmer; the blue-flower flags to Millay; the cherry blossoms to A. E. Housman; and the Madonna lilies to Amy Lowell. John Masefield has claimed the sea; and Sara Teasdale the stars of the heav-

ens. Even my truant pen has been immortalized by Sir Philip Sydney in an Elizabethan sonnet. The tears which I have shed have been sung by Lizette Woodworth Reese, and the epitaph which they might carve on my tombstone molded by E. A. Robinson:

> "Minever Cheevy, child of scorn, Assailed the seasons; He wept that he was ever born, And he had reasons."

Some day, I shall gather all the bits of my soul they have stolen, these thieves of the ages. I shall write them down as my very own, and no one shall dare say that I stole them. Not I, but they, are the plagiarists. They who allowed me the soul of a poet and then tore the power from me bit by bit until I was only a foolish shell of a

thing: they who stood in neat stacks on my desk and subtly lured me with "Take me; read me; learn me by heart; say me over and over until I am yours. You will be the greatest poet in the world if you let us be your masters." Piteous, pliable human that I was, I listened to them, aped them, and loved them, until they turned "like the worm in the bud" and mocked me with my own impotence.

Show me no more of these poets' works. Let me never again hear words thrown so skillfully together that they make my heart cry out with a joy akin to pain; or read a verse that sets the whole world aflame with its beauty. The little they have not taken I shall make my own, coax patiently, and shield and nurture until it is free from their honeyed thoughts, and emerges, rough though it may be, as my own.

## **Character Sketch**

YVONNE BELT

THE FRAGRANT woods and cool brooklets were his only habitat. Once he emerged from his hiding place, housewives began their spring cleaning, children oiled their roller skates, and men put aside their shovels to replace them with hoes and trowels.

Some called him a magician, others an apothecary, still others a crazed old fogy, but to the children of our neighborhood he was the kind old herb man. His long gray hair and beard lent an air of mystery to his being. His baggy, tattered clothes and burlap-clad feet made one wonder how he kept the twinkle in his bright blue eyes, the ruddy blush on his nose and cheeks, and the prosperous plumpness of his body.

He needed no instruments to announce his comings; children were his only trumpets, with their clear piping and whistling on the reed flutes and birch whistles which he sold at "two pennies apiece."

It was rumored that at one time he had been a famous surgeon, and, unsuccessful in one operation, had begun a life of aimless wandering, gathering herbs and shrubs in his pack, and prescribing remedies for every malady or complaint.

## Elvira Whittaker

A CHARACTER SKETCH

MARY BRASHEARS

GLANCING out the windows which looked upon a puny, weary plot of grass to a road beyond, I saw Elvira Whittaker striding across the lawn. She looked as if she had just thoroughly chewed and swallowed a choice bit of gossip. One could almost see her lick her thin lips, whetting her appetite for some of the smalltown news dear to the hearts of women.

Not that the purpose of her visit was to tell me this bit of news. Oh, no — she was coming to collect the things I had ready for the missionary box, or else plan the next meeting of the society.

She was a robust, healthy person, capable of work had she had a mind to do it. But she expended most of her energy in maintaining especially alert eyes and ears and an overly-industrious tongue.

Her purposeful steps sounded on the wooden floor. The bell pierced the air with emphatic shrillness, and I stepped to the door, hoping her sharp eyes wouldn't see the thin film of dust which persistently made its home on the ebonied piano. I screwed my face into what I thought a pleasant smile, and invited the would-be-benefactor-of-the-poor-heathen-in-the-wilds-of-the-Kentucky-mountains to enter.

She explained that she had come for the old clothes which I couldn't wear any longer, subtly, to my suspicious mind, insinuating that all my clothes were old. At my dubious invitation to sit down, she took off her coat and hat and prepared for a nice, long visit.

She had just started to share her choice morsel with me, when the telephone gave two long and two short rings. She pricked up her ears as a donkey does when he hears an arresting noise. I was thankful the ring was not ours.

Her full duty accomplished, Elvira took her leave, glancing around to see what else would furnish news for the next missionary call. I gazed after her disappearing form with misgivings, fearing that part of my reputation, at least, might not be dealt with charitably.



### REFLECTIONS

JEANNE KRAVETZ

I WAS sitting down after dinner last Friday, thinking of professionals and college dates and people, books, and science projects, teachers and . . . Four years of S. T. C. and what has it done for me? My cultural background has broadened, my interests have widened, my group of friendships has grown, and from all indications I have noticed growth in tact, understanding, poise, affability and other worthwhile traits, I know more than I did four years ago, and besides I have found so many many more things that I had never dreamed of. All indications would lead me to believe that great changes have come about.

A senior would indeed feel proud if he could sincerely and honestly agree that the above-mentioned information had come to pass. But so often - ah yes, so often, one hears; "My thoughts have not changed so much. I was right about nearly everything when I entered and I still am. I came to college with --- and --- as a freshman and I continue to do so as a senior. That proves my selection was best. I don't know many of the students in Senior - and I don't particularly care to. As for those traits of tact, understanding, etc., I didn't get that at college, but at home and during my outside activities. Really, I believe these four years were a pleasant waste of time. Now I can teach. Now I am ready to earn some money. The things I learned at college sound good, but they don't really work, And besides, even if I tried to do something really progressive, my supervisor wouldn't like it. All this talk about knowing how much you don't know is all right, but I would rather remember what I do know. After all, you can spend a lifetime studying what you don't know. I really think I've had enough schooling, don't vou?"

Unfortunately, we must answer yes. You have had too much schooling, but it has done little for you. You would better use your time on something besides teaching, You lack the love for children, the hope of the future, the willingness to fight for progress, the love of study, the humility of the great, the imagination of a leader; and you have the smug complacency of the narrow, petty mind that one too often meets.

Our college should discourage this. And how? By free discussion of our hopes and ideals, of our feelings and ideas. We have this last year built up a strong student government. Next year the aim should be high professional ethics and love for teaching as a profession.

## WHAT WE THINK!

Eleanor Sewell

THE GALLUP poll has been very interesting and successful because it shows the trend of thought of the American people. The results of the assembly questionnaire, answered by the students and faculty of this college, are just as important. The assembly program, in general, has pleased its audience. The preferred type of assembly was the movies, but frequently this was qualified by the comment that they should include little or no advertisement. Illustrated lectures and concerts were the second and third choices. In the choice of topics, travel took first place, with music very close behind. National and international affairs and dramatics also scored high. Better facilities for hearing in the auditorium were desired. Optional assembly attendance was requested by a few people. Many replies gave the names of fine people for diverse assembly programs. With the results of the questionnaire as a basis, the assembly committee hopes to keep working in the interest of the college.

## THE SILVER LINING

KATHERINE FEASER

THERE ARE some people who claim that an education at S. T. C. is one-sided. May we beg to differ? If you tire of teaching school some day, just think of the other occupations for which student teaching has fitted you! This year's crop of student teachers should yield some expert typists (who scorn the touch system in favor of the "hunt and punch" method), a few costume designers, dressmakers, nursemaids, and even an interior decorator or two. Also - a few would make good wives (no. 1 didn't tear up my contract) for already they have dishpan hands and housemaid's knee, and a goodly supply of child psychology! Then, too, some might apply at Western Union as experienced errand boys (or girls). As a matter of fact, one girl has already been offered recommendations if she ever wants to clerk in a depart-(Continued on Page 40) ment store.







### SENIOR MEN IN SPORTS

D. E. Minnegan

SENIOR MEN have held numerous positions of distinction on the varsity teams at the Teachers College. Their graduation will leave several key positions vacant. With the passing of Lou Cox, Carville Lauenstein, Norman Wilde, Don Foster, Cy Parker, Norris Weis, and Ed Johnson will go leaders, and excellent performers.

Their total achievements could not be recorded in a large book. Still, an outline sketch will reflect a few of their notable deeds.

Don Foster played right half on the varsity soccer team and turned in his greatest performance against the University of Maryland in 1938 when the Teachers defeated the University three to nothing.

Ed Johnson played at right half on the 1939 championship team.

Cy Parker's game against the powerful Frostburg booters of 1939 showed him to be a skilled, driving performer. Cy also played baseball.

Norris Weis holds a position in the hall of fame as the only Towson batter with a batting percentage of one thousand. In the 1937 game against Johns Hopkins Norris, as a freshman, batting for Roger Williams, hit one for one and then retired as an active player. (He returned to the squad in his sophomore and junior years.)

Norman Wilde's record of three years of superb goal playing was a big factor in our undefeated and unscored on Maryland championship record of two years ago. His cheering cries to fullbacks and halves frequently rallied a hard-pressed defense and helped it clear the ball to the forwards.

Captain Whitey Lauenstein has set a pattern of excellence for all Towson catchers of the future. His brilliant strategy, ability to spot batters, ability to handle pitchers, and all around skill marked him as an unusual college player. Whitey will probably join another great captain of the past, Al Reubling, as a big league player. His skill in soccer was equal to his play in baseball.

Lon Cox is the kind of player who is most difficult to replace. He was the spirit man, the morale builder, the sportsman, the worker, the reliable. Even his tremendous achievement as the only real four-letter man in the history of the college; a player on three State championship teams; twice captain of State championship teams; and the college's best all-around athlete, seem dim in view of his spirit. In situations of conflict, depression, defeat, failure, and hard going, where others turned tail and ran away, Lou's spirit flared the higher. It will live forever in the athletic traditions of Towson Teachers.

Good luck to you, valiant sons of State Teachers. May you play well in the game of life.

## SENIOR WOMEN IN SPORTS

CATHERINE PAULA

THE WOMEN of the class of '40 have left an outstanding record in athletics. Here are a few of their accomplishments:

Winners of Demonstration Night, 1938, 1939; holders of the basketball championship for four years; holders of the volleyball championship for four years; holders of the hockey championship for two years; holders of the baseball championship for two years; claimants to several skilled archers and badminton players.

Among the girls who received their "Highest Awards" at the Athletic Association assembly on May 25th for having earned 325 or more points in elective participation were eight seniors: Doris Henkle, Freda Hoffman, Fern Miller, Catherine Paula, Shirley Thomas, Cornelia Galbreath, Barbara Haile, and Martha Schnebly.

We may be a little superstitions, but here's the slogan to which we accredit our success: "Whenever you're behind, just imagine you're ahead and you are bound to win."

### RETROSPECTION

WHITEY LAUENSTEIN and LOU Cox

ALTHOUGH our athletic careers are drawing to an end, we look back with pride upon the rapid strides which State Teachers College at Towson has made in intercollegiate sports.

During the past four years, the Towson booters have won three Maryland State championships, in which the athletes of the senior class played a major part. The basketball team has gained State recognition and has scheduled many of the larger colleges in the East.

Because of the dexterity and skill required in baseball and the inability of Coach Minnegan to obtain experienced material, the process of molding a team to compete successfully with other (Continued on Page 24)

# The May King Speaks

CARVILLE LAUENSTEIN

FOR CENTURIES it has been the custom to set aside one day in May to celebrate the reawakening of the earth to new beauty. By gathering flowers, by singing songs, by dancing around the May Pole, and by crowning a maiden as queen of the season the people of the Old World welcomed the May.

Today, amid joyousness of spirit, which is symbolic of a new beginning, we are observing in our traditional manner the advent of spring.

It is my privilege to crown as our queen, Miss Eleanor Williamson, who is the selection of the junior and senior classes, and who, in her youth and beauty, personifies the spirit of this day.

Miss Williamson, I bestow upon you all the rights and privileges of your high estate and hereby crown you Oueen of the May! 

# May Day Eighteen Years Ago

NEAL GALBREATH

ON MAY DAY I spoke with a member of the class of 1922, who was the president of that class and the May Queen. Naturally, I questioned her as to the type of May Day celebration held in the "twenties."

Perhaps May Day was held on Saturday that year; she was not certain. But she did remember that no classes were in session. The morning was spent much like our Play Day. Volleyball games were played, a grand march followed, and fair maidens did the Irish Lilt and the May Pole Dance on the front campus. Did the students costume? Well, no — unless you would call black bloomers, middy blouses and long silk stockings costumes.

The actual crowning of the queen took place in the

afternoon. The president of the senior class was automatically made "Queen of the May" (imagine Mr. Wilde as "Queen of the May"). The throne was located at the southeast corner of the North campus. The queen and her two attendants, the other class officers, walked out the side door of Newell Hall, up the road to the throne to music from a portable victrola. Only the queen had the honor of sitting on the flower-decked throne. The two attendants stood on each side of her during the group singing. The queen was crowned by the president of the incoming senior class who gave a speech similar to that used by our king. The boys of the student body, at least ten in number, had no part in the celebration.

(Continued from Page 21) colleges has been difficult, especially when we have had to match those colleges which subsidize their players. This accounts for the fact that our record has not been too impressive, and for the team of the current season not living up to presason expectations. As a whole the team has hit especially well and received good pitching; but the fielding has been lamentably weak. Our last three games (to date) were lost in the final inning after we had enjoyed a comfortable margin throughout.

Despite the fact that many familiar senior faces will be absent from the local athletic pitch in September, we are sure their fighting spirit will remain as Towson faces many stern foes in the forthcoming season as a member of the newly formed Mason-Dixon circuit. This new conference was the outgrowth of the Maryland Collegiate League. The colleges to be represented are: Delaware, American University, Johns Hopkins, Western Maryland, Washington College, Loyola, Mt. St. Mary's and Towson, The prospects of Towson's being well represented in the loops to be formed in base ball, basketball, soccer, tennis and track seem bright.

## SPORTS IN REVIEW

JERRY KOLKER

Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pa. -

(The starting line in the Mason-Dixon One Mile Relay Race included teams representing Washington College, Catholic University, Loyola, Johns Hopkins University, American University, Delaware University, Blue Ridge College, and Towson Teachers.)

"Now listen, boys, get this straight. Two breaks (a break is when a runner starts before the gun goes off) and the whole race is off. Remember, not one team; but the whole race. Are you all ready? Please, boys, don't dig holes in the track; you'll ruin the track for the boys who run later. Now remember, boys, no breaks. I am going to hold you, so be on your toes. All right! On your mark! G-e-et set . . "A break! Jackson, starting for Washington College, led the men in a false start.

"All right, boys, come on back. Remember, one more break and the whole race is off. These races have to go off on time. On this start look straight ahead. The photographer is going to take a picture. Don't let him scare you. Are you all ready? On your mark! G-e-e-et set . . . . Banet"

Almost simultaneous with the sound of the gun was the motion of eight runners, as each tried to gain the pole position, or inside lane. Because Towson, Hopkins, and Blue Ridge were in the sixth, seventh, and eighth lanes, respectively, they were crowded out at the start. Towson's first runner passed the relay stick to Guertler, the second runner, while in the fifth position. The stick was passed in that order from Guertler to Lou Cox and to Bob Cox and each runner clung desperately to the team's original position - fifth. Bob Cox, our anchor man, realizing that he had to sprint the whole way to pull us up into the third position and "medaldom," tried to do just that. From fifth to fourth to within a few inches of third place he ran, with a crowd of 32,000 shouting for the man who was coming from behind to run right on and finish first. Then the inevitable happened . . . he couldn't keep it up; his heart was there. his wind was there, but the old legs refused to drive. From within a few inches of third to fifth he dropped. and as the race ended, Towson Teachers were in fifth place, only three vards behind third place and a medal.

Some might comment that the team did worse than last year, because last year they finished in fourth place. What is not known is that the distance between fiftl and first place this year was shorter than the distance between fourth and third place last year. In other words the race was far closer this year, and the teams were more evenly matched.

For those who like to juggle statistics, here are a few to consider. Our team ran the mile in 3 minutes 32,4 seconds. If we had run the distance in the same time last year, we would have finished in second place. Our average speed for the quarter-mile was 53.I seconds. Ye if Bob Cox could have finished the last ninety yards on his race in an amount of time proportional to the res of his race, he would have turned in a 50-second quarter mile, a feat which few men in the conference could possibly surpass. Although the team was dispirited because they did not bring home the so-called "bacon," there was some satisfaction in noting that Johns Hopkins University, Blue Ridge College, and Loyola were far behind although Hopkins has had a track and field team for a least two score years.

### CONVICTION

G. F. S.

We were speaking of religion, he and I, He a believer.

"Take my God," he said to me, "test Him, Prove that He exists."

"Fool," I said, "how can I try that which I cannot see, nor hear, nor sense?"

Abruptly he broke this line of logic.

"Do vou believe in Jesus Christ?"

"Yes," I answered, but knew not why.

# 1940

	APRIL-MAY					
CULLECE	12	22	1	6	EVENTS	
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			31			

1940

April 12, 1940 -

A gray sky, mist, then drizzly rain, and at intervals torrents of water was the actual weather for April 12, 1940. It was a beautiful day for planting a tree. In fact, seven seniors and two of the faculty braved the possibilities of dampness, bordering on overdampness, when the hawthorn tree was made secure in its new home.

Each year it has been the custom of the Senior Class to celebrate Arbor Day by the planting of a tree, with a

program of commemoration. This vear a hawthorn tree was selected because of the beauty of the blosoms and leaves, and especially because of its attractiveness to birds. The program consisted of a reading given by Ruth Rosen, Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," sung by Vera Ensor, and a dedication speech by the class president, Norman Wilde, after which the aforementioned group attended the planting on the south campus.

This was only a small gesture toward furthering conservation. We hope that we shall be able to do much more towards this program in

the future.

April 22, 1940 -

A very educational and interesting film, entitled "Alaska's Silver Millions," was shown during the assembly hour. This film, made through the courtesy of the American Can Company, was obtained for our college through the efforts of Father Bernard Hubbard, the Glacier Priest. Much geographical information about Alaska was shown in the film. Of course, Alaska's millions lie in her salmon industry. The film traced the development of the salmon industry from the earliest stage in the life of the salmon to the actual canning of the salmon meat. The film lasted forty minutes but was time well spent.

April 29, 1940 -

"India: The Struggle for Independence."

The assembly on Monday, April 29, offered the student body a rare opportunity to hear a discussion of

India's desired independence from England. This is a question which has, as far as we are concerned, been more or less shelved in order that conditions in Europe might be considered. Miss Bhico Batlivala, a native of India and the wife of an Englishman, was in a position to discuss the question, keeping in mind both England's and India's side.

India has contributed much to the culture of the world. She has proved that independence in her hands

would not be dynamite in the hands of a child. She is working tirelessly to bring about her independence without the power of the sword. India, in this world crisis, is willing to offer all she has to England, but only in so far as she is recognized as an equal and as a brother — not a slave of England.

England is coming to realize that if she is to fight a war against aggression sincerely and honestly, she must cease to profit by past dictatorships. India is definitely and absolutely unsympathetic toward Hitlerism, but because of her domination by England her hands are tied.

India is reaching out in a spirit of comradeship and true helpfulness; it is for England to meet her half-way and walk forward into the light of freedom and peace.

# June Week

May 31-Senior Prom

June 6—Step Singing

June 9-Baccalaureate Service

June 10-Class Night

June 11-Commencement

### May 1, 1940 -

We resident seniors certainly have some advantages over the day seniors. One of the biggest events in the senior year — as far as voracious, mouth-watering dorm students are concerned — is the Senior Breakfast. It is given to the seniors by the resident faculty. This year, following a more or less recent tradition, we were served fresh strawberries and fried chicken (made famous by parsons and preachers). We want to thank the resident faculty, and to tell you day seniors how much we enjoyed the affair. Just think what you missed!

Monday, May 6, 1940 -

Portrait Painting — Mr. Stanislav Rembski When introducing Mr. Stanislav Rembski, Dr. Wiedefeld told us that we were about to experience a very rare privilege. A few people do have the privilege of seeing an unfinished portrait completed, but only a special few have had the privilege of watching a perfectly blank canvas take on the portrait of an individual under the artist's brush. We were to have this experience.

Mr. Rembski chose one of our own seniors, Jessie Scherer, for his subject.

In his remarks and in his painting technique Mr. Rembski imparted to us a philosophy of life applicable to any undertaking. Mr. Rembski explained in a most forceful manner that the most important attribute of any art, whether it be poetry, music, or painting, is style; without style it is no art, and style is perfect suitability.

The canvas represented the whole world to him; the greatness of his painting depended on his ability to make each small fragment into one whole; the most important thing was not the individual fragments but the way in which the fragments were interrelated to form the whole picture.

Before touching the canvas, he explained, he became perfectly relaxed, concentrated on his subject, became completely absorbed in his subject and waited for an idea, "for the greatest ideas are born in a moment," (as shown by his painting).

After forty minutes of painting in his "rather large studio," Mr. Rembski stood aside and let us view the "blue print of a future portrait." The audience looked, applauded, and realized that this was truly the work of a master artist.

#### May Day at Teachers College -

The May Day assembly at State Teachers College began with many visiting high school students, parents, and friends taking their places in the auditorium to attend the most impressive assembly of the year,

With the orchestra playing an appropriate march, Dr. Wiedefeld, "the most understanding president a college could have," and Eleanor Williamson, the retiring president of the student council, headed the procession of student officers, seniors in cap and gown for the first time, and Glee Club members.

After the incoming officers of the classes had been installed, the respective classes sang their class songs pledging their loyalty and devotion to officers and to the college. When the student council officers had been properly sworn into office, Norman Wilde, the president of the Senior Class, presented the class gift — a check for \$100, to be named the "Pearle Blood Loan Fund," and to be used each year to help a worthy senior student "receive the advantages we have had."

The climax of "our day" — the out-of-doors program — was yet to come, when the beauty of our campus en-

hanced the splendor of the queen and her court. The colorful peasant costumes, the dances around the May Pole, the songs, the balloons, and the mascot of S. T. C., Patsy, afforded a gay and joyous scene. After this festivity the visiting high school seniors were enter tained, as is customary, at a tea dance in Newell Hall

May many of these high school seniors have the pleasure of planning future "May Days" at our college!

### May 13, 1940 -

### "Censorship of the Movies"

Censorship of the movies is a protection for the mo tion picture industry and for society as a whole. Cor trary to the general thought, according to Mr. Holme Alexander, a member of the Maryland State Board of Censors, the movie business welcomes the censors an is glad of their protection. It is the purpose of the me tion picture producers to reach "a common denominate of intelligence;" it is the purpose of the censors to de termine what that common denominator is. The censo ship committee is definitely not opinionated, but it doc act as a rudder to help the motion pictures steer straight course. Censorship does not permit the showin of any picture or the speaking of any dialogue which might debase morals or incite crimes. The board is neessary because it steers the movies into the middle of the stream and prevents the business from runnin aground on either side.

### A Day in May -

Each dormitory senior received an invitation to picnic given by our sister class, the sophomores. We were surprised and delighted that they displayed the sisterly affection for us in such a satisfying manne Sincerely, we had one of the "pleasantest picnics ever" the Glen. Miss Blood, contrary to her usual nature, was cat; Eleanor was a cow; and Wilde was a pig. (Gomeone to explain that to you — it was really all just game.) Wilde had hysterics, and we all had fun. Than again, sophs.

### May 20, 1940 -

An event to which the entire college had looked for ward with keen anticipation was the Monday convoction on May 20; for it was that of the concert given I our two violinists, Sydney J. Baker and Eugene L. We ster. As the concert proceeded it was evident that of anticipated pleasure in the hour was to be realized full. The technique and musicianship of each of the perforers are of unquestioned quality; which enhanced by youthful freshness in interpretation produces a spontative every listener finds irresistible. He is charmed. I be enthralled with the music and at the same time to conscious that it is the work. (Continued on Page 3)

# **Assembly Review**

RUTH ROSEN

THE SCHOLASTIC year 1939-1940 has been a memrable one in the light of assemblies. Not only have we njoyed a great variety of subjects but the selection of speakers and topics has been, according to popular pinion, superior.

The wide variety of assemblies is illustrated by the following classification:

Films (Travelogues, art, science, etc.)	9
Concerts	4
Observance National Holidays	7
Current Affairs	4
Student Assemblies (Including Open Forums)	7
Religious Symposiums	3
Art	3

To what do we owe this impressive showing? The main factor in this success, it must be admitted, lies in the creation of a Culture Fund, a fund initiated by the Robert Weede concert last year, and augmented this year by "Iolanthe" and the very excellent play produced by the Mummers.

### WASHINGTON COUNTY ALUMNI LUNCHEON

ON MAY 1I, the annual spring lunchcon of the Washington County Alumni Unit of the college was held at the Woman's City Club in Hagerstown. Forty alumni at down to well-appointed and daintily decorated tables and enjoyed a delicious repast. The program, introduced by the retiring chairman, Miss Ines Boyer, included the following:

Song .			"Gold at	nd White"
Vocal Solo			. M:	iss K. Noel
Reading .			Mrs. Lo	uise Miller
Welcome to	o the C	Suests	. Miss	Ines Boyer
Remarks by	the C	Suests		
Song .			. "Alı	ma Mater"

Dr. Wiedefeld, Dr. Tall, and Miss Mary Hudson Searborough represented the college and the general altumni. The newly elected chairman is Mrs. Robert Taylor, of Hagerstown.

It is very encouraging to see the continued energy and loyalty of this alumni unit.

Engagements -

Frances Louise Jones — Dr. Victor Hugo Morgenroth. Mary Elaine Ward — Merlyn Naylor.

Marriages -

Anna Miller and Carleton Schueller — married during the Easter holidays.

The fund enabled us to secure such important personages as Dr. Nathan, Rose Quong, Father Hubbard, Dr. Judd, A. K. Van Tine and Bhicoo Batlivala. As one recalls the vital messages brought by each of these people, there will be general agreement that the total expenditure of \$491.00 was a fruitful one.

Equally responsible for the success of our program has been the splendid cooperation of all faculty and students called upon in planning and participating in our

student assemblies.

Since the Student Council and the Athletic Association have set an example in working toward new goals during the coming year, we would like to establish as our goal: making assemblies more vital and useful to the community.

The Assembly Committee wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who aided in making this year's program so outstanding. Watch the fall issue of the TOWER LIGHT for an important announcement concerning a change in assembly policies!

### L'ENVOI

KIPLING AND EAF (chiefly the former)

When our last Senior Class is dismisséd, and our parting tears all have been dried,

When our last prof has said, "Good luck to you," and we look on our B.S. in pride,

We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it — play for a summer or two.

Till the Superintendents of cities and counties shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they'll forget student-teaching care;

They shall practice their principles with freedom; but now no one the responsibility can share.

They'll have their "own" children to work with — Mary Ann, Billy, and Paul;

They may sit up nights planning lessons — but now they won't mind that at all!

And only the Principal shall praise us, and only the Principal shall blame,

And no one shall teach for money, and (we hope) none shall teach for fame;

But each for the joy of teaching; and each, in his classroom afar.

Shall be grateful to State Teachers College, and strive ne'er her name to mar.

# It Paid To Advertise

HENRY ASTRIN

THE "Thirteen Soap" mystery has been solved! Advertisements proclaiming the cleansing powers of "Thirteen Soap" have automatically become invalid since the presentation of "It Pays to Advertise," the Mummers' play, which was given at the college on April 30, 1940.

Although the play was produced in the interest of our Culture Fund, only a small number of persons assembled to see the lively comedy, which centered about the formation of a soap company — a soap company that forgot to manufacture its product. The three-act performance featured a romance between a rich lad, a bit of a fop, from Harvard, and his father's secretary, who was the party of the second part merely because it meant a large check from the boy's millionaire father, who wanted someone to make his simple son work. As good plays go, however, conditions soon became reversed and the half-romance became the real thing, along with the boy's soap business, which became successful without the manufacture of a soap product — much to the surprise of the owner.

Much of the enjoyment of the crowd was notably centered about the antics of a fake French Countess who almost swindled our simple English-speaking friends out of \$5,000, and Peale, advertising agent deluxe, whose witticisms continually kept alive the glories of his profession.

Few students realized that this was the Mummers' biggest and, according to comments of the audience, the best play they have ever presented. Add to this, the

convincing facts that the play was produced without help from any other organizations and was voluntarily given for the benefit of the college's Culture Fund, and you will agree with me that those who helped to make it a success deserve all the credit they can possibly receive.

FACULTY DIRECTORS

Mrs. Helen C, Stapleton Mr. Kenneth P, Miller

SET DESIGN

# Miss Marie Neunsinger

Mary Grasyon, Secretary	Sylvia Gelwasser
Johnson, Butler	Edward Wiener
Comtesse de Beaureu	Miriam Kupper
Rodney Martin, Son of Soap King .	. Henry Astrin
Cyrus Martin, Soap King	Colburn Martin
Ambrose Peale, Advertising Agent .	Morton Weiner
Marie, Maid	Thelma Rosenthal
Helen Smith, Dowager Aunt	. Rena Klein
Miss Burke	Jeanette Ulrich
George McChesney, Advertiser	Nolan Chipman
Ellery Clark, Sophisticated Playboy .	. Leon Kassel
Charles Propent Rusingseman	Louis Snyder

PRODUCTION, STAGE, ADVERTISING MORTON WEINER, JACK WILLIAMSON, HENRY ASTRIN, LEON LERNER, EDWARD WIENER, NOLAN CHIPMAN,

and LEON KASSEL.

Dramatically and socially a success, the play aided the Culture Fund to the amount of \$12.68. The Mummer sincerely hope that this, their first presentation on a large scale, will be only one of a series of annual plays for the welfare of the college.

### A Tribute to One of Our Founders

THE STATE Teachers College at Towson has suffered a great loss in the recent death of Dr. William S. Love. Dr. Love was one of the staunchest and most loyal friends the college ever had. To him belongs in great measure the success of the campaign which resulted in moving the school from Baltimore and the erection of the buildings on their present site. It was to Dr. Love and Dr. Robert Fawcett, two of the most loyal and faithful alumni, that Miss Sarah E. Richmond, then principal of the school, first confided her idea of the new buildings and proposed the campaign for them.

In 1909 the question was brought before the Alumni Association by Dr. Love and Miss Richmond. A committee composed of prominent alumni, including Dr. William S. Love, Miss Sarah E. Richmond, Dr. Rober Fawcett, Mr. Richard M. Browning, Mr. B. K. Pur dum, and Mr. Robert Farring, was appointed.

Dr. Love gave unstintingly of his time and his talen in order to get things done. At the end of six years o strenuous and continuous work with the people of the State, the members of the Alumni Association, the members of the Legislature, and the Commission appointed by the Legislature, he realized his goal. The nev buildings were dedicated on November 19, 1915, a 2:00 P. M.

Dr. Love served on every important committee of th Alumni Association from the date of his graduation in 1887 until about 1924 when he became less active in ne general business of the Alumni Association. He was sually a member on the Executive Committee. He erved as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the arah E. Richmond Student Loan Fund from its creaton on May 13, 1916, until his death. He made his year-report of the trustees' management of the fund at the nnual meeting of the Association. Unlike the majority f graduates it can be said of Dr. Love, without fear of

contradiction, that he always attended the yearly business meeting and banquet. He will be greatly missed by those alumni who also have been faithful in attendance at the annual reunions. He was intensely zealous for the success of his Alma Mater. Every institution has need for such alumni. Sad to relate, the William S. Loves are few!

### The Listening Student and the College Orchestra

SYDNEY BAKER

T. OME unthinking students believe that the college orhestra exists only for the benefit of its members; some eclare that the orchestra is an extra ornament indisensable on certain occasions, and a few oblivious morals wouldn't be aware of its absence were it dishanded. he reasoning evidently must be that since the world's reatest music can be had by simply turning the dial of the radio, why take an interest in an amateur group. Limitations, such as lack of talented musicians, inadquate training, inferior instruments, and an improper palance of instruments do make it difficult, if not imposible, for amateur groups to perform some selections which a professional group of artists can. However, an orchestra director who is trained in the recognition of eal values in orchestral music will demand a performnce from even an amateur organization which has a juality which approaches these values. I feel confident hat were our orchestra to engage in a contest on the ame composition with a similar group of world-famous nusicians, the performance of the experts would be no petter; that is, from the standpoint of essentials, our group would not be rated inferior, provided, of course, hat in this hypothetical situation, we performed our pest. The superiority seemingly manifested by the proessionals would be due to the fact that each instrunentalist had mastered the mechanics of his particular nstrument and was able to inject into his playing that ubtle and intangible something known as talent which nade the rendition more polished. Yet such fundanental values as correctness of pitch, balance of parts, variations in intensity, and accuracy of rhythm and ime would be peculiar to both groups.

П

Since it is required of teachers to help children recogize the values inherent in music, it should be part of their equipment for teaching to be able to note the presence or absence of fundamental values in music which they hear performed. It distresses me when I hear a student commend a miserable musical performance, or to hear a student say that a performance is good or bad without offering evidence to support his conclusions. These conditions could be remedied by a coordination of the curricular music courses and occasional orchestral programs. The simplicity of the compositions heard would enable the student to obtain a basis for judging whether the values of orchestral performances were present or absent. With increased ability through this activity, the student might well become intelligently keen when analyzing the performances of standard symphony orchestras.

### ON LOOKING BACK

SARA HEPBURN

"STUDENTS!" is the call to arms. After a hurried visit to the library — generally with a pretzel stick — we answer the call. Precious minutes are spent for announcements and efficient practice begins.

How much have we benefited in four years? Musically, have the hours spent provided an opportunity for individual growth in musical performance? When we began as freshmen how many of us could read notes, sing in harmony with three other parts or interpret music effectively? How many of us knew anything about teaching music, directing a chorus, or obtaining artistic results? Today we can all boast partial mastery of these skills and arts.

Then we recall the trip through the counties one spring, our annual fall picnic in the glen, and, best of all, that grand supper-garden party at the home of our director.

Will you ever forget how it feels to realize that your audience is thrilled by your performance? Those long hours of rehearsing were not (Continued on Page 38)

# THE LIBRARY

### FREE FOR ALL

MARGARET BARKLEY

DURING a student's years at the State Teachers College the library is an important part of the system functioning for his education. Books are made easily accessible for use, and opportunity is given to associate with them and to know them. It is the intention of the college to develop general reading interests as well as to furnish through the library the materials required by the courses of instruction. Many opportunities are given for starting the practice of reading good books, important newspapers, general magazines, and special periodicals.

When one is impatient to reach a goal quickly, the best possible rate of advance seems to be too slow. Such is the case here, where a very fine normal school library is in the process of growth into a richer library to serve the program of a four-year college. For the new curriculum the collections of books and periodicals are being strengthened according to the needs in each subject field. It will take a long time to build the library that is our goal, but continuous growth, together with intelligent use of the resources at hand mean that the college library can be an important center for the student during what may be the most valuable years of a lifetime.

Beyond the contribution that books have made to his development during the college years, the library habit will prove an everlasting asset to the individual. The student who has formed the habit of using the college library will continue to use libraries for his professional and recreational reading; he may be expected to acquire a personal library; and he will undoubtedly be interested in promoting the advancement of libraries in his school and community. Learning in the college library to know the outstanding professional periodicals and general magazines should mean preparation advantageously to select periodical literature for regular reading. In the journals with which he becomes acquainted as a student. the teacher finds familiar sources for reports of new studies, information about current publications, and reviews of latest books. Experience in the use and evaluation of books should prove of benefit when the graduate is faced with the problems - and pleasures - of book selection. The thoughtful user of his college library will



find that when he is in the position of teacher he will save himself from extravagances in getting and spending, for he will turn readily to a large library (or to the Public Library Advisory Commission) for advice and for information about books, before he buys subscription sets or expensive, unknown works.

Addressing the St. Louis meeting of the Educational Press Association recently, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher said: "I have been struck by the fact that almost none of the hundreds of thousands of youth with whom contact has been made, has said a word of recognition of what America does for its young people. They have difficulty in finding jobs - or in finding jobs they like. There is nothing else in life for them. That they are in complete safety, thanks to our magnificent American political system, with our federation really succeeding, they never think of. That their country has provided free schooling for them, in many cases free health service, free library service, eager and resourceful effort to provide what the majority want - their minds have never moved from the chalkline long enough to perceive, let alone appreciate, "their meaning." Young, in reasonably good health, in personal safety, free to do whatever they like so long as it does not cost money they cannot think of anything that anybody would like to do except those things which cost money." Conspicuously to the contrary - although they may not say "a word of recognition" - many of the students at the State Teachers College appreciate the opportunities that have been provided for them; they recognize what the college "does for its young people"; and they will assuredly find cause for rejoicing in their natural relationships with books, for personal enjoyment and satis faction can result from carrying on and developing the habits begun with the benefits offered to them in the college library.

nase, Mary Ellen, A Goodly Fellowship: New York, Macmillan Company, 1939.

#### ANNE WILLIAMS

You'll like A Goodly Fellowship. You'll like it beuse you'll see yourself and your friends all through 5 pages. You'll like it because of its humorous, vivid ad understanding characterizations. And you'll like it cause it is the picture of Mary Ellen Chase, the kind increase seed of its would like to be

person each of us would like to be. You who have had difficulties in your music courses ill sympathize with Miss Chase's inability to carry a ne. You who have struggled with high school Latin ill sigh with longing for a Latin teacher such as Miss hase describes. You who have suffered many hearthes over "discipline problems" in student teaching ill live again Miss Chase's first day of teaching in a ountry school chosen by her father because of the diffiilt problems it was likely to afford! You who have restled with spacing alignment and the "l" principle handwriting will be comforted by Miss Chase's tale her struggle to master the Palmer system of handriting. Indeed, in one of her positions, handwriting as considered so important that every pay day Miss hase was docked five dollars because she could not rite the sentence "I am pining for a pin to use in nning" to the satisfaction of Messrs. Palmer, You who we taken "professionals" or any other supremely imortant examinations will laugh and feel that you and liss Chase are kindred spirits when you read how, in er extreme nervousness during her doctor's exams, Miss hase ruined a new pair of stockings by rubbing one ikle against the other, tore a handkerchief to bits, and ined a new suit by pulling at a button until she had rn a hole in the jacket.

You'll enjoy reading of her experiences at Hillside ome School, a school that in 1909 was "too busy doing j job to define itself in pedagogical terms," but which day would be termed a progressive school by all the protest and disciples of such institutions.

In telling of her work at Smith College, where she is we teaching, Miss Chase describes the former college esident, Dr. Neilson, in such a way as to assure her aders that she is sincere when she says, "I think it is fe to say that no other college president has been so ved by his students. On one occasion, when he found necessary to scold the girls for misusing the smoking ivileges granted to them, he eased the rebuke by say-g, "Smoking is a dirty, expensive, and unhygienic habto which I am devoted."

Miss Chase says that she once told her grandmother e was sure of only two things about her work: "First, at the teaching of English is at once the hardest thing in the world to do, and second, that it is more fun to do than anything else in the world." All through A Goodly Fellowship Miss Chase leads us to believe that if one loves teaching to this extent it will surely be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

### I INTERVIEWED AN AUTHOR

RACHEL HALE

We have an author in our midst, Dr. Eunice K. Crabtree,

Five years ago Dr. Crabtree and her sister, Mrs. Lu-Verne Crabtree Walker, decided to do something about the inadequate reading material they had to work with in their teaching of the first and third grades. The problem was solved by writing the experiences of their children and adding their own personal childhood experiences. These were typed and put into booklets for each child. The theme of these stories is the development of the art of living. With the help and co-authorship of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Dr. Crabtree and Mrs. Walker put into print their various experiences — those of their own and those of the children they had taught.

The "Crabtree Basic Series" was published in February, 1940. The series is named for Dr. Crabtree's father. The series includes:\*

The Readiness Story Book
 "Tell Me A Story"

This is the first time a basic series provides a literature book for the readiness level. This is a book of delightful stories for the teacher to read to the children in First Grade, Kindergarten, or Nursery School. A rich, full-page illustration accompanies each story.

2. The Readiness Picture Book "My First Book"

An all-picture book that presents reading as a thoughtgetting process through picture interpretation. It develops all phases of reading readiness, including: How to Use a Book! Left to Right Eye Movements! Visual Discrimination! Auditory Discrimination! Facility in Expression and Story Sequence!

3. The Pre-Primer "Runaway Toys"

Here is action, plot and climax! — despite simplicity and low vocabulary load. Every page has point and purpose! Word and sentence recognition is developed gradually and surely through repetition of basic words in simple, natural expression. There are 59 words in this Pre-Primer.

4. The Primer

"To School and Home Again"

This book contains the initial reading experiences without abrupt change in mechanical set-up. Fifty-three Pre-Primer words are repeated in the Primer, where 145 new words are added.

### 5. The First Reader

"In the City and On the Farm"

Provides for further building of sight vocabulary. Stories are based on children's widening experiences in city and farm communities. There are 316 words in the First Reader. Of this number 146 are repeated from the Pre-Primer and Primer.

6. The Manual

"The Teacher's Own Book"

Manual for all First Grade Books by Geneva Hecox, Primary Supervisor, Washington, D. C., and Dr. Crabtree and Mrs. Walker. Here is a manual the teacher can use as a hand book and plan book. Teaching suggestions are concise and easy to read.

Terry Townsend, the illustrator, took actual photographs of boys and girls and then drew the sketches from the photographs.

With this contribution to first-grade reading, we may now look forward to reading programs for the second and third grades, which are coming soon.

### THE CHILDREN'S SCIENCE SERIES

### FERN MILLER

I AM sure nearly everyone has noticed how much science appeals to elementary school children. The girls and boys are very curious about such questions as: the cause of rain, the composition of the earth, the way the thermometer works, etc. They enjoy performing simple

experiments to show the formation of rain, osmosis, sound vibrations, the shape of the earth. They like to make models of volcanoes, and of the earth's interior. What first-grade child does not like to keep frogs' eggs in his room and watch them gradually develop into tadpoles and frogs?

Yes, science does appeal to the children, but the teacher cannot acquaint them with all the worthwhile information through pictures, diagrams, models, and experiments. It seems that he still has to do much talking and give valuable information himself. One of the reasons for this unfortunate condition is the scarcity of interesting reading matter on the children's level.

In our library are six brightly-bound new books of the "Children's Science Series." which have been written for elementary school children. They have been prepared by the Pennsylvania Writer's Project, sponsored by the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction, and copyrighted by the Philadelphia Board of Public Education.

You may ask: Is the subject matter accurate? Can the children understand it? Will the books appeal to the children? The books are written in an interesting story form. Numerous pictures and diagrams illustrate a carefully chosen body of subject matter. In the middle of each book is a double-page, beautifully colored picture.

If you are interested in children's science books, don't miss these books from the "Children's Science Series":

The Story of Bees Looking at the Moon The Book of Stones The Ladder of Clouds A Trip On Many Waters Snow, Glaciers, Icebergs

# Leafing Thru the Clothes Tree

Frances Johnson

THE MAN who is interested in establishing himself as the paragon of clothing perfection could find no better rule to follow than the sage advice given by Shakespeare in the first act of Hamlet:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

There, in a very few words, lies the secret of being well dressed; the importance of which cannot be too heavily emphasized. Since summer has arrived, the major problem is how to be correctly yet comfortably attired. Esquire, the magazine of men's fashions, pictures many of the new styles. Colonial Tan. Ash Brown, and Stone Blue are predicted as popular colors. Striped Shetland jackets are expected to compete in favor with the Glen plaids. Collarless coats, cuffless trousers, and coat sleeves with turn-back cuffs are gaining favor.

Shirts of lighter shades like bamboo, natural tan, ivory, pale green, and hemp are sure-fire with gabardine and Palm Beach suits, or sport coat and slack combinations. Bright socks, heavily ribbed, are more popular than ever. White buck shoes are in close competition with moccasins and saddles. Probably the most startling innovation is the odd waistcoat (vest to you) cut like a postboy riding vest. It has five buttons and long square flaps, with an optional step collar.

Yet conformity with the latest fashions is not as im portant as the use of discretion and good taste in al the details of one's dress, Balance a conservative suit witl bright socks and tie. Wear a plain coat with boldly pat terned slacks and vice-versa. Avoid haphazard color com binations; careful blending or direct contrast produc that immaculate appearance.

It is true that you can't judge a book by its cover, bu with the exception of your friends, people will conside your appearance an index of your character. "For th apparel oft proclaims the man."

<sup>\*</sup> Taken from Announcing the Crabtree Basic Series.

# JOWHAT



W. Norris Weis

YES, So What again with me at the helm. But somehow I feel different as I sit down at the typewriter to snap out in rhythmic staccato these words. It is with a pang of regret that the realization comes that this is the last So What column that I shall write as a student. You'll know what I mean when you get this far. There is the sinking feeling in one's stomach that one feels after an elevator has just shot upward for about fifteen floors and suddenly and sickeningly comes to an abrupt halt. If you think I'm exaggerating wait until you are about to perform for the last time one of the acts that has been a pleasure to you during your stay at the college.

Why should I feel this way about the So What col-

umn? Wait, I'll tell you:

At the staff meeting held in September, 1937, the need was felt for a column which would be versatile, humorous, and student-centered. I was at that meeting: it was my first. Impressed by the popularity of columns by Christopher Billopp, Mark Hellinger, Louis Azrael, etc., there dawned upon me the idea for So What. That's how So What was born.

So for three years the column appeared; not one which oozed culture at every mark of punctuation, but one which looked at the brighter, more unprofessional angles of college life. So to Mac goes the eventful task of burrowing through the emporium of wisdom (college to youse) and unearthing the inevitable as well as presenting it in a printable fashion, So . . .

Bear in mind that the column can only be as good as the news that you, the students, create around the college, since the aim of this department has been to write about the things that no one else considered news.

Now, if any of the faculty members feel that they would like to cure this empty feeling in my bread-basket by taking steps to prolong my stay, please remember that I'm only kidding. At least, I don't want to come back if I have to continue doing under-graduate work.

Now for my last barrage. Here it comes, ready or not:

My Last Romantic Notes

1. Marguerite Wilson should have no trouble with her student teaching when it comes to poetry. Many a good exercise can be motivated by poetry if the environment is conducive for a good response, ch, Marguerite? If you don't believe this ask Joe Hillyard.

2. Well, it appears that George Hoddinott, the col-

lege's No. 1 freshman, has been having his Tribulls. I'll bet Betty likes it, though.

3. Every time I ask for news along the romantic front, almost everyone starts off with the name of the man who has become a synonym for romance. The only thing I can figure out is how comes he has a different girl's initials after his name every other month. How about this, Bob Cox?

4. Better watch your step, Mac. Some day you'll go over to dance in the dorm looking for Mary Jane, and the dawn will break all about you; that is to say, the

Lytle be in your way.

5. Our last engagement announcement: She says we won't hear any bells for at least two years. But we'll betcha 2 to 1 we'll hear them before that. What do you say now, Marjorie Hisley? Wonder if Loren feels the same way?

6. Flash! Julia Coffman gets her engagement ring on June 11, 1940. Some fast reporting!

7. At last! A faculty romance that culminated!

Permanent Mental Images

Impressions made in four years that a life-time will not erase:

- 1. My ballroom waltz with Miss Weyforth.
- 2. Hitch-hiking into town.
- 3. Harry Russell's house-warmings.
- 4. Marie's brown eyes.
- 5. Cernik's mustache.
- 6. Dr. Crabtree's nephew.
- 7. Mr. Moser's twenty-three apples
- 8. The German invasion of the U. S. and their repulsion by the "Fancy Charlies."
- 9. The Bookshop Club's Dance.
- Our ball trip to Salisbury, 1939. Some jokes, ch, Brill?
- 11. Willy Kahn in the auditorium.
- Lou Cox calling our laboratory a "Scampus School."

### Prognostications

We've tried our hand at everything else in three years, guess we might just as well try to foretell what some of our contemporaries will be doing twenty years from now:

- 1. Jack Hart: Crooning in the movies, billed as the "Second Crosby."
- 2. Evelyn Fiedler: School Superintendent in Texas.
- 3. Sarah Jane Barrett: Raising guinea pigs, accompanied by Erma Jacobs, in Borneo.
- 4. Colburn Martin: Stage star in a Broadway produc-
  - 5. Dick Cunningham: Giving trumpet lessons.

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class We, of the Senior Class of 1940, being of sound mind

# For Later On

JUNE DUVALL

- M iss Blood's helpful guidance
- E velvn Fiedler's science teaching
- M argaret Johnson's Irish temper
- O verdue library books
- R uth Rosen's loss of avoirdupois
- rma Jacobs' rush for library books
- E ddie Johnson's tenor solos
- S cherer's portrait
- O op's, I mean Snoop's, ability in art
- F red Kieval's great amount of knowledge
- rott sisters, Alice and Nannette
- epburn's Evans Robinson
- E sther Royston's engagement ring
- N orman Wilde's dimples
- I rene Lansman's picture frame for art
- N ancy Dolan's fair play
- E lizabeth's, we mean Libby's, Southern accent
- T ucker, chief marshal
- E sther Lohr's good cheer
- E leanor's able leadership
- N orris' "So-What" ravings
- F renchie's hair styles
- O ld Bookshop Gang
- R uth Deitz's long letters from all her admirers
- T homas' breeding, brains, and beauty
- Y vonne's attraction to the opposite sex
- C ornelia's campuses
- L auenstein's deep blushes
- A nne Quintero's Spanish beauty
- S vdnev's violin playing
- S chnebly's athletic ability

- (?), hereby bequeath to posterity the following, which we have thoroughly utilized and enjoyed:
  - 1. The memory of Cernik's Maxwell as a warning.
  - 2. Mr. Walther as a source of the best jokes in town.
  - 3. The Open Forum as a lunch period.
  - 4. The student council as an escape valve for the emotions.
  - 5. May Day as a preview of next year's freshmen.
  - 6. Mrs. Clark as a "sure-fire" Bookshop promoter.
  - The statues in the halls as examples of class gifts. 8. Leon Lerner as the father of "It may be inter-
  - esting to note . . ." 9. The So What column - dog-goned if we can

### Conclusion

And now, as any Fitzpatrick Traveltalk would conclude, I say "and it is with great regret that we leave this port of call to wend our way homeward to Home Sweet Home." So long and - So What!

# **Bug Class Ballad**

MARTHA SCHNEBLY

Hexapoda, insects, bugs!

By any name

They're all the same

think of a reason.

And yet their name

Gives us a pain.

It may be queer the way we plug,

For you who rest

Without the quest

To learn the best

Of such a pest

Can live your lives without an "Ugh."

You've no care

Of toils we share

In nightly mare

To do and dare

As daily for our mark we tug.

But who can say

At just what day

Insects may sway

Into full play

And rule the world in which we dug.

Then our information

May gain us position

And you'll be wishin'

You'd have ambition

And taken the West course in bugs.

# Laugh, And The World Laughs With You

KATHERINE JACOB and ELIZABETH MELENDEZ

Laugh a little now and then, It brightens life a lot; You can see the brighter side Just as well as not. Don't go mournfully around, Gloomy and forlorn; Try to make your fellowmen

Glad that you were born.

An old negro recently limped into a lawyer's office and launched into a long and bitter description of how he had been run over by a car. "Oh, I understand," said the lawyer, "you want damages."

"No, sah," replied the darky, "I'se got damages. I wants repairs."—Rotarian.

Cavalry Recruit: "Sergeant, pick me out a nice gentle horse."

Sergeant: "Have you ever ridden a horse before?" Recruit: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah, here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can both start together."

"Spare a copper for a poor man who has been reduced to beggary?"

"But I see you actually have a car of your own!"

"Yes, lady, that is the reason I have been reduced to beggary."—Rotarian.

A soldier was on sentry duty for the first time. A dark form approached him.

"Halt!" he cried in a threatening tone. "Who are vou?"

"The officer of the day," was the reply.

"Advance."

The officer advanced, but before he proceeded half a dozen steps the sentry cried again, "Halt!"

"This is the second time you have halted me," observed the officer. "What are you going to do next?"

"Never you mind. My orders are to call 'Halt' three.

"Never you mind. My orders are to call 'Halt' three times and then shoot."

The following notice was inserted in a rural weekly: "Anyone found near my chicken house at night will be found there the next morning."

Fair City Visitor: "What's that I smell?" Farmer: "That's fertilizer, Miss."

Fair City Visitor: "For land's sake!"

Farmer: "Yes, ma'am."

A woman driver ran into an embankment and bent a fender, It worried her. She went to a garage and asked the mechanic, "Can you fix this fender so my husband won't know how it was bent?"

The mechanic looked at the bent fender and then at her, and said: "No, lady, I can't. But I'll tell what I can do. I can fix it up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

It is taken for granted that both our national conventions will declare that we must not get into the war. That will settle everything nicely, except the question, "Will the war get into us?"—The New Yorker.

The philosopher calmly defined the exact difference between life and love:

"Life is just one fool thing after another. Love is just two fool things after each other."

Salesman, to a tired businessman cutting his grass: "All you have to do is cross our sword grass with this blue grass, and when the wind blows, the lawn will cut itself."

### PARTING ADVICE

If you want to kill time, why not try working it to death?

It may be that "he who laughs last laughs best," but he who laughs first sees the point.

Blaming your faults on nature will not change the nature of your faults.

Young girl, he may be all the world to you, but you'd better see more of the world.

### It Has Happened Here

- An orderly Student Council meeting, thanks to Eleanor.
- A quiet library, thanks to Dr. Wiedefeld and the librarians.
- 3. Unitless student teaching.
- A faculty member who teaches as he preaches "English."
- 5. Better assemblies, thanks to the Culture Fund.
- 6. Records of the voices of S. T. C.'s inmates.
- A new ping-pong table; and a greater interest in athletics.
- 8. Loss of the seventh grade from the Campus School.
- Sweaters for boys and anklets for girls.
- Two swing band leaders among the students.

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### The Senior "Who's Who"

Eleanor, our stately queen, By far the best we've ever seen, In her gracious, charming manner Upheld the student council's banner.

Campusing is a dreadful task, One for which no one would ask. But since it's in the line of duty, Neal performs with skill and scrutiny.

The keeper of the big black book In spring gives us a blushing look. Timid and shy though he seems to be (s), Where is a better keeper of the fees?

Her faces and graces have brought renown, She's a class sage as well as a clown, To the student council our woes she takes, It's Dotty who works for our sakes.

He's here in a flurry and off in a rush, But because he's President, we'll have to hush. He's the center of blame and of honor, too! But brave Norm! You came flying thru!

Whitey is our ladies' man With his South Ca'lina tan. He reigned as king of the May Court. (Ruling women's his favorite sport.)

Shirley, our secretary, faithful and true, Has kept the records the whole year thru. She deserves lots of thanks and lots of credit, And if it's up to us we're sure she'll get it.

Of worries he had not enough, So to make Cy's path more rough The seniors placed upon his shoulders 1940's financial boulders.

Three cheers for the parties and the dance and the prom.

The fun by the seniors and the work by Yvonne. Regardless of place and regardless of date, The seniors to her say, "Smooth sailing, Mate!"

Frenchie's a lassic with a great big grin. She can really take it on the chin. As our social chairman she works with a will, And a spot in our hearts she'll always fill.

No senior revue would be quite complete, Without Evelyn to round out the suite; Jack of all trades who masters them, too, She's helped 1940 come shining through.

### The "Hit" Parade

Ed Johnson

Eleanor Williamson—"A Star Fell Out of Heaven" Sydney Baker—"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" Whitey Lauenstein—"Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me!" Lou Cox—"My Hero!"

Sarah and Robby-"Sweethearts on Parade"

Kitty Paula—"Pardon My Southern Accent"

Dotty Davis—"Three O'Clock in the Morning"

Mr. Crook—"Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?"

Senior Class—"Lazybones"

Richard Cunningham—"Blow, Gabriel, Blow!" W. Norris Weis—"An Apple for the Teacher"

Miss Blood—"Faithful Forever"

Gwen Sadler-"Anchors Aweigh!"

Nancy Dolan-"My Wild Irish Rose"

Ruth Deitz-"To You, Sweetheart, Aloha"

Jessie Scherer-"Daisies Won't Tell"

Calvin Parker-"A Study in Blue"

Evelyn Fiedler—"Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" Charley Leef—"Little Sir Echo"

The Dorm Girls-"The Prisoner's Song"

Yvonne Belt-"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue"

Elaine Reynolds-"Chatterbox"

Neal Galbreath—"Jumpin' Jive"

Connie Reesor—"William Tell"

Libby Weems—"Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"
D. B. Morris, B. Haile, M. Schnebly —
"Three Little Fishes"

L. L. Lerner—"Flat Foot Floogie"

Fred Kieval—"Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, It's Off to Work We Go."

Ed Johnson (upon request)—"Johnny One-Note"

Esther Royston—"Wedding Bells"

Shirley Thomas—"Betty Co-ed"
(Pardon this one, please!) —

James Cernik-"Roll Out the Barrel!"

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# On Looking Back

(Continued from Page 29) in vain. You have helped give your college a good reputation and, best of all, you have rewarded your director for long hours of tireless effort.

By this time I am sure you know of what organization I am speaking. I wonder then whether you realize whose talent and ability lay behind such accomplishments. There is only one answer. So on looking back, we offer to Miss Weyforth appreciation for the many things she has given us during our four short years in the Glee Club.

### ON LOOKING FORWARD

A violin concert by a celebrated artist — Could it be our own Sydney Baker? It is, How proud we will be to say "He was in my class at S. T. C."

A tenor soloist from the Metropolitan — Let me see, that must be Ed Johnson. Just think! I used to sing in our college Glee Club with him.

Another Walter Damrosch in the making — Are you using the W. N. W. appreciation series? There is a weekly broadcast of each course. Remember when he was writing that series of appreciation lessons for Miss Weyforth's music course?

We need someone to take charge of assembly music— Miss Fiedler could fill that position in a very capable manner. I wonder if she will accept?

This operetta needs a violinist and a good one. I'm afraid none of the children will qualify. Of course, Miss Galbreath! Why didn't we think of her before?

### **PATRONS**

ANONYMOUS SYDNEY BAKER SARA JANE BARRETT MARY BRASHEARS JULIA COFFMAN LUTHER COX RICHARD CUNNINGHAM ANNETTE DANKER MARY ELIZABETH DAY SHIRLIE DIAMOND NANCY DOLAN JUNE DUVALL KATHERINE FEASER EVELYN A. FIEDLER NEAL GALBREATH ANNA GARMAN BARBARA HAILE SARA HEPBURN MARY HUTTON KATHERINE IACOB ERMA JACOBS JEANNE KRAVETZ MILDRED LAMBERT

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# COLLEGE EVENTS

(Continued from Page 26) of one of our own college group gives a feeling of pride as well as of pleasure. Mr. Baker and Mr. Webster are to be commended for their excellence on this occasion and for their generous support of all the musical activities of the college.

Miss Sylvia Gelwasser evidenced taste and artistry in her accompaniment of Mr. Baker's playing of the Con-

certo.

Besides, it is a pleasure to add a word of appreciation for Mr. J. C. Van Hulsteyn, teacher of Mr. Baker, and for Miss Celia Brace, teacher of Mr. Webster, for their interest in the concert and their generous efforts to insure a successful performance. Miss Brace came to act as Mr. Webster's accompanist. This all goes to show that real musicians are the soul of generosity with their music, and that teachers whose work is so widely known as that of these two Peabody teachers of violin are also generous in working with another college. The college is grateful to Miss Brace and Mr. Van Hulsteyn.

The program was as follows:

No. 2 from Duets f						. Viott
Mr.	Baker	and	Mr.	Webst	er	
Andantino .						Kreisle
Swiss Lullaby .					De	Ribaupierr
Serenade Espagñole						. Kreisle
Hungarian Poem						. Hubá
	M	r. W	ebste	r		

Concerto in E minor (First Movement) . Mendelssohn Mr. Baker

May 31, 1940 — (A coming attraction) —

The juniors and seniors are looking forward to an evening on a Southern plantation on May 31. The prom this year will carry out the "Gone With The Wind" idea in the setting and in the dinner. Old Southern cooking is widely known and we're sure that it will gain more renown when it is prepared and served at Newell Hall. We shall be entertained by the "Men About Town." So, ladies, put on your Southern airs and, gentlemen, put on your aristocratic bearing, and all of you acquire a Southern accent.

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Then, seniors, just think of the sense of humor you've developed. Not many juniors would call unexpected supervision "a surprise attack" (that must have been the result of war propaganda). Would you think Johnny impertinent if, when you asked where the Declaration of Independence was signed, he answered, "At the bottom"? What would you have done when Patricia, after hearing an explanation of the whale's teeth and gums, which fit together as a ball and socket, asked, "But how does the whale know when to turn the socket on?" — Or the little girl who said in a lesson about air, "Now the glass is empty. I poured the air out!"

And, just to prove that the morale of the seniors was higher at the end of student teaching, here are a few quips we overheard:

Kitty-How is your notebook?

Mary—Oh, I have an inch of lesson plans, three-quarters of an inch of observations, and a half-inch of professional readings.

And then:

"Did you come out red or blue in the last acid test?"
"Oh, well! It doesn't matter. If you came out in the red, you're blue, so where does it all get you?"

Seniors, don't lose that sense of humor! It's the one thing that won't let you down regardless of whether you find yourself behind a desk or a kitchen stove!

### WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

BARBARA HAILE

"THE PEACE which passeth all understanding." Such peace fills the soul with unvoiced feeling. Nothing lacks; all overflows. You feel remote from everything in a curious contentment of your own, and in a strange relationship with something intangible, wondrous, and unknown. It may come after a good day's work with your bare fingers in the rich garden soil, in the hope that beauty in nature will be forthcoming. Perhaps it comes from a glimpse of an old church on a hill in the open country with a single spire etched in blackness against a fading sunset sky. Or is it from doing one thing that seemed fully unexpected to both you, the giver, and the blessed receiver? The ecstasy of some familiar music may thrill you to the core and give you peace - a tender, restful one. Again, the endearing smile of a friend. There is that intangible, fragrant whiff of perfume from the flowers as you pass by. Peace may come with the clinging of the soft, trusting hand of a child in yours; or the faithful, trembling joy of an aged one in your care. Perhaps the work of God Himself helps send this peace to you. Or yet the thought of peace itself in quiet leisure hours - thought of the peace which passeth all understanding. Tell me, who knows?

## "More Precious Than Rubies" FREDWIN KIEVAL

THE QUEST after knowledge never ceases. In its endless journey, it is marked by milestones and markers. Outwardly, in its early years, it is marked by graduations; in its later years by degrees. Does it follow then, that he who has accumulated many degrees is the man who has consumed the most of knowledge? All of us know that this is not true. Degree hunting is a vicious sport.

What is the significance of a degree? Is it the summit of scholastic mountain-climbers or a pass to a lettered fraternity? It is none of these. It is a symbol — a symbol that one has caught a single leaf of the Tree of Knowledge and has gazed admiringly at the Tree's secret parts, perhaps never to clutch them to his bosom.

Seniors we are, and degrees we receive. Do we merit them? Of course we have completed a four-year course with satisfactory grades in a college of recognized standing. Is this all that is required? No, something more is needed. That something is a confession — a genuine confession.

Several days ago, I sat at a library table with a friend. He lifted his eyes from his book and with a slight smile mused to himself, "The more I study, the less I realize I know." At that moment I knew he was ready to accept his degree.

How much the lower classmen may gain from these senior admissions is entirely their own concern. There is an ancient story among an historic people who loved learning more than life itself that illustrates quite clearly this point. "Over these things does God weep every day: Over him who studies amid difficulties hard to overcome; but more so, over him who is able to study but neglects it."

How will a lower classman know that he honestly merits a degree when his time elapses? If he has striven conscientionsly for knowledge and can say afterward that "I know nothing," then he has won his degree. For he has sought knowledge.

"Happy is that man that findeth wisdom, And the man that obtaineth understanding. She is more precious than rubies; And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her."





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### TOWER FIGH

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# **Our Standing**

### AMONG THE COLLEGES

M. Theresa Wiedefeld

BIRTHDAY celebration should glorify the past, take stock of the present, and visualize the future. The present is the most important period in the life of any person or institution. Even though we may agree with the statement that there is no present, we must think of it as that state which is resulting from the past and at the same time determining the future.

Before beginning the celebration of our 75th anniversary year we should take stock of the present by studying our standing among the colleges. There are not many objective criteria by which we can measure our college with a degree of reliability, but we can use those which are available and get a rating which should help us to understand what the future may be.

There are several subjective comparisons which when made can be checked by personal or group opinion and their reliability determined. One concerns our college buildings. Our location is ideal for many reasons and our buildings are second to none in the State, and compare favorably with any in the nation from the standpoint of beauty of architecture, spaciousness, and wealth of campus trees and shrubbery. Another standard concerns our faculty and staff. These groups of men and women take their places in that continuing line of the capable, highly trained, and noble among the world's leaders.

In point of years our college ranks among the oldest of the teacher training institutions and among the youngest of the colleges. We enjoy the privilege of membership in the American Association of Teachers Colleges which is the national accrediting agency for teacher training institutions. We earned this right of membership by reaching the standards which were set by the association; concerning Faculty Preparation. Conditions of Faculty Service, Library and Financial Support. We also hold membership in the American Council on Education which requires definite qualifications

Use of the Psychological Examination for College Freshmen and the National College Sophomore Test of the American Council on Education provide reliable bases for knowing much about our students, The Psychological Examination is given annually in September to the freshmen at Towson, and to many other colleges throughout the nation. In 1939 it was taken by 83,000 students in 325 colleges. This number included 237 colleges in the larger universities and other four-year colleges, 59 junior colleges, and 29 teacher colleges. Tow son stood 156th among the 325 colleges when the average grades of all participating colleges were compared. This placed her in 50th percentile rank. When compare with the freshmen of the 29 teachers colleges participating in the testing program, Towson ranked fourth. The mean score of the Teachers Colleges was 88.7; the Towson score was 95.29.

The National College Sophomore Test was given to our Sophomore Class in April, 1939. The results of thes tests indicate in some degree the relative worth of the two years in college and give us one more criterion by which we can rank ourselves among the participating colleges. The test is divided into three parts and is quite comprehensive. It covers English, including Mechanics of Expression; General Culture which includes Current Social Problems, History and Social Studies, Literature Fine Arts, Science, and Mathematics; Contemporary Affairs, including Political Events, Social and Economic Events, Science and Medicine, Fine Arts, and Amuse ments.

The norms which we have are those which were computed in June and are tentative. They are based on possibly 5,000 cases. More general finding will be published this fall. It would therefore be unfair to give the results here as final. Several trends, however are worthy of mention. It is of interest to note that the results for men and women students differ. The womer made higher scores in English than the men and the men have more general culture and know more of contemporary affairs than do the women. The men rank in the 60th percentile in Mechanics of Expression while the women rank in the 82nd percentile. On the other hand the men are in the 80th percentile in Science, the women in the 70th, the men's percentile rank

in Science and Medicine is 67, the women's is 50; but the women rank in the 73rd percentile in fine arts while the men stand in the 67th. The men ranked higher in Current Social Problems, and Political Events; the women ranked higher in Literature and in Vocabulary. Just what are the implications of these differences? The number of women is four times the number of men and the differences may not be significant as sex differences. Other statistical studies have not indicated these sex differences with groups which were equated on the basis of general ability and reading ability. These tests are worthy of our attention, however, and they point to the specific needs of both men and women students as groups. Individuals within each of the groups are bound to differ widely. Certain women will surpass many of the men, and certain men will be superior in all subjects to many of the women.

Our standing among the colleges gives us satisfaction and affords us encouragement. The future has much in store for Towson. Let us work boldly and confidently.

# **Gullibles' Travels**

Dr. E. F. Dowell

WHEN AN emissary of the Tower Light staff requested me to write this article 1 was tempted to remind her of the constitutional provision against the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that this journalistic endeavor would probably inflict greater punishment on the unfortunate readers than upon the embarrassed writer. I have never been able to write about myself without feeling very much like the man whose wig blew off when he was about to make a speech. Moreover, as a native of Baltimore 1 possess none of that enchantment which distance is reputed to lend.

Life at the Friends' School and the Boys' Latin School brought me the usual interest in sports and certain studies. The most distinct memory of this period is one of covering a half-dollar sized blister on my heel with adhesive tape for over a month in order to play in enough games to win my baseball letter.

Four years of undergraduate activity at the Johns Hopkins University produced an abiding affection and respect for that great institution and for the distinguished fraternity of scholars who constitute its lifeblood. This is not to say that much of my time was not devoted to the college newspaper, track, fraternity activities, the Y.M.C.A., the Barnstormers, and the Cosmopolitan and Liberal Clubs. I still recall with glee tripping a Sophomore, spanking him with his own paddle, and thereby precipitating a class riot on the campus

A trip to Europe the summer after graduation provided an interesting series of experiences in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. Then 1 returned to the U. S. A. and the Great Depression. Work in advertising and selling stocks and bonds did not satisfy me. I returned to the Johns Hopkins University, entered the Graduate School in the Department of Political Science, and in 1936, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

My experience as a teacher began at Hollins College which is situated six miles from Roanoke in the beautiful mountain country of southwest Virginia. This college is heir to a long and distinguished tradition accumulated since its founding in 1842 and bears an honored name in connection with the history of the growth of institutions of higher learning for women in the South. It provided a congenial atmosphere for the development of my teaching and research and for participation in the civic affairs of nearby communities. Three events associated with my four years at Hollins College stand out in my recollections: the labor involved in preparing my dissertation for publication; the kind letter received from Mr. Justice Brandeis after he had received a copy, and the study which I made of the city-manager form of government in Roanoke, Virginia. The warmest memories of these four years, aside from personal and professional friendships among my Hollins colleagues, are of my former students, a number of whom I now consider my friends in the truest sense of the term.

What do I think of the State Teachers College? President Wiedefeld, Miss Van Bibber, and my new colleagues have extended to me a cordial welcome and all possible assistance. The students are friendly, cooperative, and eager to learn. A teacher could ask for no more than this, except for one thing, the conviction that he is a part of an institution that possesses real opportunities for future development and expansion. I believe that the State Teachers College, in particular, provides such opportunities, and that the training of American teachers, in general, along lines more closely corresponding to college and university curricula offers a fertile field for future expansion.

# Miss Lena C. Van Bibber Retires

MISS LENA C. VAN BIBBER retires from the faculty of the State Teachers College at Towson and is succeeded by Dr. E. Foster Dowell. Miss Van Bibber, herself a graduate of the college, received her bachelor's degree from Columbia University and her master's degree from the Johns Hopkins University. Always an ardent student of history, she interprets contemporary affairs upon a vivid background of the past. Her dissertation, Town Life in Medieval England, reveals her ability as a scholar; her active participation in organizations and clubs for social betterment shows the high degree of responsibility which she had always assumed toward her duties as a teacher and as a citizen. This energetic enthusiasm has contributed to the fine quality

of her teaching and has made her a leader in the student activities of the college, where she organized and fostered the League of Young Voters, later the International Relations Club. She has also been chairman of the International Relations Committee of the College Club and secretary of the History Association of the Middle Atlantic State and Maryland. Miss Van Bibber has traveled much abroad, studying at the great English universities and attending a school directed in Geneva by the League of Nations, which granted her a scholarship. Her broad experiences, however, have given her only a more profound love of Maryland. She is a daughter of the late Judge George Van Bibber of Harford County, a sister of Dr. Armfield Van Bibber of Bel Air, and a sister of Mrs. J. Alexis Shriver.

# The Student Council

BETTY STEUART

SINCE LAST year, the Student Council has assumed more and more responsibilities, which previously had been assumed by the administration. For instance, we have undertaken Play Day, May Day, assemblies, and the handbook publication. This is significant in the life of the entire student body. It means that the students are undertaking important activities.

The functioning of the Student Council should be

the interest of every freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior. Often there are those who say that the students are not participating as they should. This can be remedied by an understanding that what goes on at Student Council meetings is of interest to everyone. Having this understanding, the students should submit more suggestions, take more part in discussions, and, in general, do more for the good of the college as a whole.

# Welcome Freshmen

ONCE AGAIN the halls of our college are filled with new faces. It has not been too long ago for us to remember how we felt when we were newcomers to this institution. We understand that feeling of "aloneness" that one can have even in the midst of several hundred other people. So, as older members of the family, we want to extend a hearty greeting to our younger brothers and sisters. We gladly offer our assistance if it is needed in any way and, above all, our friendship.

You, as Freshmen, bring much to us. Each of you is an individual and, naturally, each of you brings diverse ideas. We need new ideas to keep us growing. You bring added spirit. You bring lovalty. Without

lovalty, we cannot exist.

Here at State Teachers College, there is much that we can share with each other. The clubs are ours. Clubs are such a vital part of our college career that each of us should join those of particular interest to us. The campus and the glen are ours. With the ownership of these, come responsibilities. The sharing of these responsibilities binds us more closely together and in turn, you will become an integral part of our group. From what we have seen of you so far, we can truthfully say, "We like you." We hope you have formed just as high an opinion of us and that you are proud to be a part of The State Teachers College at Towson.

# We Change Our Seat of Learning

NOLAN CHIPMAN

IT REALLY didn't matter where we went. We were going, that's what counted! There were no serious thoughts among our group of seventy odd Juniors when we left the College on a certain beautiful Wednesday in September. There was nothing of the pioneer spirit in us. No, we were just saturated with fondness for mankind in general. We were filled with affection for the President; for those who had organized the Seminar Courses, for Miss Joslin, Miss Brown, Miss Bader, and Mr. Walther who were accompanying us, for those whom we were visiting; for each other, and for the unfortunates left behind. But simmering inside of this volcano of brotherly love, there was a lone trait that might make the time and effort spent on us bear fruit. We were curious!

"How long does it take them to grow? What kind are they? What's in the compost? How many beds do you have?" We were at the mushroom farm in Cockeysville, Maryland, trying to satisfy our insatiable thirst for information. Mr. Snodgrass (it was an experience to ose a real Snodgrass) was a genial host and did much to instill in us a friendlier feeling toward Agaricus campestris—mushrooms. After he had given us a sketchy picture of the workings of a mushroom farm we all made a tour of the beds where we saw mushrooms in various stages of development. We toured the packing house and other buildings, all the while questioning Mr. Snodgrass. Then like a swarm of locust, we moved on to ply another host for facts about unfamiliar things.

Mr. Bosley and his family gave us complete freedom at their spacious dairy farm. There was a pleasing shyness and hospitality about them that made us quite it ease. We separated into small groups and surveyed the barns, the dairy, the silo, the pig pen, the bull pen and every nook and cranny about the place. It required four of the Bosleys, the faculty among us, the Chilcoat boys, Quentin Thompson and several city stock "who knew", to stem the tide of our inquiries. And I am sure that it was a healthy stimulating experience for all. We couldn't help but gain some background about the workings of a dairy farm. We were up to our eyebrows in it and probing farther and farther.

We saw the herd of Golden Guernseys led to the cow barn; we saw them milked; we touched them. We saw the mules, we saw a calf, we saw and heard the bull, we saw the pigs, we saw the tractor, we saw the com crib, we saw and saw and saw!

With appetites but temporarily appeared, we set off

for Sparks and the horse farm. Mr. Canneday, manager of the farm, welcomed us with the same warmth that Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Bosley had shown. The climax of the day was reached when a handler brought forth a thoroughbred race horse named Action—to the extent of \$36,000 carnings. He was a splendid beast and the most unsophisticated among us could not help but admire his beauty. We went through the barn and were shown a number of fine mares and their foals and given a little history of each pair. Of course our inexhaustible supply of questions poured forth. Finally we saw a group of Belgian draft horses. Then we students sauntered back to the cars and headed for home.

We had ended the first field trip of the Seminar Courses. Would making the trip help us to be better teachers? Undoubtedly. Did we enjoy the experience? Immensely. Did we derive benefits other than learning facts? Yes. What benefits? I can't describe them. I asked other Juniors. Their answers are vague, but of a single theme. The Seminar Courses provide boundless capacity for self development, for group development, for teacher development.

### A SONNET OF YOUTH

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS

My cup of happiness is full today:
Its gold is spilling over all my soul!
No force on earth has pow'r enough to stay
The flowing liquid of its golden whole.
Oh Lord, with silver streaming through the vein,
And happiness of living everywhere,
It's hard for youth to understand the pain.
And tragedy that others have to bear.
Is it your chosen plan to spread with gold
The hours of youth, and then withdraw the light
When youth is past? Oh, Father, make me old
With wrinkles deep, and hair of snowy white,
But never let the golden joy decay
That lives within my happy heart today!

# The Eighth Wonder of the World

CHARLES GROSS

NE OF the editors was unusually fortunate this past summer in being able to travel to the west coast and back by automobile. It would obviously be impossible to record eight thousand miles of sightseeing in the pages of our publication. Even if it were possible, it would certainly not be in keeping

with those democratic principles to which we aspire. Therefore the only logical thing to do is to describe what seemed to be one of the most impressive sights and hope that you readers will be similarly impressed. After reading this and looking at the picture your first conclusion is probably that the wrong picture was used. Yes, it will be admitted that it is only a picture of a gray stone building, and also that grav stone buildings are certainly no oddity. Nevertheless, compare these facts concerning this picture with those about any other stone building in this or any other city.

To begin, this is the Mormom Temple in Salt Lake City, Utah, which enjoys the privilege of being the only one of its kind in the world. As the picture here gives only a general view and that from

the rear, the most interesting details would still be left to your imagination. However, one could never fully appreciate this amazing feat of man with even the farthest stretch of the imagination.

Brigham Young, as you will no doubt remember, led his band of twenty thousand Mormons across the country from St. Louis and finally settled on the spot which is now Salt Lake City. The first few years were wisely spent in the establishment of a huge irrigation system, extensive farming projects, and a cooperative plan of government. Being a deeply religious group of people, they gathered together and selected from their midst a few hundred of the hardiest men. Under the efficient guidance of their leader, Brigham Young, these men began the erection of a memorial to God that should remain forever. They seem to have accomplished their purpose, at least to some extent, for today, almost one

hundred years later, the temple is in perfect condition. We are told that it required a full day for a yoke of four oxen to haul one building stone from the hills where it was cut to the site of the structure. Even after reaching the location each block had to be hand-cut and set in place without the aid of any of our present day

cranes or derricks. This gives us a fair idea of the years upon years of unceasing labor required for the building of their memorial.

However, the most remarkable detail is, that despite the fact that the building is over one hundred feet high, there was not one screw, nail or peg, nor one ounce of mortar of any kind used in the entire structure. The weight of the blocks themselves is all that holds them in place. The precision with which they were set in place reminds one of the accuracy exercised in the construction of the pyramids of Egypt.

Mounted on the very tallest of the spires over the front door is a giant statue of Angel Moroni blowing a golden trumpet.

Not only is this temple a beautiful thing in itself, but it is also situated within the Mormon

Square and is surrounded by a number of other unique structures of only slightly less importance to the Mormon people. In the rear of the temple stands the Salt Lake Tabernacle which can justly boast of having the best acoustics of any building in the world. It is from here that the famous Salt Lake Choir sings every Sunday morning on a coast-to-coast broadcast. To the rear of the temple and at one side is the only monument ever erected to birds. Such a remembrance was thought only fitting since a flock of sea gulls had miraculously saved the crops of the people from the complete destruction which had been started by hordes of descending grasshoppers. The monument is in the center of a large pool dotted here and there with broad water lilies.

Each feature of Mormon Square, when considered alone completely captures one's attention. But when standing at a distance, just (Continued on Page 26)



### OCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF MEMBERSHIP IN

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM

F IT is true that "the adolescent years are preminently a period of social development and adjustnent", and that "organized social activities of the chool, church, and other agencies play a large part in ocializing the adolescent", certainly the many clubs, eams, and small groups here at State Teachers have lefinite values to their members.

There is little doubt in my mind concerning the imminent values which accrue to the student participating a any of the extra-curricular groups here at school. Iowever, since I have had more acquaintance with he TOWER LIGHT than any other, I shall attempt to obint out the social implications of being a member of this group.

- Through its staff meetings it encourages spontaneous expression of individual ideas and allows each of us to become aware of, and tolerant of other peoples' opinions and attitudes.
- Through its delegation of specific duties to all members on the basis of interest, it allows the student to express himself along lines which are pleasing to him. At the same time, the student receives training in carrying out responsible tasks.
- 3. Student chairmanship of these meetings tends to discourage shyuess and to develop traits of leadership. A group of limited membership such as this one has many advantages over a larger group when it comes to inducting the shy student into the duties of leadership. There is little opportunity for fear and awe to develop.
- From helping with the planning of the Tower Light Dance and the planning of the monthly issues, each individual receives values arising from satisfaction in assisting in the solution of problems mutual to his fellows.
- From working in the Advertising Department, certain individuals experience situations leading to increased assurance and self-confidence.
- From working in its Business Department, certain individuals gain a wealth of socially useful information concerning the proper handling of business accounts.
- 7. From working in its various writing departments, and particularly its editorial departments, the student is immensely aided in the use of forceful, correct English, and is guided to an understanding of what constitutes sincere and worthy student writing.

# the tower light

8. In all its groups, large or small, opportunity is provided to know individuals of the same age and of both sexes; to learn their interests, strong points, weak points; to develop friendships and companionships with like-minded people. Participation in all these groups furnishes the student with a criterion of his degree of social maturity, and supplies him with a goal of self-expression toward

### DORMITORY WORK AND PLAY

which he may work.

HARRIET WELLS

MONDAYS THROUGH Thursdays, a seven o'clock bell warns evening merrymakers in Newell Hall foyer that the life of study has begun. Laughing, brightly sweatered groups chat on their way upstairs to books and assignments. An unobtrusive parole shortly after seven reveals a dormitory settling itself for work.

At the beginning of the year, nine fifty-five arrives quickly, as new acquaintances are made and old friendships renewed. The home-sick and forlorn are encouraged; summer vacations are reviewed; school schedules inspected; and study devices suggested. Some one asks for "help" next Monday evening, while another pursuer of knowledge needs immediate aid in ending an article of reminiscence.

As the months continue, strict budgeting of time becomes necessary for many, and concentrated work with a few follows. Informal spelling quizzes, mathematics drills, group readings, and English minimum essential brush-ups are sought. Matters pertaining to general college adjustment, to room-mate difficulties, to decisions regarding careers are brought up as well. In addition, those retarded through illness are helped as the need arises. Committee meetings to plan week end social activities represent another feature. From nine fifty-five to ten-five, light cuts until twelve are issued to any would-be burners of the midnight oil.

Week end routine from one to ten-thirty includes the signing of special permissions and late leaves, the doling out of keys, the coping with the unexpected, ranging from the coca cola man who comes to service his product, to the anxious lady who has carried off the glen keys to East Baltimore, brief colloquies with the night watchman, aid to any student who desires it, supervision of the current social activity, and a general checking upon dormitory ritual: service room, piano rooms, and Newell and Richmond Halls.

# **Coincidence or Good Judgment?**

MILDRED SNYDER

"NOT EVERY fourth-grader can go to college and right in the same class with his teacher, too!" This was the key sentence of an article about the Bates Summer School for children and teachers. In Lewiston, Maine, this summer, twenty-two elementary teachers and twenty-six Lewiston children were taught reading by Miss Dorothy K. Cadwallader, principal of the Carroll-Robbins Elementary School of Trenton, N. I. The children were taught how to read; the teachers how to teach reading. While the fourth-graders did their work, the twenty-two teachers had a representative from the Scott-Foresman Company lecture on the theories and methods of teaching reading. After the lecture, the teachers saw a practical application of the theories and methods by watching the fourth-grade class in session. When the observation hour ended, the teachers returned to the lecture room to discuss the lesson they had just seen. How many of you find this situation familiar? Our lecturer has an office and a classroom on the second floor S. T. C .- her room is piled high with children's readers-we observe in a building directly behind our college.

In another room of the college, we have a device that is of particular delight to all incoming Freshmen. Beginning this year, every Freshman, just as he is required to register, will also be required to make a voice recording. During his four years at the college this student will receive much training in oral English, and at the end of his college career will be required to make another record of his voice. By playing both records and comparing the results, the student will discover whether there has been improvement in his speech. Speech defects for years have been prevalent among our elementary and high school students. Keeping in mind the tremendous cost of employing speech experts to train children handicapped in speech, Columbia University Teachers' College has instituted a new program of speech correction for student teachers. This College discovered that only 15% of the students attending special speech remedial classes had any actual physical defects that necessitated special attention; the other 85% are in the classes because of carelessness or lack of proper training. Professor George A. Kopp, Director of the colleges remedial speech laboratory, is quoted as saying, "If elementary school teachers are instructed in a technique of speech correction, thousands of students can obtain proper attention without recourse to high-priced specialists. Today, when education budgets are being drastically reduced, when thousands of regular teachers are being dismissed, when hundreds of public school are being closed . . . it seems that teachers should be educationally honest enough not to insist upon 'special' teachers for children who do not absolutely need them."

Beginning next year, the Senior Class will be allowed some electives. For example, we students who are particularly fond of music will be permitted to major in that subject; the same applies for art and physical education enthusiasts and those who are interested in special teacher training. Beginning with this fall semester, the New York City Schools inaugurated a system of special classes for talented students not vet graduated from Junior High School. Students with an-I.O. of 120 or over, who usually find their regular work a "snap," will be permitted to enter special classes, most of which will deal with fine arts, literature, and social studies. Talented instructors are at a premium and are the ones needed to teach these classes. Dr. Lieberman, who is in charge of this new system said, "I don't want a tired hack who draws a wine bottle and an apple and thinks it's art." Only capable and experienced teachers will be used. Our present elective system seems to fit in beautifully with the New York City system. We, who are talented and trained in a particular subject, will be better fitted to teach it enjoyably to talented children than those teachers who have no such background.

#### FLOOD

Lois Anne Cheetham

A wave, one tree, A tipsy house, A floating chicken-coop, And silence.

A storm, the sky,
A breath of wind,
A dozen tired-out men,
And violence.

### STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE OF '21

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE in 1940 is a ar different place from the State Normal School in 1921 when 1 registered to take the two-year course which allowed us to teach in Maryland.

Almost all the students of State Normal School boarded—city people went to Baltimore City Training School then. Since the enrollment was about five hundred and Newell Hall was the only dormitory, living quarters were rather cramped. Girls roomed in the basement, in what are now corrective and piano rooms. Cirls lived on the third floor of the Administration building in Miss Holt's library, Room 211, the girls' rest room, and the mea's room; these rooms were broken up into cubicles with two or more girls in each. The overflow of girls found accommodations in Towson.

The boys were assigned to the barracks, and the noise they made at times was terrific. One night they moved their beds onto the front campus but were quickly ordered back to the rooms over the laundry.

All our meals were served cafeteria style. The wings to the dining room had not been added then, and we had two shifts for meals. One year the men in the kitchen struck. I can't remember why, but the boys and some of the girls helped with the serving until the disgruntled ones came to their senses.

Lutherville, Fullerton, Timonium, Ridge and the Campus school were the practice centers. The Campus school was located where the art rooms and The Little Theatre are at present.

I did my student teaching at Lutherville in a two

room school with four grades assigned to each room. We left the dormitory each morning in a truck and returned at noon. The truck had a row of seats on each side and curtains that could be rolled up in good weather so we could view the country!

While I was doing my student teaching, a girl in Newell Hall had scarlet fever, and we were quarantined. As soon as the quarantine was lifted and we were allowed to resume our daily trips to Lutherville, another girl became ill with the same disease, and again we were quarantined. This happened several times, until, in desperation, we were ordered to pack all our clothes and books and go home for ten days. While we were home, the buildings were fumigated, and we were supposed to disinfect our clothes and books. We considered it a big joke, until, to make up for lost time, we had to have school on Saturday for several weeks.

We had no foyer then so we did our dancing in a basement room. One of the popular songs then as now was "Down on the Ohio."

We were not allowed to smoke although some of the girls did so in their rooms.

Our nearest hang-out was "Deary's", who is "The Little Old Lady" to you.

Some of us made pin-money by working in the laundry sorting clothes and ironing sheets as we had no NYA then.

So you may see, dear reader, that your dignified Alma Mater has reached her present state through a series of growing pains.

### On Education and Human Relations

James G. Jett

FROM THE beginnings of mankind, human relations have been a potent force in the making of our civilization of today. From time immemorial the interchange of ideas changed ideas, and man developed—mentally, through social contact. Later, tribes combined and nations rose. Nations traded both material wealth and ideas. At such a point in the evolution of human relations we find ourselves today. That they should go any further, or that they can go any further, is a problem which posterity will answer. We are concerned with them as they are today.

In our complicated society, human relations are untraceable. The milkman, the banker, the civil engineer, the doctor, the sailor, and countless others all have relations with each other: relations with their work and,

in a democratic society, with their ideas.

If you are a teacher, you have to know more about human relations than any other professional group. In the first place, the teacher has to teach human relations. They are the basis of the social studies, of music, of arithmetic—of the entire curriculum. Human relations are the bulwark of education, and education is the bulwark of human relations.

The teacher has also to meet human relations—in her children, in the occupations of their parents, relatives, and friends. With these people the teacher has to deal. I repeat, that no other professional group has to be as accurate as persistent in their consideration of human relations as do teachers and others in the field of education.

### On Editors

Frances Shores and Patricia Herndon

From "Pessimist Manifesto," in *The Archive*, student literary magazine at Duke University:

The editors of college magazines are a spineless tribe, forever clowning before some surly student body or burning incense before some university administration. They content themselves with the publication of "A" themes and other academic paper blossoms. Occasionally a mighty proletarian arises among them with a loud message of suffering which he has never experienced and injustice about which he has read somewhere. But on the whole, everything is sweetness and light;

The undergraduate of 1940 has nothing to say. He prefers to play handball.

To Our Anonymous Critic:

The TOWER LIGHT Staff was delighted to find that the student body has in it a mighty proletarian who, incensed by the state of his college magazine, anonymously pinned the above notice on our bulletin board. However, such criticism, being entirely destructive and not constructive, is of little value. Why not drop in the TOWER LIGHT office and present your views? This is a free country, we hope.

Being a "spincless tribe", we are probably out of order in even presenting our views. But, as a college magazine is what the "surly" student body makes it, we shall go on "clowning and burning incense" if you do not help improve the TOWER LIGHT instead of playing handball.

The remark about "sweetness and light" is rather amusing. For intellectual articles are unread, and the undergraduates clamor for more humor. Just what do you want?

The Tower Light Staff wants your suggestions; after all, it's your magazine. Let's hear from you!

# Lament for the Departed

Frances Shores

THIS IS no requiem but a tribute (?) to the Tower Light editors who have gone into the world carrying the brand lighted by the fires of education. Room 15 is still room 15. The place is still frequented by varmints (flies, thank you) and the business manager still has red hair and hay fever. The disaster lies in the fact that future issues of the Tower Light will lack Evelyn Fiedler's discourses on rocks and stars, Katherine Feaser's "homespun philosophy", and Richard Cunningham's profound words of wisdom.

Rumor, not fact, has it that our three departed souls are on the highway to becoming deans in the teaching profession. Katherine Feaser is now educating the youth in the environs of Catonsville. The aforementioned was last seen in a state hazardous to mankind. With a newly acquired car at her disposal she was cutting capers on the public highways. When Safety Week is celebrated at her school, it should be one where teacher-pupil participation is mutual.

"Professor" Fiedler stimulated the intellectual students at Radford State Teachers College during the summer semester. If she was a disciple of the activity movement, which baffles this writer extremely, we hope she encountered fertile grounds to sow her seeds upon. One thing we may be certain of — a school room somewhere in Baltimore City will have more than its allotment of tin cans, milk bottles, cheese boxes, egg crates, and "junk" to stimulate some young genius.

The Tower Light stretched its budget to finance a phone call to Richard Cunningham to inquire about his well-being. Since the conversation was not very enlightening, we shall disclaim all libel suits on the grounds of non-cooperation. Available information says that Mr. Cunningham has a sun tan and a sixth grade at Essex. The former was acquired as road inspector during the summer and the latter — well, see Mr. Cooper. As well as missing Mr. Cunningham's intellect, we find that the morning air is strangely silent without those notes of "Gabriel-like" quality which he produced within the confines of the music room.

In case this lament has not left the intended impression of sadness, may we say in parting that loneliness surges through our souls. Our blessings on the departed ones!

# "IN THE LAND WHERE THE DEAD DREAMS GO"

Lois Anne Cheetham

It's a magical land,

Where you go by yourself,
When everyone else is asleep.
There a dream-boat glides
On a pearly lagoon
As you float with the rippling tide.
You may dream away
For a year and a day,
Or never wake up again.
Your heart is sad
With a heavy load
If you leave that beautiful land,
And you'll always long
For a golden song
Sung on that silvery strand
"In the land where the dead dreams go."

# The Same Old Story--

# MEN

PEFORE BEGINNING this article, I looked up the definition of the word "men" and found that Mr. Webster, in a somewhat shy and reserved manier, said that "men" was the plural of "man." I was leased with this: he could have been less generous and aid exactly what he thought, but he didn't. However, I un hampered by no such laudable reticence; I shall ereby present my views on these amazing creatures in his unbiased, uncensored, and in all probability, unead theme. But here goes.

In the first place, the majority of them are drowned in self-pity. They are sure to have the warped, sixteenth-sentury idea that every free female over 10 and under 30 sees in them a prospective husband, so they promptly begin to feel sorry for themselves, to compare themselves on the little red fox in the chase, and to sigh to friends over their lamentable, hunted state. Nonsense! We are

10 longer gluttons for punishment!

Secondly, the major portion of all men (plural of nan) are conceited. Each and every one, according to misself, is Einstein, Weissmuller, Gable, Levant, and Moser rolled into one. "The male can do no wrong" is the battle cry of many a man; "perfection and I" are zonsidered one by 99 per cent of the stronger part of our population.

Thirdly, they're not consistent. Their screams of an-

guish may be heard within a radius of 50 miles when they think they're being taken advantage of or are being stepped on. But - Just give them a chance to show their mighty will power, their so-called dominant personalities, and what is the invariable result? They knuckle under to the first pretty face that comes into view, thus making it difficult to answer tactfully the age-old question - "Man or Mouse?" When will they learn that the girls of today are more independent, more able to stand on their own two feet, and really appreciate the same characteristics in members of the opposite sex? Then, they shout from roofs, towers, and articles that women's place is in the home, because of her timidity, weakness, and gentleness. But-just let one of these men (plural of man) see a poor, helpless, timid, weak, gentle woman board a street car; do they clamor to give her their seats? Ask the girls who ride the Towson car.

So, Monsieurs, there is my viewpoint — take it or don't take it; it makes no difference to any of us. We'll go on being tolerant, sweet, and understanding, as we have been for centuries, trying to overlook your faults and defects, numerous as they are. For we are perfect.

Note — Mr. Moser, Mr. Miller, Dr. Dowell, Dr. West, Mr. Minnegan, Mr. Crook, and Mr. Walther are excluded from these views for, after all, I want to graduate.

### WET WASH

CHARLOTTE SMYRK

WHY IS IT that some dogs object to being washed, and why is it that at such a time ideas of obedience disuppear from a dog's mind? When a bath is mentioned our dog seems to seuse the imminence of the occasion and hides in some inaccessible corner. One may coax and cajole with apparent sincerity, but the dog is not oewitched by alluring promises. Pleading with sweets, effective in other emergencies, does not turn the canine's nead. One now looks at his pet disbelieving that such obstinacy can exist; he is determined to stand by to defend his privileges. The would-be bather is just as de-termined. Tact and diplomacy give way to brute force. With a quick pounce the dog becomes your captive to

imprison in the tub. Immersed in water, he looks up and opens his mouth as if to say, "I really don't mind." After he has meekly given his paws to be scrubbed and has smilled at having his face washed, the soap is rinsed off. Then "yours truly" is truly tested. Gently one says, "Don't shake." With a rush of words one hastens to make a final plea rich with promises adding with what one thinks is finality, "Don't shake!" The dog looks at his shampooer, intelligence shining in his eyes and — shakes. I am now practicing the fifty-yard dash; and someday, who knows, I may not receive one stray drop of water.

# The All-American Youth Concert

SYLVIA GELWASSER

SLIGHT CESTURE made by those pliant, expressive hands began the unforgettable All-American Youth Concert September 19. The first half of the program was devoted to the works of Bach — a Bach more emotional and less reserved than usual, but still delightful. The members of the orchestra, though young, played maturely and with genuine understanding.

The rest of the concert was quite a contrast — Shastakovich in all his glory! His Fifth Symphony is thoroughly Russian with powerful, though simple, themes. Shastakovich makes new use of various instruments, especially the clarinet and trumpet. The "Allegretto" is charming, and the rhythm is treated in a novel manner. Nevertheless, at times, the music is a meaningless blast of sound, not beautiful to hear.

Throughout the entire concert, the orchestra performed brilliantly. The clarity and precision of the strings, and the excellent performances of the wood and brass sections showed the true ability of the young people. The difficult counterpoint of Bach and the modern dissonances of Shastakovich were passed off with equal case. On the whole, it was an inspiring evening with the great Stokowski and his All-American Youth Orchestra. Perhaps it would have been a little more inspiring if it had included the comfortable chairs and perfect lighting of the Lyric.

Backstage, the confusion was that of any group of musicians. Snatches of music, laughter, talk passed back and forth.

I was amazed when I talked with members of the orchestra. They were so good-looking! Two six-footers with short clipped hair were playing bits of music on the 'cello. They looked more like football heroes than musicians. Then there was a girl from the West. I kept wondering how many senors' hearts she broke in South America. Stokowski must have an eye for beauty as well as musicianship.

Milton Wohl, the violinist from Baltimore, is extremely pleasant. I asked him all about the trip.

"It was wonderful," he said. "We stayed at the best hotels. Everybody was so friendly. When we docked at Rio de Janeiro, we were called 'Professores'.

"All the Lord Governors of the countries gave formal dinners. Rio held a National Youth Day in our honor and is now going to organize its own youth orehestra.

"We traveled through most of Brazil, Uruguay, and

Argentina, giving seventeen concerts. In Argentina we played for the Youth School for American Culture. Here the students are taught North American culture in order to better the understanding between the Americans.

"We practiced hours every day," Mr. Wohl continued, "but we didn't mind because 'Stokey' is the greatest conductor in the world. He treats everybody an individual and has a good sense of humor. Whenever he can't think of my name he calls me 'Mr. Baltimore,

"It'll be hard getting back to regular work again. The twenty girls in the orchestra will find it even harder. They were certainly popular this summer. But then we're going to reorganize in the spring and tour again."

### LIKE A TALL, WHITE CANDLE

ELIZABETH M. LEWIS

LIKE A TALL, white candle burning — burning with a brightness quite unlike any other. The light was both soft and intense and I marveled at its constancy. Not that it had escaped the rush of wind and rain. Oh, no, quite the contrary. I can remember when a great wave of sorrow shook the snow so ficreely that I thought the light would surely die. But, no, misfortune seemed to kindle rather than dissolve it.

Not only did the world of nature seem brighter because of it, but the inner life became so illumed that we scarcely recognized it as our own. What a leader it proved to be! Joyfully we traversed the higher ways of life, hardly conscious of the fact that we were being lead. Oh, I shall ever be grateful to it for showing me the way, while the rest of the world lay in darkness.

I shall never forget the year I spent in that little classroom with her as my teacher. Like a tall, white candle burning — giving her all — asking for nothing! How I wish you, too, might become as she — like a candle burning — burning in the hearts of many; overcoming the darkness like a beacon, building a monument — a monument of light that shall last forever.

# A Study of Crowds

MINDELLE KANN

A CROWD resembles nothing so much as an overowering monster of various whims and moods. To say hat a crowd is devastating and overwhelming would be a rather mild assertion. Guided solely by mob impulse, and usually by petty manias grown to giant magnitudes, a crowd will allow itself to be led by a hatless leader to do things which, as individuals, its components would never think of doing.

Only one who has watched an angry mob or participated in one can appreciate the spell which is cast over the people who compose it. A crowd on a rampage is the a rolling snowball, gathering more of its own material as it moves along, and as its mass becomes larger, t picks up momentum. As speed is gathered, the mass grows proportionally, forming a vicious cycle which must complete its course or else be shattered by some outside force.

But all crowds are not rampage ones. A theatre au-

dience is exemplary. The friendly, protecting darkness unites the spectators into a more or less single body. They usually applaud as a group, or hiss as a group. The fact that an audience can be started in a vigorous burst of applause by a single leader is often made use of by a vaudeville performer. He must, of necessity, know the principles of mob psychology. A crowd, however, is so complex an organization that no man can foretell what its next impulse will be. A mob scene may be created by a mere whisper of "The building is on fire." The crowd, sensing impending disaster, will become a surging, jostling mass of humanity, crowding their own kind in a mad, frantic attempt to escape from a building which they are not sure is on fire. In their panic, they kill or injure many more than would the fire itself.

Mankind, no matter how civilized, will always, in time of danger, inevitably turn to his primitive methods of defense, and downfall—the crowd.

### LATE AUTUMN

JAMES G. JETT

Nature will not give again
I hat which she has giv'n in vain,
I herefore must I walk in view
Of chill autumn's color hue.

On hills and meadows lingering green Has caught what with the leaves had been; The leaves have captured half the rays Of rainbow-light; the wood portrays The spectacle of massive art — 'Tis deeply sunk within my heart.

Cold, grey skies, a colder blast, Make the glory unsurpassed; Flocks of birds, all southward flying Show that autumn days are dying.

In orchards scented winesaps drop —
The Fall that Nature will not stop —
Now from the village comes the knell
Of the constant steeple bell,
That calls me homeward from my dreams
Inspired by autumn's beauty-beams.

# THE NAVY WILL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT ME

PATRICIA HERNDON

I spent the summer at the shore: Was gleeful looking forward, for I'd have a rest, and what is more, The water.

I thought the sky would be so bright, The grass so green, the clouds so light, But all there was, from morn till night

Was water.
I thought I'd get a healthy tan,
(I also thought I'd get a man)
But all I got was dampish sand
And water.

I thought I'd surely get a view Of sails against a sky of blue; But all I saw, it's sad but true, Was water.

My honored father's favorite dish Was trout. We'd have it till 1'd wish I'd never seen or heard of fish Or water.

So hark ye all to a tale well meant; For each of us has his own lament, And mine is the thought of a summer spent

Near water!



# EDITORIALS



### A NEW MAGNA CARTA

M. Simon

ENTRE SEPTEMBRE, that lovely month upon whose threshold knocks the advances of fall — falling leaves, falling rain, and falling spirits of recalcitrant school children. "Oh," you wail, "how can they be so ungrateful, endowed as they are with this blessed heritage of a great land." You, yourself, could never understand this attitude, for you have always welcomed the opportunity to gain new knowledge and have ravenously devoured every book, every morsel of information, have eagerly developed within those halls of learning. You have always regretted the fact that the authorities have been persuaded (against their better judgment, you feel sure) into allowing such a long vacation.

All summer you've been thinking about college, reading books to help develop a more worldly outlook, building up a technique on the piano, writing compositions to keep your mental machinery well greased, working out complex math problems for the sheer pleasure it gives you to feel the wrinkles being added to your cerebral cortex, amazing your family by cultivating a rich, low voice so that your classes will be dazzled by the jewel-like quality of your tones. In fact, you have worked out a program by which you plan to revolutionize the whole school life so that it will be one pleasant, unmarred course headed straight for highest honors and membership in Kappa Delta Pi. Among other things in this new Magna Carta, designed to further the development of the "sapien" part of the human race, are vehement protests against wasted studies, cramming, snacks in the classroom, doodling during lectures, last-minute orgies with uncompleted notebooks or projects, using the library as a drawing room, depending on the classroom for all information, and having as your main object in the whole business "passing the test."

"All This and Heaven, Too," you might call your new plan; or perhaps it's just the reverse. Anyway, even if, at the present moment, you don't happen to meet all the specifications for the perfect student, you're glad to get back because you'd hate to be around the house when fall housecleaning starts.

### JUST A FEW WORDS . . .

I knew a feller once — an' he always used to say that honor should have been listed along with faith, hope, and charity. And somehow, I can't help agrein' with him; 'cause you see, without honor, we wouldn't have anything at all — not even a country. Now. I don't pretend to be smart about gover ment or politics, but I do know this land o' ours is based on a lot o' fine things, and honor is certainly one o' the finest things we have. An' I guess it works the same in almost everything we do

But, gettin' back to this feller I knew: he was jest as kind, and good and honorable as anyone could be; but if you had asked him if he had an Honor System, he would have hooted and said "Naw." An' I guess that's pretty much the way it is with all of us. Settin' up a bunch o' rules an' regulations an' callin' it a system isn't gonna make a man change very much, 'cause honor's something that comes from the inside an' not the outside. Anyway, I sort o' think that most of us are honorable, an' jest 'cause we don't make a big blow about it, it doesn't mean we don't feel the wind — it's somethin' were made of but somethin' we don't make any bones about.

An' so in stoppin', I'd like to say that even though you don't rush aroun' and shout about it, you've got a college based on honor. An' as that feller I knew would say, "Jest because the moon isn't made o' silver is no proof that it isn't made o' gold."

### "LET FREEDOM RING!"

GENEVIEVE HAILE

Have you sung "America" recently? Have you ever really thought about the ideals to which it gives expression? If not, stop now and sing it, all four stanzas. For more than one hundred years the school children of our nation have joyously sung this beloved song. A clergyman, Reverend S. F. Smith, wrote the meaningful words for a children's celebration of American independence. The song portrays to children a glorious picture of a

country that is free. Those of us who are interested in the education and welfare of American children do not want that picture marred!

This fall, widespread wars have caused children abroad to stop singing of liberty and freedom and even to stop school attendance. We must not let war do that to American children. Some time ago President Roosevelt said that "all the possibilities of a democracy rest squarely upon education." Everyone will wholeheartedly agree with that statement and realize the challenge it presents. Our schools must go on! America was made by its system of free education. There has never been a greater need for public schools than during these troublesome times. Schools are the living embodiment of the spirit that made us a nation, the very symbol of our freedom. They must continue to be progressive.

As students of State Teachers College we can be proud of the concentrated efforts of the faculty members to evolve newer and better curricula for both the college and the campus school. Their efforts should inspire us to exercise the self-discipline that Dr. Wiedefeld so forcibly advocates in using our minds and souls toward achieving a clearer understanding and a better solution of the modern problems of life.

Fellow students, establish now ideals and goals for the development of your academic ability and your personality that will enable you to meet the demands of these unstable times and guide capably Maryland school children in maintaining democracy in a land that will forever be "bright with freedom's holy light."

### THE COLOR OF REASON

### GORDON FORRER SHULES

Today we are living in an age of conflicting propaganda. The printed page has been utilized to influence our thoughts and actions with predetermined ends in view. WE who read the newspapers realize the dangers lurking in false reports, elaborations, and other tactics of the special pleaders. Several governments censor publications in the hope of eliminating all points of view not in accord with governmental policy, We, as Americans, do not believe that such action is to be desired or contemplated. WE are thinking beings, not fools to be indoctrinated at the whim of a dictator. From the standpoint of human values, true democracy is the most successful way of dealing with life. An integral part of that democracy is the freedom of the individual to communicate with his fellow man as he

sees fit. The Bill of Rights is one of the coveted benefits of our democracy. We should be much worse off if the press were curtailed in its efforts to present fact. There is even the possibility that if our press were censored we might get no truth and all fiction. The unprejudiced facts that are printed are sometimes less in volume than the fictitious and colored, but there still remain some facts. The problem is to distinguish these facts from the fiction.

The present lamentable status of the press can be offset by teaching the reader to separate the grain from the chaff, the true from the false. Such training could be profitably incorporated in our school curricula. Children, as well as adults, could be taught that when "reliable sources reveal," 'it has been unofficially announced by high government officials," "it is reported," the article is possibly fictitious and is to be read with that understanding. The reader could be instructed in the art of self questioning, "Is this really true?" "Is it verified?" "How does it tend to influence me?" "Why was it printed-to sell the paper?" Several of the courses offered at our college have the aim of making students critical. One instructor even lists this as one of her objectives. Such an aim is laudable, but it is valueless unless it can be successfully applied to the exigencies of everyday life.

If such a program as we have suggested were followed, the reader would learn to discriminate between authoritative sources and the ever present voice of the special pleader, no matter how subtle the technique of the latter. By training in propaganda analysis, the reader could properly evaluate all written statements.

The press must retain its long fought for freedom; but at the same time, let us insure that freedom by intelligent action.

#### WE DIVULGE OUR AGE

Our present college magazine, the Tower Light, was inaugurated September, 1921, under the name of The Oriole. It was published, as now, by the student body but in newspaper form. Since this is our anniversary year, we intend to reprint, from time to time, articles and poems of interest to us today.

# THE LIBRARY

### AT YOUR SERVICE

### NEWS IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

MARY DI PEPPI

REVIEWED BELOW are some of the brightbacked newcomers on the juvenile literature shelves. The stories are gay, adventurous, and humorous, designed to hold the interest of younger readers. Perhaps the most striking feature of these new books is their many beautiful illustrations.

### "Here Is A Book"-Marshall McClintock

This is a most unusual book in the field of children's literature—the story of the making of a book. The author begins by telling how he got an idea for a juvenile book and takes one along with him while he outlines his story and obtains an artist to design illustrations. The entire process of putting together the book—which includes the manufacture of the paper, printing the story, and lithographing the pictures—is included. But the most engrossing thing about it is that the entire, finished "new" book is reproduced at the end.

### "The Circus Boat"-John Hooper

The circus boat with its crew of animals catches on fire, and all the crew swim ashore where they are welcomed by the friendly towns-people. The animals decide to give the town a show. It is a great success, for the elephant dances, the parrot tells fortunes, and the bear walks the tight rope. Isn't this behavior just like humans!

### "Daniel Boone"-James Daugherty

In this beautifully illustrated book for children the author tells the colorful adventures of Daniel Boone. After reading this story, the young reader will place this fearless pioneer among his favorite characters in American History.

### "Thimble Summer"-Elizabeth Enright

"Thimble Summer", published in 1938, is a Newberry Prize winner. It is a charming story about two little farm girls, Garnet and Citronella. The busy life on the farm and the good times at the country fair are made even more enjoyable to the reader through picturesque descriptions and realistic character portrayals.



### BOOKS WE FOUND TOO LATE!

VIRGINIA ARNEAL

Ed. Note: We feel that this article which was written by one of last year's graduates is most worthy. May you discover these books and others before it is "too late."

As seniors we realize now that we know many little things which would have helped us so much had we known them sooner. Foremost among these items are books which would have guided and aided us both in our studies and in our Student Teaching. We would like to tell you about some of these books, in the hope that you may learn to know and use them as a need arises.

Mohler, L., Teaching Music from an Appreciative Basis, Boston, C. C. Birchard and Co., 1927. Do you have difficulty in teaching music appreciation? Mohler will furnish you with complete lesson plans on every grade level in every type of music.

Lynde, C. J., Science Experiments with Inexpensive Equipment, Philadelphia, International Textbook Co., 1939. This book illustrates, describes and explains two hundred science experiences. Each step is carefully illustrated and described, and if you follow the directions, you cannot fail to succeed every time. The same author has written another book entitled, Science Experiments with Home Equipment. Many a science or geography lesson may be enriched by an experiment from this book.

Curry, C. M. and Clippinger, E. E., Children's Literature, N. Y., Rand McNally and Co., 1920. If you are looking for a certain Mother Goose jingle, nursery rhyme, traditional tale, modern fantastic tale, fable, myth, poem, or legend, the first place for you to go is to Curry-Clippinger. This large book is really the source book for teachers and teachers— (Continued Page 26)

# C<sup>OLLEGE</sup> NEWS

#### FRESHMAN WEEK

IF WE seek an explanation of why our freshmen are going serenely and happily about their work instead of rushing around flustered and confused in their new surroundings, we need look no farther than Freshman Week to find the answer.

After registering on September 11, several days ahead of the upper classmen, the freshmen at once set out to get acquainted with their college. At a gathering in the auditorium they were welcomed by Dr. Wiedefeld and introduced to the Students' Association for Cooperative Government. On the evening of their second day at school, they became members of this association through participation in the impressive induction ceremony known as the "Lighting of the Way." An early opportunity gave them a chance to meet and confer with their section advisers, so that they might receive advice and help concerning any problems which had arisen. Instruction was furnished as to the efficient use of the library.

The social side of college life was not neglected. Activities included supper on the campus, a sing-song at the Council Ring in the Glen, and a tea dance in Newell Hall.

By now our freshmen have established for themselves a routine of work and play which makes for successful living at college. We extend to them our heartiest wishes for a happy and profitable year.

# THE NEW MEN'S CLUB

#### We Change Horses In Midstream

For several weeks Mr. Moser has been interviewing men and formulating plans for a completely new and purposeful Men's Club. Dr. Wiedefeld has conferred full powers of organization and administration on Mr. Moser. He, as Paculty Head, has called together two men from each class and will discuss with them complete plans for launching a new program. There is no room to doubt the success of the Club under such able administration.

#### ALUMNI NOTES

The following Towson girls, members of Washington County unit, have had promotions. Frances Grimes has been made principal of Antictam Street school, Alice McCardell Quick, principal of Broadway school. Both of the schools are in Hagerstown and they are considered the largest elementary schools in the county.

Anilea Brown has been made principal of the elementary school at Half-way.

#### ASSEMBLY

ALICE CARR

September 23, 1940

Mr. Guy Frank Armitage presenting "Dickens and His Queer Folk"

With the first assembly by outside talent the college committee has set up a high standard. Seldom has a speaker been as enthusiastically received as Mr. Annitage. He gave us briefly an understanding of Dickens and the "candle-lit" age in which he lived and shared with us his means for remembering Dickens' dates. His enthusiasm for Dickens' ability to present a true picture of the people who lived in England during the last century was contagious.

The range of the characters presented was wide and tage recalled for us the too 'umble clerk from 'David Copperfield." He displayed his ability to manipulate his facial muscles ("twist his face around, Freshmen") by impersonating Grandfather Smallweed, a crochety complaining old man from "Bleak House." The complex character of Sidney Carton gave Mr. Armitage the opportunity to give a graver, more subtle performance. The audience turned actor when Mr. Armitage became Schoolmaster Squeers. Some of us blubbered and others shrunk from his harsh, penetrating glance, while Dr. Wiedefeld played the part of Nicholas Nickleby.

Never has the 11:40 bell been less welcome. Reluctantly we left the atmosphere of dreary, curious London

which Mr. Armitage had so vividly created. We took with us his easily remembered words:

"Scott looked at life through the stained glass windows of an abbey; Thackeray, through the windows of a London club; and Dickens through a kitchen window."

#### IN OUR MAILBOX

#### MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS

May 20, 1940—Glenn Horner Algire, class of '26, to Dorothy Blanche Hamilton.

June 21, 1940—Frances Oehm, class of '38, to William Perkins.

June 22, 1940—Mildred Boone, class of '42, to James McIntosh, Jr.

June 23, 1940—Lorelle Headley, class of '37, to Horace Whitworth, Jr.

June 30, 1940—Mollie Hollander, class of '39, to Morris J. Alliker.

July 13, 1940—Shirley Mumford, class of '42, to David Smith.

August 27, 1940—Dorothea A. Becker, class of '34, to Edwin Paul Heinrich.

August 28, 1940—Beverly Courtney, class of '39, to Mr. Compton Crook.

Wedding Bells also pealed for—Rosalie Gill Jacobsen, class of '35, and Dr. James Sasseer. Elizabeth Annette Goodhand, class of '35, and Andrew Gwynn Bowie. Jane Kimball and Paul Massicot, both of the class of '39. Esther Royston, class of '40, and Harold Graybeal.

#### SOCIAL ACTIVITIES IN THE DORMITORY

Saturday, October 12—Card Party Saturday, October 19—Taffy Pull

Saturday, October 26—Barn Dance

Saturday, November 2-Scavenger Hunt

Saturday, November 9-Freshman Mothers' Week-End

Friday, November 15-Dorm Dance

Saturday, November 16-Theater Party

#### THE ORCHESTRA

THE COLLEGE Orchestra effected its organization with record speed this fall. Already it has begun preparation for its part on the programs honoring the College's 75 years of service to the cause of teacher education.

Several Freshmen are studying certain of our instruments. To date we are delighted with their promise of ultimate success.

The Alumni Orchestra is rehearsing for pleasure and for the purpose of helping with our Anniversary program.

#### A Foreword

#### SYLVIA GELWASSER

YOU SING it, you dance to it, you listen to it, you read of it—music is so vital a part of life, Can you imagine a world without music? There would be needom, no secret escape. No lilting tune would be near to rescue you from mental despair, no voice to sing your own joy. Can you imagine such a world?

The music staff of the TOWER LIGHT cannot, and that is why it is going to make this a banner year. With all the novel ideas that have been cooked up and with all the exciting things daily happening in the music world, we cannot fail.

We are going to let you see the human side of the more famous musicians. How do you suppose Barlow got his start in music? Do you know as much about Boogie-Woogie as you do about the Art Song? And, above all, we are going to bring you the latest flashes from Carnegie Hall, Radio City, Broadway and State Teachers College.

Now that we have started the ball rolling, the music staff would like to wish the student body a most successful and joyous music year. And remember, this section of the TOWER LIGHT will be reserved every month for you. We hope you will find it stimulating as well as interesting.

# "The Best Trip Ever"

KATHERINE FEASER

ED. Note: For the first time in the history of the college, two members of the senior class were the beneficiaries of the Lida Lee Tall Award. The two recipients of this fund, Katherine Feaser and Norman Wilde, availed themselves of the privilege of attending the Audubon Nature Camp in Maine. The following article is an outgrowth of that experience.

ven the enthusiastic descriptions of a last year's camper left a great deal to be discovered when we reached the Audubon Nature Camp on Hog Island in the Muscongus Bay off the picturesque coast of Maine. The Camp Staff evidently believed that first impressions were lasting, for all the Camp wives and Mr. Cruickshank were on the porch of the Queen Mary to bid us welcome. The Queen Mary, an old ship chandlery, has been converted into a combination lecture hall, laboratory, and girls' dormitory—the lecture hall and lab downstairs and the dormitory upstairs. (This system complicates matters for the girls who wished to water their mosses or pickle starfish after "lights out" because there as elsewhere, the staff obeys a different set of rules from that of the students.)

Birds are fascinating creatures in themselves, but when served a la Cruickshank or a la Codbury they become even more appetizing. Everybody studied birds and every other day there was a birding trip for our group. Some days that would mean a trip around the island or to the mainland to see the common land birds. On other days we would visit oceanic islands where gulls, cormorants, or great blue herons nested in colonies. But the climax of all bird trips was that to Little Green, an island some distance beyond the two mile limit. On our Little Green trip we saw nesting Leach's petrels, common and arctic terns, and young black gulls besides the eggs of several black guillemots. Going back to camp, we saw two finback whales and a great many freaks of human nature, for were we not past the two mile limit? There was no law, and anything might happen!

But Birds was only one class—the messiest group of all was the marine group. The knee-deep wades in black, slimy mud were often repaid by a bucket of steamers between 9:30 and 10:00 p. m. (Can you imagine the president of the class of '40 indulging in steamed periwinkles? I saw him do it!) Aside from the Epicurean delights of marine life, though, there were other pleasing aspects. The coastline under water is a most unusual garden of marine plants and animals of various colors and life habits. Did you know that a sea cucumber, if attacked, throws out a portion of its viscera?

The "cream of the crop" to those who were beginning teachers was the nature activities class. In that class, Miss Hubbard, the instructor, suggested ways and means of presenting science to young children—at school or in camp. She discussed general fields of science and gave bibliography for children and teacherence and teachers are cach instructor at a general meeting suggested activities and bibliography for his particular field—plants, animals, and marine life.

Besides the tremendous quantities of information and ideas for teaching science in the grades, there was the social side. People from about twenty states and Canada were there; and in the informality of the camp, everyone exchanged his ideas with everyone else. Who that has visited the camp will forget the Campfire just at dusk—the spruce trees a hazy purple, the water streaked with a rainbow of colors, and the great backdrop of the ocean, dotted with spruce-covered, rocky-shored islands? Some take it home in kodachromes, but all take it home indelibly impressed on the retina of their minds.

# The Saboteur

EVANS J. ROBINSON

srr in my darkened study. The guns on my wall clank in sympathetic vibration with the lightning and thunder outside. The lashing soft terrible rain and wind whine 'round the house and through the gardens. These elements bring life and death to all those things which believe themselves alive and individual. How complacently they take their existence! Death so near; life so dear. This night and these thoughts remind me of that evening when I went to an old warehouse which had been Dr. Morarri's laboratory.

Hurrying to the door (it was about seven o'clock in the evening) at the sound of hurried steps, a messenger thrust an envelope through my letter slot and hastened away into the storm. As I stood bewildered I was aware that the Gothic architecture of the Mt. Vernon Methodist Church diagonally across the street appeared weird, medieval, and shadowy in the storm. I involuntarily shivered as I picked up the envelope from the floor and ascended to my study.

"By the Saints," I exclaimed, "if it isn't a radiogram!" Eagerly tearing open the envelope, I perceived the contents of that most unusual message, and its meaning registered on my mind with wondrous suddenness and horror. "Could this be from my friend, Dr. Morarri!"

"Why I thought he was still studying Voodoo customs in Puerto Rico! And if this were true could it be that my friend could be in a sad state?" I reflected half aloud. This message begged me to come without delay to the old warehouse which he had used as a laboratory.

With alacrity and dexterity I procured and donned my raincoat, ran down the steps to the street. Hailing a taxi which, either by the grace of my dark angel or Mephistophocles himself, stood immediately in front of the door, I began to give the address as I swiftly entered.

"To the foot of . . . " I started.

"To the foot of Caroline Street and then down the alley," droned the most mechanical voice 1 had ever heard. As 1 looked quickly up into the rear mirror, I caught the expression of horrible glee and satisfaction in the eyes of my telepathic chauffeur. Those eyes fascinated me.

Bounding like an "Apocalyptic horseman", the taxi sped down the Fallsway and seemed to lose itself in the intricately complicated irregularity of streets known as southeast Baltimore. With a scream of brakes the car pulled up to the curb at my destination, When I offered the driver cab-fare, he just looked up at me with those fearful, mocking, bloodshot eyes. His face, dark and large, and those piercing eyes, made me shudder with the remembrance of the statue of a Voodoo god which Dr. Morarri had once shown me.

Throwing the money on the seat of the cab, I turned into the narrow alley in the rear of the chemical works. The smell of brimstone, the flash of the huge furnaces momentarily illuminated the dark lane as the doors were opened and closed by black slaves. The vacant eyes which peered at me as 1 nervously hurrical along the forgotten street, made me shudder with the remembrance of hell as depicted by the old preacher of my boyhood days. At the same moment as if to add color to my fancies, the wailing ghost of a fog horn shricked out its terrible warning—"Look out! Look out!" it seemed to say.

As a blast from the furnaces flashed again, it seemed that a beam of light focused and stopped on the number "3", on the door of the old warehouse that had been Dr. Morarn's laboratory. That number reverberated in my subconscious mind and I found myself murmuring "3", yes "3". And I laughed a strange hollow laugh of relief at having found something tangible in this mad night.

Upon reaching the door I became horrified for the inanimate barrier seemed to pulsate with the steady rhythm of a human heart.

"It must be my nerves," I murmured to myself. "Get a hold of yourself, fellow," was my thought as I reached out to open the deor. It yielded to my touch and as if on well greased hinges, swung silently inward. The next moment I shuddered at the click of its closing. My next thought was to turn and flee, to forget the whole matter. But a strange sound, like a steady tremolo of a violin, held me hypnotized and drew me toward an inner room from which exuded a purplish-blue light that seemed to travel in a curele. The loud pulsating of my heart, the tremolo of the violin-like sound, and the wavering light, fascinated me and drew me into that inner room.

The furnishings which I saw are not easy to explain. But I saw them—I'll swear to it! In the center stood a plain operating table ready for use. Around the table were placed three huge potted plants—one at the head nd one on either side so that the purplish-blue rays which extended from them met on the operating table and formed an incandescent mass of pulsing matter. At the foot of the table sat a black man who beat incessantly on a drum, and on the right side (horror of norrors), naked except for a loin cloth, stood my cabriver emitting the tremolo sound of which 1 have spoken.

Then as if from afar off I heard a command given in that same droning, monotonous tremolo voice of the

cab-driver.

"Manville, it is the will of your friend, Dr. Morarri, who is high priest of the flowering gods of Zal, that you be invested with his spirit and so be honored. Come and lie here and receive your blessing."

I walked to the center of the room and lay upon the table. My body became incandescent in the cross curent of the rays of the three plants; the drum beat so furiously that I thought my temples would burst; and the black man at my side, wrenched from his soul the most violently beautiful tremole that I had ever heard.

I felt my mind float into space, come into contact with an alien object and fight with it. Three times this happened. Three times I fought for possession of my self control and three times I lost. Then there was only subtle conflict and I felt my whole being domi-

nated by another.

When I awoke, I saw that I was lying upon a plain operating table. Gone were the black men and their Voodoo magic. In their places were doctors, white-robed and silent, standing over me and watching. At first I was only conscious of the doctor at my side. His eyes fascinated me. Painfully, I withdrew my vision from the creature and looked at my surroundings. There was a doctor at the foot of my bed. He was making records on a bed-chart. Another M.D. and his assistant stood respectfully at my head. From the gleam in the eyes of all these practitioners I assumed that they were very pleased with themselves.

"What a marvelous exhibition, Doctor," exclaimed the one I thought was an assistant. "You should be called Svengali the Sccond." This to the surgeon with the strange eves.

"Mine was only the bringing out of an idea which was already in the patient's mind, Doctor A," answered the doctor with the strange eves.

"Are you going to test the subject, Dr. H?" the assistant asked.

"Haas," began Doctor H, and I found myself listening, "you are to do exactly as I direct. You will listen carefully for there must be no mistake."

Slowly, soothingly, monotonously the doctor revealed to me the plan. And, even as I watched his eyes dance with the fiendish glee of success, I repeated word for word the instructions. As I finished with the words, "must not be caught," I shuddered for I knew what that would mean. The next thing I knew I was hurrying out the door and into a waiting taxi which took me home.

It was a dreary morning when I looked out of my window the next day. The rain seemed to fall half-heartedly. As my gaze wandered back into the room, I noticed that it was ten o'clock. Methodically I prepared and ate my breakfast. Stolidly I walked down the steps to the street.

It did not seem strange that I was carrying a violin case, nor did it seem queer that my car was in front of my door. Placing the violin case carefully in the car, I, myself, entered and drove off—toward Aberdeen.

I was recognized as I drove up to the gate. The sentry saluted sharply and I was hastily admitted. A parking place was easy to find. Soon I lost myself in the maze of buildings. As if by predesign, I set up my gun in a newly built shed and awaited developments.

On a small sign on the next shed I could read the name, "Aberdeen Proving Grounds." As my gaze wondered to the road, I saw that the automobiles of the Senatorial committee were arriving. The inventor was pacing up and down behind the observation station. His new invention, another one of those high powered demons, had been hoisted into position about half an hour before. The committee was late. The inventor was anxious—and so was I.

There they were, all of them in clear view. Deliberately I raised my gun. Aiming with particular care, I fired. There was only a slight shock against my shoulder -no noise- no smoke. "Ingenious this," I mused half aloud. Again I raised the gun and again I fired. Nine times I fired; nine times the missile hit its mark. The bag containing the charge of the new explosive was leaking like a sieve. The inventor fumed at the delay which the late arrival of the committee had caused. He blamed the lack of potency of the charge to that delay. The Senatorial committee thought that it was strange that the bag should leak so much, but no one said anvthing. It did not seem strange to me as I drove past the guard on my way home for I knew that the vital instructions I had received for the incident had been carried out to the letter.

When I arrived home I absently looked in the mailbox, to find a queer looking envelope.

"Why it's Morri's writing, by heaven," I exclaimed. I tore open the letter and read its contents. "Dear Manville,

This tropical country is simply beautiful at this time of year. The trees, the flowers, are indescribable. Why

don't you come down and spend a few weeks with me? There's a plane leaving tomorrow night.

Please excuse the briefness of the message; I want

to get it in the morning mail.

Sincerely yours,

Morri"

As I straightened up I happened to glance at myself in the mirror and I observed a wonderful change. My features, no, my whole body, was undergoing a change! The face in the mirror I gradually recognized as my own. I began to speak and I realized that I had not been talking with my own voice before. As I watched, my entire appearance changed from that of a well known army officer to that of myself.

Then I realized what had happened. The hypnotic bond had been broken. Some foreign agent had hypnotized me and made me do what I had done at Aberdeen. They had known that they could not completely hypnotize without the subject's consent. That is why I had received that radiogram. I took it out and read it again,

"Dear Manville,

Am dying of tropical disease. You can help me by going to old laboratory at 3 Register Street immediately upon receipt of radiogram. In the name of our friendship and the Flowering Gods of Zal do not fail me. Do exactly as my assistant commands!

"Hum," I mused "That was almost too clever. At least I give them credit for knowing a good marksman when they see one. Well, I have a little call to make at the police station and then I think I'll take a short vacation in the civilized country of Puerto Rico, At least they only have Voodoo."

# **European Trip**

(The Oriole-June, 1925)

MISS ANITA S. DOWELL, assistant to the principal and chairman of the Department of Health Education, has been awarded the European Traveling Fellowship, offered by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company through the American Child Health Association, and is planning to leave Baltimore early in July for five months' travel and study in Europe, during which time she will attend for a week the World's Educational Conference in Edinburgh.

The contest was open to all Normal Schools (and Teachers Colleges) in the country which are members of the American Association of Teachers' Colleges.

Eighteen States competed. Miss Dowell submitted a survey which described the health program being carried out at our Normal School. She discussed in detail all phases of the health work and offered recommendations for improvement in the course.

The names of the contestants for the Fellowship were not known to the judges, who were: Miss Emma Dolfinger, American Child Health Association, New York; Presidents' Black, Ellensburg State Normal, Washington; Highbie, Madison State Normal, South Dakota; Ypsilanti State Normal, Michigan, and Dr. Thomas D. Wood, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Miss Dowell is a Marylander, the daughter of George W. Dowell, of Prince Frederick. She is a graduate of Goucher College, where she majored in science and biology. She has done graduate work at Johns Hopkins University and was awarded the degree of M.A. at Teachers' College, Columbia University, where she was assistant instructor in physical education for a year. She was first to be granted a diploma at Teachers' College for Health Supervision in Normal Schools. She has taught at the Towson Normal School twelve years, the last three of which she has been chairman of her de-

The following is only one of the many congratulatory messages she has received:

Mr. Hillegeist, Registrar of the University of Maryland, says: "Congratulations to the school and Miss Dowell for winning Traveling Fellowship. Glad you are continuing to hold your own in the affairs of the country."

# "Do You Think The Rain Will Ruin The Rhubarb?"

DON'T LET college interfere with your education!"

The innumberable times that upper classmen have neard this statement (and under classmen will hear t) should weave it indelibly into the patterns of their hinking. It is unnecessary to mention the author's name; he is too well-known and admired. How many of us have heard these words and reflected on their neaning? How many have just heard them, laughed at heir ludicrousness and let them pass unheeded? Too nany!

Let us reflect!

Courses, courses, papers, reports, observations, assignments, field trips, so much work, so such so much.

. . The mind whirls, the brain becomes confused, muddled, so intent on details, generalizations, evaluaions are we. What does it all mean? One year, two years, three years, four years; what have we gained? How many know? Too few!

Teacher training is so dreary and, yet, such a fascinating process. In the beginning one is so enthusiastic; is the years wear on (and the spirit, and the physical nachinery wear down before the swing back to enhusiasm comes as teaching begins) one is querulous bout his position in the intellectual world. What has happened? He has become pedantic. Spontaneity of thought and enjoyment are gone. Analysis has taken the place of all naturalness. Movies are analyzed; social groups (friends, relatives, associates) are analyzed. One becomes the old-fashioned pedant. Childhood is remote, though easy to remember, easy to reminisce about (through rose-colored glasses). Youth is shattered; all that remains is the high school diploma, a crumpled dance program, a worn balcony seat stub. Easy to remember, easy to reminisce about (through rose-colored glasses). One has set himself up on a pedestal and is left with the grim job of balancing himself up there. Such a grim job; apart from the world, and yet a part of it; aloof to the feelings of others; completely selfcentered.

Gruesome, isn't it?

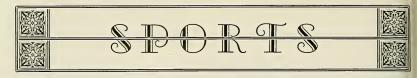
Let us rouse from our reflections. The sun of life and laughter is beaming down on us. We could be that one in our reflections. (Unfortunately, many teachers today will find, with introspection, they are such). Providence, smile on these who are in training! Let us see something of life. Let it be such a stimulating experience that its memory will last forever! Above all: "Don't let college interfere with your education!"

# **How We Can Help**

IN THESE unsettled times, many college students have become confused as to the best course to follow with relation to their careers. Eager to serve their country to the best possible advantage, they are considering the abandonment of their studies in order to carry out what they consider more patriotic duties, such as enlisting in the army or working in a shipyard.

To all such American youth, our President sends a timely message. In a letter which Dr. Wiedefeld recently received from the White House, Mr. Roosevelt urges students to go on with their studies more diligently than before. He stresses the fact that now, more than ever, we have need of well-educated and intelligent citizens to deal with the difficult problems of today. People with specialized knowledge such as scientists, engineers, economists, and teachers, have a great job to do in helping us plan and build for national defense as well as for social and economic progress.

Thus, young people can perform no more patriotic service than to continue the normal course of their education, for it is in this way that they will be prepared for greatest usefulness to their country.



JOHN HORST

## SQUASH

DOES THE name "Squash" mean more to you than just a vegetable? If it does, more power to you. If it doesn't, maybe you're just as well off. Squash is a game resembling tennis except that you do not play it on an outdoor court, nor do you use tennis balls or a tennis racket. Squash is played in a room 32 feet long and 18½ feet wide with either a small black rubber ball or with a larger green inflated one. A special long handled, small headed racket is the means of keeping the ball in play.

Why do most people think that squash is only a vegetable? Squash fans are primarily squash players. No agent could support his family on the tickets he would sell for a squash match of the highest calibre. In most cases the only people who see the match are the two players themselves. Some squash courts have a small window high on the back wall where a handful of devotees may watch in a cramped position. All this might lead you to believe that squash players like to be alone but such is not the case. They (pros and amateurs alike) play for sheer sport and an occasional bet on the side. At any rate, squash is only enjoyed by squash players who seem to love it.

The players' expenses are low (just about the same as Lawn Tennis). The price of a court is high. However, many Y.M.C.A.'s are scraping up funds to build

squash courts. They have swimming pools, so why not a squash court?

As you know, or may have guessed, squash is in a sense a faster game of handball in which a racket and not the gloved hand is used. The ball is served first off the front wall by the server. It must be returned in the air or before the second bounce to the front wall to be played again by the server, and so on. Rebounds from any of the five walls and floor must be played and a point is lost if the ball bounds twice on the floor.

Just to confuse you further, there are two types of squash. Squash racket is played with a dead, small, black rubber ball which keeps the players running to take the ball on the first bounce. Squash tennis is played with a lively, green, inflated tennis ball. This produces a fast moving game where fast reflexes are the prime requisite. From this you may or may not gather that squash racket is the more popular game of the two.

Squash has spread from the leading cities of the East westward to the Pacific. Most large colleges and universities equip the gyms with courts and provide good coaches. Championship play is held in many large cities yearly. Amateurs and professionals play squash tournaments at the drop of a squash ball. And for what? Will someone commission them to write their life story or broadcast to their fans? No. They just love to chase that pellet around the room. Maybe there's something in it at that.

#### SOCCER SCHEDULE - 1940

Fri., Oct, 18—Salisbury T. C. at Salisbury
Thurs., Oct. 24—Elizabethtown College at Towson
Fri., Oct. 25—Frostburg T. C. at Towson
Tucs., Oct. 29—Johns Hopkins U. at Homewood
Wcd., Nov. 6—Western Md. College at Westminster
Thurs., Nov. 14—West Chester T. C. pending
Alumni Game pending

# SPORT NOTES

#### NOLAN CHIPMAN

DENSE CLOUDS of pessimism shroud the Athletic Director's Office. And no wonder! Coach Minnegan has ost practically his entire starting championship soccer cam of the past year. Gone are forwards Lauenstein, Fiemeyer, Calder, and Parker and halfbacks Johnson and Foster, Also not answering this year's starting whistle will be fullbacks Rembold, Cernik and Cox, and goal keeper Wilde. To make the situation more woeful, shock and Stottlemeyer, veterans of several seasons, are student teaching. All of these players are men who simply can't be replaced in a season.

Nevertheless, don't believe that a defeatist attitude, or anything of the sort, has infected the present soccer eam, It hasn't. Jack Hart, Thompson, Herold, Martin, Clopper, Peters and Dawson are all veterans; they are ill fighters, and each is confident that the team will make a good showing. The newcomers, Culbertson, Astrin, Weiner, Robinson, Fishel, Cohen, Coleman and Hoffman feel the same way.

Unquestionably, our 1940 squad is fighting against beavy odds to perpetuate the great records of soccer teams at State Teachers College. But, they have the spirit; they have our support and with some luck, let's dare hope for an enviable string of victories.

Last year's final record was 5 won, 2 tied and 2 lost. And the figures are much more imposing to those who saw the games!

Loyola was a newcomer to our schedule. May our tivalry be lasting and successful.

The Varsity Club deserves our cooperation for their Benefit Dance on November 1.

Basketball practice begins on November 1.

The National Defense of our country requires physical fitness on the part of young men. College athletics prepare physically fit men. Why have the Juniors been limited to one physical education period a week?

# FASHIONS

E. A. E.

ALL CLOTHES this season seem to express a definite restraint and simplicity. Suits (for both men and women) are seen with trim lines and fine tailoring, yet they are casual, comfortable, and have all the dash of autumn. Among the current trends of clothes for the women students we find:

Pinafore jumpers in heather wool jersey and corduroy, worn with striped wool jersey or silk crepe blouses.

"Shortic skirts" in men's wear flannel—flared or box pleated. Other skirts are tweeds or Scotch plaids.

Longer cardigans of Shetland and kitt'ngora. Also cable stitched slipovers.

Saddle shoes and moccasins are still with us and are worn with ribbed or angora socks both ankle and knee length.

Pearls on sweaters are still smart and bracelets of pins and seeds have become quite popular.

Gabardine zippered rain toppers with plaid linings are definitely on the way "in". Other coats of tweed and camel's hair are seen in boxed or fitted models.

Leading colors are beige, king tan, fire drill red, blue olive, clear yellow, and cadet blue, which was introduced early last spring.

Current trends in men's wear are:

New longer length in jackets which are cut along free and easy lines with straight backs.

The leaders in fabrics are Shetlands, cashmeres, herringbones, basket weaves, and other soft materials.

The mismatched hat band is quite a new feature of men's hats. The ribbon bands around the brim contrast in color with the hat body. Combinations include brown and green, blue and gray, and blue and tan.

What about the double-breasted model with the lapel rolling to the lower button?

So much for a brief review of autumn highlights. Next month we shall make personal mention of those students who seem to show especially good taste in their autumn apparel.

# The Eighth Wonder of the World

(Continued from Page 6) within the entrance gates, the entire scene inspires a feeling of awe and enchantment never before experienced.

As a caution to you prospective visitors to Salt Lake City, it should be said that you should never attempt to enter the Mormon Temple either alone or with anyone else unless you are a Mormon. This ruling was instituted quite a few years ago, but, as one soon learns, the Mormons believe in strict adherence to the laws of both man and God.

# **Books We Found Too Late**

(Continued from Page 16) to-be. It includes an introduction, notes, and bibliographies.

Teeters, W. R. and Hersing, C. M., Early Journeys in Science, Chicago, J. B. Lippincott and Co., 1931. Three books which contain interesting and entertaining information on birds, flowers, and insects.

Stevenson, B. C., The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks, N. Y., Henry Holt and Co., 1915. Although this book was published many years ago, it is one of the outstanding sources of appropriate poems for every occasion and age level.

Teachers' Manual to Readers. With almost every set of children's readers, there is a Teachers' Manual which gives suggestive lesson plans for each story in the reader. Can you imagine how many hours of labor these books will save you?

Courses of Study. Before you go student teaching read all the Courses of Study for your grade. You'll be surprised at the dividends this reading will pay later.

# The Call of Electives

Audrey Mercer

HIKING. WHICH for many years has been forgotten because of the automobile, is coming back stronger than ever according to stories about hiking clubs all over the continent. At this most wonderful season of the year, why not join our groups? The tramps led by our A. A. manager are not too lengthy and are planned to bring you to many beauty spots around our campus and community.

Our target field is welcoming our archers! Robin Hood would be pleased to try his luck with the bow and arrow on our targets. Archery is a sport which can be carried on almost anywhere, and we are lucky to have such an excellent target field here at our college. Pick up a bow and arrow—seek instructions—then pull the string and let the arrow fiv.

Hockey! How exciting and what a fast game it is! The hockey sticks click and the white ball will go flying as you go for the sport.

Come on! Show some spirit! Sign up for electives and try out for your favorite sports!

# From "The Club Courant"

HOST OF the grade school teachers, on whom this lementary school program is going to depend for its arrying out, come to us from the State Teachers Colege in Towson. Here we find an extensive program of music training under Miss Emma Weyforth and Miss Ima Prickett. Most interesting is the set of "Personal nventory" sheets, one for every student, whereon is netered his musical training, if any, his capabilities and its achievements in music while in college. All the tudents are obliged to learn to play the piano a little—

they receive individual instruction in it, too. Every one of them must learn a certain number of songs and be able to teach them. The music courses are good stiff ones, including elements of music theory, appreciation, and practice in teaching. The College has a remarkable Glee Club, trained by Miss Weyforth, and an orchestra under Miss Prickett. These groups together or singly have appeared in radio performances, and at State Teachers Association meetings, P. T. A. and Federation programs, a Hopkins dinner and so on. Their standard is a very high one.

He: Why can't Cab Calloway's wife water the lawn? She: Because Cab hi-de-hos.

Have you heard about the "little man who wasn't here"? He eats Ghost Toasties and evaporated milk or breakfast and fried doughnnt holes for lunch. His ransparents gave him a Phantom Eight which he keeps in his mirage.

And have you heard Mr. Walther's etymology of Mesopotamia? He says that it is a mess between two rivers.

Two of the dorm's freshmen seemed to be taken aback when Mr. Howard Stottlemeyer, who they thought was the dean of men, gave them very specific directions for winding the sun dials located at various points on the campus. Luck would have it that some unsuspecting person let out the secret of Stottie's identity and the seven-thirty trip to the sun dials was called off.

What is a pronoun? A pronoun is a noun that has turned Pro.

Heard in Math Class:

Instructor to girl student: Tell me all the ways you know how to reduce. (Of course he meant mathematically.)

#### FROM THE WISE

Ladies:

Keep a man under your thumb, By being bright and acting dumb!

Mr. Walther: Soon we are going to use a spray gun and just spray you people from head to foot with ideas.

Mr. Kahn: That would still give us a "lacquer" knowledge.

A gal may live alone and lack "It."

Snap judgment has a way of becoming unfastened.

Work is a necessity for man, Man invented the alarm clock.—Picasso.

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.—Evening Sun.

The modern girl adores spinning wheels, but she wants four of them and a spare.—Evening Sun.

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#### CHAPTER II

HELEN PICEK

#### Seventeen

"Playmates, I cannot play with you, I have so much to do—
Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo.
Must write ten lesson plans,
And there's those boards to do,
And those dear homework papers.

Must mark them too."

. . . lament those seventeen! Seventeen who were nineteen strong! Seventeen who had been in hibernation at their respective P. C.'s (Practice Centers) for nine weeks. Seventeen upon whom the sun did not shine—lest it was while on recess duty.—Seventeen who had to relinquish popcorn, hot dogs, and peanuts for a night at home experimenting for that lesson on static electricity—while baby brother rode on the Ferris wheel. Seventeen to whom Miller, Krupa, and Crosby were merely names. Seventeen to whom the radio was forbidden. Seventeen! Seventeen! Seventeen!

Seventeen, who, however, forced a wan smile when marking 5A's spelling papers, perhaps?

- "Do you extend to go to the circus?"
- "How did you get in the new furnace?"
- "He did not waist the butter."
- "Her waist is 651/2 inches."

#### Or when?

- A sixth grade safety patrolman tells a thirsty student teacher that "children are allowed to get drinks only if they have permission from a teacher."
- A child waiting for the class to come to order states that he could bake a cake before this "class gets ready."
- William, upon being asked if he knew why the class was behind, said that this was because of too many teachers who are just learning!

Yes, now as Seniors, again are they ready to take up the challenge!

Seventeen! Seventeen! Seventeen!

# SO WHAT~

#### LEE McCarriar

FIRST WE must offer greetings to the neophytes and explain to them the policy of this column, lest hey be left in doubt. This great piece of literature (?) tarted three years ago under the guidance of one Norris Weis. Since he has passed on (we mean graduated), ', his little brother, have been delegated to fill his shoes. This being impossible because he wore size 12, I shall do my best to write about everything that no other person would consider worth writing about.

Since the writer is student teaching, the next issue will be written by a ghost writer. P. S. That means an unidentified person. Since you won't know who is writing the column you won't be on your guard and we consequently will discover more to write about. Don't forget that this column is both for and about YOU. Do make the column interesting.

A few notes gathered from Freshman Week and the tea dance in particular.

- At a first glance the dormitory looked just the same as last year. All the same fixtures in the same old places. After a while the Freshmen will enter into the swing of things and the picture may be changed.
- What Sophomore girl admitted to this writer one night that she used her Tower Lights to balance a rocking chair. Shame on you. They would be much better used in other ways.

Every year, the writer of this column makes a promise to his readers. This year I promise that after student teaching, there will be very few secrets running loose in the college. I shall do my best to make everyone's life an open book.

So long and So What-

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If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we

face instead of your back.

slept and never wake up.

A stethoscope is a spy glass for looking into other peoples' chests with your ears.

Christians are only allowed one wife. This is called monotony.

HUMOR

Funny Blunders of School Children All brutes are imperfect animals, Man alone is the

perfect beast.

A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optionist, and one who looks at the dull side is called a pianist.

Thomas A. Becket lived a dissipated life. Three nights killed him.

Note underneath a lad's outline map: I know the map looks wrong somehow, but I can say with the poet. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

A philosopher is a man who makes the best of a bad job. Socrates is called a philosopher because he didn't worry much when he was poisoned.

A sincere friend is one who says nasty things to your

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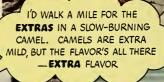
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VOLUME XIV

NUMBER 2

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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly-October through June-by students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Md.

20 CENTS PER COPY \$1.50 PER YEAR...

# "Lest We forget"

Frances L. Shores

OMEWHERE in England tonight there are thousands of civilians waiting for air raid alarms. Somewhere in these United States there are thousands of youths wondering about the future — wondering. There are youths who are saying compulsory conscription is undemocratic and unfair, youths who are saying we have been born in a generation where the odds are against us, youths who are going to scoff when we pause reflectively to say, "I am thankful." Thankful for what? Let us think awhile — "Lest We Forget."

That the future bears an ominous note there is no question but the present is with us. One does not need to be a confirmed optimist to realize we can't be thankful enough for what we have. There were no airplanes bearing missiles of death on the horizon this morning. There was no death-like suspense surrounding us. We went leisurely about our work. The air we breathed was free. The "stars and stripes" waved above us unmolested. News came from across the seas that there were many deaths. Still, they weren't our loved ones — "Lest We Forget."

When tomorrow becomes today, we must face it with the courage that we have faced the past. Our youth will be conscripted. The things that confront us have confronted people in every age. They survived and we shall do likewise. Meanwhile, we still have peace. Our leaders have promised that our youth will not fight on foreign soil — "Lest We Forget."

As we pause to say, "I am thankful," let us do it with reverence. Our race, or our creed, does not matter. We have fared well so far. And, we are Americans — "Lest We Forget."

APERS TODAY are filled to overflowing with the tragedy of war. As the war news continues I find myself considering the peaceful countryide I viewed just five years ago when I drove my Ford ar on a five-thousand-mile jaunt through Central Euope. A few weeks ago I was recounting some of the letails of that trip when I suddenly realized that every ountry 1 had visited in 1935 had either been at war or

vas at war at the present time. To ecapture some of the thrill of the rip and to partially dispel the gloomy news of today I skimmed over parts of my travelog. These are some of the contrasts of 1935 and

Landing at Havre we headed straight to Paris and entered that 'gaie" city by way of the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysees. It was the beginning of the Bastile

Day festival and the streets were filled with celebrating Parisians. Only a few months ago these same people were trudging down the Champs Elysees as refugees. During our stay in Paris we drove out to Reims, Chateau Thierry and the champagne country. The beautiful highway followed the No Man's Land of the World War Number 1. How satisfied we felt as we drove along this highway for, except for the damage to the Rheims Cathedral, we could see little ravages of the war. The country looked peaceful and beautiful. Last spring this peaceful country again resounded with the clash of battle and was again laid waste.

On into Switzerland and Germany we travelled. The first few days in Germany were spent in Freiburg and in Heidelberg, the university town. Both of these cities have been recent targets for the R. A. F. In Munich we visited the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and there we found a poppy wreath from Great Britain! Youth in Germany were marching everywhere on summer holiday trips; the Heil Hitler greeting was just beginning. Although we could detect a slight undercurrent of an impending change we could not realize what it would amount to in a few years. Many of these young men have already paid the price of war with their lives and others are marching to battlefields instead of summer holiday trips.

Austria was a free nation and driving toward Vienna, we followed the Danube for many miles. We saw much river traffic, pleasure steamers and freighters, for the Danube in times of peace is a river of romance and trade. In times of war it is a frontier of violence and bloodshed and it is now playing an important part in the Balkan conflict. In Vienna we loved the Viennese music and the Volksgartens where people of all levels gathered in the evenings to enjoy the music. I recall a member of the Austrian family where we staved saving, "Austria is now getting on her feet again; the tourist trade is returning. If 'they' will leave us alone and give us a few more years we will be back to normal." "They" meant Mussolini and Hitler, for this was soon after the conflict between Germany and Italy over Austria, Of

course, the country did not have its

few years of respite.

Five Years Ago

In Italy we found the best roads of any country, thanks to Mussolini's road-building program. We had widely different experiences in Venice, Rome (where we drove along the Appian Way), and the enchanting Riviera. The country was beautiful with its olive groves on rolling hillsides, miles of ripening vineyards and beautiful oleanders that bor-

dered many of the highways. Italy, like Germany, had youth camps where military training was given and in a few sections there seemed to be a certain amount of restlessness. One Sunday we had difficulty in getting through the streets of small towns because of the large gatherings of men. Later we learned they were mobilizing for the Ethiopian War which began a month after our departure from Italy. Now the country is engaging in a second war.

Into Spain we travelled, where we were charmed with the Basque people and the beauty of the Bay of Biscay where we visited at the American Consulate at Bilbao. A year or two later we were avidly following the news of the Spanish Revolution. The siege of Bilbao lasted six weeks before the city finally fell into Franco's hands. We learned that Franco's army had passed within a block of the home where we had visited but since this was the home of an American official the home was spared.

From Spain back to Havre we drove through Brittany and stopped at many of the coast towns. Now we read of almost daily raids on this coastal territory.

Back in America after this trip I began to plan for other trips in the years ahead. This time it would be the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Belgium and surely England. But now I find myself asking, shall we ever enjoy the privileges of such a trip? When fighting finally ceases how long will it take the countries to recover from the ravages of this present World War? Many treasures will have been destroyed and the visitor will view only ruins. Even should I travel over the same route as I did in 1935 there would be many changes and some of the small countries would have undoubtedly lost their identity and much of their charm.

# **Social Studies**

#### IN THE CAMPUS SCHOOL

IRENE M. STEELE

HAT DO WE wish to happen to a child as a result of his social studies in the elementary school? What do we hope a child will be come because of his living in, and learning about his school, his community, his world? In a general way we have for many years had a satisfactory answer to this question. We have hoped that children would become good citizens, that is, good citizens in a country committed to the ideal of democratic living — a country which respects the worth of every individual, and in turn provides each one with great freedom but charges him with responsibilities.

In this matter of educating children for a high standard of democratic living, we have not always done as well as we know. For a number of reasons we have often been diverted from a singleness of purpose about this matter of citizenship. We have sometimes been satisfied with knowing what is good to do instead of both knowing and doing. We have emphasized mere knowledge, instead of knowledge put to use. We have overlooked immediate opportunities for giving experience with democratic processes, and studied about remote conditions which lacked reality for young children. We have followed a logically arranged sequence of study when mature thought would have led us to evolve an arrangement in accordance with children's demonstrated capacities and gripping interests. We have attempted to achieve an impossible kind of completeness in covering the traditional studies assigned to the elementary school, as though children were finishing their formal education in six or seven years. These mistakes are, no doubt, mistakes of a transition period, of a time when new conditions call for new ways of doing things, but also a period when there is still great reluctance to abandon what has proved of value in the past.

The time has now come, we think, for vigorous attack on the social studies in the Campus School. We, too, wish to conserve what has been good in our course, but we wish also to meet the challenge of doing as well as we know. We know that the changes which take place in children as a consequence of their studies is the important matter. We believe if we keep our attention on this thought, we teachers will begin to do things differently. If, for example, we keep telling ourselves that we wish children to value the things which their forefathers

have sacrificed to gain; that we wish them to cherist the hard-won freedom, the opportunities and the beautof this great land, we will, if we are wise, begin with what is concrete and near. We will not be satisfied with merely relating our country's story, dramatic and interesting as it is, but we will find ways to help children identify themselves with the stream of life in our country and to feel themselves an essential part of it.

With all this in mind, the attention of every grade has been concentrated for the first few weeks of thi year, on the educational opportunities inherent in the living and working together in our school, There i. nothing new about this situation, but there is some thing new, for us, in our attitude toward it. The study of our immediate environment is accorded a new dig nity as the organization and content of class and school activities become quite definitely a part of the socia studies curriculum of all grades. Many activities which were formerly hurried over in order that the class migh: get to the prescribed course of study, now are the course of study. They become the means through which chil dren begin to understand various social processes, such as evolving standards for group living, dividing respon sibilities for specialized activities; adjusting to environmental conditions beyond their control, or bringing their environment under control to meet their needs And adequate time is allowed for working out these values.

The Student Council is one excellent example of how school life provides opportunities for children to grow, through taking part in the management of their own affairs. At present the older children are in the midst of plans for amending the constitution of the council, by the due process of their own law, in order to make the document fit the present needs of the school. The concepts "constitution", "amendment", "ratification" arc passing the verbal stage; they are becoming rooted in experience. The range of responsibilities assumed by the council is suggested by what the standing committees do for the cafeteria, the lavatory, the campus, lost and found articles, athletics, assemblies, safety, and reporting attendance. As guided by teachers, these activities are rich in possibilities for child growth in the direction of deeper social understanding and improved social practice - that is, social practice in a small community committed to the ideals of democratic living.

Our Campus School environment furnishes an esecially full background for social studies. It has long een the custom for the first grades to visit various laces on the campus — the administration building, he power-house, the laundry, the glen. The purpose of hese explorations is to help children feel more at ease n their strange world, and to help them understand heir relation to those people whose services affect their ives. This year the older children are also having an oportunity to study the school community. They, too, nave visited or re-visited the college science rooms, the sitchen, the power-house, and have interpreted what hey saw in terms of their added years of experience, in chool and out, with real things in the world about them, with pictures, books, songs, and stories.

Within our own building these same children have gained new insights into the kind and amount of supplies and equipment needed for running a school, as well as the kind and amount of planning required. They have visited the store rooms and seen some surprising things — paper in quantities they had not imagined; elay in powder form when they had thought of it as always coming to us moist from the earth; glue in sheets — the glue which they knew only in liquid form; garden tools, carpenter tools, and paints stored ready for use; costumes in orderly arrangement on hangers or in labeled boxes. These behind-the-scenes views have

made the children conscious of services which they had long taken for granted; have added meaning to the complex, costly organization we know as a school; and have raised questions which will give direction to their study for some time to come.

Living and working together in school will continue through the years, but this area of experience will certainly not constitute the major part of the social studies curriculum in all grades. It will, however, parallel whatever else is studied, or perhaps be bound up with other themes. But whatever the center of interest, whether it be colonial life, housing, or man's struggle for food or freedom, the major purpose of the study will always be, children's growth in social understanding and social behavior. The ideal to be kept before us is the enlightened, responsible citizen, the kind so sorely needed if the democratic way of life is to be made to work. Shall we teach children facts? By all means. We shall teach them facts in abundance; facts about colonial life, that throw light on our present ways of thinking and living; facts about housing that reveal problems of democracy which, in a short time, they will help to solve; facts about the long, slow struggle for freedom that will help plant in their hearts the seeds of gratitude for their enjoyment of the daily blessings of liberty - the liberty for which many have pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor".

# A Letter To A Friend

DEAR JOHN:

Some time ago we were talking about the amazingly sudden hold defense has taken on the public mind. Everyone, everywhere, is talking defense, defense. I've been thinking about it, too, and I think that I have discovered a grand assumption in much of the present thought and action, a disastrous and irreconcilable paradox overlooked in the general fanfare and excitement. If defense is not to become just another eatchword to be used by the clever to trap the gullible into doing almost anything from changing their brand of toothpaste to persecuting minorities, we must look into what the shouting is all about. Just what are we trying to defend, and what is the best way to go about it?

What do we want to defend? Why, the answer is obvious! We want to defend the democracy we have, our freedom of speech and press, our right to lawful trial. We want to make secure our inalienable rights of life,

liberty, and pursuit of happiness. We want to protect our men, women, and children, their homes, their noblest ideals, and the best of all that man has accumulated through long and painful years of toil. We want to preserve our civilization.

To this everyone agrees. These are our immediate cnds. Now what means are we going to use to achieve these ends? Ah, John, my friend, there is the grand assumption, the impossible dilemma. The newspapers, radio, and moving pictures flash before us defense—armaments; defense—bombers, battleships, and big guns; defense—war; war and defense, and lo! as if by magic the two terms are taken to be synonymous. Armaments will defend our women and children; war will defend our beliefs, our civilization—but will they?

The political leaders of every nation in Europe told their people that they must arm for defense, for national security. Have their arms protected any of them? Now nightly the bombers visit death and destruction upon England, France, and Germany alike without any regard for innocence or guilt. For centuries Europe has depended on its armies for protection, and for centuries it has been ravaged. After 1918 partly because of a continued allied food blockade 2,000,000 German and Austrian people starved to death. This winter France will starve. Victor today is loser tomorrow, and after the war is over its problems still remain to be settled by peaceful means. Even in the so-called winning nation the great masses of the people are crushed under grief, poverty, and despair brought on by the holocaust of lies, hate, and the unbridled murderous passion that is war.

In its very nature war is destruction. Both sides cry defense and then destroy each other. Stanley Baldwin says, "the only defense is in offense, which means that you will have to kill women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves." We have learned within our nation to live by a large measure of honesty, law, and justice; we try to live among the nations by deceit, robbery, and wholesale murder. We want to save democracy abroad, and first we destroy it here at home. Mobilization day means immediate abrogation of all civil rights and dictatorship right here, and for who knows how long? Stuart Chase, Charles E. Beard, and Charles Evans Hughes doubt if democracy in America can survive another major war. We want to preserve our homes, markets, and economic goods, and vet in war we utterly destroy unbelievable wealth. Nicholas Murray Butler in a report to the Carnegie Foundation in 1934 figured that every family in America, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia could be given a house worth about \$2500, \$1000 worth of furniture, \$500 worth of land, that every town of 25,000 inhabitants could be given a library worth \$5,000,000, a university costing \$10,000,000, and then the whole of France and Belgium could be bought outright with the money squandered on the World War. I wonder what the cost of rubber and tin would be a pound if figured on this basis? We work and sweat and worry to reduce crime and brutality to build decent manhood; and then we force these youths to tear off the limbs and cut out the hearts of their human brothers. When was truth obtained through lies, justice through revenge, bitterness, and hate? When was security ever found in suspicion, distrust, and fear?

John, the answer to this paradox is that there is no national security. There is no security in armaments and war. Each nation is forever defending itself against the defensive measures of all the other nations. Every announcement of a more destructive weapon, of a more lethal gas in one nation brings terror and insecurity for all others. Richard B. Gregg deftly states the situation, "Security does not lie in our possessions but in the quality of our relationships — it lies forever between us and

if either of us seeks it for himself, both of us will mis

Today the only security is world security. People the world over are frantically groping for ways to solve the fundamental political, racial, and economic problems which are causing our troubles. Yet each time we go to war we move our goals farther and farther out of our reach. War itself cannot solve these problems, but adde to them, and makes their ultimate solution all the more difficult and painful.

Many sincere peace loving people will agree to al this, John; and yet you and I have heard them say, "Yes but not everyone thinks this way. We must be practical. We must choose between the least of the evils and build on the good we have. Temporarily, we may have to sacrifice our liberty, our homes, our democracy, and all we love most; but the sacrifice is worthwhile for the final security of our country. Have these people so soon forgotten the sad lesson of 1914, the failure of war to save democracy, the failure of war to end wars? For years war has been tried as a means to solve our problems, and for years it has failed miserably. It is the most impractical course of action. And in its workings it de stroys the very possessions we cherish most. Do they not see that ends and means can not be separated, that death, disease, grief, and poverty are the victors of war?

There are people, John, who seeing the failure and futility of war, renounce it as a means of solving our problems, defending our treasured possessions, and bringing us security. These people are not just sitting down or objecting, nor indulging in the bankrupting luxury of emotional name calling. These people have already conscripted themselves for peace, and have been working for years to find means of real and lasting defense and peace. I'm going to find out something of their work, and will write you again.

ALLEN O'NEILL.

#### A LAMENT

SHIRLEY REDDEN

That the sun spends but little time with us now—And guards its warmth from earth and sky—
That the trees, suddenly finding their burden great,
Release the dying leaflets with a sigh—
I can bear.

But stronger than ache of death of this, my life, Ebbing slowly away with each flake of snow, Is the pain which clutches my heart with fingers of fall And refuses to believe that, like all beauty,

You must go.

# The "Gal-Up" Poll of S.T.C.

MILDRED SNYDER

ET'S BE tolerant about this," P. admonished in a shrill scream. As usual, the Jr. 1B girls were indigesting their lunches by expressing their iews about some subject that interested them at that articular moment. The reasoning in these views was of always of an Einstein quality but they were truly what the girls thought and did not mind saying among group of good friends.

Confession — The girls did not know I was using our viewpoints for outside material; in fact, neither did I until the Tower Light deadline swiftly approached. After the opinions were sorted and listed, the girls, A., M., V., and P. were shown the results and asked if they would permit them to be printed. Each graciously agreed and so here are the results of the Cal-up Poll of S. T. C.:

#### I. Roosevelt vs. Willkie

- V. —Willkie is the man. He will bolster our present economic situation as soon as he gets into the White House. Roosevelt is out of the running.
- I really don't know enough about either to make a definite decision, but I favor Willkie.
- M1.—Both sides have their good points.
- P. —Personally, I like Roosevelt. I think he's done some good things and his foreign policy is good.
- M<sup>2</sup>.—I dislike Roosevelt's extravagant spending, but he did help some people. Willkie's promises are nice, but I just don't like him.

#### II. New Fall Hats

- V. —They're dizzy but they're cute.
- I haven't bothered to look at them.
- M1.—I don't wear hats enough to care about them.
- P. -I haven't noticed any so far.
- M2.—I think they are much smarter than last year's.

#### III. Marriage Before War?

- V. —Don't get married. It won't hurt to wait, and if he would get killed, you could try to forget.
- Of course not. He might be killed and you might be left with a child to raise.
- M¹.—Yes, marry him if you love him enough. He could just as easily be killed accidentally at home as at war.
- P. -No, it is awfully hard to be a widow at twentysome; or worse, he might be shell-shocked and you would be tied down for life.

M².—Yes, marry him. Don't cross your bridges before you come to them. Even if you are left with a child, it would be his and you'd want it more than anything else.

#### IV. Formal or Informal Dances?

- V. —Formal. Informal dances are too sloppy. I'd like boys, as well as girls, to be formal.
- A. —It doesn't make any difference to me about any but class dances.
- M¹.—Only have class dances formal. I never have enough evening gowns, my date doesn't like to go formal, and it is too much trouble to dress up.
- P. —Class dances formal. Have the others informal, for the kids without cars.
- M<sup>2</sup>.—It seems more like a dance if it is formal. Dressing up is half the fun. One or two dances could be informal.

#### V. The Draft

- It is grand, especially for boys who criticize our country but do nothing to improve it.
- A. —It is good, but I didn't realize they would teach how to kill.
- M1.—I like it.
- P. —It is good for all classes of men.
- M².—Necessary but distasteful. It is going to make the younger men too hard.

#### VI. Should Roosevelt's Son Be a Captain?

- V. —It is unfair and wrong.
- A. —He definitely should not get any more advantages than other boys.
- M1.—I think it is perfectly O. K.
- P. —Why not? After all, the President's family should have some prestige and privileges.
- M<sup>2</sup>.—Because of the narrow-minded public he shouldn't be, but after all, his father is President and his son should be allowed such a trivial privilege.

#### VII. All This and Heaven Too

- V. —I agree with M<sup>2</sup>.
- A. -She was very weak to stay. She should have left.
- M1.—I don't think they did anything wrong.
- P. —Both he and she were selfish, weak people, who thought only of themselves. She should have left as soon as she realized the situation.
- M2.-After all, we can't turn off our emotions like

water. They did nothing wrong, unless loving a person is wrong.

We believe this to be an excellent cross section of the student body as each of these girls live in an entirely different section of the city, attended a different high school, and has different religious beliefs — Methodist, Catholic, Lutheran, Jewish, and Episcopal.

## Light in the Darkness

JEAN HIDEY

THE DARK coolness of the night took my breath, coming as I did from the warm, lighted house. The stars, pin-points of brilliant light, filled the midnight blue background of sky with intricate patterns — the same patterns gazed on by Man at the earth's beginning. There is always something eternal in the universe, viewed at night from a tiny spot on this tiny planet. Past, present, and future seem forever linked. Here is the handiwork of the Creator, bearing witness to His care and plan.

Here on earth wars may rage and spend their fury. In some places flames and smoke from fallen bombs and firing guns dim the stars. The drone of planes and bark of anti-aircraft fire deafen men's ears. The scream of airraid sirens for a moment makes fear uppermost in human minds. But somewhere behind all this horror there must be some plan, some immortal force, watching and guiding, just as for centuries it has maintained in security the universe and the Earth which is a minute part of it. Everything cannot end now, here in the twentieth century! Greed, lust, and hate must not spread their evil influence over the world.

There is a benign factor at work. There is a Creator and Protector who is the author of love, fellowship, and peace. These attributes He has placed in the hearts of all good people for them to defend and preserve. As constant as the natural handiwork of the Creator are these elements. They must be kept alivel As long as they exist in the minds of even a few, they are inviolate. In the end they will emerge strengthened from this chaos, for it has always been so. The stars may be hidden for a moment by clouds of smoke from gunfire, but that does not destroy them. They will shine again and be even brighter because of the darkness which has concealed them.

Everything was quiet. The black earth lay firm and solid beneath my feet. The stars still shone. Nature was adding her affirmation to my thoughts!

## The Cloisters

RUTH McCARTY

JUST LOOKING out — out — out — . rainy, chilly, nasty, and bare. Come with me! Into the thickness — back — back — back. Then warmth, brightness, beauty, peace and voices . . . admiring, awed, humble, curious. But listen — the one voice. . . . "Young people, never throw old things away. Keep them for they grow more precious with each generation. I have always loved antiques. For many years it has been my greatest desire to help others feel some affection for an old piece of furniture. To do this I've given much of my life collecting antiques from all over the world. The result is The Cloisters. I want all of you to use it. It is your museum — for your benefit."

Come - we must keep up with the voices - in, out, up, down, here, there - everywhere. Hurry - here in the dining room, the art gallery, the living room, the library, the chapel, the cloisters - then - the circular stairway, the master's bedroom, the lace room, the Edgar Allen Poe room, the doll room, the taproom, the early American room - on - on. Listen - always that one voice - guiding - kind. "Five generations of china" - "four generations of linen" - "13th century andirons" - "front door from Glen Ellen" - "Chippendale chairs" - "famous cutware" - "colored glass" -"wedding chest of Marie Antoinette" - "chairs and highbovs from palaces of England and France" - "Black Madonna" - "Da Vinci's religious banner" - "illuminated manuscripts" - "wedding dresses of three brides in our family" — "first day dresses" — "hand made lace handkerchiefs — shawls" — "trundle beds — feather mattresses" — "altar chair" — "doll houses — doll furniture - doll people - brought out every Christmas" -"Romantic - ves - but hard to do. Have you tried kissing your love with both of you on galloping horses?" Lovely voice - so willing - but now a little weary asking for help. Many, many times I've gone with the voice - I am the standing symbol. I must stay. I will stay. I am the walls of the Cloisters — the home of Mrs. Sumper Parker in Brooklandville, Maryland,

#### Excerpts from the Maryland Educational Journal, 1867:

"Wait for others to advance your interests and you will wait until they are not worth advancing."

"Most persons' ideas are adopted children — few brains can raise a family of their own."

"Reproof is like medicine, like mercury or opium; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good."

# **Half Caste**

MINDELLE KANN

men First I met Trican Adams, I was not especially curious as to his origin or his reason for being at the meeting. I accepted him as me of the new members and let it go at that. When I poke to him, however, his faultless use of English, and is slightly olive complexion aroused in me a desire to snow more about him. But this desire was not as easy to atisfy as I had imagined. I saw no more of Trican unil the next meeting, to which I went more in the hope of having another chat with him than for any other eason.

Curiosity has a way of growing when not satisfied; so when I saw Trican coming toward me, I could hardly suppress my delight. He remembered me from our first ntroduction! After a cordial greeting, he sat in a chair opposite mine, and we discussed the matter to be brought up in the meeting. Conversation then turned, without apparent reason, to matters of personal history. I learned that Trican's first impression was finding himself in an orphan's home in New York. He had no trace of his father or mother, and he could do no more than accept the charity offered. He spent his first fourteen years in the Home, going to school and learning to do his work well and without complaint. He had then gone to a high school close by and had worked in a drug store after school. After graduation from school, he left the Home and went to college, working every evening to make enough to finish his education.

Now, at the age of twenty-four, he had a responsible job in one of the larger banks and was making enough to support himself comfortably. His composed manner made me like him from the start, and I felt that he and I would be great friends.

After the meeting, however, I did not see him for a week. Then one evening he called me by telephone and invited me to dine at his apartment the next evening. During dinner, we talked over current affairs and by the time the last course was served, we were the best of friends, I learned that Trican was engaged to be maried to the daughter of the president of the bank in which he worked. We had a toast to the bride, and then I decided I had better leave, as it was getting late.

During the next few weeks, I had occasion to see Trican quite often since I had business to transact at his bank. As time went on, we became more and more steadfast friends. His pleasing personality, his congeniality, and his willingness to accommodate made him a person hard to dislike. The weck after I had finished my business at the bank, I did not see him at all. Then, Tuesday evening of the following week, he called me. I could tell at once from the sound of his voice that something was wrong. He asked me if I had time to stop by his apartment. I had, and was soon on my way to see him. When I saw his face, I knew even more than from the sound of his voice that something terrible must have happened. He sat quietly on the edge of an easy chair and began pouring out a strange but tragic story of his own life.

"You already know about my early life in the orphan's home and that I never knew who my real father or mother were. When I began to work at the bank, the business manager naturally went into my early life as much as possible, but he could find out nothing that I had not already told him. But when I became engaged to the president's daughter, he would not be satisfied until he knew all the secrets of my early life. One day, he called me into his office and told me that he had found out who my parents were. Try to imagine how I felt when he told me that my mother was a negro!

"Oh, if I hadn't worked up to where I am now! I'm not good enough to be a white man, and I'm too good to be a negro. My blood is not pure enough to be the man I thought I was — to marry the president's daughter — but it's too pure to associate with negroes; and the thought of marrying a negro woman is revolting."

His story left me amazed. I felt only the deepest sympathy for him; the thought that one of my closest friends was half negro had never occurred to me. I kept silent waiting for Trican to continue.

"I could see that I wasn't wanted at the bank, so I resigned. I went over to see Dorothy and broke our engagement, but I didn't tell her the reason. Then I made her father promise that he would never tell anyone. I don't know what I'll do, but I am leaving tonight. I want you to go now; and maybe, some day, after I'm gone, if you feel that you want to, you can explain to the friends and acquaintances I have made why I left. It's been a pleasure to know you."

I left the apartment in a somewhat dazed condition. My mind refused to grasp all that I had heard, I was stronged!

Several hours later, at home thinking over the events of the evening, I heard my telephone ring. A deep, business-like voice greeted my solemn "Hello."

"This is Sergeant Klein of the homicide squad."
(Continued on Page 15)

9

# The Common Touch

Frances Robison

"HEY, HOW DOES War Point look to you?" The brightly painted heavyweight on my left, with a pugnacious chin, blew a dense smoke screen in my face to enforce her question. Trying to answer, I blinked for a second in the cloud of smoke.

"My bet's on him," yelled a small, greasy individual

in my right ear.

"They're off!" The roar from the motley mob seemed to fan even the bright pennants soaring proudly over the

huge grandstand.

The heavyweight waved her hands as though she were trying to push her favorite horse over the finish line. Yet, during that race, I scarcely heard her continuous, urgent bellow, "Come on, War Point!"

The disheartened April sun thrust its last feeble rays through a rift in the clouds, shivered for a moment in the cool air, and disappeared behind faint blue mountains. In the remaining minutes of light, I hurried to the brooding shed to examine the new foals. Soon I was peering into the warm, hay-scented darkness of the first stall. A large black shadow swung around, a smaller spot

#### CARAVANS

Marguerite Wilson

Such varied thoughts thread in and out the mind When wand'ring all alone, like caravans That silent come and go, but leave behind A poignant perfume borne of distant lands. Within each casket of the shadowy train Rare treasures lie, beyond all earthly mean. For who can buy a muted sweet refrain? Or offer gold for moonlight's pearly sheen? Ah, none can hold for long the velvet rose Nor leash the vagrant whimsies of the breeze, Nor purchase sunset's hues at evening's close That gleam upon a world of reveries, The beauty rare, of each, enthralls the heart As one by one th' enchanted veils unfold. Some hold a memory that teardrops start, Or heav'nly love, by mortals yet untold. Too soon these rapturous moments must expire When once again reality descends. Gone now the caravan of golden fire. But ever shall its jov, all grief transcend.

of inkiness in its wake. Pushing back the inquisitive nose of the mare, I stepped in the stall. A tiny foal stalked forward on long wobbly legs to examine me. Growing bolder, he thrust a tiny golden muzzle on my arm and stared intently with great purple-black eyes. Suddenly he clenched his teeth on my sleeve and pulled. The mare edged forward between us and gently pushed me out of the stall. Such was my first glance of the black horse.

That April had been pushed back into the memories of another spring, the next time I saw the black horse. The September sun had poured molten gold on the trees, but the black colt raced over spring-fresh grass. Three colts played on the field, but the sun, leaving the others merely vague shadows, seemed to glisten only on the blue-black horse. There was little about the black horse to remind me of the rough-coated, awkward foal of the past April. Yet, for a fleeting second, there was the mischievous expression that was identical with the one I had noticed when he nipped my arm.

The black horse was a full-fledged yearling the third time I saw him. He rated a stall in the racing stable and a name. The morning air was clean and crisp as I fol-

lowed him to the track.

"Canter once around the track and breeze him the second time," came the order. Dancing fretfully the black horse seemed to realize that for the first time he was really to run. He cantered easily around the track. Suddenly I leaned far over the rail. He was running — running as only a true racer can run — effortlessly, gracefully, racing for pure joy.

"That horse shows the blood of his sires." The tribute came from an old jockey who rarely paid compli-

ments.

The sun beat down on the slowly drifting cloud of dust on the track. The pennants drooped aimlessly. The sudden hush after the race was broken by a harsh, angry cry from the heavyweight on my left.

"War Point, huh! Two bucks gone on that brokendown nag." The greasy individual on my right threw

down his ticket.

"A plow horse could have walked away with that race!"

War Point, son of War Hero and grandson of Man o' War, you ran a courageous race and met defeat gallantly, yet you are condemned. Surely the "common touch" has reached the Sport of Kings.



# EDITORIALS



#### LIVING TO EAT

M. Simon

SURROUNDED by turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and all the other delicacies of the properly outfitted festive board, we are likely to grieve a bit that Thanksgiving is so rare, that like a lot of other holidays it comes but once a year. Yet probably that fact alone is a greater blessing than many of us realize. We just couldn't stand it, as animals of limited capacities, if we gorged ourselves as we do on this particular day, more than once in a year of 365 days, Perhaps, when viewed from this same standpoint, it is a good thing that the President moved Thanksgiving up, for we now have a longer time to recuperate from that bit of voracious mastication before beginning the Christmas holidays. This period of overindulgence may develop into an even worse condition, for whereas Thanksgiving is one day, the Christmas holidays extend over several days, naturally giving all our friends, relatives, acquaintances, patrons, business associates and even, heaven help us (we breathe with fingers crossed), our enemies, the opportunity to delight us with all the latest concoctions. Sometimes we find out later to our atter consternation by accompanying upheavals, that they have had the gall to abuse this privilege by using us as an experimental lab.

It is one of the evidences of our primitive instincts that man turns all his holidays into a festive occasion with emphasis placed on the palate. We even associate the thought of holidays with foods — Easter and eggs, Christmas and cakes, Thanksgiving and turkey. We have in all probability become what future historians will glibly call the exponents of Epicurean Philosophy. And this trend, this retroversion, is slowly spelling ruin to our health as a race as well as to our spiritual development.

Therefore, as joint collaborators in the interests of humanity, we can be sincerely grateful (except for school being closed) that holidays are well spaced and we are encouraged to go back to our primitive gluttonous habits only occasionally, so that all the rest of the year we revert to our primordial nature simply because most men "LIVE TO EAT."

#### EDUCATION FOR WHAT?

GORDON FORRER SHULES

A problem has confronted colleges for a number of years. The lamentable fact seems to be that the knowledge which we acquire with so much labor and sacrifice is not being used to the very best advantage, Knowledge of the technical aspects of a question are soon forgotten and for many of us only the residue of our formal education is used. It is also our experience that if facts are not immediately relevant they do not persist long in our memories.

One of the ultimate results, even if it were not a verbalized objective of education, is the indoctrination of attitudes, ideals, and methods. We must recognize these resultant aspects and consciously employ them outside of the channelized subjects in which they are instilled. But because it is seldom made clear to them, many students miss the implication of this result of education. As one instructor in our college pointed out, one cannot expect to learn everything in four years of college. Subject matter is not a means to an end but acts as a vehicle for the purpose of inculcating those satisfactions in life which give ideals and attitudes meaning. Of more importance than mastery of subject matter is the mastery of the learning methods employed which result in the thought that underlies all this grist of education. The desirability of the various attitudes which we absorb apparently remains a problem for the educational theorists. To repeat, perhaps not a few of our failures may be due to our inability to apply our orientations outside of the class room. Can't we have active formation rather than unconscious imbibing?

We continue to adapt the folkways which were relatively successful in the less complex past to the probems of a modern world. The ideal solution of this situation would be the discovery of a single orientation which would be universally applicable. At present the scientific approach is perhaps the most effective means that we have. But how many of us apply the methodology of science outside of science courses, even if we admit that we carry it out this far?

(Continued on Page 15)

# THE LIBRARY

#### AT YOUR SERVICE

#### THE READER'S QUIZ

MARY DI PEPPI

KEEP IN step with America's readers! How many of these recent best-sellers can you identify? Turn to page 16 for the correct answers and keep your score as follows:

10 Correct Ex	cellent
7 to 9 Correct	.Good
4 to 6 Correct	Fair
1 to 3 Correct	. Poor

- The heroine marries a wandering photographer who takes her with him to the wilds of British East Africa to photograph animals.
- The story concerns the struggle of a shrewd, wisecracking yet tender Philadelphia girl of modest Irish-American stock against an insurmountable social tradition.
- The story of one of the world's greatest (perhaps the greatest) men told from three different angles that of a disciple, of a contemporary, and of a young man of the people.
- The joys and dangers of life in the forest are charmingly told through the adventures of the twin fauns, Geno and Gurri.
- Chinese life and customs form the background for the story of two daughters of a Peking upper middle-class family, the gay, whimsical, soft-voiced Mulan, and the bright-eyed, practical, more womanly Mochow.
- The memoirs of a great French aviator are told in poetical prose, yet the thrilling adventures and the dangers of his profession are not neglected.
- The story of Welsh coal miners in the days of Victoria as set down by old Huw Morgan who was young Huw when the valley was green.
- 8. A German actress who has resided in America for several years goes back to Germany on business, gets in trouble with the authorities, is placed in a concentration camp, and makes a thrilling escape with the aid of several friends.
- The entertaining story of two sisters, Ruth and Eileen, told in such a refreshing manner as to keep the reader continually amused at their humorous experiences.



10. The author tells of her first-hand observations of European events and in so doing has written an informative resumé of the conditions which brought about the present crisis of affairs.

(Answers on Page 15)

#### AND HERE'S THE AUTHOR -

Doris Klank

His first novel is a best-seller in England and America! This is the climax of the story of a hitherto unknown English writer, Richard Llewellyn.

He spent his school days in London, his birthplace, and in St. David's. At sixteen he was sent to Venice to learn hotel management. In his spare time he studied painting and sculpture and worked with an Italian film unit, learning the rudiments of the cinema.

Thus, when he returned to London, jobless, he turned to the cinema and entered the studios as an extra player to study the methods of men in charge of production. After an interval he became a reporter on a penny film paper, and it was during this period that he began writing for pleasure.

Mr. Llewellyn returned to the cinema to become assistant director, scenarist, production manager, and, finally, director. However, a slump in the industry turned him to writing plays, one of which was successfully produced in London.

How Green Was My Valley was begun in St. David's from a draft written in India, was rewritten in Cardiff and again in St. James' Park. London, during a period of unemployment. After another period of work in Wales, Richard Llewellyn returned to London, where a friend

introduced him to the publisher who accepted the manuscript of the novel on which he had worked for so long. That was the happiest day of his life.

#### BOOK REVIEW

#### KATHERINE PETROFF

Llewellyn, Richard. How Green Was My Valley. New York, The MacMillan Company, 1940.

The New York Sun called How Green Was My Valley the "book that restores faith in human life." We call it this and even more. It is great, because it tells of the forces that guide human destiny. It is poignant, for it relates the sad and tenderly amusing happenings of the simple Welshman; and it is frank, because of its unashamed outlook on life.

Through the narration of Huw Morgan, youngest son of the Morgan household, we are introduced to the family life of the Welsh coal miner, and the tragic conditions under which the miners were forced to work in the collieries.

Huw Morgan, now an old man, has been forced to leave the beloved valley of his forefathers. He is going out into the world to return again when he has found the answer to the change in mankind. He is going to escape the ugly slag heap which will soon devour the house as it has already devoured the valley and the glistening river which ran dancing through it in bygone days. Thus we find Huw reminiscing of all that is dead and buried and wondering all the while whether the world and the hearts of men have changed since the day when man took pleasures from the simple rewards of life such as love, friendship, families, song and prayer.

Running through the lives of the Welsh, an everpresent discordant note was the bickering between the workers and the owners of the mines. Huw's brothers were the leaders of the opposition to the owners and were ever getting into trouble because of their actions in forming a union which would be potent enough to combat the evil of the long hours and low wages which the Welshmen were forced to follow and to accept. The futility of strike against the hated English owners was clear to everyone when a winter of starvation, death, and poverty caused the submissive and beaten people to return to work if they chose to live.

Huw's entrance into the colliery was a blow to everyone for it had been ascertained that he would study medicine. Years of tradition and a stubborn spirit caused him to descend into the earth with his brothers and father. The Morgans had been born to the mines, as were the other valley folk, and changed indeed were the times when the family parted forever. Oeven and and Givilyn embarked for the United States, lanto went to Germany, and Davy to New Zealand, for they knew that their efforts to bring about a better social order were in vain.

Through the years the treacherous black slag heap crept ominously down the mountainside, blotting all things of beauty beneath its crushing weight. This heap began to accumulate when the owners decided that it was too expensive to put the mine waste back into the earth. What a price the valley paid as the slag grew with the years and the shining, clean beauty of the country disappeared.

Llewellyn's keen writing relates Huw's growth and maturity, his possession of Ceineven, of his lifelong love for his eldest brother's wife, his friendship, and his understanding of his fellow men. The author has written the best novel about Wales yet to be seen and introduces the world to the simple manner of living to which the Welsh were born, their love of singing, their social gatherings, their temperament, and their tenacity. He shows that small village folk can "make or break" a man with their narrow-mindedness, fixed conventions, and gossipy tongues.

Part of the success of the story is due to the faithfulness and truthfulness to which Llewellyn adhered when he created the novel, and part lies in the language of the people. The delightful manner of speaking of the Welsh is fresh, vital, and musical to the ear. The novel is as deep as the coal mines of Wales, as high as the mountain tops, and as broad as humanity. We do not hesitate to say that we have read this book twice and shall certainly read it again, for it is one that will undoubtedly become a part of the literary background which the discriminating reader collects for himself over a lifetime. In this turbulent world it is refreshing to find a book which is so simple and beautiful in retrospect, and though it runs the gamut of experiences in life, it leaves the reader with a clean taste in his mouth and food for thought for days to come. How Green Was My Valley is such a great novel that it will surely stand the test of time and remain as one of the great books of all generations.

#### WORDS WE NEED

#### ELLEN ANNE ELSTE

Every one of us, I think, has, on various occasions, had something to say — some feeling to express — or (Continued on Page 31)

# CAMPUS SCHOOL LITERATURE

#### AUTUMN IS HERE

All the leaves are turning red All the flowers are going to bed.

> Autumn is here. Autumn is here.

Winter is near. Bonfires burning in the night, Birds above us in their flight.

Winter is near.

Antumn is here.

STEPHEN SIMON, Grade 6.

#### THE GREAT HALL

When walking in the woods in autumn,
I feel as if I'm in a great hall.
The winds sound like a tremendous organ
And the trees are pillars tall.
The carpet's of leaves of every color,
When I'm walking through the woods in the fall.
LEROY HAILE, ALICE NELSON, Grade 6.

#### AUTUMN

Autumn has come. I'm glad, because it is my favorite season. Hiking is one of my favorite hobbies. Just the other day we took a hike in the wood, and well, it is too hard to describe. It was beautiful, all the falling leaves looked like a colored snow storm. The squirrels jumping from tree to tree were the only signs of life we saw.

Bob Hall, Grade 6.

#### THE AUTUMN WIND

The autumn wind is a charger Tearing through the night. The autumn wind is a fairy Dancing in the moonlight.

The autumn wind is a butterfly Chasing red leaves all day.
The autumn wind is a screaming eagle Frightening the birds away.

ANN APSEY, Grade 6.

#### AUTUMN

Autumn is the season of year
That makes you get up and cheer.
Then comes the weather crisp and cold,
And from the trees fall leaves of gold.
As the sun sets on yonder hill,
The harvest moon throws a blanket of white
On the lovely fields of night.

VAN TACK, Grade 6.

#### AUTUMN

When autumn comes the leaves start turning To bright red, yellow, golden and brown. In the garden the bonfires are burning, While the gardeners rake the ground.

The corn is stacked high in the meadows
And the pumpkins lie below.
The harvest moon shines high in the sky
While the happy farmer retires with a sigh.
MARIE SCHISLER, Grade 6.

#### A SURPRISE

She had a spot on the tip of her tail, Her eyes were a friendly, beautiful brown; She seemed so lonely and miserable, I just had to take her to town.

Nobody there had lost a dog, So I took her to my little home. I put her in the living room, And left her there to roam.

She was very hungry; I got her some food, And medicine for her sore paw. I opened the door of the living room — Just what do you think I saw?

I really was so astonished
I dropped the medicine cups;
She was curled in a chair with cushions
Surrounded by six little pups.

NANCY KENNEDY, Grade 6.

TOWER LIGHT

#### BICYCLE SAFETY

Bicycle accidents are increasing rapidly. In 1937 there were 810 deaths and 32,000 injuries. The fifth grade of he Campus School is trying to prevent this. We are joing to have our bicycles tested. We are going to have 1 bicycle assembly in the college auditorium. In this we will have Skill Tests such as the Slow Ride Test, the Circle Test, and the Pedaling and Braking Test. We hope it will teach the children of the Campus School to ride safely.

Stuart Baldwin, Grade 5.

### BICYCLE SAFETY

Bicycle safety concerns everybody. The rider should be careful in self-defense. He may be hurt in an accident and crippled permanently, if he isn't. There are rules to make bicycle riding safe.

First, proper equipment is needed. You need a horn to let people know you are coming. To see if anyone is coming from behind, you need a reflector. To see in the night you need a light. Carriers are convenient for books and packages. Be sure to have your bike tested at regular times.

There are certain rules to remember for bicycle safety. You should ride your bicycle alone. Always keep both hands on the handlebars. Because it might be necessary to ride in the road, you should know the traffic rules. Always keep to the right of the road. Traffic signals are to be obeved.

There are people who ride bikes who do not know how to ride them. They are the ones who make bicycle riding dangerous. The fifth grade has set aside a week in which to have a safety campaign. Will you help us?

Charlotte Hicks. Grade 5.

#### **EDITORIALS**

(Continued from Page 11)

It is apparent that we are bogged down in the dregs of the past. The first step toward improvement is the recognition of this culture lag. The second will be the more complete removal of misconception and superstition. The solution depends upon our ability to realize the fullness of our educational opportunities and to take more complete advantage of them.

#### "LOOK TO THIS DAY"

GENEVIEVE HAILE

We who use Miss Birdsong's classroom are frequently conscious of the framed poem containing the words "Look to this day!" "Today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope." It is so easy in life, especially here at college, to live each day as the one before it and even each hour the same as the preceding hour. How did you use the hour that has just passed? Do you hurry through the hours of the day without actually starting or completing the things you should do? Yes? Then begin now to decide upon the things you wish to accomplish each day. Take time to evaluate your life at Teachers College.

What do you want out of college? What do you want out of life? Are you satisfied with what you are getting? What kind of a person or teacher do you wish to become? What is the purpose of living anyway? Have you developed a philosophy of life?

Freshmen, have you asked yourselves these questions? Upper classmen, do you know all of the answers? If you want to make the most of your life you should find the answers soon.

There are many things you can do to help yourself find satisfactory answers. Converse with faculty members and with upper classmen who seem to know the best answers. Know what is going on in the world by reading magazines and newspapers regularly. Have a variety of experiences. Don't be all grind and don't be all socialite. Above all, take time for solitude and sound thinking. Try to see things in perspective, to gain poise and to develop self-discipline so that your todays will be well lived!

#### HALF CASTE

(Continued from Page 9)

A chill ran down my spine.

"Trican Adams has committed suicide; and in a note which he left on the table, he names you as the last person to leave his apartment. He also says that he had planned and executed his own death — which automatically clears you. However, I want you to come to Mr. Adams' apartment as soon as possible to identify the body."

#### CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE READER'S OUIZ

1.	I Married Adventure	Osa Johnson
2.	Kitty Foyle	Christopher Morley
3.	The Nazarene	Sholem Asch

- 4. Bambi's Children Felix Salten
- 5. Moment in Peking Lin Yutang 6. Wind, Sand, and Stars Antoine de Saint Exuperv
- 7. How Green Was My Valley ... Richard Llewellyn 8. Escape ... Ethel Vance
- 8. Escape Ethel Vance
  9. My Sister Eileen Ruth McKenney
- 10. Europe in the Spring ..... Clare Boothe

# The Average Refugee

CATHERINE GRAY

Author's Note — This is not a propaganda story! It is true. Somewhere in New York City you will find Mr. Hess, Perhaps I have built up the gaps in his story, but not fantastically so. His is the story of the average German-Jewish doctor caught in Europe, in Germany, at an unfortunate time.

HEN OUR government heads talked of bringing refugees to this country, as usual, you could find two points of view prevalent in this country on the subject. The following are they:

I. "It is the only thing that a great rich country like America can do. We must stand ready to aid those who are not as fortunate as we are in securing security and peace for themselves and those they love. It is a great and noble thing to do. I feel grand to be a part of such a generous country."

This is, indeed, an expansive point of view. It makes you feel quite big and wonderful,

2. "Whada I care about them people, I got my living to make. Bring those smart Jews over here or any of them people that are being run out of Europe — bring 'em over here and we got more unemployed. They'll work at starvation wages. They'll lower our way of livin'. I'm against it, you can bet your neck."

Perhaps this is the more practical view, for it comes from the skilled and unskilled laborers who fear that they will soon become one of the great mass of unemployed.

Which side are you on? Why don't you read this true story first to find out?

It was a muddy, dark road. The only time he could see anything was when the lightning flashed. He was allergic to lightning. The young man laughed to himself. He was always making up things. You can be allergic to ragweed, but how can you be allergic to lightning? Well, he was. Every time it flashed, instead of looking for the road, he closed his eyes tightly and held on to the wheel. Finally, he made himself look. It was 9 o'clock now. He had just one more call to make. The thought of the call made him take heart. Dr. Hess had treated little Richert for rheumatic heart disease for some time. At last he was beginning to see results. To sight's treatment would help a lot. The doctor yawned and squinched his eyes to see better the sloppy road.

At 11 o'clock the storm was over and so was Richert's treatment. Dr. Hess started home. It was no use going to that German meeting now. He'd walk in on the middle of it and every one would turn around to look at him. The young man didn't like to be conspicuous. Anyhow, it would be far better to go home to little Anna and the children. A dark country road is very good for thinking. Dr. Hess found. It helped him to orient himself every now and then, especially when he had a problem to solve. He had one tonight. At thirty-two he was well liked. No one could stop the sudden rush of affection for that round face. It was positively cherubic. When he smiled at you, the pain seemed to go down to your toes and out from the bed.

Small wonder that the people in four villages in the southern part of Germany called Dr. Hess when something unexpected or expected happened. It was no longer a question of gaining clients, even ones that paid. The other Dr. Hess (his wife) claimed any paicients who would not come to him. No, that wasn't the trouble. His family life was ideal. He had his synagogue, two worshipful little boys and a wife that was more than a doctor. At last he faced it. The real trouble was the meetings that he had been missing lately.

The Nazi Party was just beginning to grow and many intelligent men were invited to join. Dr. Hess had been interested in it and had attended many meetings. Lately, calls had been coming more frequently at night. He had missed one, then three, then five or six. The other members had inquired about it at first; now they said a cool "Good morning."

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Hess, as you can see, drifted along: a young man with all he could desire — not too much, not too little. Like most of us, he liked to forget the boring things in life and enjoy the pleasures when there was time.

All of this happened in 1932. As time went by he had reason to regret the meetings unattended. The coolness of club members changed to unfriendliness. They no longer knew him. As 1937 approached, they knew him  they knew him as one of the yellow-marked Jewish doctors.

Despite the advent of hard times, Dr. Hess and his intelligent young wife managed to save money. They had far over the ticket from the land of Germany. When they applied for tickets for four, they discovered that for them the price of escape had gone to an unheard of price. It took to the last penny, the money they had saved. In 1939, Dr. Hess sailed for America with his wife and his children.

After Ellis Island came screaming, crowding, pam-

After Ellis Island came screaming, crowding, pampered, riotous New York City. There came tenement houses and vegetable stalls on the streets. There came roaches and, yes — lice.

Dr. Hess could not afford any more than this. He came to America a German doctor. To become a doctor in this country he must take a medical test. Several days after the family was settled in a two-room apartment with two other families in the East Side, Dr. Hess applied for his medical test papers. That night he and his wife pored over them. There were seven questions, Five must be answered. You can imagine the type of question that was asked - What would you do for whooping cough? What are the symptoms? What would you do if the case developed into pneumonia? The two laughed gleefully. This was easy. America was a great country. They read on — and stopped. What was this word? Dr. Hess looked at his wife inquiringly. She shook her head. Each reached for one of his medical books, then for the encyclopedias. Both made a trip to the library and plowed through scores of books. The word and others that had followed it could not be found.

Finally, in desperation, Dr. Hess visited a colleague. The man knew the word and the others. Dr. Hess could not understand why these words were not listed. No, said the colleague, the words are not listed because they are not part of the medical terms. They are like nicknames for different diseases and the cures. Every physician knows what they mean, but no one has ever made a collection of them. How was Dr. Hess to learn all of these words before the real examination came? The colleague shook his head. The answer was to take a complete medical course in America.

It isn't often that a man will come to his wife in tears — especially a German man. Dr. Hess was thirty-eight. After five or six years that he would put in medical training here, he would be forty-three or forty-four. They had no money. He could get little other work.

In New York, in the United States, they faced the same danger of starvation that they faced in Germany. When the children had gone to bed, the two doctors figured out a budget. Cutting everything to the bone.

they could get by on \$70 a month, \$68.99 would not do. Not one cent was left for anything, but bare necessities — no extra clothing, no recreation, no money for sugar, coffee, salt and pepper or butter. At dishwashing, while he is studying, Dr. Hess can make \$8 a week, but eight fours are \$32. That is a long way from \$70. His wife has tried many times to get work — she has no experience except in doctoring.

You may say — well, let him take the test. He is counting on failing before he even tries. Dr. Hess will soon take that test, but he takes it with this knowledge: according to reports kept, 2 out of 100 who take it pass; yet 2 out of 98 students who study here, fail. The difference is tremendous.

Again you say — well, let him go to another state. Practice out in Arizona, or New Mexico. There, requirements will probably be lower. Yes, you're right. It would be easier there, but this fact remains: New York is the only state in the Union where a non-citizen can apply for a medical permit.

Through it all, Dr. Hess has remained tolerant and understanding. Perhaps this is because he believes so firmly in his religion. One man tried to pay him on a Jewish holiday for acting as male nurse to a sick man. The doctor could not accept the money or write a receipt. His wife had cooked parsley soup for supper. His children needed clothes. Yet, he would not accept the money on this day. Soon he will take his test. What will happen?

What have we done for refugees? Which point of view do you hold now? Has Dr. Hess taken your work? Has America been the generous, patriotic nation others would have us think?

What is your point of view?

## "An Upstart"

JOHN CHILCOAT

THERE IS one plant that has no root, no stem, no leaves and yet it springs up so rapidly that it grows almost "while you wait." Like other fungi, it has no chlorophyll by means of which most plants manufacture their food. It lives on the food provided by animals and other plants. By now you probably know that this plant is the mushroom. In addition to the above idiosyncrasies, mushrooms are of various sizes, shapes, and colors. There are over seven hundred known varieties.

Mushrooms grow naturally all over the world in temperate regions and in rich, open pastures where grass is kept short by grazing flocks. They rarely grow in wet, boggy places, in meadows, in woods, or near stumps of trees. Warm, muggy summer nights and early autumn are ideal for their growth.

Not until recently have mushrooms been grown arificially in America on a large scale. Mushroom farming, like all other types of agriculture, is a gamble from start to finish. Success seems to depend more upon the individual grower than upon the method. Two growers may succeed coually well with very different methods.

Near Paris, mushrooms are cultivated in enormous quantities in dark underground cellars 60 to 160 feet from the surface. Moisture is supplied artificially and through a systematic arrangement of successive beds, a continuous crop is insured. The passages sometimes extend for several miles. Equable temperatures and freedom from draft make the beds bear from six to eight months.

In America, well ventilated cellars, or mushroom houses, with temperatures artificially controlled are used for beds. The temperature should be kept between 50 degrees and 60 degrees F. If it gets colder than this, the spawn containing the mushroom spores will not grow while, if it gets much warmer, the spawn and the growing crop will mold.

In case you wish to become a mushroom grower, obtain manure from a horse stable. Stack it in piles for several weeks and allow it to cure by heating to a high degree. The heating process kills all bacteria, fungi, and insects. Add water so that the manure does not dry out and burn. Upon cooling to about 90 degrees F. pack it into the beds, which are usually four feet by six feet, to a depth of from six to ten inches. After settling several days the bed is ready for the spawn.

Spawn which consists of the mycelium or fungus of a mushroom mixed with the substratum in which it grew can be purchased from seed houses in brick form. Each brick, about six by four inches, is broken into eight or ten pieces and planted about a foot apart to a depth of one or two inches. In about ten days the mycelium will be seen to be growing and spreading as a mass of fine white threads. The bed should then be covered with an inch of moist garden soil. Water should be supplied in small amounts and the bed protected from drafts which cause quick evaporation. About a month or two after planting the "spawn," mushrooms should appear upon the surface and bear for a period of about three months.

Most of the so-called toadstools that we see are mushrooms, but not all mushrooms are edible. As a rule it is wise not to cat any that grow wild unless you are absolutely sure they are safe and fresh.

Despite the fact that mushrooms contain 80 per cent water and have no nutritive value, they still decorate expensive beef steaks for "The 400."

### The Elixir of Youth

IOHN R. BAREHAM

IF TWO people meet twice they must have lived the same period of time between the two meetings, even if one of them has traveled to a distant part of the universe and back to terra firma.

An absurdly impossible situation, you will say. Quite so, it is outside all human experience. And yet, if the question is pressed, most people would answer impatiently that of course the statement was true. Most people have formed a notion of time rolling on outside our solar system in a way which makes this seem inevitable. But, they do not ask themselves whether this conclusion is warranted by anything in their actual experience of time.

True, we cannot perform the experiment of sending a man to a remote part of the universe but we have enough scientific knowledge to compute the rates of atomic and other physical processes in a body at rest and in a body in motion. On the basis of these calculations we can definitely say that the physical processes the traveler occur more slowly than the corresponding physical processes in the man at rest on the earth.

This is not particularly mysterious because it is a well-known fact that inertia increases in direct proportion to an increase in velocity. The retardation of life processes is a natural consequence of the greater inertia. Thus, so far as physical processes are concerned, the rapidly moving traveler lives more slowly than the man at rest on the earth. The cycle of digestion and fatigue, the development from youth to age, and the rate of muscular response to stimulus all must be geared down to the same ratio.

An example to clarify the issue: Suppose that the "stay-at-home" has aged some seventy years during his stay on the earth. Then, in that same period of time, the traveler has grown perhaps only one year older. He has found time and appetite for only 365 breakfasts; his intellect, clogged by a slow moving brain, has traversed only the amount of time equal to one year of terrestial life. Thus, judging by the time which consciousness attempts to measure after its own rough pattern, these two men have not lived the same time between the two meetings.

A word to those sagacious members of our faculty who have seen more winters than they care to admit: At the present time this bit of scientific knowledge is in a hypothetical stage; therefore, a practical application of its ideas would necessarily fail.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

#### 'o the Editors of the Tower Light:

So the Tower Light is all "sweetness and light!" Fave you ever watched anyone read the Tower Light: Discretizing and questioning have led the writer to very definite conclusions.

Many of the students — and even some of the teachers — first open the magazine to "So What" and the ossip and humor columns. When these are exhausted, he usual reader begins leafing through the "light and rothiness" for an article with a catchy title, conversaion, or a picture. Then one reads what one has time or — nothing!

Of course, anything written by a writer who has built ip a reputation for interesting articles — Nolan Chipnan, Margaret Zillmor — is soon pounced upon with

oleasure.

There are exceptions. Some wary individuals invariubly read all the articles written by teachers, for one never knows when one might be questioned. Others read things of special interest, such as sports or music. And there is one rare individual who always glances through the advertisements, even before reading "So What."

Maybe you, and the anonymous critic, do not belong with the majority of us. Remember, though, that psychologically, one must begin building with what one has. Hence — so what?

S. Davis, Senior 7.

#### To the Editors:

I am a Junior who would like to see the so-called "Gossip Column" of the Tower Licht improved. For the past two years the writers of this column have been writing about their friends and consequently have narrowed the column to about twenty people. I get so tired of hearing about the same people, the same romances, the same situations, that I gave up reading it in utter disgust. Let's have a wider, more interesting column this year, and really cover the front!

DISGUSTED.

Editor's Note — Upon Mr. McCarriar's return from the front the high command will insist that the communiques be more universal.

# MUSIC

#### NEWS OF THE MONTH

Sylvia Gelwasser

LAWRENCE TIBBETT has been ordered not to sing for four months and has canceled his entire fall concert and opera tour. His vocal cords are in perfect condition, but he is suffering from a spastic condition of some larynx muscles.

A "For Sale" sign hangs on the Boston Opera House. Perhaps this will focus the public attention upon the

housing of grand opera in this city.

The week of December 7 will be a national Sibelius Festival held throughout the United States. Jan Sibelius was born on December 8, 1865.

October Birthdays — St. Saëns on the 9th, 1835; Verdi on the 10th, 1813; Liszt on the 22nd, 1811; J. Strauss, Jr., on the 25th, 1825. October was, indeed, the month of musicians.

Jeanette MacDonald, a soprano, will make her first extended concert tour of the Eastern Seaboard after November 5. She is scheduled for fourteen appearances in major cities. Baltimore may be one.

In spite of the war, the organ of Canterbury Cathedral is being renovated.

October 13 was an official Ferde Grofe Day at the World's Fair. Mr. Grofe, composer of "On the Trail," played regularly at the Fair this entire season.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Mayor La Guardia were present at the Stokowski All-American Youth Orchestra's Concert in New York, Mrs. Roosevelt read a letter of welcome from Secretary Hull. The program was identical with the one of the second concert given by the orchestra in Baltimore.

The Peabody has scheduled its concert series for this winter. Among the soloists will be Edward Kilenyi, pianist; Budapest String Quartet; Kurt Baum, tenor; Robert Weede, baritone; and Harold Bauer, pianist. The price for the series of twenty concerts is ten dollars. A ticket for each individual concert costs one dollar.

#### Records Worth Having

Stravinsky's "Capriscio" for piano and orchestra is a delightful "bit of musical satire." Unusually good is the recording made by the Puerto Rican pianist Jesus Sonroma and Serge Kousevitzky with the Boston Symphony

Orchestra, Peter Reed says "This music . . . is essentially a divertissement. Of the three movements the jazzy dancing finale is quite the best."

(Victor set M - 685)

Bizet's "Second Suite," consisting of a Pastorale, Intermezzo, Minuet and Farandole, is an enjoyable set. The recording made by Arthur Fiedler and a Boston orchestra is quite effective, though not so good from the interpretative standpoint. (Victor set M - 683)

Delius "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" in expression is the epitome of screne English country-side. This beautiful, lovely tone poem, as recorded by Constant Lambert and London Philharmonic Orchestra, is indeed worth having in any music collection.

(Victor disc 4496)

No one can deny the genius of Walter Gieseking, his clarity and fineness of touch. His recording of Beethoven's "Concerto No. 4 in G Major, Opus 58" beautifully displays his talents and at the same time voices the beauty of Beethoven. (Columbia Album N - 411)

Dvorak's "American Quartet" based on Indian melodies has been recorded by the Budapest String Quartet. This group has achieved a high degree of ensemble perfection. (Victor Album M - 681)

For those interested in the piano, Arthur Schnabel has recorded "Moments Musicale, Opus 94" by Schubert.

(Victor set M - 684)

The mezzosoprano, Gladys Swarthout has recorded a group of songs from Handel, Dowland, Mollay and Malotte. They are all sung to piano accompaniment.

(Victor set M - 679)

And remember, this is the season for record sales.

#### MUSICIANS IN BALTIMORE

Sylvia Gelwasser

The room in which I sat was the realization of all my conceptions regarding a musician's studio. A baby grand piano fitted into one corner, books completely lined the opposite wall, knick-knacks picked up here and there during travel graced the tops of the book shelves, and a few artistic pictures modestly decorated the walls. The chairs were deep and comfortable. One, in particular, caught my fancy; its worn spots betraying its years of use. This happened to be the chair in which Franz Bornschein does most of his composing. Yes. I was visiting Franz Bornschein.

When I asked him how he had got his start in music, Mr. Bornschein led me over to a wall on which hung a very old caricature drawing of an orchestra. "This man with the violin," he said, "was my father, and this, my uncle. Now you see from whom I gleaned my inspiration."

When just a wee little tyke, Franz would pick up anything he could find and pretend it was a violin. He would hear such lovely tunes. Some time later his father presented him with a tiny violin, and this Franz really learned to play. When just eight years old he taught cello to his neighbors for twenty-five cents a lesson, and he also began to write music with a definite leaning toward romanticism. Later he learned to play the piano, the French horn and the viola. But his first love, the violin, still claimed him and he devoted most of his time to its study.

At the age of twelve Franz was already a professional. He had made music his passion or better, his labor. Most of his early experience consisted in giving violin recitals and in teaching. Next Mr. Bornschein began devoting his entire time to composing and directing choral groups and orchestras. The shift to composing grew out of a new desire that developed — the desire to do something that would last more than a fleeting moment, something that would be a heritage for future generations. And the older he grows the more he is realizing this desire.

Here is Mr. Bornschein's favorite "recipe" for composing. First there is a driving impulse. By the use of musical vocabulary, tone values and rhythms the impulse is turned into a thought, then into a written motif and finally into a completed form. The necessary tools are just paper and a pencil with a thick eraser on the end. But at this point, the modest musician forgot to mention genius. Basically, it is this native ability embodied in a composer that can set apart from the average a man like Franz Bornschein.

#### THE GLEE CLUB

RUTH MALESON

The Clee Club with eighty-five old members, and reinforced with forty new ones, carries on despite the loss of the graduates. This year, it has again found that practice makes perfect — or nearly perfect. And so, with a will, each Monday and Tuesday, it practices and will continue to practice to try to attain the perfection for which Miss Weyforth strives. With the ringing smoothness of the sopranos, the mellowness of the tenors, the blending harmony of the altos and the rumble of assurance from the basses, how can it fail to achieve this goal?

Already, the social aspect of the club has been fos-(Continued on Page 32)

#### THE SAME OLD CATS — WOMEN

If the composer of last month's article on "Men" inks Mr. Webster was being "somewhat shy and rerved" when he said that "men" was the plural of nan," let me inform you that he was exhibiting politess, gentlemanliness, courtesy, and kindness when he fused to comment on "women" other than to say that was the plural of "woman." In my opinion he could we carved a greater name for himself and won eversting fame by using his command of words to tell the uth concerning the female species. Here is my "unased and uncensored" theme.

First (and last and always) women are catty — unudonably and infallibly so! They purr so sympathetally and understandingly to one's face but — as soon one is out of earshot the green eyes of envy gleam, ie claws of nasty language start scratching, and anyone ithin fifty feet can feel the radiating sparks of hate and alice. Exaggerating? Definitely not! I've heard for syself: "Hmph! If she got married then I guess there's ope for the rest of us!" "I don't dare cat with anyone cept them — they might talk about me!" "Her party ust have been a success; she practically had to pay eople to come to it." And is there such a thing as walty? Why their spines curve up exactly like a cat's at they just shrug their shoulders and grin rather than sk being the next object of scorn!

So men are conceited? The term, dear lady, repreents pride. After all, is it our fault if we were endowed ith those qualities that make us so alluring to females om one to one hundred? Women, on the other hand, re possessed with such vanity and false illusions of eauty that one despairs at times of their sanity. Some ay, when one of you asks, "What has Ann Sheridan got nat I haven't?" you're going to be told! Don't say we idn't warn you! And don't think the male creature is stupid that he doesn't catch your subtle fishings for ompliments. He knows that such remarks as "Oh, I ook frightful in blue!" "My hair is such a mess today," tc., etc., are signal lights for him to remark on your rooming, good taste, or natural beauty (if any). Bah! Inconsistency may well be listed in Mr. Webster's ictionary as a synonym for women. "Equal rights" ou shout. All right, you asked for them - take them. But remember you are also asking for the right to stand p in street cars, to pay your own way to the movies, nd to carry your own books and parcels. (Oh, no, you only want equal rights in so far as they are convenient or you!)

An article of this type would not be complete withut a comment on the clothes women wear, not to atract men, but to outdo other women. Show me a wonan who does not want a sillier hat, a more daring bathing suit, a more stupid pair of shoes (or a reasonably accurate facsimile), or a sloppier sports outfit than her neighbor, and I promise you that the male population will beat a path to her door. Another feminine characteristic comes in appropriately here. She doesn't want those men! NO! She wants one that belongs to someone else (usually her best friend) until she succeeds, by very subtle (?) methods, in catching him, Then, of course, she decides that some other poor male is more enticing.

With all their faults, I still can't say that I feel sorry for women. I'm much more depressed when I consider the future of men. But bear up, brothers, there's still conscription and at least one year of release!

#### YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE

We're here to learn; we're here to gain A bit of useful knowledge. We're here so Mom and Pop can say Their child has been to college.

For four long years we'll trudge along And hope for lenient teachers. And while we're here, we'll come to know This next quintet of preachers.

The first is he whose sermon tells Of stems and leaves and roots — Of flowers, plants of shrubs and trees And buds and herbs and shoots.

The second tells about percents, Of four and one and seven: Of many different ways to add, Of how to "know eleven."

The third one does experiments With iron and tin and leather. And since they always fail to work He blames it on the weather.

The fourth one speaks of adjectives, And tries with all her might To make us give our all for verbs And the good old Tower Light.

The next one tells of desert lands, Of cows and wool and France, Of economics, germs and ice, And spineless cactus plants.

Yes, each of these you'll come to know —
And each will give you knowledge.
You'll learn the import of work, work, work,
When you get their courses in college!

#### ADVENTURES IN ROMANCE

#### Magaret Carter

When I appeared with Hubert, I acted bright and gay. My repartee was witty; I had a lot to say.

But Hubert liked his women Retiring, quiet, and shy. He pined for a womanly woman, And I was a regular guy.

So when I met Orlando, I blushed and acted shy. There never was a maiden Less talkative than I.

> Orlando wanted someone To keep him gay by the hour. He wanted a sparkling companion, And I was a delicate flow'r.

The next I stalked was Ferdie. I learned to fish and swim.

I even took to hiking

To be a pal to him.

But Ferdie thought that women Were made to care for the home, He yearned for a girl who was settled, And I was accustomed to roam.

When Clarence drove out to court me, I baked a cherry pie.

I dressed in plainest gingham And fed the hungry guy.

But Clarence detested all women
Who stooped to such obvious tricks
As getting to hearts via stomachs.
So Clarence's verdict was "Nix."

And now I've quit my trying. I'm glad to live stark alone. I'm glad that all my emotions

I'm glad that all my emotio Are now my very own.

For now, when I feel domestic, Or roughneck, or giddy, or sweet, I don't have to fear disapproval — There's no one's approval to meet.

#### Glossary (Apologies to Billopp)

Fluer—n. That portion of wood between your feet and the law of gravity, e.g. I coulda fell through the fluer.

Warter—n. A fluid used for refreshing plants, cleansing, and also, in emergencies, for drinking. e.g.

I like to swim in warter.

Ast—v. To inquire, e.g. Always ast the teacher a question before she can call on you for something you don't know.

Stuir—n. A place where you buy the things your father swears you could make at home at less cost. e.g., I went to the stuir for my mother.

Al—n. The nocturnal night-"al" of Poe's stories frequent inhabitor of graveyards. e.g. I am not a wise al.

#### S. T. C. Gone Hollywood

Basketball Games-"Stand Up and Cheer" Biology-"The Call of the Wild" Prom—"Our Dancing Daughters" Infirmary-"Death Takes a Holiday" A's in Tests-"It Can't Happen Here" Quitting School-"Brides Are Like That" Library-"All Quiet on the Western Front" Tower Light Staff-"Snowed Under" Elimination—"It Had to Happen" Between Periods—"The Walking Dead" Seniors—"Born to Glorv" Class Meetings-"Big Broadcast" 1942 Treasury-"We're in the Money" Science-"Ah, Wilderness" Gvm-"As Thousands Cheer" Office—"Crime and Punishment" Dining Room—"If You Could Only Cook" Crushes—"Petticoat Fever" Report Cards—"Exclusive Story" Low Marks—"She Loves Me Not" Test Papers-"Ceiling Zero" Freshmen-"Accent on Youth" S. T. C.-"The Big House" Orchestra—"Too Much Harmony" Student Council-"The Crusaders" Homework—"Our Daily Bread" Glee Club-"Harmony Lane" Faculty—"The G-Men" Graduation-"Blessed Event" English—"Another Language" Summer Vacation-"We Live Again" School—"Imitation of Life" Deficiencies—"Break of Hearts" Faculty Room—"Private Worlds"

# FASHIONS

ELLEN ANNE ELSTE

ES, SIR! Students this fall are really putting plenty of jive into their costumes. They are exhilarating their campus togs with bright new colors, novelty jewelry, angora accessories, and even plaid bow ties. Last month we promised to name those who seem to be showing especially good taste, so let's get right down to business and dish out

a few fashion plates.

But first we would like to state, that although some of the opposite sex hold to the opinion: Because the jumper was designed for the "chick of high school age" it should not be seen on a college campus, we, here at S. T. C., seem to be caught in a pinafore furore. Those who have this notion are very few indeed and will in no way affect the growing popularity of this fashion newcomer. The jumper dress is young and fresh and charming — in fact, we think, one of the gayest fashions that ever swept over us. Now for some nods of approval to:

Irene G.'s little red and grey plaid and Jean B.'s cool blue-gray — both of the Freshman Class.

riesiman Ciass

Ruth N.'s corduroy and Evelyn G.'s velvet — two sophomores who favor fire drill red.

A darling navy plaid is worn by Helen

K., a junior.

Somewhere over in the dorm, needles started to click, and now almost everyone in Junior 2 has taken unto herself an extra little package, the contents of which are emptied on every possible occasion so that the owner may "knit one — purl two." The end products are angora socks and mittens. Three girls who are really going to town with needles are Audrey P., Elizabeth H., and Schma R.

If we were asked who has the widest selection of skirts and cardigans, we should say Patsy H. Where does she get then all? There seems to be no color she doesn't have. Speaking of color, Betty C.'s sweater was the first to introduce us to that stimulating shade — benedictine brown. (A most flattering shade for your hair, isn't it, Betty?) Other popular members of the brown family are sepia, a warm golden brown, nutria, and beaver brown.

Two freshmen whom we think could not pass without comment are Virginia S., who has a cunning little beige jockey hat which she wears effectively on the back of her head, and Beatrice C., who has a precious little corduroy outfit of fire drill red which includes skirt, jacket and cap.

The most distinctive "hair-do" change seems to have been made by Ann F., who has taken up the new pompadour coiffure.

Now, let's change the gender and see what we find:

Dashing Mr. Phelps adds an interesting note to his suit with those little round leather buttons. (Incidentally, Betty and Virginia Lee W. apparently go in for buttons, too. Wendell they stop?)

Is Mr. Leef the only one to have adopted the rolled lapel to-the-last-button fad? Somehow, we think it lends a dignified man-about-town air.

Messrs. O'Connor and Culbertson have been seen traipsing around in zippered sports coats of heavy tan corduroy. They are a bit shorter than the other models and have brilliant red plaid linings!

And then there is Mr. Horst, who has been featuring some snazzy bow tie arrangements, which just won't pull out. (We're wondering if he actually ties

them himself.)

These students and many others, we think, are really in the groove with top-notching fashions. Most of the current choices are just too perfect. Next month we shall add a few notes on formal and informal datewear.

#### Attention, seniors!

We have received an announcement from the Condé-Nast Publications, Inc., of Vogue's Sixth Prix de Paris — an annual competition open to college seniors who are interested in writing, fashion, and advertising. There are to be seven major awards. For further information, read the contest rules posted on the bulletin board or see someone on the Fashion staff.

# C

# C<sup>OLLEGE</sup> NEWS

#### ASSEMBLIES

ALICE CARR and HELEN PROSS

OCTOBER 7, 1940 -

Dressed in the costume of Sac and Fox Indians, Jim Thorpe spoke to us as an American Indian making urgent plea for the rights of his people. He told us that Indians would improve their status much more effectively if the restraint now imposed upon them by the Bureau of Indian Affairs would be removed. He asserted that the red men in this country are as truly American as anyone. However, these native Americans are, at present, treated as foreigners in their own lands and must take out citizenship papers just as aliens do. The suggestion was made that all Americans should take a test to determine their worthiness for citizenship.

Ås an athlete, he urged us, and all other young people to avoid liquor, tobacco, and bad habits. It was his opinion that college athletics help young people to avoid these things. In answer to a student's question, Mr. Thorpe said that conscription would build up our young men physically but would hurt athletics as a whole.

Whether or not we agree with Mr. Thorpe's ideas, we could not help but feel his sincerity in pleading for the cause of the American Indian today.

#### OCTOBER 14, 1940 -

A thought-provoking address was given the student body today by Dr. Foster Dowell, faculty successor to Miss Van Bibber. At the beginning of his talk, Dr. Dowell stated that today democracy is on the defensive, and that the present world situation, no matter what its outcome, will result in the necessary defense of democracy by the United States. In order for this country to preserve democracy in a world full of totalitarianism, she must maintain it from within.

Dr. Dowell went on to say that democracy is government by education, and therefore great responsibility is being thrust upon those dealing with education in the United States. To have democracy, people must be educated and the most effective instrumentalities must be chosen in time of crisis to preserve democracy. Naturally, the school system is the most important instrument, and at the center of that system stand teachers' colleges. To function efficiently schools must be protected from outside pressure groups. Furthermore, in days to come, we must beware of such hindrances to education as budget-cutting and the decrease of governmental appropriations to schools. As we go on, we must cope each day with new problems and struggle to overcome them. Our most unique problem is how to prepare for the possibility of war and still maintain democracy at home. No matter what happens, we must always remember: Democracy cannot exist without an intellectual population.

Marguerite Vidali, Fr. 2, won the Deanna Durbin contest sponsored by the News-Post. Miss Vidali is also an accomplished pianist, sings regularly over WFBR, and plays the trumpet in our college orchestra.

#### CALENDAR OF COLLEGE EVENTS

#### NANCY METZGER

Monday, Sept. 30—The dormitories had their annual open house with several of the non-resident faculty and the men students as guests.

After the "tour" of the rooms and the endless step-climbing, everyone welcomed a cup of coffee in the foyer.

Wednesday, Oct. 2—Bernard Phelps represented the men students of the Senior Class at the class picnic in the Glen.

Friday, Oct. 4—The Little Red Schoolhouse opened its doors to the seniors and their friends for the first dance of the year. Not counting The Lambs, there were one hundred and seventr-six couples present.

Sunday, Oct. 6—The Student Christian Association had Sunday night supper and vespers in the foyer. As an established custom, the speech was given by the President of the College, Dr. Wiedefeld particularly urged the students to cling to their family religious practices.

Tuesday, Oct. 8—When is a picnic not a picnic? When the most effectively organized orchestra picnic turns into a political discussion. hursday, Oct. 10—Finally the long postponed Campus Day was held, with the seniors acting as officials. The trophy was awarded to the juniors, who scored highest in the competition.

'uesday, Oct. 15—The proposed Art Club has materialized, has composed a charter, and today electcd officers. Miss Neunsinger, the adviser of the Art Club, demonstrated oil paint ing at this meeting. In the Little Theatre,

some of their paintings.

Miss Neunsinger and Dr. West displayed

Chursday, Oct. 17—The Student Christian Association gave a pajama party in the foyer. The songs were good; the games were better; the doughnuts and cider were best.

riday, Oct. 18-Varsity Club Dance

saturday, Oct. 19-Taffy Pull.

#### EIGHTEEN TREATS

#### MARY ROCHLITZ

On a certain Friday afternoon, at the sound of the three o'clock bell, eighteen Juniors rushed out of class like a herd of bovines. We had been invited to have diner with our section adviser, Mrs. Brouwer, and as a prelude, there was to be a bus ride through that section of the country known to Marylanders as "the valley."

We assembled at the south entrance of the Administration Building. The sounds which issued from the eighteen were exceedingly juvenile, but we were off to have a gay, good time. The weather was perfect and one was prone to quote Bliss Carmen's "There's something in the autumn..."

The conversation of the bus passengers while driving through the countryside ranged from autumnal beauty to the persistency of the books in sliding from the racks and jarring our intellect. The harmonizers in the back seat filled in when there was a hull in the conversation. Their repertoire was not classical but well-fitted to the occasion.

We arrived at the Woman's Civic Club about five. After being ushered into a lounge, elaborately decorated, we changed our demeanor and acted "our age." The dining room was a mass of twinkling candles and shining glassware. The menu was delicious; the company grand. We had a delightful time — we eighteen.

#### A FAVORITE DORMITORY RESORT

#### Mary Katharine Newcomer

We all like to be popular. But do we ever remember the measuring stick of our popularity, the gage of our social pros and cons, the mailbox? Let's take a vote of the resident students as to their favorite haunt. I hear, after a moment's hesitation, the unanimous voice, "Why, the mailbox, of course."

Interesting? Well I should say so. But suppose we stand aside and watch the students file past the boxes on their way to lunch. Crics of "oh," and "ah! you lucky girl" soon reach our ears. Some students begin the immediate perusal of their most recent treasure. Occasionally, however, we cannot but glimpse a disappointed face. A few more students approach. These peer into the boxes hopefully. Heroically they turn aside and move on down the corridor wearing an expression which says definitely enough, "Oh, well, I didn't expect any. Besides, what more could I anticipate, having never answered those I did receive?"

Those homely gray tin boxes that occupy such a small geometrical area! What a tale they could relate if speech were only granted them. No wonder, for it was from them that many of the college alumni as well as the undergraduates received messages of hope and encouragement.

Of course the mailbox is popular. Why shouldn't it be? Giving us aid and at the same time guarding our secrets.

#### DORMITORY FUN IN STORE

#### MARY JANE BURDETTE

Nothing is boring. We humans only make it so. How true this is, and yet, look at the countless individuals always complaining of being bored! When you sense a bored feeling creeping up on you, look around and wake up to the many, many things you could do to stop it. If you encourage such a feeling, of course you'll be bored.

Frequently, someone says, "It's so boring to stay in the dormitory on week-ends. There's never anything to do — nothing going on, I simply have to go home or some place!"

The Social Committee is working hard this year to make week-ends in the dormitory just as pleasant as possible for those who remain.

Already a bicycle hike has been held. A group cycled and hiked over to Loch Raven. Another hike is being planned when more bikes will be available. A card party in the foyer was another of the recent functions.

On schedule are such affairs as a taffy pull (which should be loads of fuu) and a real ol' fashioned barn dance.

The success of this enterprise rests with just one group — the dorm students, themselves. The committee has done its part. Let's help them.

### ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Mary Adele Hilberg, known to many as "Miss Dellie," recently celebrated her 80th birthday. Miss Hilberg graduated from the State Normal School in 1883 and taught at Public School No. 15 for 47 years.

Mrs. Yvonne McCandless, nee Losch, class of 1920, died at her home near Omaha, Nebraska, on June 14, 1940. Mrs. McCandless' interest in nature study led her to hike through much of the United States and Canada. She was also much interested in the Florence Oaks Garden Club and the Junior Park Rangers. Her love of nature was expressed in her book for children, Nuka, the Big Indian,

Mildred Williams and William Kennersley, both of the class of 1930, were married during the summer.

Elizabeth Bailey, formerly of the class of 1934, was married on September 5, 1940, to Mr. Somerset.

#### BALTIMORE CITY UNIT PICNIC

A clever invitation, written by Edith Jones and Dorothy Lorenz of School 64, was sent to all members of the Baltimore City Unit of the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College of Towson for a picnic in the Glen on Saturday, October 12, 1940.

Early in the afternoon a treasure hunt was held. This event served several purposes. Many members explored the beauties of this part of the campus for the first time, worked up an excellent appetite for the supper, and enjoyed playing together. Ethel Hooker from Montebello and Ethel Novey from School 61 arranged an intriguing and intricate hunt.

After the hunt everyone was ready for the splendid picnic supper planned by Marie Vinci of Hamilton Junior High School and Virginia Myerly from School 4.

Dr. Wiedefeld, Miss Scarborough, Miss Woodward, Mr. Flowers, and two seniors from Section 4A made the affair even more enjoyable by being present and joining with us in our picnic.

Last, but not least, much thanks is due to Julia R. Jolly, the chairman of the Social Committee. Julia's splendid cooperation in managing this event was typical of everything she undertakes.

# DORCHESTER COUNTY ALUMNI UNIT MEETING

The Dorchester County Alumni Unit held its fall meeting Tuesday evening, September 24, at 8 o'clock, in the library of the Upper Elementary School, in Cambridge, with Mrs. Granville Hooper, president, presiding.

Mr. Paul Jones, the principal of the school, welcomed the members and guests most cordially. Among the guests of the Unit were representatives of the general Alumni Association, Mrs. Albert Groshans, secretary, Mrs. George Schluderberg, treasurer, and Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, field secretary of the College.

At the business meeting the most important matters taken up were: the announcement that the Seventy-fifth Celebration of the Founding of the College would be held this year, and for this purpose the Unit voted to give a contribution of fifteen dollars; also the announcement that every member of the Unit be urged to pay his annual dues to the State Alumni Association in order to help put on this special celebration; from this appeal there was a decided increase of State dues received. The following officers were chosen to serve for the year: president, Mrs. Clarence LcCompte; vice-president, Mrs. Leon Gray, and secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Leon Spicer.

The Unit is very fortunate to have as one of its members Mrs. Gertrude Meredith, a graduate of the class of 1877. Mrs. Meredith is an interested member and attends the Unit regularly. It is most unusual for the older graduates to take such an active part in the work of the Unit as Mrs. Meredith takes and she is to be congratuated for her splendid cooperation. At this meeting her daughter, Alice Meredith, being home on her vacation, was also present.

The meeting closed with delicious refreshments and a social hour in the cafeteria. The host and hostesses, Messrs, Paul Jones, Howard Evans, Miss Blanche Vincent, Mrs. Frances Keenan, and Mrs. Claude Truax are teachers of the Upper Elementary School and members of the Unit.

#### CECIL COUNTY CLUB MEETING

The annual fall meeting of the Cecil County Club of he State Teachers College of Towson was held at the ome of Miss Katharine M. Bratton in Elkton on Saturday, October 19th, at half past two.

Fourteen members and guests were present. The neeting was opened by the president, Miss Ida Kimble, vho asked us to sing "God Bless America" and salute he flag.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the treasurer's report was accepted.

Under new business Miss Bratton read a letter from Mrs. Sallie Chance Marker, class of 1866, in which Mrs. Marker told of the life of the school when she was a student there. The letter was very interesting and was part of the material that is being collected for the writing of the history of the school,

Miss Kimble then introduced our guest speaker, Dr. Wiedefeld, president of the State Teachers College. Dr. Wiedefeld told us the plans that are being formulated for the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the college, and what the Cecil County members could do to help make it a success. It was a very enlightening and delightful talk.

Miss Scarborough, the founder of our club, and always a welcome guest, was then asked to talk to the club and told about the plans for writing a short history of the college. A social hour followed and then the club adjourned until next fall.

KATHARINE M. BRATTON, Secretary.

# HUMOR

MARCARET ZILLMOR and ALMA McAyoy

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness: her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and screne."

-Montaigne.

With the above mentioned in mind, we offer the following literary gems to keep you in that state of cheerfulness:

"The best reducing exercise we know is to shake the head violently when offered a second helping."

"If you stop to consider the work you have done And to boast what your labor is worth, dear,

Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,

But you'll never be wanted on earth, dear!"

—Kipling.

NEWS WE'D LIKE TO HEAR:

Clark Gable is to confer diplomas on the girls: Hedy Lamar dittoes for the boys.

The Student Council is to give one free permanent a year to every student. (Boys may choose a shave instead if they so desire.)

Crowded conditions at the Naval Academy force us to donate half our campus for a small N, A,

Students and faculty are to be provided with velocipedes for transportation between buildings; sleds are to be substituted in the winter.

#### FACULTY FROLICS

Can vou imagine -

Dr. Wiedefeld as a platinum blond?

Dr. A. Dowell riding a kiddie car?

Miss Birdsong training lions?

Miss Munn providing a refuge for stray flies?

Miss Bader as a snake charmer?

Mr. Moser conducting a class in knitting?

Miss Joslin teaching "pig-Latin" to seniors?

Dr. West teaching worms how to wiggle?

Dr. Lynch collecting a fund for starving caterpillars?

Miss Roach teaching a class how to chew gum?

Mr. Walther playing tiddledywinks on the floor with Miss Bersch?

Dr. Crabtree wearing ling curls?

Miss Prickett, Miss MacDonald, and Miss Weyforth as the Andrews Sisters?

"Some politicians' greatest asset is their lie-ability."

—Anonymous.

"Sure, deck your limbs in floppy pants — Yours are the limbs, my sweeting;

You look divine as you advance — Have you ever seen yourself retreating?"

—Ogden Nash.

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#### "MEAT ON THE TABLE"

By Edgar A. Guest

I sing this glorious land of ours, Its motor cars and shows, Its little gardens, gay with flowers, Its phones and radios Here your ambitious boy may be Our President if he's able. But what spells U.S.A. to me Is "meat upon the table!"

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# SPORTS

#### SPORTS NEWS

Nolan Chipman

THE SOCCER season having been completed, basket-ball will now be the center of attention in the College sports program. This year State Teachers College has become a member of the Mason-Dixon Basketball League, Such colleges as American University, Catholic University, University of Delaware, Hopkins, Loyola, and Western Maryland compose this Mason-Dixon group. In addition to scheduling games in the league, the basketball team will play such schools as Mount St. Mary's, Washington College and Salisbury. This high-caliber schedule should provide an interesting season.

The team which will represent us will be composed of the remainder of last year's Varsity, the entire J. V., and a few promising freshmen. Cox, Stottlemeyer, Seidler, Dorn, Clopper, Thompson, Dawson, Schkloven, Fishel and Hess are returning from past years with the probable addition of Mines, a freshman.

Lou Cox and Marty Brill, of last year's Varsity, the former the most aggressive and the latter the most experienced and capable player of many seasons, have not returned this year.

The opening game with Salisbury will be played during the early part of December. Here's hoping for many victories through the season!

### LACROSSE — EARLY INDIAN HISTORY IOHH HORST

A battle-scarred red man breaks from a clump of scrub! His tawny body is painted with streaks of blue and green. He bears down on his prey with a mighty bludgeon held high! Who is to feel his wrath? Will he add another notch on his tomahawk? Where is the Lone Ranger?

You won't have to wait until next Saturday to find how this gripping tale turns out. Ugh-Tug, who was the fair-haired boy of his tribe, managed by supreme effort and a few well-placed kicks to tear the ball away from his opponent. Picking it up with a net which he carried attached to his bludgeon, he ran down the valley. He passed the 40, the 50, and the 20-yard line; then with the aim of the great hunter he flipped the ball through the goal. A great cheer echoed through the valley; the home team had won, There was feasting and drinking in the tribe tepees that night while the old grads retold the tales of the 1492 class.

Seriously, the game of lacrosse as now played had its right back in the early Indian days. It was America's irst sport. The game as played here in the United states has tamed down but for real speed and thrills he game is hard to beat. Most people in this section of he country are familiar with the game. However, there are some interesting features about its origin that are worth remembering.

The game had been played by the American Indians or years but it was not witnessed by white men until some early Jesuit missionaries pushed into Canada. These missionaries gave the game its name. The curved acted stick which was used resembled a bishop's crozier, hence, La Crosse.

The game, if game it was, was played over an entire countryside. There were no boundaries but many naire and obstacles including forests, scrub, rocks, and rivers. The goals were usually a half-mile apart. After a ceremonial dance, the ball (approximately two inches in diameter) was put into play by throwing it into the air. From then on it was anybody's ball game with no holds barred. The old men were the referees and the squaws beat the players with switches to make them hustle.

The game was almost a war. It was used by some tribes as a training for war. The stick could inflict heavy damage and if Ugh-Tug's four horsemen met an opposing ace in the woods, they were likely to put him out of play. The teams played in war paint and little else. No padding protected arms, shoulders, and legs. The head was not protected by mask and helmet, but the boys seemed to enjoy themselves.

Ugh Tug and his old cronies who watch most every game from the Great Sport's reserved section, probably sneer in contempt at the present-day tilts. But to quote Joe Doakes, Pulse Normal's ace second attack man, after a hard scrimmage: "It's tough enough for me."

#### "INFORMATION, PLEASE"

SOPHOMORE 3

Call me moron. I don't care.

I can't fill in this questionnaire.

For who can answer these crispish queries, With "clubs—none"; and "Study time—varies";

Or "Expense difficulties-ves and no";

"Father's income—I don't know".

And when one's spent the summer in sleeping late, Were it not best to prevaricate?

No, lass, save that imagination

To conjure an answer for "alternate vocation"?

Call me moron, I don't care —
I never could fill in a questionnaire.

NOVEMBER : 1940

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#### "WELL, WELL! DO TELL!"

1. He has not had much training in the domestic arts as "jett," but he is learning fast. Else for what purpose was he carrying the ironing board over to the Campus School — for his "jewel" perhaps?

Seems as if nocturnal visits to the distinguished R. H. P. "shulely" are not objectionable to a certain Junior, (Psychological discussions are enjoyable,

Frannie!)

3. During the "course of human events" we have been interested in Omar, Olaf, O'Neill, O'Shea and many others, "Helen's" interest, however, primarily centers in "O'Connor."

4. This certainly is the season for the Irish. "All-an" all. Norma is satisfied.

5. Iona C.'s path of life is strewn with roses and "dorns."

6. He: "Herold" has established a place for himself in soccer, er wot? She: Ya sheere, "Dot's" right! Amonk de vimmens too!

7. Perhaps Jeannette would find arithmetic much more. interesting were the name of the text changed to

8. Have you heard "Grace's" theme song, O "Donnie" Boy? (Need we add that he has curly hair?)

9. To M. S. T. C.'s Band Leader No. 1:

A suggestion has been made that an appropriate theme song for your band be "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair"?

For the benefit of the other members of this worthy institution who have concerned themselves with the higher avenues of thought, but who are desirous of broadening their education, Hetie Hix, by request, will attempt to answer a most perplexing question:

#### "WHAT IS A KISS?"

A kiss is a noun because it is common and proper. It is a pronoun because she stands for it.

It is a verb because it is active and passive.

It is an adverb because it makes an explanation.

It is a conjunction because it brings two together.

It is a preposition because it has an object. It is an adjective because it can be modified.

> The complete dance or party ensemble includes a corsage

> > Say it with Flowers

#### THE LIBRARY

(Continued from Page 13)

ome very specific idea to put forth, but even after clawng at the very crevices of our brain have failed to scrape
ie words we need. So often we find ourselves asking,
How else can we say it?" Many of our modern (and
hose not so modern) writers hold our answer. Mararet Halsey, for example, in her delightful With Malice
"oward Some, 1938, gives us these:

We closed in gratefully on the cold ham and new-laid eggs and lettuce from the garden.

Our room, extravagantly small, is decorated to the eyebrows in a suffocating shade of pink.

Henry is having one of the streaks of silent, deadly efficiency which periodically emerge from the evening mist of his character.

There is something in the handsome inexpressiveness of Swedish architecture and Swedish towns which suggest a very good-looking face without any eyebrows. She was beautiful, and her smile was something to

find your way with in the dark.

The village stands at the edge of the fjord, on a green and amiable slope, with mountains leaning over its shoulders and breathing down its neck.

The days melt away like cough drops on my tongue. She enunciates with rococco exactitude.

#### TO THE LIBRARY

MARY JANE BURDETTE

To the library, young men and young ladies," they say. To the library, where students of all types do stray. There sits the bookworm, his eyes on a page Of math or psychology; the works of a sage.

Here comes a crowd of nonsensical flirts, Chewing and giggling with coquettish "curts" At each of the lads whom they instantly spy Studying (?) the life history of an innocent fly.

Go to the library, where silence abounds, (When the library teachers are making their rounds) Where the N. Y. A. workers wear long, drawn-down

Because people never put books in their places!

Seriously, though, it's a beautiful sight — Rows of books to the left and books to the right. Books of science and those of psychology, Books of literature and old world history.

Books of adventure and books of love, Books down below us and books up above. All can be read, absolutely free, As we slave away for our B.S. degree. HUTZLER BROTHERS @

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#### THE GLEE CLUB

(Continued from Page 20)

tered by the picnic, which was held in the glen. The hamburgers tasted just as good as they did when Norris Weis was chief cook. George Hoddinott took over the task, and with his committee prepared the hamburgers. After the food was consumed there were solos and some group singing.

There is some new music in the club repertoire. A new waltz and choral anthem take up most of the practices, but there is still time to review pieces learned in the past. This year the Glee Club is preparing to help celebrate the 75th anniversary of the founding of the college by being as excellent a group as it can be.

#### COMING EVENTS

Nov. 15 Museum of Art Opening-Sculpture and Carl Milles Opening-Prints and Drawings by Sculptors

Dormitory Theater Party Nov. 16

Nov. 18 Lyric-Monte Carlo Ballet

Nov. 29 Museum of Art Lecture by Meyric Rogers: "Carl Milles" Opening-Artists' Union of Baltimore (through December 29)

Nov. 30 Informal Dormitory Dance Dec. 6

Tower Light Dance Lvric-The Famous Violinist: Mischa Elman Museum of Art-Opening-Work by Reuben Kramer (through December 15)

Dorm Event-Ice Skating Party Dec. 7

Dec. 14 Dorm Event-Bowling Party

Dec. 20 Museum of Art Opening-Lithographs by Mervin Jules (through December 29)

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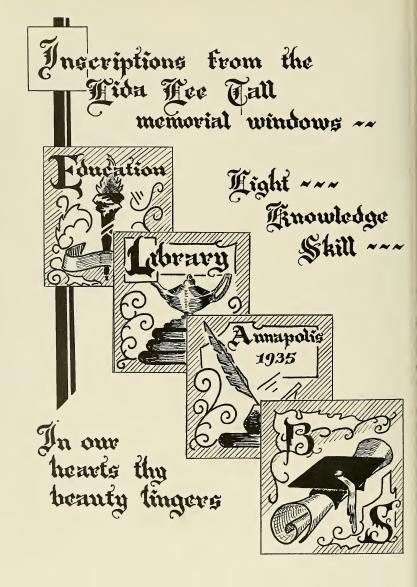
VOLUME XIV DECEMBER 1940

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"Joys too exquisite to last,

And yet more exquisite when past."

J. MONTGOMERY

Poetry is a wonderful form of literature for it expresses in few words that which we ordinary individuals think and feel, but cannot express. So Montgomery has aprly expressed for many of us what we feel when we see the stained-glass windows. For us they will always recall the more exquisite joys of remembrance.

"Bliss in possession will not last,
Remembered joys are never past.
At once the fountain, stream and sea.
They were, they are, they yet shall be."

For a broader view of those things which are ever before us and yet everlasting let us turn to a recording by Henry Van Dyke.

"Let me but live my life from year to year with forward face and unreluctant soul; not hurrying to, nor turning from the goal; not mourn-

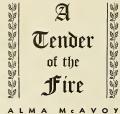
ing for the things that disappear in the dim past, nor holding back in fear from what the future veils; but with a whole and happy heart that pays its toll to Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

"So let the way wind up the hill or down, o'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy; still seeking what I sought when but a boy, new friendships, high adventure, and a rown, my heart will keep the courage of the quest, and hope the road's last turn will be the best."



my is Christmas in its original sense moving toward the obsolete? Christmas today is becoming a commercialized event as people tend to ignore completely the true meaning and spirit of the day. We spend days anticipating the event, but in what manner? Our

last penny is spent for inane gifts, inane because so many give only in observance of a twinge of conscience which reminds them that Mary gave something last year, or that custom demands this traditional rite. We anticipate the holiday as a time for gorging and utter relaxation, as a time when we can "let off steam" and enjoy the rounds of social life from afternoon to early morning. Then we very prosaically settle



down to a life of routine until the nesholiday.

There are some, however, ofte termed Victorian reactionaries, who at here to the old regime. To them th word Christmas is itself an impetus t do not what conscience or greed did tates but what the heart says. The

too, observe the exchange of gifts and the social amerities, but for this group such actions are done because c a belief in, "Not what you get, but what you give, material way, but how you live." Their lives exemplif Christmas in the true meaning—the strengthening c the ties of Christian brotherhood. Such as they are th torchbearers of each generation who have kept alive during advance of civilization, the embers of a slowl dying fire. Are you going to be a tender of the fire?

#### 



#### A Letter To Santa Claus

Sometime before Christmas

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,

It has been a long time since 1 wrote you, You'll remember that the last letter came in '28.1 asked you for silk stockings that year, You brought me socks. Mother tried to tell me that I was just seven and that you didn't want me to grow up for a few more years. I didn't agree with you. That same year you forgot me bievele. Somebody in the family said that you probably had been hit by the depression. For a long time 1 pondered on whether "the depression" was some type of car or a disease like the measles. You never acknowledged the "get-well" card I sent you.

But, time has passed, time has changed, and so have 1. This year 1 want just two important things. Most everybody would like them. They're hard to find down here, Just a small parcel of each would help.

First of all, please bring some peace. Victor Hugo said that "Peace is happiness digesting" so if you'll bring happiness that will fill the bill. Gordon Shules and Kenneth Martin vow and declare that I'm pugnacious, but I'm sure they'll change their minds if the read this

Then you might bring some honesty. Not that I's doubting anyone's veracity but sometimes I wonderjust wonder, you know. The money from the breakag fee for "misplaced" library books has gone up. I wplanning on having a little left in June '42 for a har sandwich to go with my B.S. degree. Now I think the I shall have a B.S. degree and an empty stomach.

There are other incidentals which you might bring but the two 1 have mentioned will be enough for everybody. When you come to Towson, watch the light at Belvedere Avenue, It's a dangerous corner.

Sincerely,

Frances

P. S.—You might bring me some socks — like the one in '28. Make it size 9½ instead of 3 this time.

# Peace on Earth— Good Will Toward Men

Anna Pruess

JIGHT NOW, all over this country, people are prearing for Christmas. Christmas! The commemoration of four Lord's birth! The season of joy and festivity; he time, when for just a little while, men supposedly orget their peeves and their grudges, and join with ne another in a spirit of charity and unselfishness. Not a all the world and in all time is there anything like Inristmas, when people are obeying the new comandment: that ye love one another, when, for a little hile, people are truly Christians.

In America, the celebration of Christmas has been varmer and richer in spirit than anywhere else on arth. Because this is a melting-pot of nations; because his is a country built on the Christian belief that all nen are equal, the spirit of Christmas has endured in tronger form and has assumed greater proportions. In his country there are holly wreaths in the windows, rowds on the streets and in the stores, spicy fruit akes, Christmas trees loaded with ornaments. Choirs re practicing Christmas carols, people are smiling, and vishing one another good will. In this country there is ejoicing.

Such activities are only representative of this country. Across the seas nations are at war, men and boys are being slaughtered, women wait fearfully in bombracked homes, and no man trusts his brother. No one over there has time to think of the birth of the Christchild with all its significance. Many nations will not observe the holiday at all. Those that do, will observe it not in rejoicing, but in sorrow. How can their faith remain intact when they are engaged in a conflict destroying all the ideals and convictions that are right, that are from Christ? How can they love their neighbors when their neighbors shower them with death? How can they believe in the future with the present such a chaos? The words "Peace on earth - good will to men!" seem a mockery for there is no peace nor any good will. How can those nations across the sea celebrate Christmas? How long before they lose all faith entirely?

And so, this Christmas, let us be thankful that here, we are still able to preserve ideals and to believe in them. Let us take time to think of those not as fortunate as we. And let us believe in "peace on earth — good will to men."

#### 

# Today THE KIDNAPER

HARRY LONDON

... Disappearing from the face of the earth, time And things and life; unit by unit away From the limits of Yesterday and Tomorrow: tamed

By the tempering ways of Today: seizing Things and ideas as they pass the barrier of Yesterday: Holding them fast: beating them: causing lesions

To appear on what once was beautiful: and clean: Before they climbed the fence twixt Today And Yesterday

And now: greeting Tomorrow: leaning

Toward sterility and impotence: being not ideas 'At all: but words: pretty as words: but mere words Letters: bereaved symbols: meatless like the pods of peas Emptied for the pot; then shunted to the pail For refuse and the collector of refuse:

but the

Time too is gone: tempering time: out the nailed

Window with the flightly power and virility
Once these ideas had: these things: halted in their
Very natural course from Yesterday to Tomorrow: near

The place where a hooded figure: with a clean Label: "Today" lurked: with a grasping hand: A harsh, heavy club spiked on its end: teeming

With bacteria-focuses: to enter: piercing the flesh Of ideas: diffuse in the channeled blood: make Shells of ideas: of things: words orphaned in the flash

Of descending club and rasping spikes . . . Time Makes words nothing more: but less: is in turn made to Nothing: Time is: is true: Time was and will be: is lies. — June, 1940.

-,

# **School Spirit in Reverse**

IN THE two years in which I was adviser to the Student Council the most frequently posed question was, "Why is there no real school spirit in our college?" There were many variations to the theme. Sometimes it appeared as an exhortation, "Is there nothing we can do to stir up some enthusiasm in the student body?" Whatever the phrasing, perplexed and baffled student leaders have not found the answer yet, and, while I may be guilty of over-simplifying the problem by the hypothesis which I am about to propose, I feel that the issue should receive the best thoughts of everyone connected with the college.

As colleges go our school is small in size and yet it is surprising how few in the student body the average student knows. Everywhere I go I find the same small groups eating, gossiping, dancing or playing together. We are a school of cliques and small factions. The class section represents 90 per cent of a student's interest in the student body. His loyalties, interests and enthusiasms are to the section rather than to the class — and least of all to the vague group known as the student body.

HAROLD MOSER

The situation is largely peculiar to our school. It could not happen in most colleges where the program of electives makes it unlikely that any entering group of freshmen will spend the four years in college with the same student group. The intellectual, if not the social, environment will vary from class to class and year to year. This is as it should be.

I believe that the section organization as currently practiced in our college serves as a deterrent to the creation of school spirit. Sections, engrossed with their own problems, parties and assignments, soon become ingrown. Few of these students have a college point of view; local loyalties are stronger than school loyalties. When students are denied the stimulation derived from meeting new minds and adjusting to different personalities they tend to become complacent, slipshod and careless. This whole question should be explored further, but I would like to see a plan studied by which section personnel would be completely changed at regular intervals during the four college years.

NORMA KIRCKHOFF

### 1 Remember

A rainy day on a busy street; shoppers rushing by under dripping umbrellas — so many bobbing apples in a
great sea of wet humanity; a disconsolate fruit dealer —
shivering, bemoaning his rotting produce; wet, shiny
pavements, clean for a space, reflecting the straight,
stiff architecture of row houses; a peanut man — the
steam from his vendor cutting cloudy capers on the
misty air; and over on one side of the street — a dilapidated truck waiting for its driver — a little boy sitting on
the running board and leaning over to sail a white paper
boat down the muddy gutter...

The first sign of spring in the "Harlem of East Baltimore"; the famed marble steps of the city completely obliterated by clouds of chocolate-colored people stretching themselves in the sun; an early Easter advertisement in the form of two "spifs" strolling down the street — she in purple and red — he in green and yellow; little pickaninnies — released black threads from the blanket of winter — squealing and playing in the first warm sunlight.

The view from the top of Federal Hill; the harbor—so splendid from a distance—with its great ships, rocking to and fro—impatient children chafing to be released from home; the clean, cool air—right in the center of the city's busiest industrial centers—a paradox of human living; far below, little specks of humanity, hurrying, hurrying; the thought that all our worries and cares look just as infinitesimal when viewed in retrospect; the myriads of lights that flicker on as evening advances; the whole great panorama—ugly underneath and yet strangely beautiful when viewed from the top of the Hill.

Six o'clock Christmas morning; the almost frightening hush that covers the earth; then the strains of "Silent Night" drifting across the snow; rainbow lights on a gaily bedecked tree; stockings hung at the fireplace—bulging grab-bags of goodies; the story of the Christ child—heard in the solemn yet glorious atmosphere of a candle-lit and holly-wreathed church; Christmas dinner with its puddings and turkey; mistletoe and its flushed victorious captors and equally flushed submissive captives; evening—the beautiful hymns, dear friends, and loving gifts; and stealing over all—a feeling of "peace, good will towards men."

# In Memory of Robert Calder

JOHN SHOCK

THEORETICALLY, last month this college received a message. It wasn't of the usual type that characterizes the multitude of letters which pour into this college every day. There was something solemn, something serious in the air and in the facial expressions of many people in this college; you would have understood immediately - the communication was "edged in black," a symbol which made us more aware of the crisis which sometime we all must face.

What was the purport of the message? A former member of our student body, Bob Calder, had passed to the world beyond. Some dear friends were heartbroken; many acquaintances were greatly moved. There were reminiscences exchanged; many incidents of the past were transformed into priceless, golden memories, some of which all of us as members of this college can share. Bob was loved by almost everyone. No one could have overlooked that dark-haired "chap" on the athletic field who always fought hard and squarely for his "Alma Mater," Just nine months ago, Bob changed his mind as to his profession and at the time of his illness was undoubtedly headed for success.

Not all my lasting memories of him are the same as yours, but surely they symbolize those which you possess. This being true, I feel free to suggest that, as this article is read, you pause a moment for meditation in honor of that real friend of yours, of mine, of S. T. C. -Bob Calder.

#### THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS

JAMES G. JETT

The myriad snowflakes make a newer earth. (Oh, hallowed rites of Christ's nativity!) -It is indeed the day of joy and mirth,

My thoughts are stilled by evening's holy glow. The music of the church enraptures me; The holly's leaves are green against the snow.

The sky is darkening and the air is cold. (May human thoughts be always, Christ, with thee.) This day you see the love of man unfold.

### OCTOBER SNOW

NETTIE P. HUTCHINS '15

One morn I strolled to my garden With steps reluctant and slow Instead of the quick, eager hurry With which I was wont to go.

But the sight that met my wondering gaze Was of such beauty rare That grief and sorrow were soon forgot And I could but stand and stare.

For ev'ry flower wore a gown Of lacy, gleaming white That hid all trace of ugliness Completely from my sight.

"If this be Death," I asked myself "Why should we dread or fear. When beauty hides all ugly scars And Heaven seems so near?"

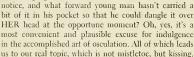
#### "ROSES AND THORNS"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Why do our joys depart For cares to seize the heart? I know not. Nature says, Obey; and man obeys, I see, and know not why Thorns live and roses die.

# OSCULATION

II, SEASON of mistletoe! Holly is colorful, cedar has that exciting odor, poinsettia is beautiful, but — mistletoe has a meaning and a privilege that makes it possibly the most popular member of the plant kingdom during this season of merriment and gaicty. What girl hasn't coyly lingered under a hanging sprig of it, hoping that HE would be sure to



For the benefit of those who are "agin it," let us begin by quoting a bit of scientific information. A noted physician recently advanced the theory that kissing is a healthful exercise. (We wonder if Miss Roach and Mr. Minegan would like to start some elective classes?) The theory stated that the heat generated during the process killed all the germs that we have been warned that kissing spreads.

The problem that confronts us if this theory is put into daily practice is: How are we to know when a person really means to be loving and when he is just trying to throw off a cold germ?

Since we are being scientific about this perhaps the best means of approach would be through classification. Several possible ones come immediately to mind: kisses with "Oomph" and kisses without; kisses of love and kisses of duty; desirable and undesirable; pleasant and unpleasant.

Considering the last classification and beginning with the pleasant we shall use the technology adopted by Hollywood in designating certain kisses for their loves scenes. According to Hollywood, kisses are used to establish character as well as to reveal love. Thus, if the scene calls for a "he-man" bit of osculation the audience is expected to judge the man as a go-getter—a muscular, superior male who knows what he wants. Fearing that the fair sex might swoon in their seats at the sight of Johnny Weissmuller dragging his mate by the hair and then kissing her with brute force, directors only allow this kiss to last 20 seconds. (Have any of you boys ever used a stop watch?)

The "bear" kiss isn't quite so sensational and so censors usually let it pass at twenty-five seconds. The usual time of this kiss is at the end of the picture when she



F. ROBISON and J. ULRICH

says, "Darling, we'll always and always love each other, won't we, and won't ever let anything mar our happiness again?" and he says, "Precious, I'm your slave forever." (Those who are snickering pause and recall what you said the last time you kissed your beloved good-night!)

The two types that are least emotional and display the character a rather indiffer-

ent sort of person are the "prude" and the "peck." How you hate Clark Gable when he rushed away from his sweet little wife, pausing only long enough to give her a peck on the check or forehead, and hurries down to the office to his siren secretary! And how you despise Tom, or Dick, or Joe when he leaves with only a brief and thoughtless token of his love. (And how you cry and wonder if his love has cooled!)

We could go on indefinitely listing these pleasant little lip exercises. Suppose we rubbed noses like the Eskimos? But we must hasten on to the unpleasant division. The classes of this group compose mostly "dnty" kisses, the most frequent recipients of which are our relatives.

The "married brother" division is distinguished by its infrequent occurrence and although he often has halitosis, the most unpleasant thing about it is the follow-through. Just as soon as the fog lifts enough from one's surprised brain for the thought "Maybe the big bully isn't so bad after all." he has a disconcerting way of asking, "Say, Sis, can't you mind the kids tonight?"

The "uncle" kiss is unpleasant for two reasons. Usually Uncle hasn't a "Barbasol" face and scratchy beards weren't meant to be kissed! (Uncles aren't the only people who could be put into this class!) Then, too, there is always doubt in both minds as to who's doing the kissing and who's being kissed. The result is that the two necks are strained into uncomfortable positions and a general rubbing of noses results.

The "little nicce" kiss may sound sweet and innocent but why do young children decide to show just how much they love you as soon as you put on your best clothes and they are completely covered with (take you choice) (1) soap suds, (2) half their lunch, or (3) nice sticky gum drops?

You, dear reader(s), could no doubt make a more complete and exciting list but since many think that our beloved Tower Light is becoming frivolous, perhaps we'd better not take up too much space with such prattle.

# The Price of Liberty

IOHN McCauley

OLITICIANS the world over seem determined to ermeate our cherished land with the principles of dicatorship and to enchain our people under codes which bliterate the economic and social ideals for which our orefathers sacrificed their lives. Subtly the "isms" are nawing at America's heart. Like termites they are inesting the American colleges. Students, undiscerning, re taught that they can be pioneers in a new field. They are told it is right to dispute inherited theories of government and that it is the educated fellow who mows and votes socialism. Communism is sugar-coated and placed before our youths. They are shown the modrn cities and the wealthy, happy people of Russia. They ittle realize that they are being blinded by lies and are lowly being made mental slaves to the bestial selfish notives of Europe's masters. They cannot see the poverty and disease-laden streets of the unvisited quarters of Berlin and Moscow. They do not see the crumbled uins of once great cathedrals for atheism goes hand in and with all the "isms" and with them tears down every semblance of the ideal and cultural in a people. Men are merely tools of the state.

Why go on? We know this false and destructive teaching exists and is slowly but steadily undermining American political thought. The question is how to check this decay of America from within. A bad American, like a bad apple, contaminates others. Probably the best policy is to follow the recent example of the University of Michigan and exclude all students connected in any way with the so-called "fifth column" or activities evidencing subversive ideas. The university welcomes only those who believe in the democratic philosophy of government. Wisconsin University also refuses to tolerate disloyal students or faculty members.

Perhaps other colleges will follow this noble precedent and, by reorganizing their faculties and courses of instruction, through real truth, produce a generation of Washingtons, Franklins, and Hancocks who are loyal to the land and faith of their fathers and are willing to pay the price of liberty.

# on being A Special

by Two of Them

SOME ONE asked us the other day — "Just how special is a Special?"

"Ah-ha!" said we — "Tremendously special —"

Why how many of you would dare burst into Freshman Art, and from there bound into Senior Psychology, then slide into Junior gym, and wind up in Sophomore English, all in one morning? You know about how welcome you would be. You have to keep your places — that's what you have to do. But we specials — We have you there — We are welcome everywhere! Not only welcome — but our presence in the various classes is considered absolutely essential — (for ns!)

And when it comes to taking tests — why we as a body are permitted to take the tests given every class in this great institution. Think of what a privilege that is — to sample, as a body, all the tests compiled by the entire S. T. C. Brain Trust — (of course, passing 'these tests is another story, but we shall not go into that angle of it at the present time').

And on the playground - we all have special invita-

tions to be there — they insist that we be there, and every period, too. And are we not dragging our crutches through the halls as well as some of you young sophs? We all may not be so lithe of limb — but ah — we play the game — (just try and not — sez you!)

As for announcements — you have only one Bulletin Board, for each section, to watch — but one Bulletin Board is not enough for us — we are required to watch them all.

As for lunching in the dorm, your lunch hour everyday is quite the same, but we specials, we can often do with fifteen minutes and show no apparent suffering! And furthermore we can do a marathon to class and reach the place on time, after bolting such a speedy lunch. Could you do that?

Ah, we could go on endlessly and show in many ways how special we really are, or think we are. We deem it wise, however, at this point to stop and let you draw your own conclusions as to just how special is a Special.

# **Elbow-Room for Inspiration**

LEON L. LERNER

IT MAY have been by sheer accident, but the place where the English department is concentrating much of its effort currently is the most "poetic" room in the college. This, unfortunately, isn't its real name. Some students call it prosaically "Mr. Miller's room," or merely No. 202 - all of which seems rather ineffectual. The description is as inapt as that of the freshman who described the Grand Canyon, which she had seen for the first time, as "cute". Shades of understatement! Several years ago the room was called, for lack of a better title, "The Browsing Room", where few people came and still fewer browsed. Years before it must have had other titles, but they have gone unrecorded and there is available no written historical data regarding the room. Since September, the place has been labelled "The Writing Room", the most appropriate appellation vet.

Anyone who has frequented "The Writing Room" will immediately understand why it may be mentioned in the same breath with poetry. Perhaps it is not only what lies inside the walls, but outside the walls of that southwest corner. On two sides are windows, and there are not many rooms in the building which can boast of such wealth. The architect, when he planned the school, must have known that the view from this particular region would be a worthwhile one, indeed; for you may look to the west and see the green, flat expanse of the elementary school's lawn; or south, you may look up at the high, tapering hill where, of late, two horses have been gamboling - between these, the valley of the glen, sitting quietly in its neatly arranged pattern of greenery. Always there is the sky, and you can readily understand from here what Shakespeare meant when he spoke of eyeing "the eye of heaven". For, you may stand and almost mechanically trace the curved travels of the sun, inch by inch. And when there is no sun, only clouds, you note the mists overhead, for miles stretching out on every side. Sharp ears will catch the wind-voice, never still, always articulate.

Is it this loveliness outside that makes the inside of "The Writing Room" attractive? What is particularly striking is the deep, almost audible silence in it, as though some hand were pressed against some unseen lips there. Time seems to stand still. The sound of your breathing, however quiet, becomes magnified. You count the rhythm of your breath, meanwhile listening to the loud tick-tock of your heart. All at once, you start. In time, you become aware of the atmos-

phere in the room, its intensity, its sharpness, its significant presence. Now it is impossible not to concentrate And you sit at one of the long tables, your being wrapped up and focused upon your imagination.

Was it an accident that this room became "The Writing Room"? To this place come students, periodically scheduled, for corrective writing. They have not yel learned how to effectively match word with thought thought with word; how to capture, on paper, the distilled essence of their imagination. The English faculty aided by students, is helping them in this direction. The classmen bring with them the needed materials, and a desirable attitude toward work; from the locale, quiet stimulating, they derive their inspiration. Combining these two, the effort at correction ought not to be a difficult one for either faculty or undergraduates.

In time someone is going to produce a literary masterpiece in "The Writing Room". Keats, Arnold, Dostoievsky, Lizette W. Reese, people of the soul, would have fallen in love with the place at first sight. They would have come back to it, day after day. It is to be hoped that many of our own students, especially those who want the atmosphere for writing, will take advantage of the room.

#### GONE

G. F. Shules

The gray winds blew along the lanes.
The fallen leaves clattered in the weeds.
Roads were lonely in their winding.
The land was a void and did not understand
The death of the life of the leaves.
Someone had gone along the lanes,
Along the lanes that wind and do not end.
The land did not understand the scraping of the

Someone had left no guiding trace, Leaves clattered and the land was bare. The land was a void and did not understand.

leaves.

# **Christmas in the Country**

Mary K, Newcomer

IAYBE I am from the country, but even in that disint, rapidly vanishing territory, all good children anxously await the annual visit of Santa Claus.

Our big thrills begin in advance. For most of us the ears-Roebuck catalogue plays an important part in our oung lives. Instead of standing for hours on snowy treets, gazing in rapt admiration at the splendidly ecked show windows, country children diligently tudy, around an open fireplace, the all-beguiling book rom cover to cover. Little sister Susie wants another eddy bear. Her last one needs a few repairs. An eye, ne ear, and a tail are missing. Worse than that, poor eddy is leaking sawdust, Johnny persistently states that e needs a new wagon. Big brother Bob asks for a sled vith shiny red runners, while sister Sally wants a new lress. It must be, she insists, a brilliant scarlet having arge white polka dots. After careful deliberation these vishes are written down. Later they mysteriously start or the North Pole (Sears-Roebuck).

Meanwhile everyone has been busy helping mother aske pies, cookies, and fruit cakes. Candy must be nade. In the country there is no Rice's man at the door. That particular turkey we've watched and fed for ight long months must be separated from the flock, now that Christmas Day approaches.

Christmas Eve Bob drags in the all-important tree hat has been selected from a near-by wood. Its pungent door is soon diffused throughout the house. We begin mmediately to trim the tree and presto, it is transformed rom its natural leafiness into a silvery cone of beauty.



#### DECEMBER

G. F. SHULES

Cold strings of snow
Crystal rainbows in a flood of light.
Cold as young puppy's muzzle
Whiter than bone bleached in sand
Swirling in myriad forms and fancies
In the bleak December twilight.

Just before bedtime the stockings are hung in a neat row in front of the fireplace.

All the while the atmosphere seems to be brimming over with festive secrets. We learn the answers next morning. The first sight which greets our sleepy eyes is the loaded Christmas tree surrounded by Santa's gifts. We pounce upon them cagerly. Each one joyously tries to explain to the others that he has received exactly what he desired. Day of all days — no wonder memories of Christmas linger long as cherished treasures in the mind of every country child!



# SIR MODRED

SIR MODRED, the bad boy of the Knights of the Round Table, was a piker. Just think of the things the boys from S. T. C. could have taught him.

Of course, Sir Modred did not have to bother about manners as we know them. He did not have to knook the ladies down in order to reach the table before the food was chilled. Once seated, there was no rationing of the victuals. Having a full suit of armor to carry around in frequent moments of stress, Sir Modren needed all his vitamins. (One wonders about his poor horse!) Like our proverbial provincials, table eftiquette was the least of our hero's worries. He could tear a chicken apart, eat what he wanted, and throw the remains under the table to be devoured by the everpresent dogs.

In some ways Sir Modred and the male population of our college have much in common. Unfortunately, we have no stone wall from which to pluck our Sir Modreds.

Like all of his compatriots, Sir Modred did not feel guilty about changing his allegiance. If it furthered his aims to join the other side, he shifted. But, when the final round was played, and the dust of battle cleared away, we find Sir Modred left behind.

Supposedly, the days of chivalry have passed. Maybe it is history repeating itself.

# WOMEN-IMITATIVE

Warren Culbertson and Aaron Seidler

Editor's Note — The following article was submitted as a result of the disparaging remarks appearing in an article entitled "Men" in one of our issues. If hostilities continue we suggest an arbitration board be drawn up to define the rights and qualifications of the belligerent parties.

IIIS ARTICLE has been digested and for the most part has been taken directly from Schools, by Alonzo B. See; copyrighted 1928 and privately printed in the United States, In his book, Mr. See has taken the extremist's point of view on the entire field of education and has written on all matters related directly or indirectly to schools.

It must have been a fervent enemy of women who spoke as follows:

"Half the miseries of the western world are caused by women fighting against men. In spite of countless ages of experience, women have failed to excel even in cooking, yet they set themselves up as competitors of men in all walks of life. Far more homes are made miserable by envious women than by dominant or brutal men.

"Women have been tinklers on the mandolin and piano through all the ages, but it is among men that the creative musicians are found. In the sphere of art, although women have been busy painting their lips and faces, their nails and cyclashes for countless ages, if one seeks paintings which will create emotions of the highest and best character for all time, one has to go to paintings done by men.

"Women are imitative and not creative. If search is made in Westminster Abbey for records of the great women of England, one will find a few actresses and courtesans, but none who were worthy of being commemorated as poets, painters, sculptors, inventors, world pioneers or world benefactors. Men are superior and should be reverenced, and until women are taught to become affectionate junior comrades in the co-partnership of the sexes, there will be no peace in life."

We can agree that these words were those from the mouth of an extreme cynic who has resorted to much exaggeration and implications. However, we also must admit that many, many feminists claim that men have kept women down. This is not true.

"Men, because of their chivalrous nature, advanced the women of this country as they had never been advanced elsewhere or ever before." This reference to chivalrous nature might be explained as that which many females refer to in factless arguments about the merits and demerits of men.

"If men had treated women, as men could, because of men's superior physical strength and superior physical endurance, they would have made slaves and serf- of women. However, everyone must admit that men are the ones instrumental in raising the women to great heights and favoring them in courts and in other count less ways.

"Not only have women been protected and favored but they have shared with men in all the advancements men have made in science and engineering, shared with men the pleasures of sailing across the ocean in great steamships, shared with men in riding in automobiles and trains, but have done nothing for the development of these vehicles. They also use the telephone and listen to the radio which is offered and is being provided by the work of men.

"Women have done nothing in the way of producing all these things with which we are favored today. If the world had had to depend on the inventive and constructive ability of women, we should still be sleeping on the plains.

"The feminists tell the women they should act like the men. This they can never do. When women try to act like men, they either do things men never think of doing or copy men in a way to make themselves ridiculous. The counterpart of a 'feminist' in men would be a 'masculinist.' A masculinist would be a man who would tell men that they should dress like the women. But, of course, there is no man intellectually low enough to be the counterpart of a feminist. A feminist is a woman with a feeble mind whose brain cracked when she tried to reason. No one can hear such a woman speak on the platform on politics, on the industrial situation, on schools, or any other subject that requires reasoning capacity for its full understanding, without seeing at once that she is dabbling in a subject for which nature never fitted her intellectually."

### THE LIBRARY

### AT YOUR SERVICE

#### MAKE THIS A LITERARY CHRISTMAS!

#### MARY DI PEPPI

CHRISTMAS shopping to most of us constitutes he perplexing problem of what to give our relatives and friends. We rack our brains trying to think of ome appropriate, unusual gift. We usually end by giving ties to the males, and handkerchiefs to the female nembers on our shopping list.

The Library Department, always eager to be of servce, has decided to do your Christmas shopping for you. We urge you to forget your problems by making this coming holiday a "literary" one. What is more welcome than a book which has been especially chosen to meet one's interests? Because the field of books is so extensive, provisions can easily be made for special reading tastes.

Here is a list of books we prepared to help you in vour selections:

#### FOR MOTHER:

If she takes pride in being a good hostess:

- 1. The Fun Encyclopedia: Nashville, Abington-Cokesbury, 1940, \$2.75. Includes suggestions for showers, anniversaries, planning programs, club room equipment.
- 2. The Settlement Cook Book: Milwaukee, Settlement Book Company, 1940, \$2.50. The latest revision of a very popular book which tells the way to a man's heart.
- 3. Bell. Louise Price. Successful Parties: New York. Revell, 1940, \$1.50. A new party book by the author of "Having a Party."
- 4. Gooding, Julia Papin, Formal Dinners: New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1940, \$2.50. A family collection of unusual recipes.

#### FOR FATHER:

If he likes sports:

1. Tunis, John R., Sport for the Fun of It: New York, Barnes, 1940, \$2.50. A handbook of information on twenty sports including the official rules.



If he is up on the latest news:

2. Howe, Ouincy, The News and How to Understand It: New York, Simon & Schuster, 1940, \$1.50. A guide book which tells you how to dig the real news out of newspapers, radio, and magazine reports.

If he enjoys stories of travel and adventure:

- 3. Hager, Alice, Wings Over the Americas: New York, Macmillan, 1940, \$2.50.
- 4. Goertz, Arthemise, South of the Border: New York, Macmillan, 1940, \$3.00.
- 5. Nordhoff, Charles and Hall, James N., The Bounty Trilogy: New York, Little-Brown, 1940, \$3.00.

#### FOR THE OLDER BOYS:

If he loves to read western stories:

- 1. Gooden, Arthur H., The Range Hawk: New York, Random House, 1940, \$2.00. A thrilling novel of cattle rustling in the border country.
- 2. Hendryx, James B., Hard Rock Man: New York, Random House, 1940, \$2.00. The author of the "Corporal Downey" stories tells an exciting tale of the Alaskan coast.

If he likes a good mystery:

- 3. Hogarth, Emmet, The Goose Is Cooked: New York, Simon & Schuster, 1940, \$2.00.
- 4. Woolrich, Cornell, The Bride Wore Black: New York, Simon & Schuster, 1940, \$2.00.
- 5. Allerton, Mary, The Shadow and the Webb: New York, Bobbs-Merrell, 1940, \$2.00.

FOR THE OLDER GIRLS:

If she enjoys a good novel:

- Coyle, Kathleen, Who Dwell With Wonder: New York, Dutton, 1940, \$2.50.
- de la Roche, Mazo, Whiteoak Heritage: New York, Little, 1940, \$2.50.
- Struther, Jan, Mrs. Miniver: New York, Harcourt, 1940, \$2.00.
- Mason, F. Van Wyck, Stars on the Sea: New York, Lippincott, 1940, 52.75.

FOR THE YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS:

If they like imaginative stories:

- Coatsworth, Elizabeth, Littlest House: New York, Macmillan, 1940, S1.50. A story about a little house that was loaned to three children for a summer holiday.
- Du Bois, W. P., Great Geppy: New York, Viking, 1940, \$2.00. The striped horse Geppy solves the baffling mystery of the Bott Circus Case.
- Finger, Charles J., Golden Tales from Faraway: New York, Winston, 1940, \$2.00.

If they like to know and to do things:

- McClintock, Marshall, Millions of Books: New York, Vanguard Press, 1940, \$1.75. The story of a library.
- Marran, Ray J., Playthings for Indoor and Outdoor Fun: New York, Appleton-Century, 1940, S2.00. Instructions for making a variety of playthings with tools and materials to be found around the house.
- Yates, Raymond F., Science with Simple Things: New York, Appleton-Century, 1940, \$2.50.
- Thompson, Burnette, Let's Sing: Minn., Augsburg Publishing House, 1940, \$2.00.

#### BOOK REVIEW

MARY DI PEPPI

Goudge, Elizabeth. Sister of the Angels. New York, Coward McCann, N. Y., 1939, 155 pages.

When you tire of reading so-called "modern" novels with their ultra-sophisticated plots and much publicized "realism," pick up a copy of "Sister of the Angels." one of the sweetest and most refreshing little stories ever written. The story is a very simple one but it is the very simplicity together with the clear-cut, beautiful style in which it is written, which makes it so unusual.

The book tells about one month in the life of little, eleven-year old Henrietta, who has been left in the

care of Canon Fordyce and his wife, an old couple living in the Cathedral of Jorninster in England. Hen ricta's father is a world famous poet who loves his daughter but is too irresponsible to look after her properly. At the time the story opens it is one month before Christmas and Henrietta is awaiting a visit from her father. His arrival is the signal for a series of eventwhich follow rapidly one on another and concern Henrietta's discovery of a talented but despondent artist and her efforts to help him find himself. Henrietta her self loves to paint and is called "Sister of the Angels" by her artist-friend because she is "so nearly related to the creatures that she should be able to persuade them to come in at the window and sit for her."

Christmas is celebrated by Henrietta, her father, the artist, and the Canon and his wife in the charming, old-world atmosphere of the ancient Cathedral, The Christmas tree in all its glory, the newly painted walls of the Chapel which depict the Christmas story and which Henrietta helped to paint, the soft lights of the candles, and the sound of a choir singing carols in the distance, are all woven together to form the warmly colorful and sincere end of a story which will never be forgotten by anyone who reads it.

#### INFORMATION BUREAU

Alma McAvoy

What to give for Christmas and to whom:

Farsighted glasses—to that person across the aisle with "Roman" eves during tests

Time-to Mrs. Brouwer

A sense of humor-to Gordon Shules

A man-to any girl who needs one

A chaperon—for Leon Lerner in Richmond Hall Social Room

A grandstand—to those ringside referces who watch the developments in the fover

A cozy nook-for Helen and Jimmy

Boxing gloves—to those "picker-uppers" in the dormitory

Another Sappho-for James Jett

A "steady"-for Liz

Children—to those domestically inclined—the knitters

Earmuffs—to certain of the faculty after a test Robots—to those with tests on Mondays A year's leave of absence—to the student body Food—to the dorm students

# EDITORIALS



#### SANTA CLAUS

GENEVIEVE HAILE

IOW OLD is our Santa Claus? About 1,200 years, ou think? No, the Santa Claus you know and love is mly 118 years old. He came into existence in 1822 when Dr. Clement Clarke Moore, an American eduator and poet, wrote "A Visit from St. Nicholas" for its own children. "Twas the night before Christmas" when Dr. Moore looked out the window of his bedoom and saw the jolly old fellow with his rosy cheeks, winkling eyes and snow-white beard, dressed from head o foot in fur, and scated, with a pack full of toys, in is sleigh drawn by eight tiny reindeer. Dr. Moore vatched him drive swiftly to housetops white with now, descend chimneys and fill stockings with gifts, and then whirl away to the jingle of sleigh bells, calling each of his reindeer by name:

'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!"

In America, this delightful old Santa Claus, before 1822, had a mere mythical existence, having come to he children of the New World with the early Dutch settlers. The original patron saint of children was Saint Nicholas who lived about 1,600 years ago in Asia Minor. With the passing centuries his spirit of giving has been the besorbed gradually into Christmas celebrations throughout the world.

The details of Christmas customs have varied among different peoples. They have greeted either Saint Nichas, Kriss Kringle, or Santa Claus. Receptacles for gifts have ranged from shoes, baskets and plates to stockings; receptacles have been placed on beds, behind doors, in corners or in fireplaces. St. Nicholas himself has traveled by gray horse, white ass or by reindeer. However, there is one significant thing all Yuletide customs have in common. It is the mystifying way in which Santa Claus spreads his happiness and good cheer. He comes and goes on Christmas Eve, unseen and unheard. He likes to empty his pack, giving freely to all, without expecting any gift in return. Couldn't we emulate his behavior?

Couldn't we also realize that Christmas isn't just holly and mistletoe, and snowflakes and candles, and stuffed stockings and shining trees? Couldn't we consider what would have been lost to the world, and to our own imaginations, and to the whole approach of the human soul to God, if we knew nothing of Santa Claus, or wakeful shepherds, or singing angels, or a baby in a manger? Let us think of these things as we celebrate our Christmas holiday by performing the simple acts of friendship—eating, talking, singing, giving and receiving gifts. During the 1940 Christmas season let us re-experience the glow of joy and the spirit of giving, and open our hearts again to God's message of love, understanding, truth and peace in the world.

#### STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT DICKINSON

A Guest Editorial

WILLIAM HAAK

An organization of which Dickinson students might well be proud, although few of us seem to be, is the Student Senate. Let us pause for a time to consider the merits of this governing body. A little investigation and reflection will reveal them.

First, upon looking into the constitution of the Student Assembly and Senate found in the little read handbook, we find that the Senate, which is constituted of the executive body of the Student Assembly, is both well-purposed and well-constructed. The objects of the organization are "to promote the welfare of the students of Dickinson College, to effect a closer union of the students and of the students and the faculty, and to act upon all matters which belong to the students of the College." Its construction permits a representative of each fraternity and sorority, two representatives of the unaffiliated men and one of the unaffiliated women. What purpose could be better than this and what representation could be fairer?

Since the Student Assembly part of our government is practically non-functional, the entire mechanism rests with the Senate. When it comes right down to brass tacks nearly everyone will admit that the Senate always tries to and usually does do a very fine job. In this regard it might be added that the whole-hearted support of the students is vital to the proper functioning of the Senate.

If one looks to the student government of some other colleges the value of our form of representation is easily perceived. None of the traditionally biased campus politics enters here. Each intimate group of students selects a member to represent it. Votes are not traded in political cliques, nor is stuffing of the ballot box the rule.

Finally, in reviewing the varied activities of the Senate, who is there to criticize the administration? What other form of government could better handle pep rallies, assignment of the student budget, dances and other social activities, and freshman orientation? The representative legislature is the essence of the democratic form of government and we here at Dickinson are learning that we may not forsake it later in public life.

#### OUR WORK

#### MARY SIMON

Here we are preparing ourselves for a profession that is sacred to the very ideals of democracy. We are expected to be examples to the future citizens of America. We are to guide and mold the young of our country. A noble work—yes, ours is a most vital part of the whole democratic system. It beckons only those men and women with superior character and intelligence, the best that the country has to offer.

This, then, is our goal—this preparation for a great work. We must place it on the top rung of the ladder and never lose sight of it while we are climbing up. We must not let the little things of life overshadow the big principles. We must not let superficialities restrain our thoughts, narrow our minds. Nothing can be more limiting to the character than an attitude of resistance to new things. We, especially, must grasp every opportunity we have to enrich our experience—take part in the multitude of activities that are provided for us. We shall never have the same chance again. It is not enough just to "make the grade." It is the attitude of self-development, an attitude that causes us to do more than the required assignment, that will really make us what we want to be.

Freedom is ours to mold our lives as we please. Let us use this freedom constructively in order that it may benefit posterity as it has benefited Americans until the present day.

#### A CHANGING WORLD

HELEN PROSS

Have you ever thought about the problem of living

in a changing world? With that question in mind, Dr Steinmeyer, professor of political history at the Uni versity of Maryland, gave us some worthwhile guidance on the subject this day in assembly. Many of us are prone to dream about ideals that we wish would come to be realized or that had been realized. Few of us see that progress in a world like ours comes only when dreamers conscientiously set about to make their idealistic views real. To make this point more emphatic, the speaker gave us the following information as an example of what he meant: The various "isms" of Europe. governments which differ from ours in organization and administration, have no doctrines, no means that can solve American problems. In other words, an American way must be used to deal with American problems. No substitute will do. Government is a matter of the temperament of a people. Take the European countries who have one eve on the present and another eve on the future. These Europeans, such as the Germans and the Russians are willing to sacrifice anything and everything to aid in the up-building of their "future" countries. They can visualize a more perfect state in the years to come and they are putting forth every effort to make this dream a realization. They have a goal, an aim, and a belief that this goal can and is being attained through their efforts.

If America is to preserve Democracy, we as Americans must begin to believe in something. We must believe in Democracy. We must realize that Democracy in theory and Democracy in practice are different. We must face our problems, think them through, and set down rules of living in accord with our belief in Democracy. Because of a belief in something, discipline is necessary, for there is no freedom without it. We must re-evaluate the ideals used in the founding of our country. We must remember that a people will be free only as long as they desire to be free, and that violation of spiritual laws brings penalties upon the offenders. Yes, we in America have much to consider as we find ourselves living in a changing world. First, we must show the rest of the world that Democracy can solve its problems, and second, the United States should lend moral courage to the oppressed peoples of the world.

#### AMERICAN YOUTH AND DEMOCRACY

Doris Metzbower

In Convocation Dr. Foster Dowell made the statement that America; that is, the United States, is the only democracy left in the world. When you think about it, you realize that this (Continued on Page 25)



# Christmas Decorations

JOHN CHILCOAT

IT WON'T be long before we begin to think about decorating our homes for the Yuletide season. For some it will mean moans and groans, but I am sure, that, for the majority of us, it will be an experience that we shall look forward to with pleasure.

Most families, especially the younger members, look forward to the Christmas tree to supply the atmosphere and to set the stage for the joyous holidays. Before buying the tree or venturing to hunt for one, as the country folks have to do, one should always know where the tree is to be placed in relation to the furniture and



## Holly for the Holidays

(Reprinted from "Towson Nurseries")

FROM THE time when Christmas was first celebrated it has been the custom to use decorations symbolic of this holiday season. In fact, decoration has grown to be an important phase of the holiday observance, and each year has witnessed countless efforts to add new styles.

Nevertheless, certain symbols of the holiday season have been handed down from generation to generation, and notwithstanding the introduction of new ideas and changes in styles, the traditional symbols of the season are more widely used than ever before.

The holly, with its cherry red berries, is one of the streasured of all plants associated with Christmas. Legend tells us that the evergreen leaves prove that the sun never deserts this plant—therefore it is favored and sacred; that the Crown of Thoms was made from holly and the berries which were then white, became crimson drops of blood after the Crucifision.

Because the rich, evergreen leaves and brilliant red berries of the American holly make such a conspicuous picture of contrast against its neutral gray bark in the drab winter landscape, it (Continued on Page 22) also the height of the room. Many people just get a tree and attempt to make it fit the situation. The excuse can't always be that there is but one type of evergreen:—namely, the pine. It's true that the pine is usually used but this again depends upon the room and the house. The cedar, which is scarce in this section, is exceptionally adapted to the small home because it is compact in structure, quite clongated, and requires only a small amount of floor space. On the other hand the pine with its few branches can be more artistically decorated and is preferable in the opinion of the majority of people.

The average person has no idea of the difficulties one usually experiences in finding a suitable Christmas tree from among a forest of them. It's like finding a desirable ear of corn from the entire crop when it seems that every ear has some weakness. So it is with Christmas trees. They are either too tall, too short- or shallow looking in one spot or another; they possess some brown needles, or lack a certain branch on the very side that you had chosen for the front.

After an extremely difficult time of hunting and selecting, one will usually either find a suitable tree or will saw the top from a large tree, and leave the lower portion in the forest to grow again. Just as you are about to proceed homeward, you will remember that you were to get some crow's-foot, holly, or any other type of evergreen suitable for decorating smaller objects throughout the house.

Crow's-foot is a runner plant, sometimes extending for a distance of fifteen or twenty feet along the surface of the ground. The leaves which resemble crows' feet, account for the name. Holly is an evergreen bush possessing both thorns and berries. It is not as common in this section as crow's-foot.

Upon arriving home our next task is to find a stand or some means of support for our stately forest creature! After our tree is in place we begin to talk up the Santa Claus idea to the younger children of the family. We remind them to be extra good if they want any toys or any trimmings on the tree.

Then comes the night before Christmas and half the fun for the older members. With a little artistic skill the trimming is completed and you are proud to remind the children next morning that Old Santa did a good job of trimming the night before.

## The Fitzgerald Contraction

IOHN BAREHAM

IMAGINE YOURSELF traveling through space at the tremendous rate of 161,000 miles per second. You are in a rocket ship and this ship, we will say, is traveling toward the distant nebulae in Andromeda. During the course of your journey, you happen to turn your arm from across the line of motion to a position which is parallel to the line of motion, and instantly your arm contracts to one-half of its original length. That is, your arm when held in the first position was, let us say, 30 inches long. Now, after your arm has moved through 90° to a position which is parallel to the line of motion, it is but 15 inches long. Quite perplexing and fascinating, isn't it? I dare say you are even a bit dubious concerning these statements. Then bring a vardstick and measure the difference in the two lengths. In the first position your arm was thirty inches long, the vard measure verifies this statement. Now, in the second position when your arm is parallel to the line of motion we find that the result is but thirty half inches. You must allow for the fact that an inch division of the scale contracts to half an inch when the vard measure is parallel to the line of motion. Still, you doubt my statement of contraction and as yet I have produced no plausible explanation of this phenomena. But stay a while! Perhaps I can point out the real cause to you.

Fitzgerald in 1893 and Lorentz, independently in 1892, suggested a similar cause to account for this contraction of linear dimension. They reasoned that when a ship moves through the water the pressure of the water on its bow causes it to contract a minute portion of its length. In the same way a motor car moving through air contracts as it is "squeezed" between the retrograde pressure of the wind and the forward pressure of the wheels. Perhaps then the contraction of your arm can be accounted for in much the same manner. In our case the prevailing medium is a hypothetical ether.

Although the actual contraction is not altogether analogous to that of the ship or the motor car, these serve to give a good idea of the forces involved.

You are surprised that the length of your arm is changed merely by pointing it in a different direction. You expect it to remain unchanged. If you consider your arm to be continuous substance extending in space, then there seems to be no valid cause for such a change to occur. But the scientific arm is a swarm of electrical particles rushing about and widely separated from one another. Eddington points out that, "The

marvel is that such a swarm should tend to preserve any definite extension."

These particles, however, maintain a certain average spacing so that the whole volume remains practically unchanged. They exert electrical forces on one another and the volume they fill corresponds to a balance between the forces tending to spread them out and the forces drawing them together. When your arm is set in rapid motion the electrical forces change. A new magnetic force is introduced, since electricity in motion gives rise to a magnetic field. Clearly the original balance is disturbed and the average spacing between the particles must alter until a new balance is found.

There is really nothing mysterious about the Fitzgerald Contraction. You would naturally expect your arm to keep its original length presuming of course that it receives fair treatment and is not subjected to any new stresses. But your arm in rapid motion is subjected to a new magnetic stress, and under this stress the contraction occurs, You must remember that this magnetic stress affects not only the length of your arm but also the width when the arm is held across the line of motion.

Perhaps now you will refute my statement by saying that your arm does not appear to be shorter because you can see that such a change does not occur. Certainly you can trust your eyes. Certainly not, since the retina of your eye is affected in much the same way as your arm was affected. And so on for every proposed test.

## RECIPES FOR CHRISTMAS

FREDERICA BIEDERMANN

### RAISIN COOKIES

1 cup of butter 3 eggs

1½ cups of sugar 1½ cups of finely chopped raisins

hot water), and flour.

1½ cups of ground English walnuts1 teaspoon of baking soda½ cup of hot water

14 cup of hot water 3 cups of flour 1 teaspoon of cinnamon

6 tablespoons strong coffee 1 teaspoon of cinnamon Cream the butter. Add sugar gradually and cream well. Add beaten eggs. Add raisins (slightly dusted with flour), walnuts, coffee, cinnamon, soda (dissolved in

Butter pans well. Put dough on in teaspoonfuls, flatten a little. Bake slowly.



# MUSIC

SYLVIA GELWASSER

HIS HEART made funny little leaps as he slipped noiselessly down the long staircase. They were out for the evening, so they would never know of his venture. The mere thought of England made him feel queer all over. He could almost see the men selling hot chestnuts on the busy street corners. Hot chestnuts—with their sweet, fragrant smell and fuzzy inside covering. Then the fog. He could feel it even here. He could feel it playing softly so silent and mysterious. And how strange Big Ben, looming through the mist, looked on foggy nights. No, he would never forget his old friend Big Ben. If only he could hear its booming voice once more. Then perhaps he would not feel so small and alone.

The radio knob clicked into place. Seemingly as if in answer to his fervent prayer, he heard Big Ben toll the hour. It was calling across the ocean to him, a home-sick little boy. When the last sonorous tone had died away, a voice began to speak with familiar ring and cadence. An English announcer was speaking of Christmas and of the holiday spirit prevailing throughout London. The Yuletide carolers were singing in front of the church. Londoners were thrilling once more to oratorios and to the story of the Nativity. Christmas had come again to England.

Static! A terse "Sorry—air raid." Then the rolling, swelling roar of the ocean muffling all other sound.

He sat stunned. He could not see nor hear. His London, his home—. That was why they would not let him listen to broadcasts from England. He had thought it was because they did not want him to be homesick. Dear London—and he had not known. He remained

### FRUIT COOKIES

1 cup of butter 2 cups of sugar 2½ cups of raisins (cut raisins) 2 eggs Flour enough to make a stiff dough.

2 tablespoons cinuamon 1 teaspoon nutmeg 1 teaspoon cloves 1 teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons of sour milk

Cream butter with sugar and eggs. Add raisins (dusted with flour), cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, baking soda (dissolved in sour milk), and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll and cut dough with small biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderate oven.

dazed for a long time before his dulled senses were penetrated by a familiar melody and words.

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!" Dear God, nothing was lost. His mother had told him of faith. Here were people who still had faith and were singing to proclaim this faith. No, nothing was lost.

## "HERE WE COME A-CAROLING"

JACK WILLIAMSON

After the tree has been trimmed and the presents piled in a tempting heap beneath the sweet-smelling branches, we stand back to admire our work. Christmas has come once again, and the usual last minute rushes to the shops for gifts and goodies has finally ended. The house lights are dim, and atop the glittering tree, the Christmas star winks like a silver eye. Then floating through the airlike soft-falling snowflakes, comes the harmonious sound of music. The carolers have come again,

Carols, however, did not begin as tradition after the first Christmas. The Bible tells us the first carol was sung by the host of angels over the hills of Judea on the eve of Christ's birth. Not till many centuries later did man sing Christmas carols. He did of course sing church hymns but these are of a more reserved and stately nature than are the carols. The word "carol" is derived from the Italian word "Carola," a dance and from "Carolare," to sing. Carols were originally sung to accompany dances which were a common way to express the Christmas spirit. These dances were frowned upon by the church, but they remained an important part of the peasant's Christmas.

When St. Francis placed the first Christmas crib in his church, he helped advance the popularity of the carol. It marked a release from the heavy, strict, Christmas observance. With Christmas came the dramatizations of the Christmas story, later adopted by the Mystery Players. Carols were sung as interludes, but gradually were included in the theme of the play. If the audience approved of the carols, it became the custom for the singers to march off the stage and about the town singing the carols as they went.

By the fifteenth century, caroling was fairly well established. In England it gained its greatest popularity. There it had displaced the ancient pagan custom of wassailing. It had been the custom for revelers to go about the town, offering drinks from the wassail bot in exchange for gifts. A transition from wassailing to caroling was easily accomplished. Many of the wassail songs have been handed down through the centuries to become popular carols. Two in particular are "Deck the Halls," and "Here We Come A-Caroling,"

Caroling of course was not limited to England. Both France and Germany had their singers. One of the most beautiful carols is the French, "Carol of the Birds." When the Christmas tree was introduced into Germany at the time of Luther, it became one of the most popular symbols of Christmas. Of the two most popular carols in Germany, "O Tannenbaum" (O Christmas Tree) is second only to "Silent Night." (By way of interest, the words of "My Maryland" have been set to the tune of "O Tannenbaum.") The story of "Silent Night" is almost legendary, but it bears repeating. When the organ of the St. Nicholas Church at Oberndorf, Bavaria, needed repair and there was no one to fix it, the church organist suggested that a new tune, easily played and sung, be written. The vicar, Joseph Mohr, agreed and that evening wrote the words to "Stille Nacht." Gruber, the organist, immediately wrote the tune, and it was presented at Christmas Mass, to the accompaniment of a guitar.

Christmas caroling has become an important part of our celebration. When I hear the melodious notes coming through the winter's air, I am inclined to agree with Carlvle who said "Music is truly the speech of angels."

### PRESENTING — STATION WBAL

Marguerite Vidali

Walter Lintbicum, WBAL's sports caster, came to the station as a baritone. One day there was a shortage of announcers and Mr. Lintbicum found himself before the microphone. Besides being an announcer, Mr. Lintbicum teaches at his first alma mater, City College.

Bailey Goss, though his manner is suggestive of a canny New Englander, hails from Pennsylvania. His background has proved very helpful in his present role of sports announcer. He was captain of his football team in both high school and college. For three years he traveled all over the country announcing athletic programs. His present avocation is archery. He has made forty bows, Mr. Goss occasionally studies from the encyclopedia.

Galen Tromme began his career as a singer. His singing career included everything from a church choir to Major Bowe's program. He says he enjoys the Reader's Digest. Anyone who talks with him says that he is a brilliant conversationalist.

If you are an early riser, you are familiar with the program "Around the Breakfast Table" and its congenial announcer, Bill Herson. Mr. Herson attributes his humor to the funny papers and fan mail — he can't decide which is funnier. As a side line Mr. Herson composes music. He has just written "Business in Baltimore" which is now being published.

### RADIOS, PLEASE!

JEAN PARENT

"What! No radios?"

"I should think that you'd miss the tremendous advantages of radio newsflashes when current events are so important now!"

"My favorite winter programs include the operas and symphony broadcasts. It's wonderful to be able to hear them without paying the price to see them personally! Don't you ever hear them?"

The dormitory students sincerely hope that in the future we shall be given permission to have radios in our rooms. We earnestly realize the necessity for strict regulation concerning their use, but we are ready to abide by rules for the privilege of using radios during certain hours. We expect the hours seven to ten p. m. to remain quiet, but from five to seven would provide an opportunity for complete relaxation as well as for further educational and cultural development.

It seems unnecessary to miss fine speeches, plays, commentaries, quizzes, and music ranging from Glen Miller to Wagner. It is vital to us, as teachers, to be informed, and we feel that the radio is an effective method. Therefore, can some consideration be given our desires for radios?

### THE GLEE CLUB

RUTH MALESON

Christmas and music — the words fuse to make a complete whole. While it is true that apart, each has its own meaning and independence, together, they are fuller and richer. The spirit of Christmas invades the music; the glory of music gives more meaning to Christmas. Again are sung the delightful carols that

nake one feel good, and generous, and warm, and safe.

The Glee Club this year, as in years past, will do its best towards providing the Christmas season in this college and community with some of the loveliest music it has ever sung. Half of the annual radio program will be devoted to Christmas music. During the Christmas assembly, these songs will be sung: Cantique de Noel, a French carol by Adolphe Adam; Carol of the Dove, an ancient Polish carol, arranged by Harvey Gaul; From Heaven High the Angels Come, a fourteenthcentury carol arranged by Dickinson and Phelps. The first singing of a chorale by Christiansen, Praise to the Lord, a brilliant work in eight parts, will be given this year, It is one of the biggest things the Glee Club has ever attempted, and is the kind of music that can stir one's emotions. The Glee Club's performance will be, we hope, one of the highlights of this Christmas Season.

### ORCHESTRA NEWS

At the testimonial luncheon to Dr. Cook on October 25th, at the Hotel Belvedere, seven members of the orchestra - Sibyl Davis, Maxine Batic, Marie Sabatino, Evelyn Kandel, Sidney Baker and Eugene Webster had the privilege of playing with Sylvia Gelwasser as accompanist.

This ensemble, however, is not a permanent group, having been organized only three weeks before the luncheon and disbanding after the occasion. However, they did repeat their program at the performance of "The Cat and the Canary" given here at the College on November 1st.

Preparations to form a girls' string ensemble have been made. This group will play Christmas carols in the main hall on the day before the Christmas holidays begin, and everyone is invited to come and sing.

AREN'T the sophomores versatile people? Not only can they teach, but they ean also model. On November 12 Hutzler & Co. presented a very charming Fashion Show with thirteen of our "sophs" modeling. Orchids to these people! Professionals could not have done better.

Many hints as to proper dress were received. We learned that:

Dresses are lovely this year with their draped fronts, high neck lines, and square sleeves, which incidentally are not as elaborate as last season.

Light woolens in pastel shades are the thing for every-day wear; crepe in black or darker tones, for more formal occasions.

Two-toned dresses are prominent, too. Phyllis Allen sported a green and brown wool which, by the way, was cleverly made with a zipper down the entire side. Her aqua and brown was also smart. Doris Carr modeled a half-and-half red and black dinner gown.

Sequins are particularly good for holiday wear, as was illustrated by a stunning brown crepe with a sequin top. Did you notice Phyllis Cohen's blue lamé jacket with the flaring peplum? Rhinestones are again gaining favor, as was shown in the studded red chiffon Mary Pue wore.



SHIRLEY HICKS

In the choice of evening clothes, sophistication reigned! For instance, Phyllis Allen's beige dinner gown; Agnes Link's red crepe.

Winter coats are cunning with their leopard or mink Peggy collars. Wasn't Phyllis Cohen's red leopard trimmed coat good-looking? Furs are prevalent, too. Barbara Titus' jacket, hat, and muff were the "last word."

Pompadour hats are very important this winter, as was shown so well by Jane Stottlemyer and Agnes Link, Berets are also featured extensively.

No costume is complete without a full line of jewelry, either gold, silver, rhinestone, or pearl.

The new fashions for men are really good-looking and varied: the imported tweed that Willard Gaver wore, the covert cloth of Morton Kreiger, the wide herringbone Winston of Isaac Schkloven, all illustrated these points.

Top coats are full with military collars, fly fronts, stitched bottoms. Bob Lytle's blue heather shade tweed was "all right."

Dave Hess, in his tux, was the perfect date escorting Jane Stottlemyer, who wore a lovely black velvet, fur trimmed, evening wrap and hood.

"Hutzler Brothers" have given us many good pointers - ones we can't afford to ignore.

## DO YOU KNOW?

- 1. What is the meaning and derivation of the word
- 2. What is the difference between Christmas carols and Christmas hymns?
- 3. Can vou connect Tschaikowsky's Nutcracker Suite with Christmas?
- 4. What carol pictures the spirit of Christmas as an old man?
- 5. What Welsh carol is used to celebrate both Christmas and New Year?
- 6. Connect with their countries of origin these carols: The First Noel, Adeste Fideles, Wassail, Wassail, Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly, O Christmas Tree?
- 7. Name six of the most popular themes for carols?
- 8. What American seasonal song has been adapted into a Christmas sleighing song?
- 9. What Christmas hymn are these words from: "And the sky was bright on that Holv Night, O'er the place where Jesus lav?"
- 10. What German carol has been adopted by our state of Maryland for a state song?

Answers on Page 31

## HOLLY FOR THE HOLIDAYS

(Continued from Page 17) has been ruthlessly torn from the woodland and even threatened with extinction before the seriousness of the situation was realized. Today, holly has protection, but vigilance is necessary, for what may be sincere appreciation by those of us who love it is encouragement to the collectors whose vandalism has wrought its ruin,

Because it is so appreciated, holly has become a treasured specimen of almost every home landscape. Today more than ever before, those who take pride in their gardens use the holly for its beauty the year round and especially so at the Christmas season, for then it is at the height of its beauty.

The holly is not an unusually difficult tree to transplant, and once properly located grows readily. To obtain the best results, however, it is necessary to observe a few simple rules. Select the variety which is best suited to your locality. In this section of the United States, the American Holly (Ilex opaca) is best adapted. Nurserygrown holly trees are well-rooted and carefully pruned. When planted either as specimens, in groups, or arranged with such other ericaceous plants as rhododendrons, azaleas, laurel, and andromedas, they will thrive as in their woodland home, for they are woods plants which like an acid soil.

One of the points of interest pertaining to holly is that some trees have berries while others do not. The reason is that the holly has the staminate and pistillate characteristics of certain other plants and unless the two types are planted in relatively close proximity, where they may be pollinated by the bees or the winds, the fruit of the pistillate variety does not ripen.

Here at Towson Nurscries, the berry-bearing trees are carefully labeled. Nevertheless, we recommend that holly trees be planted in groups containing both the staminate and pistillate types, as this is the only certain way of securing proper pollination.

Add a few holly trees to your garden this Christmas. They are available in any size from specimens of only several feet to large trees of great beauty. Your family will appreciate the tradition for which they stand, which is emphasized by the glossy, rich, green leaves and showy red berries, so beautiful each Christmas season.

## "YOU'D BETTER HOLD ON TO HERBERT, DEARIE"

PAT HERNDON As she stepped upon the trolley Feeling very far from jolly,

She espied a handsome redhead sitting there. Tho his nose was slightly longish,

Still his chin was awfully strongish, And so red became her favorite color bair!

Then, she saw a blue eye shining;

In her heart there came a pining. Of a man with eves like that, she could be fond!

Yes, his hair was really lightish,

And his azure eyes so brightish That her favorite type of man became a blonde!

Then, about a minute later,

All at once, she sat up straighter-

For she saw above the crowd a tall brunette:

And his eyes were black and cheerish

And his smile so wide and dearish That she understood why Scarlet went for Rhett!

When she reached her destination,

She was filled with great elation,

'Twas an ancient Proverb caused her to be jolly:

"Tho the others may be tallish,

Tho the one vou've got is smallish,

He's in your hands, and worth three on the trolley!"

# COLLEGE NEWS



### COMING EVENTS

December 9—Assembly: Mr. Crook, "Naturalist in the Rockies."

December 13—The Mummers' Play, Spring Dance, by Philip Barry

Deadline for the January Tower Light December 20—Museum of Art

Opening: Lithographs by Mervin Jules (through December 29)

Christmas Holiday Begins — 3:00

December 22—Lyric

January

Bronislaw Hubermann, Concert Violinist

January 3—Museum of Art

Opening: One-Man Shows, Stefan Mlawa and Max Schellinger (through January 26)

Opening: The City in Graphic Arts (through January 12)

Opening: Prints, Graphic, Contrasts 6—Regular Schedule of Classes Begins

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Friday, October 25—The Maryland State Teachers' Association met in Baltimore. Alumni of the college found this an opportune time for returning to the college. Students ventured inquiring antennae into the meetings of the State Teachers' Association.

Thursday, October 31—From Hawaii, the Congo, the Indian Reservations, the South Wing and other remote places came the guests of the domitory Hallowe'en dinner. "Nobody" knew where the Midnight Guests came from, in spite of the fact that they left their marks of corn, powder, jam, and shoe polish.

Friday, November 1—For the benefit of the Te-Pa-Chi Club, the Ellicott City Hilltop Players presented The Cat and the Canary in the college auditorium.

Saturday, November 2—The dormitory social committee sponsored the Hallowe'en dance held in the "barracks." The broomstick dance, the shoe dance, the girls' cutting and the cider and doughnuts are not to be forgotten. There were a number of men imported for the evening.

Tuesday, November 5—The college missed a number of out-of-town students and teachers who responded to the call to vote.

Saturday and Sunday, November 9 and 10—The Freshmen Mothers visited their sons and daughters at the college. They were given an opportunity to confer with the teachers concerning the progress of their children here. Entertainment was provided by a violin solo, the Glee Club, the Girls' Chorus, Freshman 6, and the Physical Education Department.

Tuesday, November 12—The Sophomore Class gave a Fashion Show in the auditorium. Afternoon and evening clothes for men and women were modeled and commented upon.

Thursday, November 14—The first school term closed. Friday, November 15—Dormitory Dance.

## FRESHMEN MOTHERS' WEEK-END

SUE BAKER

On a Saturday morning not many weeks ago, dust flew in certain dormitory rooms and girls scurried upstairs and down with armfuls of belongings. The cause of this sudden industry? Freshmen Mothers' Week-End, of course. For weeks the freshmen, filled with details from upperclassmen of the good times which they had enjoyed, had looked forward to this particular week-end.

After lunch that Saturday mothers began arriving and were welcomed eagerly! Suiteases were quickly unpacked and with but a few seconds for last-minute primping, all were caught up in a quick succession of events.

A tea, lasting from two until four o'clock, where members of the faculty met and talked with the mothers was first on the program. This was followed by a group picture taken outside of the main entrance to Newell Hall. The mothers then returned to Richmond Hall Parlor to participate in a discussion conducted by Dr. Wiedefeld.



At six o'clock candlelight dinner, with a faculty host or hostess at each table, was served in grand style by student waitresses. Following dinner there was entertainment (including piano and violin solos, games, folk dancing, and singing by the Glee Club and Freshmen Girls' Chorus) in the foyer. This concluded scheduled activities for the day and mothers and daughters entertained themselves for the remainder of the evening.

Sunday morning found everyone refreshed and ready for church attendance. Fathers as well as mothers were invited to Sunday dinner.

The farewells on Sunday afternoon were postponed until the last possible moment. Most of our freshmen were happier than at any time since entering college.

### THE MARSHALS

### VIRGINIA ROOP

The Marshals, one of the least familiar organizations in the school, is one of the most active. When things run smoothly the person or persons responsible for this are not noticed. This is the keynote of the work done by the Marshals. They are in turn ushers, policemen, advisers always ready to help anyone in doubt. Have you noticed how quickly the assembly is filled? That the music books are ready for use and put away without confusion? These routine matters are carried on quietly and efficiently by the Marshals. Of every Marshal is required responsibility, initiative, cooperation, reliability, promptness, sincerity.

"The Cat and the Canary," the play sponsored by the Te Pa Chi Club, was just one more instance in which the Marshals were ready to serve. Whenever a large group of people are congregated in a strange place a certain amount of guidance is needed to prevent confusion. The Marshals met the people, helped them find their seats, passed out programs, attended to the lighting, and answered any pertinent questions.

The above gives you some idea as to just what the Marshals are responsible for. If there are any further questions, ask a Marshal — he will tell you.

### ASSEMBLIES

ALICE CARR

Lynn B. Poole — The Arts and the World Crisis, October 28.

Mr. Poole, Director of the Walters Art Gallery, presented a long-range view of the effect of the present world crisis on art. This question is of importance because all the arts are based on man's emotions, his works, his beliefs, and his dreams. Since this is true, the greatest periods in art were born in times of upheaval. social unrest, or religious change. He cited as an example the effect of the French Revolution on art. In our own time, totalitarianism (leaving America the last stronghold for freedom in the arts) has destroyed the new art and individual creativeness. Therefore, what we are doing now and what we will do after the war is over will be of utmost importance. Each one of us, as a future teacher and citizen of a democratic country. has the opportunity to arouse interest in the arts and set up standards of appreciation. No longer should Europe be our model; the spirit and beauty of America should be expressed in art, in music, and in literature.

Dr. Stienmeyer — Living in a Changing World, November 4.

Dr. Stienmeyer, of the political science department of the University of Maryland, delivered a thought-provoking message. Now is the time to dream about changing the world, and this is America's responsibility and privilege. The experiences of the European must form the basis for our action. Primarily, we must recognize the value of a strong belief in something, a high morale. France, Norway, and many of the other conquered nations lacked this strong feeling. In totalitarian countries, a blind belief has been built up by means of speeches, music, uniforms, and gestures. Of course, we agree with neither the objectives of those countries nor the means they have used to achieve them. However, unless our belief in democracy and self-discipline are as strong as their belief in dicta- (Continued on Page 27)

## EDITORIALS

Continued from Page 16) is not only an impressive t, it is an alarming one. France and England, the her large democracies, can no longer be considered as ch.

France is now a mere sham of a country. Half of it is the power of the Nazi regime, and the other half struggling valiantly, but rather hopelessly, for istence.

I need not mention the condition in which England ids herself today. Her peril is a constant worry to ose of us in the United States whose sympathy is ith her. There is good cause for this anxiety, for Engnd is shedding her life blood, and each day her danger ows.

If Hitler conquers this valorous and admirable peoe, what will be the effect upon us? We all shudder think of the prospect, for we hold our principles of emocracy too dear to let them slip easily through our peers.

But why is it that we are still democratic in the truest nse of the word? I feel that it is because the youth of merica, through each successive generation, has been inded, and has cherished, the traditions of the first eat fathers of this country. Anything which has been easured for so many generations is not likely to be ability cast aside.

The youth of today are, however, far more critical idemocracy than the youth of any other era have used to be. We should be grateful for this criticism, or democracy is not a principle which has been set own in a book for all to read, and, perhaps, memorize, is not an unyielding, unchangeable doctrine. Deocracy is a way of life — a living, breathing thing in e same way that a fire is, and like a flame it must be ourished or it will perish. Just as wind fans a fire so the stiff breeze of criticism will keep alive the spark f democracy, and the flickering flame will grow and oread. Youth must appoint itself the guardian of the re, and must keep it glowing brightly.

But what of the youth whose loyalty has swerved to aziism, Communism, or some other cause, alien to the purpose of democracy? Perhaps 1 am wrong, but believe that they become supporters of those foreign auses for an inescapable reason. I think that most peole will agree that a great majority of these unfortunate ouths belong to the army of unemployed, who, being alle, have become easy prey for the silver-tongued adocates of the "isms." But I honestly believe that these oung people have been led blindly and unwillingly

into the fold of these wolves in sheeps' clothing. They need a shock, such as a war or other major crisis to awaken them to the fact their country is the finest in the world. In the event of such a crisis I am sure that these youths would once again return to the cause they have temporarily deserted — the cause of democracy.

This is what I feel that American youth think of democracy. I sincerely hope and believe that the youth of today are willing and eager to carry the torch of democracy onwards and upwards to a higher level than it has ever reached before; that they are willing and eager to defend this most precious possession against any aggressor, and that they are placing their faith, as the people of America have for generation after generation, in the will of God.

### IT'S A NICE IDEA

GORDON FORRER SHULES

In 1936 Dale Carnegie published his book How to Win Friends and Influence People. It caused quite a stir among the "best-seller" readers of the country and was roundly criticized as a handbook of insincerity. For a man, and a Ph.D. at that, to commercialize human relations to such an extent was unbelievable. After a period of time the protest rose as did the royalties and it began to look as if people were "protesting too much."

We have had occasion to come in contact with persons in and out of our immediate environment who, after the first copy had rolled from the presses, were ready to fight at the drop of a Carnegie. We had a hard time understanding this so we investigated the contents of a popular edition (39 cents at all drug stores). We read the book in fact, we read the book twice and marveled that one can make money by expounding the things that every politician knows. Dr. Carnegie hadn't even been subtle. He called a spade a spade. We have recently realized that Dr. Carnegie wasn't proposing anything new. He was merely bringing to light an American custom which preceded the time the Dutch got Manhattan Island - that of telling the Indians how stunning they would look in necklaces. We noticed that the critics were strongly against "unethical" methods of furthering social relationships. They vehemently declared themselves in favor of straightforward facts without diplomatic embellishments. So we tried straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. (Ah woe, ah woe!) And then we looked again and this time at the critics. It was another case of the "mote in the eve." How human they were . . . supporting in fact that which they denounced in theory. And that

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By Edgar A. Guest

I sing this glorious land of ours, lts motor cars and shows, lts little gardens, gay with flowers, Its phones and radios Here your ambitious boy may be Our President if he's able. But what spells U.S.A. to me Is "meat upon the table!"

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## EDITORIALS

wasn't all. They were actively engaged in teachin children the intricacies of diplomacy. Little Fritz wa taught to smile cherubically and tell his teacher wha a nice time he had had at the Christmas party whe really he had been bored to the nails. (The idea of tha man, Carnegie!) And how the teachers loved it whe Mary in her simple, frank, unsophisticated way (of yeah?) said that she liked them. (And to think the Dr. Carnegie would suggest that we compliment people to gain their friendship!)

Hypocrisy in our country may develop along with the socialization of the individual. We pass no judg ment as to its being good or bad, but observation show its effectiveness in dealing with others. And sorrow fully enough it isn't confined just to speaking. Criticiz democracy cleverly and no one realizes it is criticism bare your opinions and you become something very terrible like the big bad wolf or a communist. Put you criticism conventionally and your goose is cooked adroitly place it between the lines and people think you are very clever.

All of us have a bit of the artist in us. Combine this with euphuistic "tact" and you have a politician. And a politician is undoubtedly a very influential man (Q. E. D.) Tact, as we have shown, is indispensable in our relationships with others and therefore we can only partly understand the criticisms of How to Win Friends and Influence People. (Certainly a most legitimate objective.) We arbitrarily divide hypocrisy into two classes, that which is unconscious and that which is conscious. We cannot get away from the former of away with the latter.

We thank Dr. Carnegie for his instructive book but we remain a hopeless iconoclast. We should like to re form the situation and we feel that the reform should take place at the source, the home and the school. We, like Mr. Willkie, concede that it is hopeless, but at any rate, it's a nice idea.

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## COLLEGE NEWS

Continued from Page 24) torship and externally imosed discipline, we shall not remain free. "A people are ee only as long as they deserve to be free" was his final arning and challenge.

Jovember 11, 1940

In a year when Armistice Day should mean more nan ever to the peace-loving American population, tate Teachers College observed the occasion with an npressive Armistice Day program, As an audience of udents and faculty, we heard expressed through the nedia of poetry and prose, the ever-present desire for eace. A very suitable passage from the Bible was read t the beginning of the program. At eleven o'clock we ad a minute of silent meditation. Then the program ontinued with several selections of poetry and prose nterpreted for us by some of our students. The readings ollowed one another with no interruptions and were cry well done. Surely everyone was touched with a eeling of sorrow and regret for the last conflict in which we were engaged and felt a fervent wish that the resent terrible wars will not involve our country.

"I got a hundred in school this morning." "That's fine, dear," said the mother joyfully. "What

vas it in?"

"Fifty in readin' and fifty in spellin'."

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### I WAS WRONG

Nolan Chipman

All the men had a meeting. The Varsity Club made a proposal: "Let's inaugurate intramural sports." The Men's Club voted its support. I was glad, I was doubt ful. I stood and said as much. I predicted ten men or the field the first week.

The first week arrived, Forty men played soccer. The second week arrived. Forty men played soccer, I was wrong - shamefully and unequivocally. I was glad, And I am proud, proud and delighted that the men of State Teachers College have finally shown themselves to be virile enough to stay after three o'clock to go out on the athletic field and work up a genuine sweat, not polluted by the ink of a credit on a report card.

Since sports have never been given their legitimate status in the college, it is especially heartening to see students start such a program and then support it enthusiastically. If, after such a successful beginning, the men students allow the intramural program to be poisoned and killed by the prevailing lust to outcram one's neighbors at any cost, the men don't deserve athleticsany athletics. In such a case a schedule of hop scotch in the Glen, and on rainv days, rhythms in the fover would be quite appropriate.

> GOLF IOHN HORST

IT ALL began many years ago in Holland and Belgium. Golf as played then was a far cry from the brand played today. The Dutch enjoyed their golf on ice but they found that it was quite a hindrance to sink the ball in a hole in the ice. It was usually the custom to wait until the spring thaw to regain the lost balls.

Now you and I know that such a procedure would be impossible in Scotland. When the game attained favor in Scotland, the Scots took to the land. Their love for the game was not exceeded by their love for the golf ball. It was not unusual to see a canny Scot scouring the rough scrub for his ball and spending more time there than playing the game. The clubs used were rough and poorly balanced but Angus McDuff didn't mind. He just loved to spend his spare time whacking the ball over hill and heather.

In 1603, with the reign of King James the First, golf was introduced to England. Only the wealthy lords f the court enjoyed the game, however. Two hundred ears later the game began to catch on. You know these inglish. The game spread. Canada, India, and other Brith possessions adopted it in the nineteenth century. In 894 the United States Golf Association was organized. about four clubs belonged to this body. Today nearly very city has at least one golf club belonging to the J. S. G. A.

So you'd like to know why golf is golf. I'll tell you. The Scotch word for blow or strike was gouf. Since old Angus did manage to gouf the ball every third time he wung at it, he called the game gouf. Simple, isn't it? The present-day word is an extraction from the old Scotch. After hearing some of the American folk expressions often used on the golf course after dubbing shot, you, dear reader, will understand why golf is the accepted word.

All kinds of people play golf. This is because even the dub can find some good in the game. The golf expert makes his round of golf a skillful contest. He makes use of winds, clubs, English and other twists that make the ball behave beautifully. The dub uses sheer will power and grit. He whacks the ball and prays. At least he is getting fine exercise and probably a stiff neck looking for lost balls. The rich play golf on private club links. The poor man plays on the public links, of which there are many. But rich or poor, expert or dub plays and enjoys golf.

## ALUMNI NOTES

On Saturday, October twenty-sixth, some of the members of the class of 1925 met for breakfast at the Oriole Cafeteria on North Avenue. Those who attended were Hope Greenwell, Mary Moss, Nellie Jones, Martha Seaman, Anna Trail, Lenna Baker Burgess, Lionel Burgess, Helen Ehlers, Ciril McAllister, Harold McCann, Bessie Arterburn Rich, and Ruth Freck Plant, Mr. and Mrs. Burgess were accompanied by their two sons and Mrs. Plant brought her little boy. Miss Scarborough had accepted an invitation to join the class of 1936 but ate her breakfast in courses so that she could visit with everyone. In the exchange of news Harold McCann proudly announced that he has recently acquired a son.

### ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY UNIT OF S. T. C. COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Anne Arundel County Unit of the State Teachers College Alumni Association met in Annapolis on October 21st, 1940. The president, Hammond Cantwell, presided.

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The president appointed a committee of three, Mrs Andrew, Mrs. Morton, and Mr. Evans, to take care of the group's annual contribution to the State Teacher. College.

The new members, recent graduates of State Teach ers College, were introduced by the president. Miss Grace Carroll, State President of the Alumni Associa tion, was also introduced.

Miss Scarborough extended greetings to the group. Dr. Wiedefeld spoke of the 75th anniversary of State Teachers College. The activities begin on January 19th with a Founders' Day celebration. There will be varied activities through Commencement Week. Dr. Wiede feld also spoke of means of raising money to finance the program.

The speaker of the evening, Lieutenant Boundy, a native Alaskan, gave a very worthwhile talk on the natural beauty and the economic and social condition of Alaska.

After adjournment refreshments were served, -Elizabeth Nutwell Catterton.

## KAPPA DELTA PI NEWS

In keeping with the theme, "Know Baltimore," Richard Carl Medford, recently appointed Director of the Peale Museum, was guest speaker at a luncheon given by the Epsilon Alpha chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, national honor society in education, in the ballroom of the Stafford Hotel at 1 p. m. on Saturday. October 26th. Because the group which he addressed is composed chiefly of teachers and school administrators, Mr. Medford planned to discuss the historical and educational facilities offered to students and research workers by the Peale Museum.

The Epsilon Alpha chapter of Kappa Delta Pi was established at the State Teachers College at Towson, Maryland, February 17th, 1940. The purpose of the organization is to encourage high intellectual and scholastic standards and to recognize outstanding contributions to education. The officers of the local group are: Mrs. R. P. Harriss, president; Marion Cunningham, vice-president; Frances L. Jones, secretary; Malcolm Davies, treasurer; Harold E. Moser, counselor; Charles A. Haslup, historian-recorder.

## "FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE"

EVELYN A. FIEDLER

Dr. Thomas G. Pullen, Assistant Superintendent of Education in Marvland, and Dr. Harry Vance Holloway, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Delaware,

erc initiated as honorary members of Epsilon Alpha hapter, Kappa Delta Pi, on November 16th, 1940. A apter of this national honor society in education may minate to honorary membership each year two perins of outstanding service in the field of education. t the suggestion of Dr. William C. Bagley, Dr. Pullen id Dr. Holloway were nominated by the local chapter. In addition to these first honorary members of Epsiin Alpha Chapter, there was present at the Saturday ternoon meeting in Richmond Hall Parlor another uest, who has had long experience in the work of the ociety. Miss Anna D. Halberg, of Wilson Teachers college, Washington, D. C., conveyed the greetings f the Wilson chapter to the chapter at Towson, Her eport of the activities of Delta Lambda chapter should rove helpful to the local chapter, still in its first year. The meeting on November 16th was the third of the eason. The next will be held in conjunction with the 'ounders' Day celebration on January 19th. This is particularly appropriate since the very formation of the Cappa Delta Pi is an important addition to an already ich heritage of the college, developed in three-quarters of a century.

### ANSWERS

 The term carol was used to name the medieval circle dances which were danced by the nobility on festival days. The two principal derivatives of the word are:

Charos (Greek): meaning dancing and singing Kyrriole (Anglo-Saxon): meaning Lord.

2. There is only a slight distinction between Carol and Christmas Hymn:

Hymn: a religious poem of lyrical character, usually songs of praise, formally composed.

Carols: more secular songs about Christmas derived from old folk tunes, usually festive and playful.

- The story behind it is of a little girl who dreamed that her Christmas toys and dolls had come to life.
- 4. "Father Christmas."
- 5. "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly!"
- French, Latin, English, Welsh, German.
   (Lullabies and cradle songs) to the Christ Child
  - Songs of the shepherds

Songs of the angels

Songs about the glory of the night

Songs to the Virgin

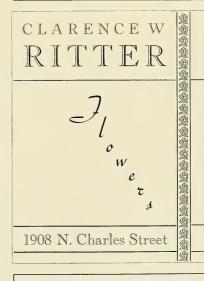
Songs about the Magi or the Three Wise Men.

8. "Jingle Bells."

- 9. "The Birthday of a King," W. H. Neidlinger.
- 10. "O Tannebaum" or "The Christmas Tree."

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LEROY Y. HAILE

## HUMOR

"Any girl can be gay

In a classy coupe;

In a taxi they all can be jolly. But the girl worthwhile

Is the girl who can smile

When you're taking her home in a trolley."

Methinks George H. has a bad cold. He brings Quinan to every dance.

Editor: This line is devoted to Philip.

Reader: To Philip who?

Editor: To Philip Space.

Brother (rushing into room): Sister has fell out the window.

Mother (an "ex"-teacher): Don't say "fell," say "fallen."

Teacher: Susie, what do people do to bring water into dry lands so that gardens will grow?

Susie: They irritate the land.

Dentist: You say you've never had a tooth filled, yet I find flakes of metal on my drill.

Miserable Plebe: That was my collar button,

## SO WHAT

SINCE IT is the policy of this column to please the majority of the students of the college, we feel that the letter of protest in last month's TOWER LIGHT was fully justifiable and action has been taken on the matter.

After hearing of Mr. Phelps' daring ride on the night of November 14th, we might suggest that he stick to parking instead of driving.

Better Late Than Never

Why did the president of the Student Council turn out the light by her chair at the Scnior Benefit Dance?

One of the fifth-grade children at Stoneleigh went home and told his father that his student teachers were father and son. Now we can call them "Pop Stotty" and "Junior Shock." How about it. "Ma Coulson"?

A new twist to an old affair has taken place. Someone, guess who, has induced Sam Clopper to take up dancing. The Dorm Dance was his first public appearance.

Prof.:This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three seats apart and in alternate tows.

During the filming of "Napoleon," someone remarked to Ricardo Cortez that the movie ought to have a happy ending.

"They're giving it one," Ric retorted, "they're letting Napoleon win the Battle of Waterloo."

\* \* \*

Maggie, tell Mrs. Brown I am not at home. Robert has just told me a deliberate falsehood about the pic and I must punish him severely.

Absorbed motorist after running over man: Gee whiz! What a chicken!

Mother: Bobby, did you do anything besides eat at the Sunday School picnic?

Bobby: Oh, yes. We sang a song called "We Can Sing. Full Though We Be."

It was revealed to be the hymn "Weak and Sinful Though We Be."

"Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"
"Oh, some fresh-air fiend, I suppose."

A couple of freshmen in Mr. Crook's class were admiring an aquarium which they had just completed. One asked the other if she thought that it was balanced. The second, a bit dubious, replied, "It may be balanced but I think there are more plants on one side than on the other."

Does Mary Swartz think that he is the Q. D.est thing she ever saw?

Warren Ely Culbertson is the latest to fall prey to a woman. We understand her first name is Evelyn.

What's this? Some of the dorm girls reversed the procedure by giving a leap year party!

In closing may I quote last month's writer, who undoubtedly was quoting some other person:

Knockers never work, Workers never knock.

Until next month, so long and - So What!







Cower Light

January • 1941

# "SMOKING THE WAY I DO, I SURE APPRECIATE THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS,"

\_\_\_says Bob Fausel, ace Curtiss test pilot



A PLANE that's never been off the ground beenemer been put to the test of acrual flight. What will happen in that first power-dive? That's the test pilot's job...Bob Fausel's job... to find out. It takes more than sheer nerve—it takes extra nerve...extra skill and endurance. Bob Fausel bas those extras s... gets the extras in its smoking, too... with Camels, He says: "That extra flavor in a Camel always hits the spot."



TRYING to tear a plane apart in mid-air is only part of test pilot Bob Fausel's job. There are long hours of engineering conferences... long hours of smoking. "That's where Camel's extra mildness and extra coolness are so important," explains Bob (tenter, above). "Camels are more than mild—they're extra mild—easy on my throat."

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## OWER LIGH

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NUMBER 4

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## MY HOPE FOR 1941 . .

PATRICIA HERNDON

with an open heart and a willing mind. Let me laugh with honest laughter; let me look at life through eyes that see the best and not the worst, but are not blind to need.

Let me not turn aside when help is asked, nor close my mind to poverty and want. Let me sympathize where scorn is what the multitude is showing; instead of ridiculing, let me respect; instead of hating, let me honor—and mine will be the happiest life as well as the happiest New Year!

1941

# A Thought For Tomorrow

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WORKING UNDER AN HONOR SYSTEM AND WORKING IN A SYSTEM WHERE THE INDIVIDUAL IS **ON HIS HONOR.** THESE SYSTEMS REQUIRE DIFFERENT TYPES OF HONOR RESPONSES. THESE
HONOR RESPONSES WEAVE DIFFERENT TYPES
OF HONOR PATTERNS AND DIFFERENT TYPES OF
HONEST INDIVIDUAL RESULTS. WHICH SYSTEM
SHOULD PREVAIL IN A TEACHERS' COLLEGE?

## **Our Founders**

"As Is The Teacher, So Is The School"

M. CLARICE BERSCH

F THE ORIGINAL thirteen States Maryland was the seventh, in point of time, to engage in the "enterprise" of training teachers. Previous to 86+ its policy in support of education for any purpose as to grant some form of "aid" to existing institutions. his policy was vigorously and successfully opposed in he Constitutional Convention of 1864 by such friends f a State system as Henry Stockbridge, William Danel, and Joseph M. Cushing of Baltimore City and ames L. Ridgely of Baltimore County. The Constituional revisions of that year authorized the appointment f a State Superintendent of Public Instruction who hould immediately draw up a plan for a uniform sysem of free public schools and submit it to a special ession of the General Assembly to be called for its onsideration, Accordingly, Governor A. W. Bradford ppointed Reverend Libertus Van Bokkelen State Superintendent on November 12, 1865, Mr. Van Bokkeen, a rector, also director of a private school in Catonsille since 1845, proceeded at once to acquire such inormation as could be had concerning educational conlitions in the counties of the State, in her sister States, nd from visits to Normal Schools in the North Atlantic States. He submitted his plans on December 30, 1865, providing enthusiastically for a system of public educaion "beginning with the Primary School and progressng through a Normal School," which was more elaborate than that devised by any other State in the Union. Mr. Van Bokkelen in submitting his plan enclosed he plan "of operations" as submitted by Professor M. 1. Newell for the new Normal School to be created. Said Mr. Van Bokkelen: "I ask attention to Professor Newell's report . . . because it convevs to our minds a clear idea of what a Normal School is designed to accomplish, and the important relation it bears to a thorough system of Public Instruction. The importance cannot be exaggerated. Without such an institution, liberally sustained and efficiently conducted, no State can establish and maintain Public Schools which will be of any real advantage to the community. The subject

may add, the teacher is what his training makes him."
Professor Newell's report, made after visiting several
Normal Schools, states: "It is now about forty years
since some bold thinkers in the Eastern States began to

no longer needs argument. It is a maxim universally received that 'as is the teacher, so is the school'; and we preach a new and startling doctrine respecting Education: that a person requires special training to make him
a good teacher, just as a man needs special training in
order to become a good lawyer, a good physician, or a
good mechanic. This truth, so obvious and so important, met with such a reception as the world generally
accords to great and simple truths, when first presented.
Some derided it as a truism, some branded it as false;
many accepted it in theory and rejected it in practice.
Fourteen years afterwards, in the year 1839, the State
of Massachusetts, urged by one of her private citizens
who offered to defray half the expense, set on foot, as
an experiment, three schools for the training of teachers. These were the pioneer Normal Schools of the
United States.

"The Normal School, in its highest development, embraces three leading features: first, an academical department where the students have the opportunity of reviewing the elementary studies, as well as of pursuing an advanced course; second, a professional school, where they learn theoretically how to organize, classify, teach, and govern a school; third, the model school, and school of practice, where they see the various operations of a school conducted after the best methods, and begin themselves to teach and govern under the direction of competent instructors. Some institutions give greater prominence to one, and some to another of these departments, but all agree that the co-existence and cooperation of the three are necessary to a Normal School in its highest state of efficiency."

Mr. Van Bokkelen, in support of his plans for "our Temples of Science" (school buildings!) "ventures to appropriate an editorial from the Baltimore Sun, which, since the uniform system of Public Instruction was announced, has been earnest in advocating General Education on the most liberal basis." The editor states: "There is more to be effected than convenient buildings to the comfort and health of pupils - the tastes and habits of children are to be formed, their ideas of the beautiful, their whole moral natures are to be influenced in the school room - and all these are colored by external objects. If the boy looks for years upon ill-shaped apartments and gloomy walls, upon the externals and the interior of a school room from which harmony of proportion, of brightness, of coloring and variety of outline have been banished, his character will proportionately become impervious to the amenities which the constant presence of the beautiful imparts to all, even those apparently insensible to its effects. We would have the walls of the interior, not bare as they now are, but cheerful with maps, engravings, and drawings; even the bright landscapes which the paper-hanger can, for a few dollars, put upon the walls, all afford food for thought, subjects of study, means of moral and mental improvements to be taken in through the silent urchins' restless eyes, and to be impressed upon their quick beating hearts. Flowers and trees, too, ought to be properly distributed about the buildings, with a view to shade

and ornament . . . Men do not think of these things ; they ought; but as a part of our improvement in eduction, we expect women to be extensively employed i our primary schools . . . Allow our teachers, in the a rangements of their schools, to avail of all the accesso ics we have hinted at, and the next generation witness a refinement of taste and manners, and in provement in morals, an elevation of thought and feelin in the everyday life of society, the absence of which i the American character is so painfully noticeable t strangers."—Extracts from Historical Reports.

## **Meet The Governor!**

An Interview by the Editors

IN AN EON or two from now when some one examines the archives of the Tower Light office for historical data they will find a communication from a certain Herbert R. O'Conor. The letter will say that His Excellency (he was Governor then, you know) would be delighted to see two members of the staff on December 3, 1940 A.D. If the Tower Light has achieved greater things by then they will probably scoff; if it hasn't perhaps they will think of their predecessors as pioneers. But, whatever posterity decides, the two writers of this article will remember a certain Wednesday afternoon when they waited to be ushered into the presence of "the Chief Executive of Maryland." There were other persons waiting to see the Governor. A first surmise was that they were some variety of politicians. Mr. O'Conor later verified the hypothesis.

Being in daily contact with hundreds of individuals involved in various occupations and professions. the Chief Executive left not the slightest doubt in our minds that he placed education as the point from which all activities should radiate if any degree of success or efficiency is expected. Mr. O'Conor's attitude toward the educational agencies of the State is far from passive. He is anxiously awaiting the publication of the results of the State survey. This information he says will prove very valuable as a basis for determining the advisability of adding a grade to the regular seven years of elementary school, the adequacy of the teacher training institutions, and the growing need for expansion of present facilities. Focusing his conversation on our needs the Governor was especially

reassuring concerning the proposed gymnasium at Tow son. He seemed to feel that our hopes of the past fev years will materialize with the action of the 1941 legis lature. Governor O'Conor believes the citizens of the State are doubly aware of the necessity for physical fit ness since the recent reports from the Naval Examina tion Board disclosed that 26 out of 27 applicants wer found to be physically unfit, and keenly as he observes he naturally expects colleges such as ours will lead the way to aid in the defense of our nation, through a more extensive health program.

Though the Governor gives due consideration to the educational system he is likewise concerned with other pressing affairs of state. His time is not his own but to all visitors there is a cordial, yet sincere welcome Upon leaving the office of the Chief Executive of Mary land, one feels that he has met a genuine personality truly capable of furthering those policies in which Mary land holds a sacred trust.

### SEA RHAPSODY

Where pounds the sea in fury turbulent; Where calls the wave salt-scented, vaguely stirring; Where scurry pipers swift, intent, oblivious; Where froths the spume and wisp-like floats away; There stands transfixed the wild untrammeled spirit Held still in wonder at his Lord's display.

Ann K. Neumeister, Jr. 7 Sp.

## Another Letter to a Friend

EAR JOHN:

When I promised to look at what some of the conripts for peace had done and write again, I hardly alized the extent of my promise. At times, though, I onder, if it were not for the rut of tradition in which ciety runs, if there would be any need of anyone to ork for peace today - modern war fails so obviously defend, is so obviously unnecessary, futile, insane, id horrible. No longer are mercenaries on the market. o gain support for wars governments must continually are the population with boogy-boo tales of invasion; reach sermon after sermon on the hypothetical enny's wickedness and its own people's righteousness; ad after using every other threat (promise and cajolv), resort to conscription to raise an army. Plainly the

eople want peace.

Yet wars are worse than ever. Nations proclaim their im of final peace and then follow policies that make eace impossible. No wonder you and I and others of ur age sometimes think the world is crazy. Long ago an gave up trying to cure his physical ills by beating n drums, making funny faces, and repeating magic ords. Yet today our political witch doctors try to cure ur social ills by cave-man methods: beating on drums, naking funny faces at a supposed enemy, and blindly epeating, "Britons never will be slaves," "Me und Gott," or "I'm proud to be an American." Man has ome a long way from the savage by using his brain to earn to live with nature. Now it seems he must use his rain to learn to live with himself or else perish. On he belief that reason is more efficacious than magic, an ntelligent program for peace can be divided into three arts: (1) a long-range international plan for research nto ways of identifying and removing the causes of war; 2) an immediate personal plan based on the fact that ach individual is the ultimate operational unit; and 3) a short-range national plan to provide the "moral quivalent" of war, further the long-range plan, and suceed where war has failed - defend from possible inasion. In this letter and my next I'll go over them one w one, John, and relate what I found.

Identifying and eradicating the causes of war is a ard, unending job. It is easy, too easy, to pass the whole hing off with, "it's human nature," "that madman," r by calling all Germans Huns and all Englishmen rypocrites. No, John, that is just more witch-doctoring,

n excuse for not thinking.

A great deal of thinking was done, however, by a reat many men after the suffering of the World War, nd a great many books resulted. We find there is an

amazing agreement on the real causes of modern wars. The real culprits are well known: nationalism, militarism, and imperialism, the psychology behind them, and the outgrowths from them. There are the fifth-columnists in every nation sabotaging our whole civilization. These are the tyrants that are holding us all in bondage.

Let's look at imperialism, alias international banditry. Led by the great god "Profit," a group of men usually organized into a company, first financially, and then physically invade an unarmed and unindustrialized country, butcher half the population, and enslave and exploit the other half. These imperialists then explain the behavior of their own country in terms of uplifting, civilizing, and Christianizing an inferior race. "The press which is owned by rich men, the interests of the investing minority are always identified (doubtlessly in perfectly good faith) with those of the nation as a whole." Just as in armaments manufacture, a few men make a handsome profit and the nation goes in debt. Economists have agreed that for a nation, imperialism doesn't pay. To "protect" our "interests" abroad is one more excuse for an army, one more cause of war. It matters little whether a nation is a hungry or full-bellied wolf. Belgium, France, Germany, and England have all filled many a bloody page in the annals of atrocity, and our own United States has some gruesome chapters of water cure and mass murder in the Philippines. These nations need not fight each other; the common enemy is imperialism.

Just as dangerous an enemy to lasting peace as imperialism and even more subtle is militarism, a fatalistic belief in the inevitability of war either as "human nature" or as a sociological refining process which by some mysterious alchemy rejuvenates the human race; and the contradictory advocacy of preparedness for war as the best guarantee of peace. In every nation a group of professional war-makers shape foreign policy, infect education, and scare religion into line.

This group's argument that war is "human nature" has been repeated so often that some people are taking it for the truth. The militarist assumes at once that he knows exactly what "human nature" is, and that an extremely complex institution like war exactly fits that nature. Quite an assumption! Man could never have inherited this nature from his animal ancestry. Aldous Huxley writes, "Man is unique in organizing mass murder among his own species." The anthropologists at present believe that at a time in man's early history there was no war. It seems to be an institution very similar to dueling about which the Marquis of Queensbury wrote some years ago, "a practice sanctioned by time and precedent which has withstood the raillery of the satirist, the terror of penal laws, and the admonition of the pulpit, nay, the fear of a future state could never be abolished." Well, it has been abolished and so have infanticide, trial by torture, and witch-burning. The militarists ignore the kindness, good-will, and love exhibited predominantly in human associations and without which our business, homes, and schools could never function, without which the culture that distinguishes man from beast could never be continued. They forget the fact that whether war or even personal fighting are "human nature" or not, man has found understanding, tolerance, and law a much more practical means of settling his difficulties than murder. I don't believe that either you or I, John, have been led to cut anybody's head off vet by our "human nature."

The idea that man and his lot on this earth is im proved by destroying his home and goods, stuffing him full of hate and lies, and carefully selecting the bes physical specimens and methodically butchering then—the eugenics of war—is so preposterous that it is used as an excuse for war only on men about to kill and be killed.

The argument that preparedness for war is the bespreparedness for peace is a little harder to answer. Per haps the words of two outstanding advocates of thir policy would help. Mr. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor "There is another advantage to be derived from the army bill: the very strength for which we strive wil show our peaceful disposition . . No man will dar attack us when we have such a powerful machine as we wish to make the German army." English Field Mar shal Lord Roberts, 1909: "I believe, paradoxical as it may sound, that the surest road (Continued on page 27)

## On the Decline of the Non-Extant

HARRY M. LONDON

ONCE SAW a little girl, giggles and all, dressed up in clothes a more mature woman would be wearing. And when I set eyes on her, I bethought myself that here was one of intellect and one with whom I might talk and be replenished. But immediately our conversation opened, the giggles manifested themselves rather obtrusively and the intellectual passed out or never was. I passed her up like a bowl of peelings off the apples I had just eaten.

I once saw a quarto or two of enameled paper with printing on each of the thirty or so pages it made. On the inside cover there was color and on the back cover there was color and, occasionally, there was color in some of the writing within. And when I set eyes on this organical bethought myself that here was one magazine of intellect with whom I might speak and be replenished. But immediately our conversation opened, the giggles and the transparent manifested themselves rather obtrusively and the intellectual, the universal, the powerfully vicarious, passed out or never was. But I have qualms when the matter comes to passing this paper up as I would and did the apple-peelings.

Frankly speaking, I am afraid I am criticising somewhat strongly, this college's monthly magazine, the TOWER LIGHT. Is it right and proper that with the cour-

tesy accorded me in the form of space herein 1 take on the role of the borer-from-within to upset new and son old and obsolete Tower Light traditions? A good many traditions are worthless, and if this be sophomore here sy then, I fear, you must make the most of it. Angain: were I interested in only a specific remedying of a certain Tower Light II. I would not have written this to waste your valuable space, and your valuable time and money; but in place of this, would appear some poems, maybe.

Ah! Here is the point in the first place. There wouldn't be good poetry in place of this article, because the Tower Light hardly ever sees good poetry. My aim then, is to cause some sort of stir among you which may provoke poetry, in its most elevated sense from the poets among us (William Saroyan has said that we are all poets at heart). You know, there was once a time where we considered poetry quite the thing for human literary consumption. Poetry is such a rare outburst of solvent lyrics and equally solvent thoughts that when it is good people actually read it, nay, indulge in it. I do, too What we want, then, is a splendid redefinition of the word: poetry, to supply some momentum to our arguments as to why you, students at State Teachers College should write poetry and more of it.

When a fellow's been talking to a girl for a long while, and then she suddenly stops saying hello and good morning, and so on, and when the fellow was somewhat sensitive in the first place; if he is anywhere near John O'Ren's conception of a "sensitive young man" (or near my conception of a human young man), then he will write poetry; a series of words in the language he has always spoken. These are the experiences he has felt. In a word they are a very part of him; in short, when one writes a poem (even in the structure of prose) he is setting off a portion of himself so that other humans may derive benefit of some sort either from the aesthetics of the verse and thought, or from the vicariousness of the experience.

Now this is no college of pure intellectuals or of pure intellectualism. Energy-hours must, then, be expended in some form or other, and I maintain that one of the forms this expenditure should come back in, is poetry, mailed to the Tower Light, if it is not too delicately personal. This is needed if the Tower Light is to survive as a read, as a fingered journal; if it is not to arise misty-eyed enough to be even without the intellectual, soul-seeking curiosities of a young child, or the giggling girl.

Am I boring from within? No. Even Miss Munn, the paper's managing editor, concurs with me and I could get support from poets if I couldn't get it from enough students here. Poetry, my lad, is the thing!

I have charged you with experiencing experiences. Now set them down for the benefit, not of posterity, but of at least a somewhat prostrate (poetically) student body.

P. S.—People who have already contributed good poetry to the Tower Light needn't have bothered to read this.

## Just Comfortable Today, Folks

ESTHER BLUMSTEIN

AN YOU imagine anything more deserted than a cometery at midnight? If not, try arriving at our Alma Mater at about eight o'clock in the morning; that is, if you can summon up the will-power and not turn over on the other side when the alarm clock rings and mutter, "Aw, let somebody else do it."

The hall is so quiet that a book which has slipped and fallen to the floor sounds like a gun roaring "over there." About a half-hour later signs of life begin to appear. In another twenty-nine minutes the building becomes full of the hustling human element. One certain young lady has even slipped into her seat with that "just made it" sigh. Let's get down to business and spend one day at good old S. T. C.

First 1 find myself examining the epidermis of a simple primary root known to us simple ones as the skin of a carrot. There are pencils to be sharpened, keen observations, drawings to be made (at least they are called drawings), and so the period progresses. Confidentially, I still can't look through the microscope with the left eye and keep the right eye on my paper. I guess my muscles still have not coordinated.

In the next period, anything can be discussed and it usually is. Starting with the fact that being on the gold standard means individual ownership of gold, we come to the theory that malaria caused the downfall of the Roman Empire, You don't believe so? Ask Mr. W.

The next hour, pardon me, not quite an hour, fifty minutes it says on my schedule card, is free. Of course I should dance gaily straight down to the library. Don't tell me there is still someone living who has not heard of budgeting time. Nevertheless, despite the fact that there is much I can work on, I head for a very popular place in the Administration Building where I hear a new phenomenon stands — a coca-cola machine. New York, we are catching up! Put in a nickel, turn a knob to the right, and there before your eyes, a cup of that all-prevalent familiar drink — a "coke" appears.

During the important discussion of whether or not school dances should be formal or informal — of course, "he" wants informal ones (after all, for every dance, a corsage is — well, you know) — the joy-disturber warns us that we are due for the next class. Here goes on oratory by our less fortunate classmates who still have that report to give. I must say that we are all diplomatically attentive while a bushel of statistics and legislative acts are rattled off. Probably I have endured less appealing sessions, but right now, I can't remember where or when. In all fairness the speaker has done her

best to enlighten us. That, dear friends, is another illusion shattered.

There is the bell again. This time a joy bringer as we hurry to our most beloved period of all — lunch time. At a table built for six, all nine of us "talk" over a sandwich and the rest of our nutriment. Today may be Thursday, but why do work tonight when tomorrow is Friday and there stretches a beautiful week-end? I know—don't put off till tomorrow what can be done today. But if Scarlett O'Hara could think about things tomorrow,

we say some school ma'rms can do the same. She did all right for herself. Don't you think so, girls?

Well, it's a great life, so off we rush to end the day in the gymnasium at the proper time and in proper at tire. In our games, we always win, when not playing another college. In about forty minutes, all that is desired is a cold shower and some place where no word is spoken — unusual, huh? In ten minutes we may be on the street car thinking, "Today was regular, maybe something will happen tomorrow."

(The Sun — December 31, 1925)

## Wins First Prize in Essay Contest

MISS ELSIE MARGUERITE MUNKER, a teacher at the Mordecai Gist School, Oakford and Granada avenues, has been awarded first prize, \$75, in a world essay contest conducted by the American School Citizenship League.

The subject of Miss Munker's essay was "Methods of Promoting World Friendship Through Education." Last May, when the article was prepared, Miss Munker was a student at the State Normal School, Towson, and was nineteen years old.

Three other representatives of the State Normal School received awards: Miss Lillian E. Rawlings, Miss Ellen Moffett and T. A. Van Sant, Jr., were given first, second and third honorable mentions, respectively. They were graduated last June from the Towson school. The second prize was won by Stanislav Sule, of a normal school in Czecho-Slovakia, and the third prize was awarded to Miss Dorothy M. Gifford, of the State Normal School. at Hvannis. Mass.

Miss Munker was born in Baltimore and has spent her life here. She is living with her parents at 9 Dolfield avenue. In 1922, when she was graduated from the Western High School, she was awarded a scholarship at the Johns Hopkins University and took a winter and summer course in that institution, specializing in English. At the State Normal School she was a member of the honorary fraternity Chi Alpha Sigma.

"The first part of my essay was devoted to refuting arguments tending to show the necessity for war," Miss Munker said yesterday. "In the latter half I suggested

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ways of advancing the cause of peace that might be helpful if employed in classrooms.

"For instance, in teaching geography, I suggested that the interdependence of countries be emphasized and the help given and received by each country pointed out.

"In studying other countries I would emphasize the things that each has done well instead of leaving the pupil with the impression that all and only good things come from the United States.

"Particularly important is fairness in teaching history. In the sixth grade we teach history of the World War and I have noticed that the instructors' personal prejudices often play a very great part in the teaching. Of course this cannot be entirely eliminated, but in my essay I pointed out that sincere efforts should be made by all teachers to study the case from the side they don't believe in.

"Recently I was teaching the Civil War period and the boys and girls showed the greatest excitement and most of them had preconceived notions which were all in favor of one side or the other. Both were largely wrong. The work of the teacher, according to my essay, is to train the pupils to look always at both sides,

"Another suggestion which I put forward was the giving of plays with characters representing other nations. I also suggested emphasizing the fact that although so many of our best children's stories were written in other countries, they are appreciated just as much by us."

## Reminiscing with an Old Friend of S.T.C.

EMILY BURNS

CLANCING OUT the window at the gray autumn ain, I inquired reminiscently of "The Little Old Lady," Do you remember when the State Normal School was milt?"

"Yes, indeed," came the prim reply and she smiled is she continued. "For the past twenty-five years, except or a few years while I was ill, the boys and girls have bought my cakes, candy, ice cream and coca-cola. You ee, I just came up from Virginia to help my friends and tayed on year after year."

Gleanings from an afternoon's conversation with "The

## Two State Students Win World Prizes

(The Oriole - January, 1925)

ONE STUDENT of the State Normal School at Towson has been awarded first prize and another student third prize in the world essay contest for 1924, conducted by the American School Citizenship League for the Promotion of World Peace, according to a Boston dispatch to The Sun last night.

The prize-winning essay was written and submitted by Miss Elva Katherine Gibson. The prize was offered to students in normal schools and teachers colleges for the best essay on "Methods of Promoting World Friendship Through Education."

Third prize was awarded to Harry Harris Batchelor, also of the State Normal School.

Each of the 48 States in the country and many foreign countries were represented in the contest. Those submitting essays were considered the most intelligent students in the advanced schools of this country and Europe.—(Extract from Baltimore Morning Sun.)

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald, who was hopelessly in love, "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flames for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream for a word from your lovely lips. As always, your Oswald."

P. S. - "I'll be over Saturday night, if it doesn't rain."

Little Old Lady" revealed that her little store was a bakery owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Kracht when the ground was broken for the Maryland State Normal School and building actually begun.

During the years, the boys begged or borrowed needles, thread, and buttons from her. Some of them roomed with her and occasionally threw shoes through her window panes when they were unusually hilarious. She saved cardboard boxes which might be used for sewing kits for the girls. Pictures from magazines were saved for those who were student teaching.

Day students ate their lunches there and celebrated the birthdays of their friends by buying a cake and gayly singing "Happy Birthday to You." "Deary" was always invited to take part in these little parties. At that time her store was not considered as being in Towson so the girls were allowed to go there but never elsewhere without a chaperon.

The first year at the Maryland State Normal School there was one boy. He had a basement room in the dormitory. His life was kept in a fluid state by running er-

rands for the girls.

"The Little Old Lady" recalled that the girls from Pennsylvania and the Eastern Shore of Maryland were more friendly than other students. This could be attributed to the fact that they were some distance from home and got homesick often. Perhaps it was her motherly smile and way of doing kind things for them!

We all hope that "Deary" for many a year will continue to dispense her candies, cakes and coca-colas with a smile and cheery word to the students of State Teachers College.

Colored Mammy: Ah wants a ticket for Florence.

Ticket Agent (after a ten minutes' search in a railroad guide): And where is Florence?

Mammy: Settin' over vonder on de bench. The Oriole, December, 1925,

### **BONERS**

The Solar system is the way of teaching singing.

The Crusades were fought in plasticine. King Alfred conquered the Dames.

Where is the greater part of Europe? In New York. What made the tower of Pisa lean? There was a famine in the land

Tower Light, May, 1931.

# SEMINAR REFLECTIONS

## My Impressions Agnes Kernan

ONE HUNDRED twenty of us visited the Franciscan Monastery in Washington and to describe the feelings of each individual toward the visit would be impossible. So what is given here are my own thoughts that came while touring the institution. They are strictly personal and things that, now a week or so after the trip, remain vivid in my memory.

To me the transition from the practical to the aesthetic was jolting. Our previous stop had been Greenbelt, where we observed one of the Government's solutions for the housing problem. There the practical things impressed me most — I saw traffic, stores, rows of houses and everyday functions of life being carried on; I heard the noise of the traffic — here at the Monastery I saw terraced slopes, shrubs, and blue skies that I hadn't noticed before; I heard silence and felt the peace and calm.

The relief-panel depicting Christ's Crucifixion is still very vivid in my mind — looking at it then and thinking

of it now I was and am ashamed of my own cowardice towards pain and my desire for easy living.

Still housing and building conscious, when we went through the Catacombs I couldn't help thinking of the vast difference between these subterranean passages which housed the early Christians for religious services during the Roman Persecutions and our church buildings of today. I wondered whether the religious tolerance, which has gradually grown during the centuries, will be destroyed entirely.

While in the Purgatory Chapel 1 was struck with the thought that death was just as modern centuries ago as it is today — it is one of the few unchanging, inevitable factors in a changing and sometime faltering world.

Since the main purpose of our trip to Washington was educational I think our visit to the Monastery was very much in order — it served as a pause from the observation of the practical, worldly things and provided a place for reflection and acknowledgment of the One Who has made life possible.

## Juniors See Greenbelt RUTH McCARTY

THE JUNIORS descended — upon Greenbelt. "Oh, it has a movie - and 'Spring Parade,' too. . . . Look tennis courts and a swimming pool. . . . There's a bus depot - there must be a bus in the town. . . . A post office. . . . A drug store . . . and cake cones. There's a barber shop — and a beauty shop right next door. . . . Reasonable prices in the grocery store - cheese-bits, 5 cents a box. . . . Look at that 'nifty' policeman - 1 think I'll live here, too. . . . I can't get over the perfect conditions - a modern elementary school - and all those youngsters (that gives hope) - and then bachelor apartments for \$18.50 a month - why even a schoolteacher can afford that." These comments amused the guide - "I don't know exactly what you expected to find in a Government-planned and built town, but from your remarks, well — this must have come as a surprise." It did. The Juniors have visited other housing projects, but to most of them the Greenbelt project is the best. It combines many advantages of both city and country life. The town is surrounded by a protecting green belt of parks and farms and forests. The main streets are laid

out along the crest of a horseshoe-shaped ridge. Shops, schools, service stations, and other community building are grouped in the center of the horseshoe where they can be easily reached from all parts of town. The sidewalks lie almost entirely within the block, and underpasses under the roads connect the houses with the business and school sections. The underpasses make street crossings as safe as possible.

The houses are made of concrete block with brick trim, or wood fame covered with brick veneer, stucco, or wood asbestos, and are arranged in blocks four or five times as large as usual city blocks. The living rooms of the houses face the interior of the block, which is laid out in lawns and playgrounds. The bathrooms and kitchens are on the street or service court side thus effecting savings in plumbing and utility installations and making it easier to deliver groceries, collect garbage, and carry on other service functions.

The residents of Greenbelt range in income from \$1,000 to \$2,200 per year, and they pay an average

nonthly rental of \$27.95. Since a project such as this opeals principally to the young married couples, there a very modern and active community life. Greenbelt milies own and run their own stores, debate their own problems in town meetings, form clubs and organizations that fulfill any social or educational needs that they may feel, partake actively in all sorts of recreational activities and elect their own local governing body.

## A Square Deal JOHN CHILCOAT

T THE beginning of this year the Juniors were initited into a new course. Yes, it was brand new. It folowed the widespread progressive trend in that time was llotted for an activity usually consisting of an observaion or a trip.

Our first excursion took us up into the country to isit some of the most prominent farms in Baltimore County, I had no idea what our city neighbors expected o see in the country. From their questions before the rip, one would think that country people, and espeially the farmer, have no conveniences, no forms of receation and amusements, few friends, and that they are or the most part poverty stricken.

"Soil . . . dirt . . . rotten dirt, what good is it?" renarks some city folk. Do you know that the three life essentials; namely, food, clothing, and shelter, in almost every case, are derived from the soil and yet most of ou fail to appreciate the efforts on the part of the agiculturalist on whom you are almost wholly dependent.

The agriculturalist has not had a square deal. Up intil the present he has been backward and has had ittle control of our Covernment, Today with modern onveniences, luxuries and comforts we see the "soil iller" an educated, thrifty and controlling force in our country. More than ever before we find the country dependent upon the farmer. To a greater extent than ever agricultural forces of the country are uniting and cooperating as a whole.

In the past, it has been difficult to communicate and to travel and thus to combine forces. Today with the radio, the telephone, the automobile, the train, and the airplane our entire country has developed into one giant unit. With our speedier means of transportation and a more extensive educational system through which high schools have been developed in the rural areas, a greater number of people are being educated. These agencies make for a greater understanding throughout our democracy.

Throughout all history, agriculture has been a predominating force in the development of any country. Is it not true that "an army travels on its stomach?" Is it not true that the dictators of the world look to the soil and to the farmer for victory in the present conflict? Then, if farming has become the greatest of industries and so scientific, and if the farmer is bearing the world upon his shoulders, if agriculture is the backbone of the nation, then I can't understand why farming is thought of only as a livelihood for the farmer. It is everyone's responsibility to work together and try to conserve the agricultural resources and to help the farmer by doing away with that thieving middle man. The agriculturalist is gaining a new grip upon the country and will be an even greater controlling factor in its future development.

### O ART IMMORTAL

Music - music: Through my soul it sends Its shiv'ring shafts of melody, Like sunbeams Through black forest gloom. Around me it sways, And threads and modulates. Twisting my heart to its desired form With its chords and dissonances.

Music — music: Wild and sweet it sings, And fills my mind with images, Fantastic. And elf-like forms Whose hands seize my own And carry me aloft, Far o'er the clouds, To kiss the dome of heaven In its magnitude and glory.

Music - music: Wrought by angels' hands Into a perfect harmony. Its burning lips And pulsating lips Upon my lips press With suffocating power; Robbing me there Of thought, of strength, of will. Take my all, but leave me music.

MARGUERITE WILSON.

ABS MILTON, no relation to the poet, sat on the cottage porch bitterly debating with herself on the subject of Life. It was exeruciating! Utterly, utterly devastating! You'd think that parents would have more sense than to saddle you with an infant to trail you around the rest of the summer. But did they? No! Parents were positively the most ununderstanding people. Otherwise how could Mother have dared to ask silly Cousin Winnie to spend the vacation with them? Winnie was a verdant, sniveling brat, three whole years, five weeks and six and a half days younger than Babs.

From the kitchen where he was demolishing pancakes oozing with syrup, Jack, Bab's brother, bellowed, "Hey, Babs! Youv'e got exactly an hour to truck down to the depot and collect our relative."

"Why don't you," Babs demanded in her most withering manner, "get out the brass band and present that drip with the keys of the city?"

"Sorry, I'm going fishing with the b'hoys!"

"Aw, nuts!" ejaculated Babs reflecting on the callousness of families in general and hers in particular, as her brother beat a hasty retreat to the beach.

"Ah, there you are, m'little chickadee!" a voice called and Janet, Babs' bosom pal, ambled into view clad in an ultra-abbreviated beach costume. "Why so down in the mouth, fair maiden?"

"We're having a relative visit us," sighed Babs lugubriously, "and I'm ready to take gas. It's Winnie!"

"Ow! Move over, and I'll take gas with you. Do you mean to say we've got to cart that little baby around with us again this summer? Gosh, it's just like having B. O."

Babs groaned in agony. "Imagine spending another vacation watching her turn on the waterworks every time someone looks at her crooked."

"And," reminisced Janet fondly, "think of all the hours we'll fritter away screwing her hair into those curls that look like asparagus."

Mentally both girls pictured Winnie with her spaghetti-like curls, her eternal sniffle, her red-rimmed eves, and her vicious habit of tagging around where she wasn't wanted.

"Jack's going to boycott her," said Babs with an anaemic grin. After all, who had the gall to laugh when the spectre of Winnie hovered about?

By hotfooting up the last block, Babs and Janet made it to the station platform. The door of the train opened, and sundry characters trotted briskly out and went their mediocre ways. And then — an apparition stepped int the doorway and posed.

Janet whistled appreciatively. "Cast your orbs upo that vision of fluff and feathers."

"Um! That's what we call competition with a capit. K where I come from!" exclaimed Babs, giving an epert thrice-over to the stranger's spiffy outfit. "Get glimmer of that red chapeau, will you? Is that snarky!

"And the spotted veil!" Jan was in ecstasy. "The suit! That little number must have been just dreame up over in Gay Parce."

After holding her pose lon enough to insure the attention a everyone, the vision, exuding a exotic scent, bore down on Bab and Janet.

"Ba'ba'a, dahling," a voic cooed with all the "r's" carefull

Babs, finally collecting wha were left of her faculties, wheezed "Winnie!"

"Ha, you didn't recognize me, a smirk of satisfaction slithered across Winnie's "glam our puss."

"It was only the spots in front of my eyes that has me stumped."

When Winnie disappeared in a huddle with the stationmaster, Babs and Janet "catted" away with vim and vigor

"We'd better try to get a lift home," advised Jan "'cause we'll be stopping traffic on Main Street witl Hedy."

"I wonder if she's carrying the orchids or if the or chids are carrying her," cracked Babs.

"Deah Ken sent them. But really I'm quite allergic to orchids. I much prefer camellias — you know, the enormous, white, waxy ones."

Babs hastily changed the subject. "Is Ken something new in your life?"

"Not very," replied Winnie in a blase voice. 'He's so very devoted that it's boring. But he's so eligible, he heads my list. I have scads of admirers, you know."

Jan's eyebrows almost met in her hair. "How tricky!" she purred. "You must confess all to us, Win."

"Pul-lease, don't call me Winnie," pleaded the creature. "My friends call me G. G. Stands for Glamour Gal."

Old Abel who drove the antiquated bag of rattles that masqueraded as a taxi, picked them up, and jolted them back to the Milton cottage. During the entire ride, G. G. beat every babbling brook at babbling as she recounted the biographies of Ken, Bill, John and Comressional Company of the country of the co

an

my, who comprised her scads of admirers.

As Lizzic stopped in front of the cottage, Jack and his onies, Ben and Bob, began to melt unobtrusively out sight. Suddenly they paused and gave vent to long histles of appreciation.

"Why, Benny-Wenny, don't you remembah 'ittle

e?" pouted Winnie.

Babs reintroduced her cousins. "Gentlemen, this is G., Glamour Gal to you, alias Winnie."

The meeting was adjourned when the fellows carried at I4 pieces of luggage into the Milton cottage.

"Looks as if she brought everything but the grand ano," commented Janet watching this operation.

This was G. G.'s night to howl. From the most shunder creature at Baylor's Beach, she was transformed to the major attraction. She never stirred without a daxy of masculine satellites revolving around her because of a slick line that she dealt out in generous doses been her menagerie enthralled.

"I don't know what her mother can be thinking of," orried Mrs. Milton. "A child of her age, floating ound in those ridiculous get-ups. I'd write to Mary,

ut it's none of my affairs."

The very next afternoon as Babs lay basking luxuriously on the sand near the Baylor Beach Hotel, a stranger dropped down beside her.

"Rather dull little joint, isn't it?" he inquired lazily.
"You look as bored as I feel, so I came over to see
whether we couldn't join forces and stir up some excitement before I go bugs."

"This may not be Biarritz or Coney Island," replied Babs frigidly, "but we natives manage to find some rustic diversions around here. I am not bored. I only sought seclusion to do some heavy thinking, an activity in which, no doubt, you have never participated."

He explained that he was on his way South and had stopped to visit his cousin, who was staying at Baylor Beach. She, however, had gone out for the day.

"Her mother asked me to peck in on her," the fellow said, "because she's worried about her. The kid's a cute little imp but slightly wacky. She grew up suddenly this year, had a couple of dates, and now thinks she's the cat's meow. I took her to the movies several times, and she's firmly convinced I've developed a grand passion for her."

(Continued on page 28)

## Among the Works of Man JAMES G. JETT

ROM THOSE human activities which have builded odern civilization, certain productions have survived nd stand as symbols of the genius of their creators. As ing as the works of man are indestructible, that man pes not perish. Outstanding among lasting creations e the works of sculpture. Sculpture, among all human orks, has a mighty purport: it is the perceptible beauty man's thought; it is the medium for the interpretaon of ideas; it is a prolongation of perished cultures, id it is a material beauty, Greek sculpture still has an fect on the souls of men; despite its condition - the ms of Venus may be lost, but the conception of her omplete beauty is still evident in the statue. Likewise, naissance sculpture still holds us in awe. When one iinks from what Michelangelo carved his David - a ab of mutilated granite, which had been cast out and onsidered as useless — he looks on the masterpiece in s grandeur, and begins to realize the genius of Michelngelo. Through the emotions that are stirred, one reales what sculpture means.

Life is, in broad summation, human activity. Thereore, the work that was done in the past is a foundation or that done today through the capacities of different tinds, different personalities. Look on the masterpieces if Carl Milles, the contemporary Swedish-American sculptor. At the Baltimore Museum of Art a comprehensive collection of his works is on display. Though Milles won recognition from his primal productions in Sweden, his renown has risen since his later American works have been completed.

"The Marriage of the Rivers" is a massive inspirational group of sculpture. These works were made for a fountain in the city of St. Louis, the city of the junction of two great rivers. The Missouri, the same watery road which lured Lewis and Clark westward, is represented by a large and lovely maiden. Behind her are various sea nymphs and Tritons, riding sea shells or other marine vehicles. They symbolize the tributaries which once joined the Missouri in her rush from the mountains to the plains, and onward to meet her mate. The Father of Waters, which was the death-bed of La-Salle and the playground of Tom Sawyer, is personified by a figure representing a strong man holding a water lily as his mate comes rushing to meet him. He is also followed by personifications of his tributaries, similar to those figures behind the Missouri.

Though "The Marriage of the Rivers" is the chief presentation in the museum, other works are there. "The Monument to Genius" I would advise one to see for himself for only through observation can its great-

ness be perceived. It will stand in the future, literally, as a monument to the genius of Carl Milles. Another of his statues, "The Astronomer," is attractive. The lone figure, with instruments in his hands, gazes into the skies. Not only is he an astronomer, but also a philosopher.

Such are the works of Carl Milles, which, along with others such as St. Gaudens, French, Borglum, and Scudder, will stand to represent the ideas behind our great American democratic civilization. May these works help to prolong the culture of our country and add to its values.

## One Word

MORTON WEINER

COOPERATION — one word, one simple word of the English language. But is it a word of the English language alone? No, there is a word for cooperation in every language that is known on the face of the earth. It stands for the making or the breaking of every group relation from the smallest of families to the largest of nations. With cooperation the greatest heights of civilization can be reached; without it, total darkness.

Cooperation — one word. What has cooperation done for the world? It has brought to the world its greatest scientific findings. Without cooperation, without someone helping either on the discovery or on the publicity of the discovery, how would the world have acquired the benefit from the findings of Pasteur, Harvey, Galileo, Copernicus, Darwin, and even Aristotle and Plato? True, the cooperation may have been small, but it was there.

You have heard or read how cooperation built the great ancient empires of Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, and Carthage. You have heard or read of the Middle Ages — the Period of Darkness, the Dark Ages. What made these ages dark? The reason for the loss of previous learning, and the reason for the lack of new learning during these times was the lack of cooperation. Feudal lords fought each other, fought their kings, fought their vassals, fought themselves. No matter which way one turned, cooperation between any one person and any other person was missing. Cooperation during the Dark Ages was conspicuous only by its absence.

Then people began to realize what they had ignored, that they knew less than the people before them. They began to study. They began to work with each other. They began to build schools, colleges, and universities. The period of Revival of Learning was nothing more than a period of Revival of Cooperation.

Then came 1776. A small group of people worked through blood to establish the greatest testimonial to cooperation known in the world — the United States of America was begun. The idea spread like wild fire. People throughout the world began working together

for "the greatest benefit of the greatest number." The idea spread to France where it was expressed as Liberty Equality, and Fraternity — "working together as broth ers" — once more, cooperation. In 1815, cooperation was on the side of the "greatest number." All of Europe was freed by the defeat of Napoleon and his exile to St. Helena.

The Revolutions throughout Central Europe of 1836 and 1846 once more showed how important cooperation was in bringing about "The greatest good for the great est number."

Alas, as the saying goes, "history repeats itself." To day, the once democratic peoples of Europe either lic within the control of, or are at war with, another dictato who has set out to conquer all Europe. He has received GREAT (if you can call traitors, and coward GREAT) cooperation in his conquest of Europe. The lack of such cooperation has caused the downfall of the free nations.

We in America remain as the stronghold of democ racy. We in America remain as the chief defenders of the first great testimonial to cooperation. We in Amer ica must show the world that the medicine that they need is the same old medicine of the "greatest good for the greatest number," and that this medicine can be obtained only through sincere, heartfelt and prope cooperation.

Some of us wonder whether this world will ever be the same again. Some of us wonder if democracy and freedom will ever be seen in Europe again. My only answer to this question is that unless you and I, and all the other peoples of the entire world begin to give their neighbor cooperation, from their heart, instead of a bomb from the sky, this world can look forward to a dismal future. Another period of Darkness, another period without the word — cooperation.

We in America should and shall preserve by our actions, rather than our talk, that word that means so much more than a mere word — the word that means "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" — the word that means that you and the man next to you, wherever you are, will help each other, the word that means you will aid mankind by working for its general betterment as well as your own, the word that should be a part of the philosophy of every man.

## EDITORIALS



### THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

IN RECENT years a certain Mr. Blonsky, interested in individual differences of mental capacity, made a rather intensive study of the problem, the results of which are stirring to say the least. Hundreds of persons were given the usual intelligence tests and of course the 1. Q. of each was carefully computed. But this was not all Upon completing his survey Blonsky not only had the proper 1. Q. rating beside each name but also the corresponding month of the year in which that person was born. This latter bit of information was really the most important part, as we shall see.

Since no set of records is of any value in itself and this was no exception, these were carefully checked and analyzed. Actually they were being used in an attempt to support the theory which states that a person's I. Q. is definitely influenced by the month in which he was born. According to this theory, if you were born in a Spring or Summer month you have much greater possibilities of enjoying a high I. Q. than if you were born in a Fall or Winter month. The psychologist in question reasoned that the abundant supply of fresh fruits and vegetables, together with the increased amounts of sunshine, are directly responsible.

With this theory in mind plus a reasonable amount of tolerance and curiosity let us examine the following list of names and months of birth:

Dr. West January	Miss Blood May
Miss Neunsinger March	Miss Birdsong November
Mrs. Stapleton April	Miss Munn February
Miss WoodwardOctober	Mr. Miller November
Mr. Crook June	Dr. Dowell July
Miss Weyforth October	Dr. LynchMarch
Miss Bersch April	Miss Bader August
Miss Brown February	Miss Yoder February
Miss Stitzel February	

Before any erroneous ideas become too well seated it should probably be added that this theory is not accepted as perfectly valid and some individuals have even gone so far as to attempt to prove its exact opposite.

. . . And yet, Mr. Blonsky's convictions have never been entirely disproved.

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(As Enacted Daily at STC)

### MARY SIMON

Here it comes! There is a general panic as everybody runs for shelter when the warning is sounded through the halls. Girls clutch their skirts close and hold on to their hair while embracing the nearest stationary object. The more inexperienced of the masculine sex sit on their books and determinedly crunch their jaws down on any false teeth that they may happen to be blessed with, while the more experienced merely flatten themselves along the walls. Faculty members manage for the most part to be out of the danger zone - hiding under the desks in their offices. Although it has been known that one of the less easily convinced members had to learn the hard way - by experience. Poor lady - she probably never knew what struck her. What could have made such a devastating contact with her posterior besides a hic-coughing bull?

When the dismissal occurs in the auditorium the effect is even more bewildering. Marshals have no power over the unnatural phenomena — how could they bring order out of the chaos created? A path is hewn straight through the aisles, no matter how many people happen to be there and a hurricane often sweeps along carrying in its aftermath less weighty students and objects. Sometimes the draft created is so strong that the windows rattle and doors throughout the building slam shut. Severe wind burn and dizzy spells have been reported by many students.

A visiting teacher thought we were situated on an intermittent earthquake zone. People in Towson think we are exploding a cannon in the glen to scare away Japanese beetles. The whole cast at STC call it the zero hour. But the recent experiments undertaken with extreme precautions have revealed some startling facts. Those black streaks, accompanied by a rush of wind are not clongated spots before the eyes — they prove upon investigation to be none other than certain members of the sophomore class whose will power is entirely too weak to keep them from rushing — running — to the dining hall.

### UP AND ONWARD

JOHN McCAULEY

A man is not made in four years of college or even in a lifetime; he is the product of generations. Those persons whom we respect as above the average, undoubtedly had mentally alert and industrious forbears; those average or below average individuals had a sleeping ancestry. I dare say that in the beginning the same general abilities were meted out to all, but somewhere the average person thought more than necessary and in musing about things beyond himself advanced the frontier of his known world and that of his children. We must begin developments somewhere and, once having developed our dormant state, must continue, ever striving toward perfection.

Perhaps your genealogy is of the finest. For centuries, perhaps, manly virtue and intellectual capacity have been molded through experience and transmitted. You have received a greater congenital potentiality than your brothers and it is your duty, to evolve for the benefit of future humanity, that degree of personal ability. Fear not though you find yourself struggling in an academic maze but persevere lest you sink to satisfaction in the basis of your inheritance. One cannot rest upon the past; the past must be only a stimulus toward a better future. The strongest foundations are necessary to hold firm the greatest skyscrapers. Build on your foundation a citadel worthy of its pillars. Success is a relative thing; all men are not born equal but all have the privilege of using to the fullest their latent potentialities.

### LAUGH ONCE IN A WHILE

Audrey Mercer

Ring out the old! Ring in the new! As we take a forward step into 1941, let us stop to laugh once in awhile.

Don't take yourself too seriously. Really great people don't and even though you may stop and reflect upon this, all of you have some beginnings of greatness in you somewhere. Stop and laugh once in awhile and get more pleasure out of life.

Has someone slighted you? Did someone say something about you? What if they have? Was it enough to spoil your day? No! Forget it! Don't walk around with a gloomy face; others may feel the same as you.

Are you unhappy — disappointed? You are not the only one — your case is not unique. Many have a more difficult path to walk than you.

Don't take yourself too seriously. Great people don't. They respect themselves, but they take time out once in awhile to laugh at their own mistakes. That is what keeps them so sane, simple, and sensible. As you walk through the corridors of S. T. C., or ride the "car S", smile or laugh once in awhile. Notice what it does to others. The majority will feel their spirits rise as they look at you. I repeat —Laugh once in awhile!

## Sleeping Beauty

Lois A. Cheetham

THE TRADITIONAL story of the Sleeping Beauty ends when the Princess is awakened from her one hundred years' sleep by Prince Charming. As a matter of fact that is where the real action of the story begins.

As in all fairy stories, the Prince and Princess fell deeply in love and had a beautiful wedding. We are told that they "lived happily ever after." Historians at the court did not dare say anything else. Others who might have dared did not know the true state of affairs. What happened to cause this rift? Consider — during a hundred years, many changes had taken place. The Princess had grown up in a different era. The younger generation, of which the Prince was a member, laughed at her "inhibitions" and outmoded ideas. Try as she might, she could not reconcile herself to the new order of things.

Poor Princess! She was young and beautiful, yet her habits and ideas were a century old! Every time she opened her mouth her formal, stilted expressions revealed her age. She couldn't learn the new slang. She was uncomfortable and self-conscious in the modern dress. Women had bobbed hair — hers was long. She had been taught to play the harp, write poetry, and embroider. She was a "dub" at all outdoor sports. (She could, however, faint at the slightest provocation. Quite an accomplishment when she was young!) Bridge confused her terribly. Her most frequent exclamation, after trumping her partner's ace, was "Why can't I trump, if I want to?"

Of course I don't want to start any scandal, but it was an open secret that she and the Prince had terrific rows. The whole court used to gather outside their door to listen. And the night he said he never had liked women who were older than he was, she . . . But that, dear reader, is not for you to hear.

"I noticed in today's paper that you have printed my death from flu."

"Is that so," replied the telephone girl, "and where are you speaking from now?"

# THE LIBRARY

# AT YOUR SERVICE

# NOTES FROM A LIBRARY EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

MARY DI PEPPI

Willa Cather, who wrote My Antonia and Death Comes for the Archbishop, has written a new one — Sapphira and the Slave Girl. It is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and from advance reviews it promises to be well worth reading.

Father Paul Schulte, who gave a most entertaining assembly on the Arctic region here at the College, has written a book called *The Flying Priest Over the Arctic*. Remembering what a charming personality he has, I don't want to miss reading his book. I'm sure it will be as eniovable as his lecture.

Dr. Hugh Young, with whose work every Marylander should be familiar, has a book out entitled, Hugh Young: A Surgeon's Autobiography. Dr. Young, one of the nation's outstanding men of medicine, has written of his life and work in so informal a manner as to make it easy reading for the layman.

It is interesting to note that when asked to choose "Some Books I Have Liked" for the New York Herald-Tribune, many well-known people listed the recent book by Ernest Hemingway, For Whom the Bell Tolls. Among them were Stephen Vincent Benet, Eleanor Roosevelt, Rex Stout, Franklin P. Adams, Clifton Fadiman and Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Hemingway's book is a record-breaking national best-seller and is probably the most-talked about book in literary circles today.

Do you know the three fiction and the three nonfiction books being bought by the greatest number of people in America today? If you don't, here they are:

#### Fiction

For Whom the Bell Tolls — Ernest Hemingway Mrs. Miniver — Jan Struther The Family — Nina Federova

#### Non-Fiction:

The Wave of the Future — Anne M. Lindbergh A Treasury of the World's Great Letters — Edited by M. L. Schuster Trelawny — Margaret Armstrong

Howard Spring, author of My Son! My Son!, has written a new novel — Fame is the Spur which, I have on good authority, is excellent reading. Kenneth Rob-



erts, author of Northwest Passage, also has a new book out called Oliver Wiswell, which its publishers and reviewers believe will be more popular than his other works because of the lavish amount of praise and advertising bestowed upon it at this stage of its debut.

Have you ever been curious to know just what a certain author looks like? I know I have, and I know just where to find pictures of them. Get into the habit of perusing the book section of the New York Herald-Tribune, several copies of which are in the Magazine Room. Here you will find portraits of many authors, and you will have a great deal of fun comparing your mental picture of an author with the real person.

Remember when the collective faces of the American were red because of the turmoil caused by the broadcast of an imaginary invasion from Mars? The broadcaster, you recall, was Orson Welles. Do you also recall the panic of a goodly number of Americans who thought the end of the world had come? A Princeton psychologist, Professor Hadley Cantril, has written a study of the psychological significance of the country's reaction called The Invasion From Mars. It will prove provocative material for anyone who wonders how civilized, supposedly intelligent people can become terrified at such a fantastic report.

# BOOK REVIEW

KATHERINE PETROFF

McCullers, Carson, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, Boston; Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1940 — 356 pages.

Carson McCullers has written a book which should at least take a secondary place beside the works of William Faulkner. Like Faulkner, she writes about the conditions and people of the modern South. Unlike him her style is her own and a much simpler one when compared to his more complex and deeper method of naration. Carson McCullers writes as an observer, coolly detached and unseen, yet she seems to be a part of each of her characters.

She has taken as her locale a part of the South as representative of the sectional class hatred and intolerance which retards progress. In it is found Biff Brannon, who is proprietor of the New York Cafe, and around whom much of the action is centered. Through this restaurant, directly or indirectly, are introduced all the people, Jake Blount is the transient. His violent pleas and desperate efforts to give his fellow-workers some knowledge of the social conditions of this country have proved futile. Dr. Copeland is the quiet, feverish negro who tries, without success, to wake up his dormant people to the realization that they are slowly being crushed. Mick, thirteen-year-old daughter of the prolific Kollep, stands for "genius suppressed."

Her hunger for and intelligent understanding of music eventually lead her to compose some songs, but she, too, is caught in the relentless web when she has to leave school and start work in the Five and Ten. The last member of this oddly assorted group is Mr. Singer, the deaf mute, who is the pivot around which the others revolve. Who was he? From whence did he come? What was his nationality? No one knew! But all were drawn toward him. All came to his room separately and spoke by the hour to him, knowing that he understood all that they told him. The intelligent and sympathetic perception of this silverware engraver made him a vital part of their lives. They were unaware of the fact that Singer was filled with aching and an everpresent longing to be with his former room-mate, the Greek mute Antonapoulds, who had been taken to the asvlum.

The author writes about Mick and her life, then about Biff, then perhaps Dr. Copeland. Occasionally, however, these people meet in a group, but eve each other with distrust, suspicion, and general unrest, so all are happy when an opportunity is open for them to take leave. By taking the threads of these people's lives and putting them together, Carson McCullers has woven an intensely dramatic story which is alive with struggle, passion, and suffering.

The denouement comes swiftly and abruptly. The shock literally hits the reader, for although the keynote of tragedy is present, what happens to these people is entirely unexpected. Even Willie, Dr. Copeland's son, is affected by untoward circumstances. Willie stands as a symbol of our cruel penal system which exists in the South today. In truth, not one character in the whole

book is left untouched or uninfluenced in some way by his contact with others.

The kaleidoscopic view of the conflicting elements in a mill town are sharply defined and leave the reader with the question — Why should such conditions be allowed to exist in our country?

The book has its lighter and more humorous moments, yet in the main it is a brutal and frank psychological study of people and their surroundings. It becomes all the more amazing when one is aware that Carson McCullers is only in her early twenties. Notwithstanding the fact that someone called this book "peculiar," it is one that should be read, for not only is it different, but it is fascinating as well.

## THE TEACHER'S ROLE IN A DEMOCRACY

(Suggested by Baltimore Bulletin of Education)

Alma Lee Gott

How many magazines have you seen recently that have not had at least one small article about the Preservation of Our Great American Democracy? I daresly there are not many. The radio, the theatre, modern literature, newspapers, and all other organs of public communication feature topics such as America — the Last Hope for Democracy, The Future of American Youth in a Changing World, American Democratic Ideals, or Active Attitudes Toward Democracy.

What are the authors of these articles trying to tell the American public? The average man of the street (or S. T. C. student) will say that democracy is a wonderful idea, but that it is only theoretical; that it is a lofty American ideal, but that there is no true democracy. Have they really thought seriously about the true meaning of the word?

Webster tells us that a democracy is a "government by the people; a government in which the supreme power is retained by the people and exercised by representation . . . (as) opposed to aristocracy." If we accept this definition then, we must admit that the American form of government is a democratic form. It is not difficult to see that it is almost the last vestige of democracy in the world today. It is not difficult to imagine that present autocratic factions in Europe could easily overthrow our American principles and ideals. This must never happen.

What have we, as future teachers, to do to preserve our Americanism? The last issue of the Baltimore Bulletin of Education is devoted entirely to Lessons in Democracy. Teachers throughout (Continued on page 25)



# MUSIC

### THE STORY BEHIND THE ORCHESTRA

## JOHN HORST'S BAND

CATHERINE GRAY and HELEN KLAVENBERG

"COME ON, students. Let's dance."

No, that won't be "the thing" for him. Maybe he would like another introduction. How's this?

Come on, jive and glide without remorse, To the swelody melodies of Johnny Horst.

Terrible rhyming, we all agree, but it speaks the truth. After the Tower Light dance, to quote Marc Antony somewhat, "we do not come to bury Johnny, but to praise him." Yet, it isn't praise. Praising is bound to make some people say that it will certainly increase his hat size. We'll call it his "just due." Johnny is one of those personable fellows who is conscious of success only in that it points out the way to new improvements and new successes. He is willing to work hard for it the kind of work that means plenty of practice; you know, one and two and three and four and. Or maybe you think as I did that he probably doesn't do this. Do you realize that you can learn to play the piano like our Junior pride and joy? Remember the little trills-rumboogies and conga rhythms? You, too, can learn to use them, but not in ten easy lessons. For you who pick in a stilted fashion at most popular pieces and for you who pick with one finger at any piece, take a page from John's notebook and listen in here awhile. Believe it or not - and this is a secret, so sshhhh - Mr. Horst just started to play the piano recently. He was in high school before he even touched a popular number. When he finally tackled one it sounded something like Eddie Duchin at the piano - Eddie without the benefit of the piano. In other words, it sounded like nothing.

You see, it's not too late for you to start. After you start playing, then what, you ask. Let's go back to Johnny for the answer. He went to a music teacher to study orchestrations. From then on, things just happened. The little trills and syncopation he found, are trade tricks. You learn them in about two minutes — no kidding — and apply them to any piece that they seem to fit. For example, for syncopation and "blue-notes," when you strike one note, hit the one one-half step up from it. Discord at first, and then you'll find it's really "blues." But how came Johnny to an orchestra, you ask impainently. That is a short story. The music teacher knew of a band leader who needed a pianist for several nights

and quickly suggested Johnny. He grabbed the chance so quickly that he beat opportunity to the knock. After the first few trials, our friend became a "permanent" fixture in the orchestra. However, the "permanence" didn't last very long.

The band practiced regularly for one year without one engagement. When the leader suggested that violins be added for novelty, Johnny being a free soul, decided he didn't want any strings attached to him, so he left. Not long after this, the leader did our friend a good turn by employing only union musicians. Because of the high price of admission to the union, many musicians left. A year ago the inevitable happened. None of them wanted to get "rusty", so they decided to play together. The result? You've guessed it. Johnny was elected leader. He says that the orchestra is really a corporation; that he merely assumes responsibilities. But knowing that Junior as we do, he undoubtedly has all the ideas and push and pull in the organization. Those of you who heard him months ago, remember that it was all right, but not very outstanding. Now things have changed and all because of new members and new ideas. Several of the sixteen members in Johnny's band are younger than he - two still go to City College - few are older. To be exact, they range from eighteen to twenty-one. They're willing to work hard and to give up other jobs for the music and with good reason. Johnny has played in a number of places and among them — The Emerson Hotel, Besides this he has played for Eddie Duchin. At the Tower LIGHT Dance he played not only for discriminating students, but for someone who wanted to evaluate his music for a New Year's Eve contract. The results were so good that he got the engagement.

Let's give him all the encouragement and publicity we can. He won't become conceited, but his orchestra will be encouraged to improve even more than it has The Juniors have started doing this by having his music at their dance on April 18. And, oh, yes, girls — lend an eye to this, but don't let on I told you. Mr. Horst is looking for a singer. Let's keep this in the family. Can't any of you girls warble well enough to sing with the band?



#### AND WE SHALL HAVE MUSIC!

DOROTHY M. SCHROEDER

Do you like music? I do not mean the kind of music you hear everyday over the radio, but good music, the type one hears in the dorm.

Let us tour the building and find out just what we have along this line. Starting with the piano rooms we hear any number of tunes beginning with "Hallowe'en" and ending with Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" (Miss Schroeder's influence). Our next stop is the fover. The dominating record is the "Five O'Clock Whistle" which never stops blowing. Then like a bolt out of the blue we hear the harmonized notes of "You Are My Sunshine," originating from the smoker. From this burning inferno arrangements reach the ear in the most distorted manner imaginable. If the composers could only hear these ingenious masterpieces, they would throw away their pens and staff papers and give up. Follow your nose up twenty steps and youll find yourself on the third floor where a conglomeration of sounds fills the air. A lively trio can be found at any time during the day skipping merrily through the hall singing "O, Holy Night," "Tuxedo Junction" and "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair." The onrush of water from the showers combined with "Ragtime Cowbov Joe" makes a combination unequaled anywhere. And last, but not least, we have the instrumental talent in the dorm. There is a very outstanding duet, composed of a mouth organ and piccolo. You may use your imagination concerning the sound effects (that's the only thing I can call their well-meant efforts). If you can leave the dorm, still appreciating good music, vou're a better man than most of us.

## MUSIC STAFF - WBAL

MARGUERITE VIDALI

Rufino Iula, youngest of a musically prominent family, took his first music lesson at the age of six from his brother, Felice, and his first violin lesson at twelve. His professional career commenced by playing in motion picture theatres. Before joining the Baltimore Symphony, he was leader of the Southern Hotel Concert Orchestra. Seven years ago he became a member of the National Symphony from which he resigned to assume musical directorship of WBAL, Mr. Iula teaches violin and orchestra at the Seton High School and the Yeager School of Music. His manner is cordial, refined and so, naturally, he is pleasant to work with. Associates, who affectionately call him "Fin" say, "There will never be another like Rufino Iula." The accomplished musicians in his orchestra are:

Sigmund Tvaronas, pianist and accordionist, who has studied arranging from Otto Cesana of New York. Mr. Tvaronas has played in numerous dance orchestras.

Frank Nicoletta, harpist member of the San Carlo Opera Company, who spent twenty-two years with the Philadelphia Symphony.

Charles Cohen, once cellist with the National Symphony; Ralph Tressel, bass violinist arranger; and William H. Shroeder, violinist, are all with the Baltimore Symphony.

Milton Lyons, violinist, once with the Baltimore Symphony, owes his musicianship to Gustave Tinlot, concert master of the New York Symphony.

Michael Richter, Baltimore Symphony flutist, studied at the Vienna Conservatory and was a member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the Conway Band. Jimmy Abato, saxophonist (Continued on page 29)

## DO YOU KNOW -

EUGENE WEBSTER

- Do you know the difference between a flute, a mute, and a lute?
- 2. Do you know the name of the famous swing band which has a theme song that is a version of Chopin's Nocturne?
- Do you know the "Three Great B's" of music? (Composers.)
- Do you know the accepted definition for the swing term "Schmaltz?"
- 5. Do you know the meaning of "Boogie Woogie?"
- 6. Do you know why we have a base clef?
- Do you know a composer who can be identified with the following: Spring, A Wild Rose, A Water Lilv?
- 8. Do you know who wrote the music to the "Student Prince" — Victor Herbert, Irving Berlin, or Sigmund Romberg?
- Do you know which of these three German and Austrian composers is the one with whom you are best acquainted and whose music you love: Franz Anton Schubert, Franz Louis Schubert, Franz Peter Schubert?
- 10. Do you know which of these Stradavarii was the famous violin maker: Amobna Stradavarius, Antonius Stradavarius, Francesco Stradavarius?
- 11. Do you know what a scroll is?
- Do you think you can give the names of the beloved composers and the names of the masterpieces from which these present-day songs have been taken: Moon Love, My Reverie?

(Answers on page 29)

# FASHIONS

#### STEPPING OUT

ELLEN ANNE ELSTE

SO MUCH emphasis has been placed upon date-wear this past month that we have decided to devote our entire write-up to this phase of fashion. With the numerous parties, plays, dinners and dances held at the College during the Christmas month, our students have been able to exhibit their current choices of formal and informal costumes. Then, too, we noted that a recent club fashion show featured only date-wear. Sports clothes were not even mentioned.

Generally speaking, clothes for dates present many more problems than do the casual sweater and skirt get-



ups for the classroom. We find ourselves asking: Shall I wear a semi-sports dress, or shall we go to a dance after the game? Is his favorite color blue? Did he say informal or semi-formal? Would he know if I wore my afternoon dress on a Sunday night date? For many obvious reasons, our masculines are not faced with such a large number of perplexing problems. However, we believe most of our students have been able to

solve their problems of date-wear quite successfully. Here we have those who have taken the lead in formal wear: Margie C., with her evening dress of multi-colored striped skirt and flame topper. Shirley R., in her soft long-sleeved blue chiffon. Jane S.'s white lace skirt and black silk jersey jacket. Peggy Mac D., in her black velvet bodice with low sweetheart neck and puffed sleeves; her skirt was a full black taffeta. Agnes H. featured a black net with a black sequin girdle; an orchid adorned her shoulder. Freddy B., in her solid black silk jersey with decolletage neckline and pleated skirt.

Attention should be called to some uncommendable choices which have been observed: Colorfully printed gowns at a winter formal. Fussy and frilly dress of lace and net. Clashing color schemes, More than one or two pieces of jewelry with one costume. Introduction of another color to the ever-fashionable black and white winter tux. Informal dresses at a strictly formal affair.

Now for a brief review of the apparel fashioned at the A. C. E. Fashion Show, given at Richmond Hall Parlor on December 12th. Again we find that pastel wools are very popularly worn under winter wraps. In design we have decolletage necklines, low fitted waist-lines, Schiaparelli pockets and pleated skirts. Black, when relieved by gold or a dash of vivid turquoise or red is particularly smart. Other colors featured this season are light beige, flag red, chatterbox red, angel blue, sea green, aqua-marine and gold. The smartest costumes were these:

Light beige dress of soft wool with gold buttons from neck to hem.

Stunning solid black cocktail dress with black sequins covering the front blouse.

Cut-away black evening dress of rayon crepe trimmed in pink sequins.

Tri-colored wool dress of beige blouse, black skirt and wide fitted waistband of chatterbox red.

Since no woman has ever seen a fashion show in which she liked equally well all the models featured, we should like to note those which seemed displeasing.

Fussy net evening dresses covered by an incalculable number of small bows.

"Americana" dresses for evening, showing a red and white dress with navy bolero. Some dresses have flag designs on cuffs. (Let's keep "God Bless America" out of our clothes. We have it in everything else.)

Boxy fingertip length fur jackets. (They make the wearer look top heavy.)

So much for fashion shows and write-ups for 1940. Here's hoping that 1941 will usher in heaps of gay new costumes.

#### To the Editors:

The following is a summary of a discussion heard by a small number of students in this college. Perhaps others would like to know about it:

What is the matter with a certain group of students in this College?

One day they are complaining that there is not enough student "say" in this College. The next day they are reporting to teachers incidents of cheating they have witnessed. They are being presented with an excellent opportunity for exercising student opinion! Are they taking advantage of it? No!

Just what is this certain group of students doing?

They are so worried about having their grades lowered by the grades of dishonest students that they are afraid to depend on student "say" and go directly to the faculty.

It is unnecessary to say that these people are inconsistent and that they had better act in accordance with their complaints if they expect complaints to be heard.

One of the Audience.



# An Exhibition for English Relief

VIRGINIA LEE WHITE

RUSH, RUSH, rush, almost seven-thirty. Is the band on right? Oh, the box, the tickets, the change! Where and how to begin was the only thought I finally had as I launched my campaign to sell chances. The fifty-cents chances, too. If they had been a quarter, it would only have been balf as bad.

The badminton court was surrounded by tiers and tiers of bleachers. The smooth hardwood floor shone under the shaded lights, while through the din of the crowd and recorded music my ears could detect a more or less rhythmically cracking sound of bird against racquet. The players were warming up. My first inclination was to stop and watch, but happily I remembered the British.

"Would you like to take, I mean buy, a chance?" I asked the nearest person in a very meek voice. Sold, Why? After this most trying experience I needed a new grip on life, but fortunately, I spied a group of friends frantically waving at me. They wanted to buy chances. From then on selling was easy and after several repetitions it was even possible to glibly reel off the list of articles on which people were asked to take chances. The selling was easy, but have you ever tried running up and down on bleachers in heels?

Suddenly everything was quiet. A man began talking over the microphone. He thanked everyone for his cooperation and then proceeded to lavish adjectives on the players, I felt that I could have added a few more for several players (one in particular) but of course that was out of the question, and anyway, they wouldn't have had much to do with sports — more on the social side. Before I knew it the matches had begun.

The first three matches were entertaining. They were way above average, but the fourth match — oh!

The fourth match! It was thrilling. It was spectacular. It constantly brought forth the roaring approval of the crowd. The four players were Mr. Devlin and Mr. Stephens against Mr. Farrman and Mr. Saharko. The skill required, the psychology used, the years and hours spent in practice were in this game. Time after time Stephens would wind up and whip down for a smash: it would be tipped back over the net, then again tipped back, then cleared, then smashed, then driven back;

cross-court play, straight court play, shift of men, fast footwork, fast clear thinking. One play went on for minutes; minutes of play for one point. Stamina. Health, I repeat — it was thrilling.

### FROM PEACH BASKETS TO IRON RIMS

AUDREY MERCER

"FROM THE inventor's peach baskets to the present iron rims, from the small, low-ceilinged gymnasiums to the massive field houses of today, from audiences of a few hundred to crowds of eighteen thousand unfolds the unprecedented growth of the forty-year-old indoor game of basketball."

Dr. James Naismith, professor of physical education at the University of Kansas, gets the distinction for originating the game of basketball. In 1891 at a Y. M. C. A. Training School in Massachusetts, he was instructed to work out an indoor game for eighteen men. These students needed something to keep them enthusiastic between the football and baseball seasons.

So in 1891 America still needed a great indoor game. Naismith answered the need with basketball. This gift was unique in that it was the only major sport that is the invention of one man's brain. Lacrosse, tennis and football have been handed down through the ages.

Out of the discontent of the students in Naismith's class came the game of basketball. Young Naismith first tried to modify football, but since tackling had to be eliminated, football was not used.

So the search for a new indoor sport continued. A soccer football was used for the first basketball game because of its even bouncing qualities, and peach baskets were suspended at ends of the running track for goals. A rule was made to prohibit running with the ball. Since eighteen were in the class, nine men were first used to make up a team: three forwards, three centers, and three guards. Within a short time it was changed to seven and finally to five. The game created for eighteen players is now being played by more than 18 million people in all parts of the world.

Now forty-nine nations and territories play basketball. Some are: Africa, Alaska, Arabia, Brazil, China, Egypt, India, Japan, Mexico, Poland and Turkey, In America, according to All Sports Book for 1935, basketball outdrew all other sports with total of 80,000,000 paid attendance. Baseball was next with 50,000,000, and football third with 40,000,000.

<sup>1</sup> Allen, Forrest: Better Basketball,

SPORTS — (Continued on page 30)

# COLLEGE NEWS



#### COMING EVENTS

Frederica Biedermann

- January 10 Basketball with Gallaudet College (at Washington).
- January 13 Assembly Program by Robert MacGimsey, composer, singer, and trilloquist.
  - Lecture at Hopkins Playshop, "The Supernatural in Drama," by Richard Hart, who is in charge of the literature department of Enoch Pratt Free Library.
- January 16 Basketball with Wilson Teachers College (at Washington).
- January 17 Basketball with Shenandoah College (at Towson).

Deadline for the February Tower Light. Freshman Dance.

- January 19 Celebration of the 75th Anniversary, 2:30 p. m.
- January 20 Assembly: "Greek Drama", Dr. J. Edward Harry.
- January 21 Basketball with Blue Ridge College (8:00 p. m. at Blue Ridge).
- January 22 Illustrated lecture at the Lyric, "South American Medley," by Luis Marden, staff representative of the National Geographic Society.
- January 23 Basketball with Gallaudet College (at Towson).
- January 27 Assembly: "The Girls' Vocational School," Miss Edna M. Engle, Principal.
- January 31 Josef Hofmann, the Eminent Pianist, plays at the Lyrie. Museum of Art—One-Man Shows: Elsa Hutzler and Alexander Clayton
- (through February 23). February 4 Basketball with Hopkins (at Hopkins).
- February 7 Basketball with Elizabethtown (at Tow-son).
  - Museum of Art—"Williamsburg, Colonial City" (through February 26).

- February 10 Assembly: Miss Harriet Wells, "Educational Theory and Practice as Mirrored in the American Novel from 1870 to 1900".
  - Lecture at Hopkins Playshop, "Voltaire as a Dramatic Character," by Emile Malakis, Associate Professor of French Literature, Johns Hopkins University.
- February 11 Basketball with Wilson Teachers (at Towson).
- February 12 Lyric (8:30 p. m.)—"Through 13,000 Miles of Africa", a Motion Picture Story by the Stewarts, Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Stewart, Miss Pete Stewart,
- February 13 Basketball with St. Mary's (at Towson). February 14 Sophomore Dance.

### ABOUT THE FRESHMAN DANCE

Agnes Hicks

On Friday, January 17th, the freshman class will make its college debut as a member of the "in-group" at State Teachers College. Yes, it is the night on which all freshmen will "shine." In case you haven't guessed, it's the Freshman Dancel You will be able to dance to the smooth, slow, lilting rhythm of Tommy Rogers' Orchestra under a starlit sky, spelling romance with capital letters. This is a promise even if the weather isn't favorable outside. A good time (topped off with delicious refreshments) is planned for you. What more could you want for ninety-nine cents? Be sure to wait for your change. We need your cooperation! We want you! We're expecting you! Don't disappoint us.

# AN ANNUAL AFFAIR

JANE DISNEY

On Friday evening. December 6th, the TOWER LIGHT held its annual dance here at State Teachers College. The dance had been announced as formal and those who attended followed the dress code as set by our Student Council. John Horst and his orchestra provided the music. This orchestra is composed of twelve

young men, who, under Johnny's capable direction, turned out some of the most pulsating music ever heard. Johnny played special request numbers for the many who had "old favorites." Those of the faculty who were present were Miss Munn, Dr. Wiedefeld, Dr. Tansil, Dr. West, Mr. E. Curt Walther, Mr. and Mrs. Crook, Miss Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Milnegan, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller. Long before the Tower Light announced that the dance was a success, those who were present agreed that this had been a most enjoyable evening and one which they would not soon forget.

## THE GLEE CLUB

RUTH MALESON

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of this College will be celebrated by the alumni, the student body, the faculty and staff on Sunday, January 19, 1941. The musical part of the celebration will be of special importance. At this time, the Clee Club will reach its maximum size, to date, for the student Glee Club will be augmented by about thirty-five alumni.

Together, the alumni and student Glee Club will sing "The Lord's Prayer," by Mallotte, arranged by Deis, and "Omnipotence," by Schubert. The Glee Club, alone, will sing "Praise to the Lord," a chorale arranged by Christiansen.

# IN OUR MAILBOX

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Troupe announce the arrival of William Moore Troupe on November 25, 1940.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ray Blatter announce the marriage of their daughter, Barbara Ann, '42, to Mr. John G. Enders on December 7, 1940.

Ehrma Le Sage, class of '36, was married to Edward H. Butterfield on November 17, 1940.

Luella Kenley, former member of the class of '41, was married to William Kirkwood on November 23, 1940. Ruth Libowitz. class of '40, was married to Samuel Berlin.

#### ASSEMBLIES

ALICE CARR

NOVEMBER 18 — William Badgett: Peru Todav

The assembly committee hit a new high in interest with Mr. William Badgett's illustrated lecture on Peru. While explaining the customs and industries of Peru today, he brought to our attention much information about the history of South America. In fact, the film was so organized that many stages in the history of

Peru were evident. He included in his colorful, well ordered film several Inca ruins, the primitive method of ploughing, threshing by a voke of oxen, and winnow ing, Colorfully dressed natives (recently of S. T. C.) appeared on the stage exhibiting the many skirts, the invertible hats, warmer stocking caps, the blanket-like overcoats of the highland people, and the jungle dwellers' smocks which were introduced by the Spanish missionaries. At the colorful fairs amid displays of pottery. hand-woven cloth, grains, and fruits; on the coffee and sugar plantations of eastern Peru; on the nonsinkable reed boats of Lake Titicaca we saw the diversification of life in Peru. Mr. Badgett showed us copper mines, oil fields, groves of olive trees, and blast furnaces. The low cost housing development for workers was as fine as anything Baltimore has produced. The city of Lima is almost as colorful and beautiful in its architecture as were the Indians in costume.

The repetition of "colorful" is not accidental. If the view of Peru which Mr. Badgett presented of its mountains, jungles, mins, industries, and people could be concentrated in one word, that word is "colorful."

HELEN PROSS

NOVEMBER 25 —

After a word of greeting and advice by Dr. Wiedefeld, the day's assembly was turned over to the Athletic Association with Howard Stottlemver presiding. He reminded us of the purpose of the Association-to promote athletics in general and to promote college spirit. Cheering by the student body was directed by Creston Herold and Frances Larson. Jeannette Jones gave us a report of the sophomore girls' accomplishments in the fall activities - soccer and hockey. Mr. Stottlemver then presented Coach Minnegan, who announced that State Teachers College at Towson is now a member of the Mason-Dixon Soccer League. Assisted by members of the A. A., Dr. Wiedefeld presented awards to the students outstanding in athletics. We next enjoyed a badminton demonstration by Virginia White of the junior year and three other players. It was with genuine reluctance that we left at the end of the period. May our next A. A. assembly be as worthwhile!

#### NOVEMBER 28 — Rev. Philip Lee

As students rose to greet the Reverend Philip Lee of the National Christian Mission, he shook his own hand in characteristic Chinese manner. Before beginning his talk, Mr. Lee played a folk tune on a Chinese flute, which is a bamboo rod with six holes. The tone is produced by the vibration of the lining of the bamboo stalk. It was the speaker's opinion that knowledge of the customs and ways of life of other people lead to understanding and peace. (Continued on page 32)

## THE LIBRARY

Continued from page 18) the city have contributed heir ideas as to how to educate for democracy in their particular fields of education.

Bernice Cronin, a kindergarten teacher, writes, "Through actual experiences based on child interests, temocratic ideals are developed and democratic ways of hinking and working together are put into actual pracice. Motives that will tend to determine the child's sehavior are given emphasis: human equality, freedom of speech, appreciation of the contributions of others, espect for group standards, acceptance of responsibility, and honesty." <sup>1</sup>

Dorothy E. Bessel writes: "In a first grade room, the deals and principles of democracy can be developed at rimes by definitely planned material, and almost continuously by the everyday occurrences which the teacher uses if she is alert to their implications. First grade children cannot be given in words all the fundamentals which underlie the democratic way of life, but they can gain some understanding of the things for which democracy stands. Respect for the rights of others through participation in group life, individualism within the bounds of social conformity, freedom of thought and self-reliance without the loss of tolerance, acceptance of limitations for collective security, and the ability to work with others toward a common goal are all attributes of the first grade citizen if he is to be a worthy member of his own group."2

A second grade teacher expresses her thoughts similarly. An intermediate teacher feels the same way. The junior high school is doing all it can to teach democracy. The high schools are making efforts toward the same goal.

With flexible courses of study in reading, literature, language arts, and social studies a teacher has a wealth of opportunity through which to instill democratic ways of thinking into the minds of her pupils. With abundance of extra-curricular activities democracy can be emphasized. The Montebello School has a functional Pupil Council that could exist only in a democracy. Assemblies have been planned in some schools for the definite purpose of educating the students in a democracy. Every part of school life is concerned with democratic teachings.

In every particular of education, the child should be

led to be an individual and to develop according to his own ability but with proper consideration for the rights of others. We, the teachers, are the leaders. We, the teachers, have within our grasp the future. Let us unite for a common cause. Let us strive to protect and preserve our democratic government — of the people, by the people, and for the people.

# HIAWATHA WOULDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL!

P. HERNDON

WHEN YOU really stop to analyze it, it seems queer that America's favorite indoor sport is dancing. Probably Miss Uhlrich and Miss Robison will disagree with this but, all in all, I suppose that dancing is here to stay.

I'll admit that it can give a great deal of pleasure — no doubt Mr. Astaire and Miss Powell thoroughly enjoy throwing themselves around — but believe me, brother, it can also be the worst punishment in the world! Just put a rhythmless man with a bad sense of balance and an overdone sense of superiority on a slippery floor, and I'll personally guarantee that he will revolutionalize the ball and chain, electric chair, and every ancient Chinese torture method! Sad, but true.

And I am certain that when the Indians whooped it up around a bit of combustion that their dances were much more civilized than the acrobatics we go through now and flatter with the title of "Rhythm." They only contorted and distorted themselves; you're not considered a good dancer nowadays unless you can twist yourself and your partner up like a ribbon around a May Pole. The Indians were content to hunch around alone —which thought brings up the following query: Have you ever heard any mention of Pocahontas' having corns? Of course not, because Mr. Smith danced by himself!

Yes, when you stop to think, dancing's an awfully odd pastime — pushing someone around a room, trusting to Heaven, a sturdy pair of legs and a fair sense of direction to land you safely at the end of a wild piece of music. Also, this defying of gravity can't be making Sir Isaac any happier, and it's certainly not going to look very enticing in a history book a few chapters away from Washington and Lincoln — "he was a part of the jittering generation of '40, '41." But I suppose, thank goodness, that the Indian is far too civilized to do a Big Apple or the Shag — for, as someone has already said, "They have their reservations." Give it back to the Indians? They wouldn't have it!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Baltimore Bulletin of Education, Nov.-Dec., 1940, published under Authority of the Board of School Commissioners, p. 129.
<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 132.

# SOWHAT

Peggy Gunnells and Lee McCarriar

Writing a column of any type entails three main difficulties. These difficulties are similar to those met in life. They could be stated as follows:

- 1. Climbing a fence that is leaning toward you.
- 2. Kissing a girl that is leaning away from you.
- 3. Speaking to a group of experts on their own topic.

There is no point to the first, the second is by far the most enjoyable, but to us the third is more vital. We find it very difficult to write gossip about experts on the subject.

Last year we resolved never to make New Year's Resolutions again. However, at this time of the year such things are prevalent and we decided to slip into the harness and do the inevitable. Here are some from the faculty:

- 1. Dr. Wiedefeld-More money in the culture fund.
- 2. Dr. A. Dowell-More trips for her health students. 3. Miss Weyforth-To find a good definition of the
- word "Quartette." 4. Miss Bersch-To add five more chapters to Monroe.
- 5. Mr. Miller-To find more "lilies" to gild.
- 6. Mr. Walther-To give more birthday parties in class.
- 7. Mr. Moser-To give no more "F's" in arithmetic
- 8. Dr. F. Dowell-To get a new stock of jokes for his new students in February.
- 9. Miss Woodward-To settle the ring situation.
- 10. Dr. West-An observatory before he's 50.
- 11. Mr. Crook-To get more chewing gum.
- 12. Miss Munn-More "munny" for the Tower Light.

## Freshmen Frolics

Who are the other three boys, Bart, that enjoy dancing with each other in the fover every afternoon?

Open letter to Agnes Hicks, Fr. 1:

Dear Agnes,

You may place your advertisement in the Tower LIGHT for a minimum amount. More people read the Tower Light than those who go in the Book Shop. (Ed.'s note: That's what he thinks!) Yours truly.

P. G. and L. M.

Does Shock have Emily on the end of a String?

#### Sophomore Scandal

Bob Reidt makes frequent trips to S. T. C. Could it be his love for the school or Barbara?

Why did Bob buy a new car? Did his old one get clogged up?

Is the Naval Academy better than Towson or Hagers town? Or is it the picture?

Only Jane Stottlemver can furnish the answer.

#### Junior J-s

Peters: "What's the name of the book vou're read ing?"

Nan: "What 20,000,000 Women Want."

Peters: "May I see it? I want to see if they spelled my name right."

One of our spies reports the presence of Mr. John Edward Koontz and a young lady in the new shopping center at Homeland. Can you explain this, Jack?

#### Senior Stuff

How many people know that the poet laureate of the senior class wrote a three-page poem for a certain young lady in Sr. 4B? Then they spent a whole period together reading it. In case you're not familiar with the case, the initials are J. J. and M. R.

Betcha Charles Gross will never forget his 21st birth day, thanks to his class.

Let's all hope that Stotty can pronounce her name better than some faculty members do.

We hope that you will take notice of the new blood injected into this column this month. Next month you may look forward to a super "So What" with part of the column written by a "famous" person. Our February an niversary number will contain a review of many happenings of the past. We trust that you will hold your breatly until it comes. Until next month and our guest columnist - So long and, So What!

Editor's Note-Mr. McCarriar is having his Tribull ations also.

"Youth is a wonderful thing; it's a shame it must be wasted on children."-George Bernard Shaw.

# ANOTHER LETTER

(Continued from page 6) to universal peace is adoption of universal military training." And so in every nation which fought in the World War there were the disciples of peace by war, security by fear, love by hate. Reason could have told them "no"; they waited for experience to convince them. Adding to the poisons of past wars, preparations for future wars give fresh cause for disputes over strategic territories, arouse nationalistic hysteria in one country, excite suspicion in all others, and thereby sabotage every attempt at just and peaceful this is, if we want peace we must prepare for peace.

The third oppressor which holds us all enslaved is nationalism, supported by an ill-conceived brood: racial antagonism, secret treaties, power politics, national rights and honor, and national sovereignty. National sovereignty, rights, and honor should be better known as international anarchy, license, and disgrace. As individuals you and I realize that my freedom ends where your freedom begins. We are subject to law. But hocuspocus dominocus national-national-national - we are perfect, irresponsible, divine. It used to be "the king can do no wrong." Now it is the state can do no wrong. The state has "rights" any decent individual despises, from the right of "selling" opium in China to "protecting" Ethiopia, or "buying" Panama, Every nation calls every other nation the despoiler and treaty-breaker, the beastly coward, all the while modestly confessing themselves to be paragons of virtue, and angels of light. For example, Hungarian school children were required to repeat twice a day the national creed:

I believe in one God.

I believe in one Fatherland.

I believe in eternal justice.

I believe in the resurrection of Hungary from the dead. Amen.

Today in the U. S. A. we teach our children to sing "God Bless America," ignore our own shortcomings, and in a sweat of righteous wrath shout oppressor, aggressor, liar, and thicf at everyone else. Is it any wonder international conferences find understanding and arbitration so difficult?

Nationalism, militarism, and imperialism — they have kept Europe divided, they have blinded us to our real brotherhood and plunged us into insane wars, they are the chains of our common slavery.

Yours for Peace,

Allen O'Neill.

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# "MEAT ON THE TABLE"

By Edgar A. Guest

I sing this glorious land of ours,
Its motor cars and shows.
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Its nhones and radios.

Here your ambitious boy may be Our President if he's able. But what spells U.S.A. to me Is "meat upon the table!"

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# THE MENACE

(Continued from page 13)

"Isn't that a coincidence?" laughed Babs. "I've got a cousin exactly like that."

They whiled away an hour chatting. Suddenly Babs saw her companion's eyes popping with stunned amazement as his glance traveled over her shoulder. Then to Barbara's mystification, the stranger called quickly, "Winnie! Hey, Win!"

G. G. halted in consternation.

"Ken!" she gasped in horror.

Babs' head reeled as she put 3 and 3 together and got 9. So his cousin and her cousin was the one, the only, the dizzy Winnie. And all the exploits G. G. had been gloating about were mere fabrications.

"What have you done to yourself, Kid?" Ken was

yelling.

G. G. sank to the sand weeping heart-rendingly with the humiliation of being publicly stripped of her disguise by a man, rather a cad, who, she had boasted, was crazy about her.

"I wish I was dead," she sobbed dramatically, if

ungrammatically.

"You'll be dead if you keep running around looking like a harem dancer." Ken hauled her to her feet, and started toward the Milton cottage.

"Now, let's hear the explanation of this," ordered Ken when they arrived there. "Where did you get all this junk?" He indicated her glamour girl finery with a sweep of his hand.

"Mother let me buy all my clothes for the summer," howled Winnie. "I bought these duds and charged them. The maid helped me pack, so mother never found out. I got the make-up from the dime store. I even bought the orchids myself with my birthday money, and I made up all that stuff about my boy friends. I just wanted to be grown-up, so I could go around with Babs and Jack and their friends. They never used to want me."

With this Winnie developed hysterics.

The next morning she awoke pale with determination and loss of make-up. She had come to the decision that her parents must be missing her terribly and was leaving for home immediately. It was a much chastened little girl who sneaked out of Baylor's Beach by the midnight train. Ken and Babs saw her off.

The former, who was quite fond of his cousin remarked, "She really is a pretty kid."

"Yes," agreed Babs, crossing her fingers behind her back.

# MUSIC

(Continued from page 20) and first clarinetist of the Baltimore Symphony, has been with Paul Whiteman's and Glen Miller's Orchestras.

Norman Young, the "Prince of Song," is a lyric baritone and protegé of Robert Weede, According to Norman, Mr. Weede is "one of the finest men to be found." Because of Norman's youth most of his experience lies ahead, although he has done concert work and has sung in many church choirs.

Elizabeth Bilson, the "Princess of Song" and dramatic soprano, was the toast of vaudeville at sixteen. She sang with Robert Weede at the old Rivoli, Miss Bilson has been soprano soloist in a church choir for many years. She and Walter Linthicum were staff singers at the opening of WBAL fifteen years ago.

# ANSWERS TO THE MUSIC OUIZ

- 1. Flute a present-day wood-wind instrument of the symphony orchestra; mute - an attachment to musical instruments to "muffle" or soften the tones; lute — a Grecian harp-like, stringed instrument. The equivalent to a "hand harp."
- 2. Eddie Duchin's orchestra uses it for a theme.
- 3. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms,
- 4. Schmaltz means "with sweetness," defines "sweet swing.
- 5. A rhythm pattern played by the left hand on the piano or on other base instruments of a swing band. The pattern is carried out in Octaves or Tenths
- 6. In "olden days" we had one clef of eleven lines. This caused a confused conglomeration on the staff. To simplify the situation they took out the middle sixth line which was C and corresponds to our middle C. The two groups of lines being separated, there was room between for words to be written. The bottom group of lines was called the bass or F clef; the top group of lines was called the Treble or G clef. The bass clef is only then, a continuation downward of the treble clef.
- 7. Edward MacDowell.
- 8. Sigmund Romberg.
- 9. Franz Peter Schubert. 10. Antonius Stradavarius.
- 11. The top curve at the end of the violin or other similar stringed instruments.
- 12. (a) Tschaikovsky, 5th Symphony; (b) Debussy, Reverie.



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#### ICE HOCKEY

JOHN HORST

A game that has taken Baltimore and other cities of the United States by storm is the slashing, hard-hitting game of ice hockey. Its rise to favor has been rapid in the United States, but its history goes back to the Roman Toga.

The game had its beginnings on land. Far back in history early people amused themselves by some form of hockey. They used a bent stick and a stone with which to play. The present name "hockey" is supposedly derived from the "hooked" stick used. The Irish called the game "shinty"; the Scots, "hurley". The present name "shinny" (a game resembling hockey that is played in most city streets and playgrounds) is a logical survival from the Irish.

Many of the low countries of Europe began to play this game on ice. As early as the 16th and 17th centuries there were paintings depicting ice hockey. At the time the game was known as "bandy". The game as played today is little known in Europe. Canada and the United States are the real hockey-minded countries.

Hockey is second only to lacrosse in Canada. Every manchild in Canada cuts his teeth on a pair of its skates and grows up with a hockey stick as a playmate. Today, boys from 6 years up play and have organized hockey teams. All this training has turned out excellent players and excellent teams. Many United States teams use Canadian stars on their squads.

Gradually the game has become organized in Canada and here. Leagues have been formed and interest runs high. Hockey is really drawing the fans for there is plenty to be seen. Good hard body checks, hard spills, flashy skating and an occasional fright give the fans what they want. Hockey has taken the place of wrestling for those who want to see a hard-fighting, thrilling contest.

Lately, Baltimore's hockey interest has been on the upswing. The team, which amounts to an amateur club, won last year's league championship and is on its way to another this year. Many of Baltimore's players are sold to good professional teams where they are likely to become hockey standouts.

Most of the teams in the American Hockey League are composed of young players. However, many of the veterans are playing just as hard as ever, or so their opponents say. Some of these men are actually being held together by bandage and adhesive. Still they are rough and ready and their body shocks can be felt on the last row of stands. For a real spine-tingling, hair-raising experience, spend some money and go to see the "fastest game in the world."

# **DEEDS--Not Words!**

JIRLS, I hate to admit it, but we are inconsistent. This what we have done:

In 1939-1940 as 80%<sup>2</sup> of this student body, we girls by to it that —

36% of the presidents of popular organizations were boys.

21% of the main officers of these organizations were boys.

75% of the class presidents were boys.

REMEMBER that only

20% of the students were boys.

This year as  $82\%^2$  of this studenty body, we girls saw o it that —

47% of presidents of popular organizations are

26% of the main officers of these organizations are

50% of the section1 chairmen are boys.

40% of the section1 secretaries are boys.

55% of all section1 officers are boys.

75% of the class presidents are boys.

REMEMBER that only 18% of the student body are boys.

We talk about the unfairness of the existing inequaly of salaries of men and women. We say that women
re just as good as men and perhaps better. Yet we
ream from the hilltops that we aren't as good as men,
hen we can find only one girl class president in 82%
f our college student body. We choose as 75%, of our
lass presidents, individuals whom we have called "coneited, drowned in self-pity, and inconsistent" (Tower
agit, October 1940). What is the matter with us? We
re building up the very attitudes and situations we call
fair when we tell the men we have to choose them
cause we can't find girls who are capable of leading us.

No wonder the men think of us as they do!

1. Are the men actually more capable? No!

2. Are we girls susceptible to manly words and deeds? 'm afraid so! Come on, girls! The New Year is here! Let's change

ur ways and act instead of talking so much! Female Biped.

#### ootnotes -

- <sup>1</sup> Popular refers to organizations to which both Dorm and Day students, men and women belong. Organizations which tend to be made up of all men or all women (Men's Club, all-girl sections, etc.) were excluded from this study.
- <sup>2</sup> The percentage of girls and boys as voters varies in both directions under different voting situations.

# HUTZLER BROTHERS @

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To the Editors:

May I say a few words about the Music Section of the Tower Light? Throughout my four years at this institution, the Music Section has consisted solely of Glee Club or Orchestra Notes, May we still hear of Glee Club and Orchestra activities, but may we also hear of activities of others in the music field? Three cheers for Miss Gelwasser. She has done a fine piece of work.

A Senior.

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## COLLEGE NEWS

(Continued from page 24) Since modern inventions have brought the world close together, a spirit of brotherliness must exist. We must acquire an historic prospective on the situation for only by this means have the Chinese people rebuilt their country after each invasion. Mr. Lee believed further that Christianity has the answer for which we are looking. Under its teachings national differences can be forgotten; a world brotherhood can be substituted for national sovereignty.

#### DECEMBER 2 -

The music and rhythm of our southern neighbor, Mexico, was brought to us today by Mrs. Laura Bolton, through slides, motion pictures, and lecture. Mrs. Bolton first presented a brief resumé of the Indian problem of Mexico, a complicated and interesting one. The inhabitants of the country range from the very primitive native to those of pure Spanish lineage. Colored slides and reels took us travelling through Mexico. We noted the agriculture and the skillful pottery making, as well as the various periods of Mexican history.

After our trip, we heard several recordings of music. The instruments of the Archaic period were fascinating and included the conch shell, clay futue, bronze bells, and notched stone. The music of the Colonial period distinctly showed the Spanish influence. By the end of the year, it seems that we shall have visited much of the territory in our southern hemisphere.

# DECEMBER 9 — Mr. Crook: A Naturalist in the Rockies

As Mr. Crook explained the work of naturalist rangers, a student teacher's life seemed a nine-weeks' vacation by comparison. Not only do they conduct campfire lectures, short nature walks, and all-day hikes, but they also must continually study the history of the park, the geologic forms found in the area, and the wild animals and flowers there. Mr. Crook himself was stationed at Rocky Mountain National Park. Although the park is only four hundred and five square miles in area, it contains three mountain ranges.

Nine hundred elk live in the park. Each year they migrate to the tundra above the timber line at an altitude of eleven thousand feet. Here they grow their new antlers, and the cows and calves wander till autumn. The mating season in October brings the fights among the bulls for their mates. Although these combats are wasteful of elk lives they serve to preserve the line of the strongest animals.

We saw several of these animals in Mr. Crook's excellent motion pictures. It is impossible to list all the animals and plants which he showed us in their native settings. From awe-inspiring heights we saw dark bluc lakes in the setting of slate gray mountains. His camera caught the colorful hikers and members of the photographic automobile caravan. As interesting and well chosen as his films were Mr. Crook's stories and information. I'm sure every bull elk will henceforth be thought of as "John L" by students of S. T. C.

Mr. Crook used an effective but often disregarded technique — "stop while your audience still wants more" — and we do want more. Mr. Crook.

# CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

SYLVIA GELWASSER

Weeks of feverish dashing to special rehearsals and carolling in the College halls culminated in one gathcring, the Christmas Assembly. "Singing to Father, Son. and Holy Ghost," thus joyous voices blended in one grand swell.

The carols and hymns of the Girls' Chorus, Jeanie Group and Glee Club revealed fine cooperation and direction. Outstanding was the delicate "Carol of the Doves" and equally so, though in contrast, was the attractive styling of "Praise to the Lord." Miss Weyforth deserves credit for instilling and maintaining a high sense of musicianship in choral singing.

As should be, instruments took an important part in the assembly. The efficiency of the orchestra, under Miss Prickett, was a delightful surprise. A college or chestra has many obstacles to face, but the playing of Mendelssohn's "Nocturne" showed how these had been overcome.

A voice also spoke at the assembly. It told a story of children, of a mother, and of a "Christ Candle." Perhaps it was the simple way in which the story was told or perhaps it was the lovely tone quality of the voice itself that made "The Christ Candle" an unforgettable tale.

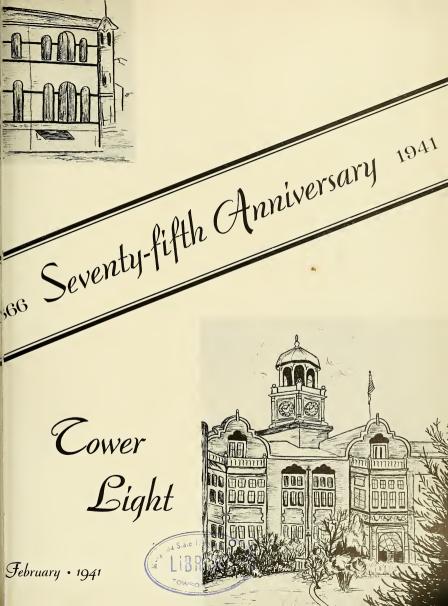
The gay-colored programs, the decorations of greens and lights, the blending of sopranos and basses, homs advolins — all of this, was augmented by a prevailing spirit of happiness and peace. What a wonderful send-off for sixteen days of vacation!

"They all laughed when I showed them my new type of dynamite, but when I dropped it — they all exploded."

"Being an old maid is like death by drowning — a really delightful sensation after one ceases struggling."







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# TOWER LIGHT

VOLUME XIV . ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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COVER DESIGN AUDREY PRAMSCHUFER

THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly—October through June—by students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Md.



DR. ALBERT S. COOK
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Dr. Cook, since 1920, bas consistently
welded the most significant parts of the
past educational philosophies of Maryland, and at the same time bas led in
developing a modern school system which
is equalled by few for sound progressive
measures.

# The Governors Greeting

MAY I extend to the school authorities and to the student-body my sincere congratulations upon the occasion of the celebration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the State Teachers College at Towson.

It would be difficult to even attempt to evaluate the splendid influence that has been exerted upon our State and its people over these many years by the graduates of your Institution, which today, despite its venerable years, or rather, I might say, because of them and the experience gained therefrom, is one of the most valued assets of our State's splendid educational system.

The State Department of Education and the officials of the College are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the standards that have been maintained. I sincerely wish for the State Teachers College at Towson future years of service without number.

HERBERT R. O'CONOR.

# SO THE WALLS SPEAK

# .. a prayer

Alma McAvoy

IN THIS, the seventy-fifth year of our life, we are thankful for the many blessings bestowed upon us. We are thankful for the government that has seen fit to foster our growth; for those who have brought educational enlightenment to the people. We are thankful for the fine instructors who have sent their pupils forth with something more than printed matter, for the young people who have taken advantage of our college's humble offerings. We have nurtured the ideals of our forefathers - freedom and equality under the law. Iew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, essaying to understand, have met in brotherhood under our roof, not merely to tolerate one another

With a maniacal, war-mad, pseudocivilization about us, there is much to be done to keep our own young people of today free from bigotry and the evils of a disillusioning world. We have the courage; we ask you, God, to give us the strength to face our task more clearly, to bring closer to the hearts of children a living knowledge of the "worthy life." Thus may our succeeding years repay the confidence of those preceding generations to whom we give thanks today.

# A TRIBUTE TO

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Just, liberal was this man, And held his work so high, It brought a touch of opulence To every work and to each act of his, Sure of his dreams as of himself, Sure of himself as of his dreams, He kept a steadfast track, Nor swerved from what was just and liberal.

As seers and shepherds do, He saw a strangeness in the sky; He saw a cloudy structure towering up, Between the clods and stars; Cloudy but fair, and with a look As though it leapt to sound of trumpeting.

And year by year he watched this towered thing,

Between the stars and clods, Cave it his heart; blood, all his hopes, His visions of a wise and nourishing state, His confidence in plain and splendid men; Would it not grow, because of need and

Would it not last, because of love and

It grew; it lasted; ours is it this day. Soon, all too soon,

The Master went about a greater task; The staff dropped from the Shepherd's

The Dreamer, done with dreaming, fell asleep.

that he did for the cause in which he performed such unremitting labor. He had a great deal of interest in the establishment of the Manual Training School. The Maryland State Normal School furnished teachers for Public Schools in the

entire State and they compared fa-

vorably with the scholars of older

schools in any other State.

had a singleness of purpose in all

The high and pure principles of philosophy and life which he inculated and infused into his educational work have exerted an influence for good through our whole school system that cannot be measured and will long be felt. The world is better and brighter because he lived in it. He left an impression which time will not efface.

# E. Barrett Prettyman LL.D.

Second Principal of the State Teachers College of Maryland

MANY visitors from foreign lands to this country are highly impressed with the universality of education in America. No exhibition of community life so expresses the essential democratic spirit of this country as its public schools. In the ongoing of public education in the State of Maryland we must take note of the large contribution made to it during the period presided over by the second principal of the State Teachers College, E. Barrett Prettyman, LL.D.

Dr. Prettyman found the educational system well up to the highest standards of the times. His contribution was distinct and lasting in the general character of Maryland life and thought. Dr. Prettyman brought to his office of principal of the Maryland Teachers College a full-orbed scholarship, and a consecration born of his supreme valuation of this school. Basic to all his

# Thoughts About Dr. Newell

by Mayor Latrobe

MAYOR LATROBE said, "He had been connected with the Public Schools of Baltimore for ten years in an official way, and there was not a man in Maryland to whom the Public School Education was more indebted than to Professor Newell. One feels a deep sense of gratification that the cause of education had a man so thoroughly acquainted with his duties. He was the right man in the right place." The success of the Normal School was altogether due to the man who had conducted it for 25 years. During his administration he increased the number of pupils from eleven to more than three hundred. In 1868 he was appointed principal of the State Normal School - also ex-officio State Superintendent. As a teacher he was pre-eminent, as an educator his reputation was national. The proficiency of the Public School system in Maryland owes its success to his energy, perseverance, tact, and foresight. He

# Dr. Henry Skinner West

Lena C, Van Bibber

ity with English literature. It may be doubted if there was at the time a scholar more thoroughly versed in the whole range of English literature. He was an omniverous reader in the whole field of letters, and a devout student of all that could be classed as literature. He lived in an atmosphere of English writers, and had a profound and critical appreciation of their interpretation of life as embodied in their books. Back of his easy familiarity with the English language, he had a thorough ground work of ancient classic literature. He was especially versed in Greek and Latin, and the masterpieces of these languages gave grace, beauty and profundity to the course of study in this school. Back of these fields of thought and built upon them was his outstanding personality. The best of the classics lived anew in his own life; refined, chaste, learned as he was. He sought to give to the students of this school a sympathetic appreciation of the true and beautiful in past achievements of all men and nations. The education which he had to give was applicable to all classes and conditions of the citizens of the State.

leadership was a thorough familiar-

Under his leadership the school grew in wide favor in every community of the State, and every scholarship provided by the Legislature was eagerly taken. Through his persistent effort the State provided free books for all the schools of the State. A forty thousand dollar building was added to the school.

So, on the 75th anniversary of the founding of the State Teachers College we may pay tribute to this second principal, and point to him as a teacher who taught the world's best thought, who built upon the classics of all literature, who won the highest devotion of the people of Maryland for their school, and who sent out a relay of scholars equipped for their high task.

DR. HENRY S. WEST was principal of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson from September, 1917, to June, 1921. He resigned from the Towson school twenty years ago, and for the past sixteen years he has lived and worked outside of Maryland. For these reasons, many readers of the Tower Light and, indeed, most of the present student body and staff of the College, are not acquainted with Dr. West, his personality and his contribution. It is, therefore, a pleasure and a privilege for one who knew him well and worked with him during the exciting years of his incumbency to recall him to the field he once filled with such vitality and intelligence.

Dr. West, who is a native of Marvland, received his elementary and secondary education in the public schools of Maryland, and was graduated with honors from the City College in 1890. Interested in art and architecture, he graduated with honors the same year from the Maryland Institute of Art. Thus equipped, he began his teaching career. In 1891 he began his studies at Johns Hopkins University where he received his B.A. degree in 1893 and his Ph.D. in 1899, Although still interested in art, Dr. West developed his interest in English and became an instructor in that field.

His talents, abilities, energy and fearless integrity soon won him recognition and promotion, and, in spite of his youth, he was appointed principal of the Western High School in 1901. In 1906 he became Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Baltimore City, From 1911 to 1917 his paths of endeavor lay outside of Maryland, but in 1917 he returned as principal of the Maryland State Normal School.

His appointment to the Normal School came at a most critical time. The entrance of the United States into the First World War had most disturbing effects upon the Maryland schools, There was rapid depletion of the teaching forces and of candidates for teaching positions. Many of the ablest teachers left the profession to serve their country, and at the outbreak of the war, all but one of the men students of the Towson Normal School enlisted or were drafted. The rapid rise of the price levels, coupled with no advance in the salaries of teachers had most disastrous results.

Dr. West arrived in Towson on the flood tide of these tragic developments, and all during his three years at the school the enrollment continued to drop. In his three classic annual reports he tells of his tremendous labors during this period. He tells of new courses and new methods that were introduced, of the first summer school, and of war work. He tells of the resignation of some of his best teachers to undertake other work at higher salaries and of the rejection of his suggestions by his immediate superiors. He casually shows how multifarious were his duties, how long his hours, and how his work was a twelvemonth job. But not by a single expression does he betrav weariness, discouragement or ill temper.

To read Dr. West's annual reports is to read a sage that reveals a real man of tough fibre, of vigor and courage — a man interested in his work and determined not to be defeated by the "slings of outrageous fortune."

# A Vision Becomes a Reality

M. Theresa Weidefeld

HEN discussing seventy-five years of the life of the Maryland State Normal School, now the State Teachers College at Towson, we need to remember that perhaps its greatest professional growth has taken place since 1920. That is due not only to the changes which took place in the institution itself, but also because of changes in the State school system during that period which made it possible for the Normal School to throw off the fetters that bound it and to emerge into the position of leadership which it now holds. At the time of the 1915 State school survey the Normal School was held tight in the grip of mediocrity; it was blocked by the poorly prepared student material which fed into it; its morale was stifled because of the lack of opportunities and the discouragements which faced many of its graduates; and it was strangled by economic poverty.

The most important objectives toward which any school system should work as the surest means to a maximum of benefit to the children of the community are those of making the individual teacher vocationally independent and economically secure. The achievement of that goal in Maryland during the past twenty years has been the most important foundation step on which the State school system now rests, a step which made possible the rebirth of its teacher training institutions.

The Maryland School Law of 1865, which established a Uniform System of Public Schools, considered a normal school for the education of the teachers of the elementary schools an integral part of that system. Trained teachers were considered essential to the success of any organized system of public education. There were very few high schools in the counties. The requirements for admission to the Normal School, therefore, had to be very low. Students were required to have completed eight grades of the elementary school to be eligible for entrance. The Normal School Catalogue of 1871 gives the following Requirements for Admission to the first-vear class:

Spelling—To write correctly from dictation three verses selected from the New Testament.

Reading—To read accurately and intelligently (oral reading).

Writing—A legible and moderately rapid hand. Arithmetic—To the end of Vulgar Fractions.

Grammar—Definitions, Etymological Forms, Easy Parsing.

Low as the requirements were, the first two principals of the Normal School, Dr. M. A. Newell and Dr. E. B. Prettyman complained continuously that many of the students were unprepared for the work and that the Normal School could not take time to give instruction in the elementary school subjects. They maintained that the trouble could never be remedied until better teachers taught the schools from which these students came.

"The Public School Teachers of Maryland are the product mainly of the Public Schools of Maryland and what those schools have been for the last 15 years, the average of the teachers must be. The stream cannot rise higher than its source." ... "Whatever may be the native abilities of a teacher, he cannot be expected to keep a school of a better kind than any he has ever seen."

The Normal School faculty was gradually supplied from its own graduates, beginning with Miss Richmond, who was a member of the First Normal School graduating class.

Dr. Newell deplored the lack of supervision for the teachers of the State and urged the appointment of a State Superintendent, saying, "It is necessary that a State which spends about a half-million dollars annually for the support of public schools should receive some assurance that the money is properly expended."

For thirty-four years the principal of the Normal School served as ex-officio State Superintendent, and not until 1900 was a State Superintendent appointed. By that time the Normal School had made as much progress as it is possible for a single unit of a complex organization to make when so many of the other units which should operate in coordination with it had failed to do their part. With the exception of a few of the richer counties (Baltimore County in particular), the State school system continued to rank low among the nation's schools. When measured by all available standards, Maryland's schools stood near the bottom of the list of the State systems. The Normal School was in the position of an inland town with a poor hinterland.

The Maryland School Survey of 1915 disclosed the many weaknesses of the State system and the consequent school law of 1916 provided ways and means which made improvement possible. That law caused comment from all parts of the country. The Journal of Education, Boston, August 31, 1916, said concerning it:

"Maryland has made the longest leap ahead in educational legislation that any State has ever made in one year. It is such an extensive and intensive reform that we catch our breath for fear that in practice it will be a nightmare rather than a vision. If Maryland will accept it, will live up to it, she will soon lead the Union educationally.'

As was expected, the enforcement of the new law met with many obstacles. Albert C. Ritchie, the newlyelected Governor, was determined that it was not to be a "nightmare" and, in 1920, there was a reorganization of the administration. Dr. Albert S. Cook, who had been Superintendent of Schools in Baltimore County since 1900, was elected State Superintendent of Schools by the State Board of Education. He had developed a county school system which was nationally and internationally known as the outstanding county system of schools in the country. He understood the condition of the State's schools as perhaps no one else did, and he visioned for all the counties what he had accomplished in Baltimore County. His vision encompassed the teacher training institutions as a part of the larger educational program. He brought Dr. Lida Lee Tall, who had been one of his supervisory assistants in Baltimore County to Towson as principal and entrusted to her leadership the work which was to be done.

A study of conditions in the counties which affected Normal School graduates indicated the nature of the

work which had to be done in the counties.

Many of the students were still entering the Normal School poorly prepared for the work. They came from one-room rural schools and found themselves in competition with students from larger schools in the more progressive counties, and with some high school graduates. The school attempted to help this situation by establishing a two-year academic course designed to prepare such rural students for the two years of professional work. High school graduation could not be required for entrance if all the counties were to profit, for as late as 1920 there were only thirty-four First Group High Schools in the counties of the State; several offered no high school training to their pupils. Today there are one hundred thirty-five high schools accredited by the State Board of Education and approved by the Eastern States Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. The one saving factor in this situation was the evident fact that those students who came of their own volition, without the counsel or advice of trained guidance such as they have today, and succeeded in spite of all obstacles, must have been the best of the county students,

It might be thought that these students, fine in every way, meeting every requirement for the highest certificate which the counties issued, should have done much to help raise the professional standards of the schools "back home." This assumption is only partly true. In Baltimore County where there was fine professional leadership the greatest opportunities were open to the new Normal School graduates entering the teaching profession. Their individual aptitudes were studied and appraised and they were afforded the utmost by way of encouragement, professional assistance, and opportunities for growth. Such was not the case in the majority of the counties.

The Normal School graduates who returned to the "home county" to teach too frequently had little opportunity to exert any influence. Little or no consideration was shown them and no advantages offered them because of their training. The great majority were placed in one-room rural schools. There were 1,171 one-room schools for white children in 1920. Today there are 260. Of these, the majority are located in the mountainous and tide-water sections of the State, where consolidation of schools is impractical. These one-room schools were poorly equipped; few materials were supplied; and the teacher made and cared for the fire and cleaned the school buildings. There was no course of study to serve as guide, the schools were poorly graded, the promotion standards were determined mainly by the teacher; percentage of attendance was low and of over-ageness high. Previous to the survey of 1915 only a few of the counties were able to employ elementary supervisors. This left many of the Normal School graduates to work out their problems entirely alone. Except for the annual visit of the County Superintendent and the casual visits of the local trustees, the young teachers received little or no help. There were few opportunities for promotion. The graded schools were located in the county seat, and the other towns in the county. The politicians and residents of these communities helped the "home girls" to get positions in these schools. When a vacancy occurred, and the time soon arrived when that ceased to happen, a "home girl" teaching out in the country was brought in. These positions were "political plums" in a sense. This meant discouragement for the Normal School graduate who saw that the only opportunity for advancement was determined by other than professional standards. Even in the counties having several graded schools there were few opportunities for promotion to a principalship of any but a two- or three-room rural school, because graded elementary schools were usually housed in the buildings with (Continued on page 14)

# **How Firm a Foundation**

THE MARYLAND STATE SCHOOL LAW OF 1916

LIDA LEE TALL President, 1920 - 1938

ARS always bring changes. The Civil War was being fought to a finish when a new State school system was organized in Maryland in the year 1865, and immediately reorganized in 1867. The Maryland State Normal School was opened in 1866 — a great step for the State to undertake in its still unsettled condition. The principal of the New Normal School also became the State School Superintendent and secretary to the State Board of Education, positions so blended until the year 1900. Throughout these concurrent administrations Dr. M. Alexander Newell, the founder of the Marvland State Normal, advocated separation of the three-fold functions into two distinct offices operated each by a different head. But it takes a long time for the public or the law-makers to effect radical changes. From 1865 to 1900 there had been only three superintendents to serve the State, the Rev. Mr. Von Bokkelen from 1865-1867, Dr. M. Alexander Newell from 1867 to 1891, and Dr. Prettyman, 1891 to 1905. In 1900, a superintendent was appointed, who served as a part-time person for twenty years.

In 1914 came the great World War with its upheavals before and after, and in 1916 there was framed a new school code which had its beginning years before 1914; it became articulate in 1916; it will hold as a foundation for years and years to come. What brought about the revision of the law in 1916? In the early years of 1900 a young group of educators in the State and Baltimore City had been meeting together and thinking about better things, better times for education in the schools of the State. There had been a journal established as the organ to voice their ideas and ideals. But as usual it is always some straw which blows with the wind and points the way. A State welfare organization, wellmeaning but uninformed about school trends and educational philosophy, began to advocate uniform curricula and uniform textbooks for all the counties of the State. This caused great agitation among teachers and laymen. A survey of the schools was suggested and the pressure broke when an article appeared in the Baltimore Sun on December 1, 1913, written by J. Montgomery Gambrill of Teachers' College, Columbia University, who had been a teacher at the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute and editor of the aforesaid journal.

This article outlined the educational status of Maryland and suggested a survey. Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, who took office in 1912, accepted the challenge and the State Legislature of 1914, through his efforts, authorized a grant of \$5,000 to begin preliminaries for the study. The commission the Governor appointed was made up of B. Howell Griswold, Jr., Chairman; Dr. J. McPherson Scott, Mr. Albert Sisk, and Mr. William Coleman, a young and promising lawyer (now Judge Coleman of the Federal Court of Maryland), secretary. About that time there were two other State surveys of schools claiming the attention of the public-The Missouri Study of 1910 and the Vermont Survey, just being published (1914). The Carnegie Foundation had made the Vermont Survey. Surveys are expensive. Who was altruistic enough to finance the study in Maryland? The General Education Board, administering the Rockefeller donations to education, was receptive to the call of Governor Goldsborough's committee and by 1915 the work was in full swing with Mr. Abraham Flexner as director and Dr. Frank Bachman in charge of educational phases. Mr. Flexner, in his autobiography I Remember, just published (1940), devotes a chapter to the Maryland survey. One real reason the General Education Board advanced for its willingness to undertake the survey was that there was no good school system organized in the South to point to. But let Mr. Flexner tell in his own words:

"I went to Maryland for the purpose of talking with Governor Goldsborough, Mr. Griswold, and Dr. M. Bates Stephens, the State Superintendent of Education, Governor Goldsborough . . . convinced me of the sincerity of his wish that politics should be forever banned from the field of education. . . . The General Education Board was at that time cooperating with many Southern States. . . . It was hampered by the fact that no Southern State possessed a sound general school law, a thoroughly adequate central department, proper supervision, and sound methods of raising funds. It seemed to me that by taking Maryland, a State lying between the North and the South, with many of the problems which were perplexing Southern educators, the Board might render a service, the effects of

which would be felt beyond the borders of Maryland."

A survey takes time. Governor Goldsborough was succeeded by Governor Emerson C. Harrington and Governor Harrington adhered to the same non-political policy as Governor Goldsborough's and the survey commission finished its work which culminated in the law of 1916 drafted by Dr. Bachman and the General Education Board and which Mr. Flexner said, "enormously simplified and repealed every school law upon the statute books." That commission deserves the undying gratitude of the teachers and of the people of Maryland. Its plan of implementation makes a story in itself. Why should you as an alumnus or alumna of this school be interested? Read the survey account, a small volume published in 1920. It is written in non-technical language for Mr. Flexner saw to it that none of Dr. Bachman's pedaguese should creep into it.

Following in the wake of the 1916 immediate revolution came other great changes growing out of the provisions of the law, each of which deserves a chapter of

its own:

1. The equalization fund written into the budget of the State Department of Education in 1922 and accepted by the Legislature.

2. The establishment of a minimum salary schedule in 1922.

3. The teachers' retirement system of 1927.

4. Certification laws for teachers.

5. The raising of standards for teacher education-

to a three-year course in 1933; to a four-year degreegranting course in 1934; to the change of the designation of the Normal Schools of the State to Teachers' Colleges in 1935.

All of these are firm foundations for building up the happiness and progress of teachers, and of the State. Mr. Flexner, in I Remember, mentions the Towson Normal School in the following sentences (in 1920): "Changes in personnel came about voluntarily and spontaneously. Dr. Stephens was succeeded by Dr. Albert S. Cook, one of the ablest educators in the country. A new head assumed control of the State Normal School of Maryland which became a model." Mr. Flexner pays tribute to Dr. Bachman in these two lines: "Dr. Bachman left other monuments to his ability and zeal, but the Maryland survey remains pre-eminent." It is a pleasure to report that Dr. Bachman was always appreciative of the progress of the Towson Normal, and for many years, after he had allied himself with the George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee, he kept in close touch with it, frequently lending his advice to, and his appraisal of, its activities.

About a month ago, in Baltimore, a luncheon was given by the Dorchester County branch of the Women's Eastern Shore Society at which both ex-Governor Goldsborough and ex-Governor Harrington spoke, and each with pride paid unselfish tribute to himself in speaking of the Maryland survey of 1916 as one of the

high lights of his administration.

The foundation is firm! The superstructure will continue to rise strong, durable, imperishable!

# The Moonlit Door

Marguerite Simmons '34

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller, Knocking on the moonlit door; And his horse in the silence champed the grasses Of the forest's ferny floor; And a bird flew up out of the turret, Above the Traveller's head; And he smote upon the door a second time — "Is there anybody there?" he said.

- De La Mare.

THERE IS a kingdom neither of heaven nor earth but of the worlds between where dwell the lovers of biography, the connoisseurs of human experience, the garnerers of the quintessent. It is a great, calm, shadowy place — a land where the heart does not betray the mind nor the mind betray the heart. To find the kingdom is simple, as places in a dream are within easy access. One follows naturally enough directions that read, "Let your hunger lead you. Ride upon it." Or again, "Over three

hills and down a cobbled street." There on a road in the evening one joins a clan that rides in strange procession past a house with doors as thick as those of Cedars of Lebanon in the Temple of Khufu. It is the moonlit door and the goal of all travellers who thrust their way across mountains and far places. They pound their fists and sometimes beat their heads and hearts upon it. "Is there anybody there?" ask the travellers.

Other minds and hearts drawn by the moonlit door have passed this way. What did they find? Was there a giant behind the thick, stout doors? Could he stretch forth his hand and soothe man's questionings with Brahmin calm? Did he let fall one word to serve as key to open up the way? Fell one chink of light through some slight fault within the door? Was there a talisman to haunt those who came and went only to return and say, "Tm come. What now?" and to find Silence only to greet them? How much of this clusive Silence did the recorder of life, he who went before, harken to? What secret did it reveal? What of the Far Things did this Peri understand?

Invited by Silence and by some unrest, it is a strange people that gathers round to seek the ancient answer or to listen for one welcoming sound of God-approval. Beggars, kings, thieves, adventurers, knaves, and good people of the world, why, when no answer comes, do these return to keep their vigil? Is it a kingdom of enchanted spiritual wanderers or those whose thirst leads them to drink sparingly of spirit wisdom?

Cry those avid for life's understanding to those whose way lies there for all to see, "Oh, you who have gone before, open, and let us in." But in the square where gather the lovers of biography quiet people are standing, waiting quite normally for close of day. Vesper shadows slant across the city. Copper tongues of church bells sing, "How long, my children, how long? All in good time — in good time — time . . . ''

The new moon rises. An early night wind stirs the leaves. Was there a sigh behind the door?

#### ON THE GROWTH OF AN INSTITUTION

(M. S. T. C. at Towson - 75th Anniversary)

#### JAMES JETT

The worth of greatness lieth in the moulder's hands, And is proportionate to the taster's gain. That first idea "To do" should not remain, But rather "build, to satisfy demands" — For growth is all the wealth of all the lands. When growth lies stagnant is the greatness slain, And all the doing has been done in vain. The worth of greatness moveth with the sands,

To that great staff who built these college walls Attribute honor. Knowledge of the world Was theirs — its modes, its changes, its desires. They moved in culture's changing intervals, And now their worth and greatness is unfutled, Their acts are seen — burn on ve raging fires!

# **Belle Caples Morris**

M. S. N. S. Poet, Class of '91

BELLE CAPLES was born December 6, 1868, near Cockeysville, Baltimore County, Maryland, Upon her completion of the elementary school at Towson, she entered in September, 1889, the Maryland State Normal School, under Dr. E. B. Prettyman as principal. After graduation, she secured a school in Dulaney's Valley, Baltimore County, where she taught for a number of years. She later taught in Kent County, where she married on November 27, 1895, W. S. Morris. She lived here nutil 1914, when she moved to Towson.

In 1929, she was awarded the Bachelor of Science degree by the Johns Hopkins University. She is the mother of five children — three daughters and two sons, the latter of which both died young. Her home is now in Vienna, Virginia.

Three of her lovely poems are herewith printed:

## Springtime In Kent

Dear Mastin, I must write you that 'tis honeysuckle time, And snowy ropes of fragrant bloom make sweetness where they climb;

The lilacs now are faded, but the dogwood, all ablow, Upon the hill by Henry Ward's is like new-fallen snow.

In peaceful, shady country lanes there's music all day long, Where mocking birds, in quiet nooks, are rollicking in song;

A wealth of lovely blossoms sheds perfume on the way; The sweet scent of magnolias invites our feet to stray.

The fishers on the Sassafras are singing at their work, And while they search the finny deep I listen where I shirk;

Their slow nets swing, the while they sing the chantey, line by line,

Or draw them out with heave and shout, with tribute from the brine.

The time seems long since you were home; are you not coming soon.

Or do the bright eyes where you dwell for you turn night to noon?

l know you must be home-sick for the sweet green lanes of Kent, For the year has turned from Winter to Summer since you went.

#### Summer Boarders

Hornets and honey-bees and wasps, Bumble-bees, ticks, and midges, Swarm, an innumerable host, In valleys and on ridges.

Each busy at his summer task, Feeding and multiplying; No other good than this they ask; Just living — and then dying.

#### Renascent

For many years I tried to write My love of loveliness in words Which should express my soul's delight In trees and flowers, bees and birds;

Now I bear a magnolia tree That sheds its beauty all around; Deep hidden in the heart of me Its roots are nourished underground. Thus blooming I am beauty's self — That which was mortal is alive. Heedless of poverty or pelf No longer need I seek and strive.

To utter beauty, for my theme Is held aloft for all to see; Beauty is tangible, the dream Blossoming from the heart of me.

# Smile \'A''

SIDNEY M. CHERNAK, '28 (Vice-Principal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton School, No. 93)

THE DOZEN years which separate me from my alma mater have brought me evidence which convinces me more than ever that there is a definite correlation between the smile of enthusiasm and teaching success. I have been in numerous classrooms and have observed teachers in a variety of situations and believe that as a group those who can smile on occasion succeed better in gaining the confidence of their students. These "smilers" have litle trouble convincing their students that learning is a cooperative enterprise in which the teacher works with the students. These "smilers" have a distinct edge over the somber-faced "superserious" pedagogues who pour out "book learnin" as one would a cement mixture.

Don't get me wrong. I do not refer to the oft-mentioned frozen perpetual variety of smile which is recorded for posterity and the edification of some ershile popular dentifrice. No, my friends and potential colleagues, I am talking about the kind which has the property of placing students and associates at ease. On my rating scale of smiles I label this one "Smile A." "Smile A" is a "no" resisting one which gets automatic "yes's" in overwhelming abundance. The next time you go shopping look for smile "A". You will find it possessed by the salesgirls who sells you a pair of hose when you really only intended to buy shoes. You will find it a useful tool of the station attendant who wipes your windshield when you buy gasoline. The soda clerk who serves you a tall glass instead of the small one you had

in mind has capitalized on "Smile A." Teachers, too, use "Smile A" to advantage. They use this personality vitamin as a wedge to open minds as a catalytic agent the molding of young personalities and, yes, apply it as a salve when young feelings have been hurt and need the healing qualities of "Smile A."

How can you tell whether you have "Smile A"? Well, you don't have it:

If children are reticent about asking you questions for fear that they will get a scathing sarcasm in return.

If people will not ask you to do something special which might involve a bit of inconvenience on your part.

If children become completely absorbed in conversation or in the bulletin board or their library books when they see you approaching.

If your opinion is not sought in matters of moment to your students and colleagues.

If you, yourself, are not the recipient of "Smile A."

If you cannot detect it in your own dressing-room mirror.

How can you acquire "Smile A"? Yes, it can be acquired — through practice. First, you must build it up within yourself. Inoculate yourself with optimism and make it part of your mien. Then determine that the old adage dealing with soft answers is still effective — practice that, too. "Smile A" will then become a concomitant of your personality.

# A Brief History of Student Government

GORDON FORRER SHULES

HE history of student government organization at the State Teachers College seems to resolve itself into three distinct periods.

In 1921 the students of the Maryland State Teachers College drew up an agreement which was to give the students jurisdiction over "the management of all matters concerning the conduct of the students in their college life that are not academic in nature except such matters as are hereinafter withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the organization." These included matters pertaining to absences, latenesses, household management of Newell Hall, school property, and permissions for leaving the campus. Disputes concerning jurisdiction were to be decided upon by a joint committee of students and faculty members. The faculty was given power to withdraw or increase the powers given by the document. A clause also was inserted to the effect that the agreement should not be valid unless signed by the principal and the social director and the Student Government Organization. From a technical standpoint the present student council is not a legally constituted body inasmuch as its existence rests upon this document and the copy which we have does not contain the principal's signature. The minutes of the meeting of May 26, 1921, report that, "In the presence of the entire student body, Miss Tall . . ." (the principal) and the others so required, signed the agreement. At the same time a constitution was drawn up stating the name, purpose, membership, officers, committees, elections, duties of the officers and committees, impeachment, quorum requirements and the pledge to be taken by all of the members. Of significance was the resolution that the students observe an honor system devoted to technical aspects of school living.

In the 1922 revision of the constitution the name, purpose, membership, and officers were as in the constitution of 1921 but there was the addition of another functioning body, "The Student Council," consisting of the president, vice-president, and the secretary-treasurer of the Student Government Organization, the house president of each dormitory, the chairman of each section, and the president of each class. The president of the Student Council Organization acted as chairman but had no vote. The section of the constitution concerning committees was clininated, and the sections on elections, meetings, powers and duties amended. A set of by-

laws were added, greatly adding to the efficiency of the organization. Of significance in these by-laws were provisions for student responsibility for collection of association fees, distribution of copies of the constitution, conduct in the dormitories and dining room, punishment for violation of miles, and the distribution of mail in the domnitories.

In March, 1925, the second period in student government began when two student bodies were formed, one for the day students and the other for the boarding students, each with a separate constitution. The boarding student council had jurisdiction over the conduct of the boarding students only and meted out punishments for offences against the rules which were made. That day and resident councils were merely convenient divisions of the students for the purpose of acting with more efficiency in regard to their problems is inferred from the existing minutes of both bodies for the entire period. The main student council acted on matters which affected the whole student body.

The third period began with the school year of 1938. It was then that the three student government organizations were joined into one student association representing the entire student body. No revision was made in the constitution and matters relating to the various subdivisions of student life were delegated to committees. This proved to be an improvement upon the old tripartite council.

Student government since its beginning in the college has shown a definite trend toward democratic ideals in the increasing of student responsibility. There has been no struggle for unbridled freedom but a freedom regulated by obligation and responsibility has assured government for the good of the governed. This organization demonstrates the effectiveness of and the benefits to be derived from orderly procedure carried on where the rights of the individual and of society are mutually respected. In itself the student council is a small matter but its significance lies in its symbolism of the nation's government. It is a lesson in effective democracy and a constant reminder of the necessity for freedom of expression and the rights of individual opinion. It represents the power and effectiveness of concerted action and is certainly of as much importance in teaching our way of life as our scholastic studies are.

# Thanks!

THOMAS A. VAN SANT, JR., '25 (Acting Director of Adult Education in Baltimore)

IELLO! State Teachers College. You were not so complicated when we left you. However, considering the naterial with which you worked, we feel that you did swell job "on" us. You gave us a foundation in teachng techniques and skills that has been of incalculable alue. Over and above that you gave us something far iner, a respect and a love for the work in which our ife has become absorbed.

Just how you gave us that, we do not know precisely. Vany of us believe it was because of the close personal netrest the faculty took in each and everyone of us. To he faculty, particularly our faculty, we wish to express a deep and grateful appreciation. You were more than nere teachers and more than mere educators, you were understanding and sympathetic, and these traits made ou worthwhile teachers and worthwhile educators. Vany times, you must have been amused or irritated by our rash behavior or our uninspired arguments, but you

never let us know this. Yes, as we think back, we realize that the time you gave us after class, or in our informal meetings was perhaps as valuable to us as any other part of our training. We are sure that we have been better teachers because we have tried to develop a little of this in our relationship with our students. Thanks, many thanks for the "extra" time.

There is a vitality and a strength to be secured through the informal contacts one may develop with faculty members. We of the past, classes long since graduated, want to pass this inside information along to you of the present. Get to know the faculty of your school, even those "you don't like," and even those you believe "don't like you." The faculty of your college has something to give you over and above that which is given in the classroom. Get it before you leave; we are certain it will be as valuable to you as it was to us.

# **Cumulative Records**

REBECCA C. TANSIL (Registrar)

N the Registrar's Office may be found the complete academic records for all graduates of the college since June, 1866, when the first diplomas were given. For the period from 1866 to 1921 these records are ound in five large bound record books, divided into the ollowing volumes: Volume I, 1866 to 1877; Volume II, 877 to 1886; Volume III, 1886 to 1898; Volume IV, 898 to 1915; Volume V, 1915 to 1921. Each volume ontains about "twenty pounds" of academic records.

The college is indeed fortunate to have these records of earlier days preserved in such perfect condition and ve are grateful to the administrators responsible for the reparation and preservation of these records. Not all olleges approaching the venerable age of 75 years can oast of complete records for its graduates. Fires in colege buildings have taken a huge toll of student records nd many semester hours of credits have gone up in moke with the result that students have often been enalized because they could not present paper proof if their credentials. In looking over the records in these ound books one is impressed by the clearness with which the entries stand out. The ink of those days had isting qualities and the handwriting reflects the period when "handwriting was an art." This was before the lays of mechanized devices for record keeping.

Anyone interested in the changes in record systems has only to page through these bound record books from 1866 to 1921 and compare the individual records with the cumulative personnel records that are used today. In the period between the bound records and cumulative records came various methods for the accumulation of data designed to meet the educational changes that were taking place. Qualitative admission requirements and testing programs have come into use since the days of 1921 when the college departed from the bound record period. Just by comparing the space required for records one learns something about rapid growth of records. From 1866 to 1921 the complete records, as stated above, are contained in five volumes. These volumes, covering records for a period of fifty-five years, could easily be filed away in two or three letter file drawers. Since 1921 the records have been kept on cards and complete individual files of student data, including correspondence, student teaching materials and other data have been kept. These records and files are preserved in steel letter files and occupy 74 letter file drawers. For this last twenty-year period the records and material for students require eighteen times as much space as the records for the first fifty-five years. This gives objective evidence as to (Continued on page 18)

# A Vision Becomes a Reality

(Continued from page 7) the high schools and administered by the high school principals. In 1920 there were very few certified elementary school principals; today there are 233 elementary principals, each holding a certificate which ranks with any in the country for a similar position.

There was no state salary scale. In 1920 the yearly salaries paid elementary teachers ranged from an average of \$371.66 in Garrett County to \$927 in Baltimore County. These differences in salary among the counties and also within the same county caused great injustices to the Normal School graduates, particularly to those who returned to the home county to teach. The condition caused many of the more progressive teachers to leave their native county and go to other States for work. For some, teaching became a stepping stone to other professions. Now that salaries have been equalized these conditions no longer exist.

When the law of 1916 provided for a primary supervisor in every county having one hundred or more teachers there were few persons in the entire state qualified to take the positions. The superintendents had to go outside Maryland for their supervisors, or, as was done in several of the counties, appoint the teachers who most nearly approached the qualifications necessary and allow them opportunities for study. By 1917 eighteen of the counties had appointed supervisors, Because Baltimore County continued her five supervisors then in office, the number of supervisors during that year was twenty-three. Of this number seven were from the counties and sixteen were brought in from outside the State. Such a condition was due in the main to two principal causes: (1) The lack of encouragement to the Normal School graduates prevented many from continuing their study. (2) The low standards for admission and consequently for graduation from the Normal School proved to be a handicap to the graduate who presented himself as a candidate for a degree from a standard college. All except those who were high school graduates before entering the Normal School were required to make up the high school credits which they lacked, before being permitted to matriculate in a college. Such requirements made the road to a degree so hard and so long that many capable and talented teachers were prevented from pursuing it.

The reorganized state school system provided the machinery to correct these evils. Summer schools, extension courses, in-service training, increased supervision, all aided in lifting the level of classroom teaching and raising the morale of the teachers, During the year 19391940 there were forty-two county elementary supervisors. Of that number, thirty-one are products of the Maryland school system. The remaining eleven came originally from out of the State.

The state school system has changed during the past twenty years from a condition of relative stagnation to one of high professional achievement. During that period the Normal School has been able to lift itself from its low place as a semi-professional school to a rank among the best of the teachers' colleges of the country. It boasts of membership in the American Association of Teachers' Colleges and in The American Council on Education.

Every graduate of the Teachers College has many opportunities for becoming vocationally as proficient and as independent as he is capable of being. Because of constantly improving salary scales determined on a basis of training and experience and a retirement system which guarantees him a pension for physical disability or old-age retirement, the teachers' college graduate now has economic security for all time. The state's elementary schools, secondary schools, and teachers' colleges function as an integral part of a highly coordinated State school system.

To Dr. Albert S. Cook and to all who supported his program and cooperated with him in making "a vision" a reality, so that the Normal School surpassed the hopes of its founders, State Teachers College at Towson is eternally grateful.

#### ON ANNIVERSARIES

MARY SIMON

Tis a time of retrospection,
A time for wakened memories,
When we honor teachers of the past,
And with them plan our lot to cast.

'Tis a time for celebration,
When with humble, thankful hearts,
We accept the many blessings
Which our heritage imparts.

Tis a time when we determine, How our future mold is cast, And so build a highway onward, From this observation of the past.

# STUDENT ODINIONS

# HAS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE CHANGED YOU?

Margaret Wells

'HAS STATE Teachers College changed vou? Have ou any different attitudes? Do you think in different channels?" If anyone approached me with these quesions, I would, with some hesitation, say "yes." Because changes are usually so gradual, I would probably not eadily realize them until for just a moment I thought pack on my attitudes and opinions when I was a freshnan. Having just completed high school, I had a feeling hat I had learned as much as I could have at that stage of my education. Entering college as a freshman, I ound myself again at the bottom of another ladder of our years. The more courses we had and the more deepv we moved into them, the faster all of us were learning now much there was for us to learn. Each fact we did ind opened five or ten other channels we knew nothing

I entered college with the hangovers of high school issignments - definite, concrete, and limited. All of a andden I was thrown much more on my own resources. 'Find out about Chaucer and his works.'

"Shall I go to a briefly written encyclopedia or shall I ook around the reference room for fuller accounts? Maybe I could even read parts of the Canterbury Tales and discover some of their characteristics for myself." After these four years I, without one single doubt, know hat I shall gain from the assignment exactly in proporion to my efforts. If I sit in class and put in my two ents' worth, I'll probably get out no more than two ents' worth.

Because in high school marks were the major consideration, the first few weeks of my freshman year I was nclined to be particularly conscious of them. Although he administration dwelt on marks, we in high school eceived much more pleasure from outside activities thletics and clubs, I had not been at college long beore I was reassured that being a well-rounded person vas much more important than getting all A's. Of ourse, in every class there is at least one standard aiser, who spends all her possible time on studying. Although she gets A's, if you view her from all angles, on will usually find that she is a rather dull, uninterestng person because she finds no time for outside activ-

ities. She makes few social contacts, takes few responsibilities, and lacks social initiative. One should find delight in taking responsibility and receive great pleasure from seeing favorable results of his planning. More than in any other profession everyone must assume many responsibilities in student teaching. Whether the children learn or not depends on you. Maybe for a while you can see no change, but when a definite growth is evident, you cannot help but feel a certain satisfaction. There is little to be gained from always backing away and watching someone else carry on.

Since student teaching, one thought is ever present: the ignorance behind the often-spoken statement, "Oh! Teaching is easy! Nine to three-fifteen and all Saturday and Sunday for holidays! Three months in the summer to go to Europe!" How can we teachers change the viewpoint of such citizens?

# MY LEARNING

Patricia Herndon

February, 1939 -

I stood at the lower end of the driveway, looking up at the main building. As I wondered and speculated at the amazing amount of knowledge I had acquired since September, honesty and pride made me smile sadly at the York Road travelers, at those not blessed with the intellectual richness I now possessed. I gazed down at them from superior heights and wondered vaguely how St. Peter would separate the scholars (meaning me) from the "York Roaders" when we all applied for admission on some future date. For how could we all mingle together when I knew the number of bones in a man's body, not counting his teeth, what key a piece of music was written in, the name of the dictator of Hungary and the generally accepted cause of condensation? Ha - we couldn't! Most likely, St. Peter and I would segregate ourselves and discuss the opera, Shakespeare, or classical art, holding ourselves gingerly above all the masses. That was two years ago.

February, 1941 —

I am a little more than halfway up the driveway now - and on the way up, I've discovered a few things that didn't seem either apparent or important in '39. Of

course, I still glean useful information from the profs.: Roger Bascom is the best person to consult when investing a million or two. Fort McHenry faces the Port Baltimore and it costs a dime to go through it (the fort, not the port) — Montaigne and Ascham opposed each other as to the value of travel in the social realistic period of education. Yes, I've learned all that, but I also believe I've gotten a little more information that will stick with me long after Mr. Bascom exists only as a name on a page of my Economics notebook.

I've learned that a sense of humor pulls you out of many a tussle and lands you rightside up: that cooperation is a pretty fine word; that honor is something you don't talk about; that reasoning and not bellowing is the better means of discussion; that college isn't a banner, a hot dog and a ball-game, but a place to be proud of

and to look up to.

And there's another thing I've gained — probably the most important of all. For, on some future occasion when I and the York Roaders shall timidly present our calling cards at the Pearly Gates, I shall not stand apart with St. Peter and look down on the throng, For I see that just because I am learned in the fields of Science, Math, or English, it doesn't mean that I'll get the best pair of wings or the fanciest harp — I'll have to be much better and know "quite a lot more" before I get to talk opera with the gatekeeper. I've found that out.

# FRESHMEN THEN - SOPHOMORES NOW

NORMA KIRCKHOFF

IT WAS 'way back in September of '39 that we entered State Teachers as freshmen. Those first few weeks of becoming accustomed to college seemed a maze of tea dances, entrance exams, library instructions, 'big sisters' (who did — or did not show up to claim their younger relatives), name tags that labeled one as being 'fresh', the beauty and unusualness of the Glen, and the heartening feeling that we freshmen were considered — and treated — as Something Special by the upper classmen and faculty.

It didn't take us long to become adapted to the college; to learn to "root" for Hart, Shock, and Stottlemeyer as they kicked the ball down the field to beat, tie—or lose to Frostburg and Salisbury; or to thrill along with the seniors, juniors, and sophomores at the singing of "Alma Mater."

As time went on, several new impressions — favorable and otherwise — formed themselves and now stand out as the most vivid in my memory. First, slowly but inevitably, came the realization that males at S. T. C. are a special division of homo sapiens — because of their number — or lack of it! Poor, unfortunate, numerous females! Then, as schedules started into full swing, I concluded that double periods in science and botany were too much to ask of anyone who has the slightest tendency to get hungry or sleepy. Moreover, there was the library which, for some students, should have been renamed the "Foyer for Day Hops"; and please, Dr. Lynch, or Mr. Crook, or Mrs. Stapleton — we were all confused and couldn't remember where the classrooms were. It didn't take us long, however, to pass through that "privilege" stage.

And now we are sophomores, and what a difference that makes! There is no doubt that we are beginning to assume a degree of professional attitude - of responsibility - and common sense. We've learned through the past year and a half that faculty members are human if properly approached and appreciated; that "advisers" are not merely honorary names or sinecures; that there are still courses in our schedules that are "cinches" if that is all one cares to let them be; that observations and practicums - not merely words now - are the real beginnings of our teaching experience; that such things as math tests are the burdens that we all must bear some time in life; that complaints about student council decisions, dance codes, and advertising have no justification unless one tries to remedy the situation in a prescribed manner. Oh, there are countless things we have learned. Possibly the greatest, however, is the realization that college spirit does not mean "hip, hip, hooray" alone. It implies, instead, a genuine individual responsibility to maintain - through loyalty, high ideals, and achievements - the seventy-five-year-old reputation of S. T. C. at Towson.

# A SOPHOMORE'S THOUGHTS

Let's Keep the Flame Aglow

Allen O'Neill

TODAY amid unsurpassed facilities for learning we find the most profound ignorance, amid unequalled opportunities to make man's life happy, the most abject and widespread misery. Why?

We have facts, great mountains of cold facts arranged in convenient theories and put to cold, impersonal use. I went to a high school that taught facts, and when I first thought of college, I thought in terms of more facts. There was so much to know. If only everybody knew, Yes, the truth would make us free. With high hopes I set my sails for a glorious adventure into the sea of knowledge. (Continued on page 32)

# The History of Men's Sports

NOLAN CHIPMAN

IN SEPTEMBER, 1921, fifteen "sturdy, eager" men enrolled at the Maryland State Normal School. From that date until today, men and their athletic games were and will be a part of this institution contributing talent, spirit and leadership far in excess of their numbers.

The story of men's sports at the college is a story of a growing movement. In September, 1921, Morris Touchestone, now at the Naval Academy, directed athletics by visiting the school several times a week. Thirteen men, three of whom knew a soccer ball from a man-hole cover, reported for fall practice. A team was formed which managed to win two games of twelve played with high school soccer teams. There was a basketball team also which won more games than it lost. And so the seed was planted.

In 1922 about 35 men were here and sports enjoyed some success.

In 1923 Harold Callowhill took charge of athletics. Baseball was played for the first time as a major sport. There was little success in the won-lost column. A strange policy was advanced — "In all cases possible, boys and girls are going to play the same team on the same day." This practice was followed in varsity sports for some years.

Through 1924-25 more college j. v.'s were scheduled and more games were being won. In 1925-26 there was evidence of growing and spirited rivalry with Frostburg. Normal men competed in P. A. L. track meets in the Armory and placed in several events. A tennis match was played between two faculty members, both men retiring exhausted after one set. Interclass sports were a regular feature attended with much enthusiasm.

In September, 1926, Henry Shanks became Athletic Director. The soccer team compiled a fair record of W<sub>2</sub>T<sub>6</sub>L<sub>3</sub>. The baseball teams had the strange record of W<sub>4</sub>L<sub>2</sub> and 9 called off because of rain, Tennis matches which we lost by 9–0, 6–0, 7–0 were played with high schools in '26, In '27 we played 8 matches and won several.

In September, '27, Donald Minnegan replaced Shanks as Athletic Director of the Normal School, 'The soccer record was W<sub>6</sub>T<sub>3</sub>L<sub>2</sub>. In basketball, peculiarly, we beat Franklin High 61-10, Blue Ridge 52-7, and lost the next game to Westminster 4-6.

In 1928 Towson played its first college varsity soccer game with Western Maryland. The soccer record was  $W_4T_1L_{11}$ .

Through 1929-30 Mr. Minnegan became full-time director. In basketball the team of the two-year school was playing varsity teams of four-year colleges and winning its share of games.

In 1931-32 the soccer team won eight straight. The tennis team had included three college teams on its schedule. We were growing.

In 1932 a fencing team was organized which fought 7 matches. The soccer record was a good one  $-W_{11}L_2$ .

In 1933-34, the year when the Normal became a three-year school, the soccer team was undefeated and won the Championship of Normal Schools and Teachers' Colleges of Maryland and District of Columbia. The basketball team also did a great job in W<sub>13</sub>L<sub>2</sub>.

During the years from 1930-34 the soccer team won 44, lost 4. Again in 1936 they were the undefeated Champions of Maryland. Basketball was also highly successful from 1936.

In 1937 ping-pong and badminton were being played. In 1938 Towson joined the Maryland Intercollegiate Soccer League and proceeded to win the championship of that group. The college also became a member of the Mason-Dixon Track Conference and had a team representing us at the Penn Relavs in Philadelphia.

In 1939 the college joined the Mason-Dixon Basketball League.

In 1940 softball was introduced as a sport with several games being scheduled.

So much for our history, of which we are proud. What does the future of athletics promise? First, intra-nurals for all; second, 90 per cent of the men playing varsity sports; third, a complete schedule of intercollegiate games in all sports. And we'll do it, too!

#### A PIECE OF MUSIC

A succession of majestic tones, A blending of exquisite sound, A story immortality enthrones, A melody from notes unwound.

The flaming of creative fire,
The theme that grew within a heart,
Forever, it shall life inspire,
A tribute to its master's art.

-I. F. H., Senior I.

## Not Just A Step, But A Whole Flight

CHARLES GROSS

IT HAD always been considered necessary, but, when in the course of events it became possible to erect a separate building on the campus for the purpose of housing the elementary school children, all persons connected in any way with the school were overwhelmed by the obvious possibilities of such a venture. Few, however, were as highly elated as the children themselves. With pride and joy they took up their new abode in 1933 when ours was still a Normal School.

As it was said at that time, "Architects and builders so well blended material and design with the adjacent buildings that this one takes its place in the Normal School group as if it were conceived in the original plan." The pioneers of that project of beauty and utility seemed to have cherished their newly-found possession and, having used it both wisely and well, have passed on the spirit of pride and joy even up to this very day.

In perfect harmony with the design, the tone and the general purpose of this integral part of our present system is the following selection from one of our earlier publications:

#### Here Is A Building

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, '34

Hands of men builded of brick and stone A school — and placed it clean in the wind On a hill.

Deep silence followed clamor.

The school looked quietly out On the hills hugging their purple, On the shimmering green of summer mists; Felt the tingeing of autumn leaves, And held close the deep joy of the nights alone. Outside — nature.

Inside the long halls — a loneliness.

Echoes of the first footfalls — thin and hollow.

Soon came a thronging of echoes,

Came work and children's laughter.

Something began to stir within the building —

A slow, clumsy awakening to a spirit.

All loneliness fled.

It seemed as though in two great kind hands Was held a low light — shielded. And a voice from the mists of all Beginning Cried, "Here is a building. You who are rich with understanding And wise in the ways of beauty, Make of this a holy place."

#### RECORDS

(Continued from page 13) the quantity of material on hand regarding students.

The quantity of material is not so important as the quality of material and the use made of it. The only information contained in the records of earlier days was an accounting of school subjects and numerical grades. From time to time letters come to the college requesting information that will establish birth dates for former students who are now applying for pensions under the Social Security Board. The only answer that can be given is the date of attendance at the college which establishes an approximate but not a definite age. The graduate suffers because of the absence of this age data. Many students today secure employment at time of graduation or withdrawal or during the summer on the basis of recommendations gleaned from information on the student records; information that gives more than a resumé of courses and grades. Industries want to know about the student's personality, his participation in college affairs, his ability to get along with other students, and his general attendance record. It is the responsibility of the college to have this material available so as to assist the student in securing employment.

When colleges were small and a closer relationship existed between faculty and students the need for detailed information about students was not so essential. Changes in records have been necessary as a part of the guidance program and the effort to make the college fit the needs of the individual student. In this program of individualized instruction there is urgent need to have more information about a student than a mere accounting of courses and grades. The cumulative record is a partial answer to this need.

In recent studies on effectiveness in teaching many research workers have pointed out the high predictive value of personality. Although scholarship is always to be desired and fostered the achievement of scholarship alone is no proof for predicting success in teaching. Our new concept of psychology and personality insists that we place more emphasis on patterns of abilities and traits and less emphasis on individual items.

Students should learn to think in terms of total growth and should be given the opportunity for continual self-appraisal by frequent conferences about their records. This development of student insight is one of the most important functions of education and especially so in a teacher-education program. Unless the records of today are contributing to this development of student insight and assisting the student in understanding his problems they are not meeting one of the most important needs for which they were established.

# **Eight Years Ago in the Campus School**

TO OUR childish fancies there was, of course, something thrilling about moving into a new and up-to-date building of our own. We could not understand the import of such a change. But now with the experience of increased years and the viewpoint changed from that of the pupil to the prospective teacher, the movement becomes significant. A wider scope for enriched activities — a laboratory for clarifying the professional insight of the inexperienced teacher — these and many other less tangible qualities of the new Campus School I, a student of democratic education, can distinguish.

Eight years ago, I was a nine-year-old pupil in Miss Logan's fourth grade. I was highly excited over the impending event.

Let us, then, go back those eight years and recall the enthusiastic beginning in a new environment. Everything had to be moved but that was immaterial. The procession of desk carriers from the second floor of the State Normal School to the second floor of the Campus Elementary School was a sight that would make a passerby stop and look twice. It took two of us to carry one desk, but we took being punched in the stomach or pushed from the rear when a person was out of step all

ELIZABETH KELM

in the spirit of fun. We struggled with great stacks of books.

Before a return trip to the old school, we would gaze fascinated into the mysterious Glen, which our new abode overlooked. Of course, then, the Glen had not yet been developed. We explored the cloak-room, pecred up into the mystifying darkness of the ventilator. We even ventured into the basement with its playroom and workshop. We examined every corner.

The new school was built around the needs and interests of children rather than those of prospective teachers. For example, when we entered our new library, we felt that we were not trespassing in a grownup's domain. Our assembly hall was a place we entered for participation in our own activities and one into which we were invited as guests of the "big students."

We had an inexpressible delight in the life that we lived here — one that I shall never forget. Today, as I walk through the corridors or watch the children frolicing on the playground, memories come flooding back of my days in the Campus School.

# Democracy--Then and Now

EVELYN R. GIRARDIN, '29

(Supervisor of Kindergarten, Primary Department, Baltimore, Maryland)

A SEVENTY-FIFTH birthday seems an appropriate time for teachers and prospective teachers to recall the function of the school in that far-off day when the State Normal School at Towson began its career and to contemplate the role it must fulfill at the present time when the State Teachers College at Towson prepares teachers for their work with children. In 1866, just one year after the close of the War Between the States, it is possible that the school was concerned with the problem of development of a feeling for solidarity among the States. No doubt teachers found it necessary to foster a spirit of oneness and to promote tolerance and understanding of other people's problems within our Union. Certainly, it became the task of education to engender an appreciation of the sacrifices which had been made for the preservation of our united nation and to inspire a desire to continue it and to improve it.

We have gone a long way since then, and still the duty of the school seems clear. In the light of recent world events, it becomes increasingly important to preserve those democratic ideals which our forbears have established for us if our children are to benefit from them. Understanding and appreciation of the democratic way of life as well as intelligent desire to improve it constitutes the school's major responsibility.

Individual schools and teachers who are truly cognizant of their obligation plan definitely to meet it. Some schools are finding that pupil councils and safety councils are effective in having children function in a democratic manner thereby identifying democracy with daily living. In such a program, children are faced with the necessity for selecting capable members to represent them. These representatives engage in discussion and debate before solutions to school problems are decided upon. Such children must have the interests of

the entire group at heart in order to make wise and just decisions. Children in these schools get real experiences in exercising self-control, in obeying laws which have been made by elected representatives. Then, too, the whole social studies program is planned to provide knowledge of and attachment to one's country. Awareness of individual responsibility in the school, community, and nation, as well as freedom of choice within the common good are tenets which are basic to the social studies. Respect for individual development of personality is likewise fundamental in a truly democratic school.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, it may be seen that the school, then and now, had and still has, a vital role to fulfill in the ultimate protection and preservation of our democratic ideals. It is to be hoped that succeeding anniversaries of the State Teachers College at Towson will find it producing teachers who are enthusiastic about their opportunities and well qualified to discharge their obligations.

# Wilna

Dr. Allan Hulsizer

ON MY arrival at the State College, an excellent campus school, and similar excellent adjacent Baltimore County schools were the only centers of practice. In 1923 the centers of practice at Towson were on such a high level that students had difficulty in knowing what to do when they went farther afield in Maryland to where less progress had been made. Consequently, in 1924, the students in the Rural Club and the Rural Department, with the help of Miss Tall and Miss Van Bibber, secured a one-room school in Harford County, Wilna.

Wilha had suffered from neglect physically as well as in the matter of teachers. Travel by train, car, or bus was difficult because of several miles of dirt road. (Students during their practice in this school travelled by milk truck during a part of the time.) Living conditions in the neighborhood were far from ideal. To keep the over-average Polish boys from throwing all the stovewood into the schoolhouse cloakroom, timed relay races were instituted on the first day. Remarks about cigarettes and "wind" followed.

On many a Saturday at Wilna volunteers from among the students helped to spruce up and equip the school. A parent meeting with an overwhelming attendance showed every kind of vehicle, including a bullock-drawn cart. Attendance and school work improved, Gertrude Hartman and Vera Greenlaw gave generously of energy and time.

Conditions were completely democratic, but nevertheless citizenship standards were high. One incident serves to "high-light" these conditions. Miss Greenlaw, and practice and upper-grade students, in order to build scenery, were doing more than a little hammering. Gertie, a second grader, reading aloud to the first grade, found that the pounding interfered with her reading. Seven-year-old Gertie, therefore, stepped over to Miss Greenlaw and very seriously requested less pounding. "The children cannot hear me, for your pounding," said Gertie. Amused but impressed, Miss Greenlaw agreed to cooperate.

Wilna students gained several years in reading and other skill abilities in a single year, but Wilna was chiefly outstanding for the direct approach to problems by student teachers and for its achievement in real democracy among pupils and teachers. That this direct approach is sound is evidenced by similar work of the students of New College at Canton, N. C., of the students of the Lincoln School of Columbia University in Georgia, and in the Shenandoah Valley.

Some practice in doing something about situations typical of the conditions which beginning teachers face is the only way to provide for real achievement under such conditions. This the Wilna Experiment accomplished. The achievement of such democratic conditions was an aim throughout the whole school at Towson. Schooling in gracious and abundant life is the part of the picture which comes back most vividly to me—along with Rural Club picnics, corn huskings, and dramatic club competition nights; faculty parties, where Miss Tall played hostess so effectively; and, faculty discussions on the improvement of methods and technique.

Dr. Allan Hulsizer was Director of Rural Practice and Founder and Director of Rural Department and Rural Club at Towson Normal School, 1923-1926. He is now Supervisor of Secondary Education, U. S. Indian Office, Washington, D. C.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> For specific illustrations of programs designed to foster appreciation of our democracy, see the Baltimore Bulletin of Education, November-December, 1940, Volume 18, No. 2.

# **Greetings From California**

Agnes M. McLean, 1894-1906

FROM SEA to sea my message crosses the continent to my dear friends, the alumni of the Maryland State Teachers College. My father and mother were California pioneers. They lived on Rincon Hill, which was then a residential section of San Francisco. At the age of two years, I had my first adventure in the great world. With a little neighbor, also two years old, I started out for the business section of the city. The noise, the traffic of horses, buggies and carts delighted me; but my little friend was frightened. Her tears attracted the attention of a policeman. In answer to his questions we two little babies could not give him our address. Thereupon he escorted us to the police station, where our distracted parents found us. I will pass over the trip our family took across the continent when the overland railroad was first completed and speak of my next adventure: which took me far afield.

After high school graduation, I went to Boston to study at Dr. Curry's School. Those were wonderful years in which to be living in Boston, for that was the day of famous artists and musicians, and opportunities of seeing and hearing them were included in our courses. Just let me give you one of my experiences. I was in a class studying Shakespeare with Henry Hudson, the Shakespearian scholar, I expressed a wish to see the poet Longfellow - just to see him. Professor Hudson was a friend of the poet and when he reported my desire to see Mr. Longfellow, the poet set a day for a call. As you know, the poet's home had been Washington's headquarters and was a beautiful colonial house. We were received most graciously. He invited us to see the house and the beautiful garden in the rear. In the dining room there were single shelves containing one author's works. When Dickens visited this room and saw his novels, he smilingly said, "I see you have the best authors." We know the poet's love of children from his poems. He expressed this love beautifully when he said that with joy he lived his life over again in his little friends, the children. When we bade the poet goodbye, we knew we had been with a great and beautiful soul, understanding and gracious toward all mankind.

For nearly ten years, under Mr. Prettyman and then Miss Richmond, I enjoyed my Baltimore adventure. I found many delightful students and friends there. I will repeat what I have said many times, that I simply revelled as a child does in a fairy story, when so much of interest opened out before me, as I read Maryland history. My Baltimore adventure was carried on with a sincere desire to assist in preparing pupils for service as

teachers. That this desire was fulfilled, I have heard with joy, from time to time, and from many sources.

May I close this message to my friends in Maryland by this stanza from a California poet, Ina Coolbrith, which expresses the ideal of Life's purpose that we all hold:

"Life is not ours to shame, not ours for play, Not ours in idle ease to dream away; But ours for whatsoever work God sends, For faithful service unto noble ends."

Thus have we joined East and West.

#### I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?

Patricia Herndon

I worked all day and half the night To get the theme exactly right. I wore down pencils, ruined my pen Scratching away like a flustered hen.

At last 'twas done. My brow was damp; My fingers ached with writers' cramp. I turned it in with a gladsome song — But the EDITOR said, "It's much too long!"

My second try was a work of art (Or so I thought with thankful heart) I polished off the edges rough, But the EDITOR said, "Not long enough!"

Once more I labored, hand and head, I thought it was good — till the EDITOR said: "The length is just exactly right —
But the theme of the thing is much too light!"

So now I've laid my pen aside — In inkless state I'll now abide: For a day will come when we'll graduate — The EDITOR, I, and my penless state;

Then I'll be principal of a school: I'll lay down law and set up rule. And when the EDITOR'S lesson plans Fall to the mercy of my two hands —

When I know he's labored for weeks on end And his back's acquired a permanent bend — I'LL glance at his plans like they're so much stuff— Then I'LL glibly say, "Not long enough!"

# An Indian Kindergarten IN CENTRAL NEW MEXICO

MARJORIE GWYNN NICHOLSON, '27

MY FIRST station in the Indian Service was the Kindergarten on the Acoma Indian Reservation in central New Mexico. The Acomas are Pueblo Indians, and wards of the Government. Their 1100 population live in three villages on a 28,000-acre reservation. Part is semi-desert, part mesa or tableland. Only the valleys are of use for farming. There were two day schools, six teachers, several Indian housekeepers, assistants and handy men. The nurse had quarters and office next the school and she, the doctor and the six teachers were the only white people on the reservation.

Eighteen kindergarteners arrived. They came to school, colorful, black-eyed, hopeful, knowing but two words of English. They were at least as competent as most ten-year-old white children in handling themselves and their affairs, and their radically different background made life in the kindergarten a surprising adventure. Life was devoid of half the nuisances of the usual white school. There was no course of study and there were adequate material things, and always the assurance of receiving any reasonable requisition without undue delay, there were no parents who had read a book on how not to squelch Johnnie's spirit - and here were all these little children untouched by radio, movies, tabloids, or neurotic adults, but who had had intimate experiences since they were babes with family foodpreparing, home-building, ceremonial dancing, animaltending, planting and harvesting. Their manual dexterity, innate good taste, orderliness and gentleness were a pleasant revelation.

We were concerned principally with the things which affected the family life: the irrigating in spring, the harvesting in fall, the fiestas, the good housekeeping of the home, the infrequent trips to the trading post, the pottery-making, the legends of the grandfathers, the hatching of eggs, the arriving of colts, the drying of fruits and vegetables, the care of trachomatons eyes.

The usual pursuits of a kindergarten or pre-school group were received with delight, as they would be by any similar age-group. They made doll houses and dolls, and airplanes one could sit in and "fly" (the T.W.A. went overhead), strung beads, painted big pictures on big paper with bright colors, sang in Indian and English and even Spanish, and were always nosing around the village and environs en masse.

The adults were interested but shy, and so we dropped hints in the ears of a few likely ones and shortly organized a "Mothers' Club" whose activities started in with

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a demonstration at the meeting on "How to help my child get ready for school each morning," which resulted in a run on the comb and soap department of the local store. Our lectures and demonstrations ran the gamut of such miscellany as how NOT to get trachoma, how to keep out flies, how to prepare earth colors for sale. We studied the authentic old Acoma designs. We resurrected their almost forgotten embroidery. We made a trip 150 miles to the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe for a good soaking in the exquisite examples of true Acoma art there. (Try that with 15 non-English-speaking adult Indians for a restful week-end!)

The fathers began to feel neglected so a delegation awaited us one evening to say the men folk were overwhelmed by the urge to learn some Spanish and would I, please? With fear and trepidation, since my Spanish was Castillian and they wanted Mexican, I demurred. But they were six to one, and won. On the first evening of the "course" they were sixty to one, and the place stifling. But the class reduced itself to twenty and we proceeded. I am not sure they learned much Castillian Spanish grammar but they thought that after a length of time they could bargain each on his own ground with un Mejicano, and also astound the local storekeeper by asking for azucar instead of sugar.

The fathers were invaluable in coaching the little ones in the tribal dances for school "programs" and in telling the old stories and legends, and for giving extempore explanations on such things as the best way to let the irrigation water onto the corn and chili, the best place for the threshing ring, or how much straw was needed for adobe bricks. They made a set of Acoma pottery and embroidery designs with meticulous care, to be used as a permanent possession of the school.

The governor (chief) would appear periodically and harangue all the children gathered together, in Indian, on the advisability of "doing what the teacher says." This was a custom of long standing. His interpreter, elected by popular vote, would deliver the same oration in sincere, if broken English. Then there would be a hand-shaking all around and everyone would go home.

Sometimes one wonders if it isn't prodigious conceit on the part of the white man to think he can teach anything to the red man.

Marjorie Gwynn Nicholson was assistant in Campus Elementary School in 1928.

# **Pioneering Horizons!**

VIRGINIA CABLE WHITE, '34

SINCE MY graduation from State Teachers College in 1934, I have had my share of experiences, Looking back over the intervening years, I find that my emotions have been varied - sometimes sad, sometimes regretful, sometimes joyful, I had looked forward to the day when I would be a teacher but I taught only a comparatively short time. In 1936 I married but continued to teach for a while. My husband, who is a chemical engineer in the United States Geological Survey, is subject to frequent moves. So, after having taught about two years, I was informed that we were to be sent to New Mexico. Needless to say, my emotions were mingled - regret at having to leave teaching and deep sadness at having to leave parents and friends for the first time. There was also quite a large amount of wonder, chagrin and not a little fear because of the things I had heard of New Mexico. But the Department said, "Move," and on April 26, 1937, move we did - toward New Mexico.

I cannot go into detail about our trip. It was made by automobile. Part of it was through terrific floods in Western Maryland and Eastern Pennsylvania. We both heaved sighs of relief when we remembered that where we were going there was no such thing as a flood. Yet, one month later there was a flood in Carlsbad, New Mexico. The population took to the foothills. Unpredictable New Mexico!

Having heard so much about New Mexico, I dreaded to see it. After driving through Oklahoma and Texas, I confess I became speechless when we entered the State. As far as the eye could reach lay flat, level land with nothing to break the monotony but the numerous types of cacti, yucca, mesquite bush and tumbleweed in which, here and there, sat a long-eared jack rabbit. We had reached the State where you can look farther and see less than in any other State in the United States.

Have yon read the poem "Out Where the West Begins"? It seems that the sky is bluer, the clouds are whiter, the hand-clasp is strong, the people are real. I was a stranger in a strange land and they took me in—took us both in. To know New Mexico is to love it. We have made lasting friendships; we have learned some quaint western customs; we have sloughed off some eastern formality and donned some of the western neighborliness—the kind that causes the great western artist Peter Hurd to stop and say "Good morning" when he meets one on the street.

May I tell you a little about Roswell and my every-

day life there? Roswell is a town of about 13,000 population. The chief occupation is ranching and most of the people are ranch people who live in town during the winter and on their ranches in summer. The town itself is beautiful. There are large homes with lovely lawns. Since there is little rainfall, much money is spent for water in order to keep the lawns perfect. While one is in Roswell, it is hard to believe that just a few miles away, on each side of town, the prairie stretches and separates Roswell by some two hundred miles from any large town.

My husband's duties in New Mexico carry him to various other towns and cities in the State and I always accompany him on these field trips. We have both become quite interested in rocks and minerals and have a splendid collection of which we are quite proud. I have learned to pick up, without revulsion, a horned toad and to recognize the warning of a rattlesnake.

We have traveled extensively since being in the Southwest — Southern California, Death Valley, Sequoia National Park, Yellowstone, Boulder Dam, Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, and Old Mexico. But, one of our greatest joys is when we turn our car east and come back to see our relatives and friends. I am writing this here in Baltimore, where we are stationed until the end of January. Then, it is back to "Fair New Mexico."

Much water has passed under the bridge since I left State Teachers College. My recollections of social life there and of teaching evoke pleasant memories. Yet, I am grateful to Uncle Sam for the opportunity he has given me to see new horizons.

#### REVERIE

LORELLE HEADLEY, '37

If I would learn that you had ceased to care, I would not cry, nor show an outward sign; I could not let the world know what despair Was raging 'neath this calm repose of mine. I'd wear my brightest clothes, my sweetest smile, I'd be so gay — no one would ever guess That 'neath that mask (for every little while) I'd sigh, and catch my breath in loneliness. But now, just when I am about to speak, I hear your voice, feel your sweet face so near. Now I can greet the day, its beauty see — Sure that your love will ever dwell with me.



# EDITORIALS



#### AS WE LOOK BACK

M. NEUNSINGER

THERE WILL be many words written and spoken of places, of events, of people — their dreams and hopes. Pages of dates, figures and accounts will stretch themselves before us in a long line. Pictures and stories will fill our eyes and ears. We shall look into the faces of those who had been here before and they will tell us many things. They will want us to cry when they cry and to laugh aloud when they smile. Our knees will bend in homage and our eyes close in reverence as the past parades itself before us.

Through all of this will there be none of us to ask, to doubt, to challenge? The day called Founders' Day will come and go. Participants will say hello and goodbye. But there must be more to make the day live and become a part of this school. Records and photographs and many other things have been saved through the years. They are the things you can see and touch. They are the things you think you remember. Yes, they bring to mind many pages of remembered facts. They throw into these minds of ours, jutted bits of happenings — sticking straight out of a building built of devotion, love, and unrecorded guidance. The things which make our building strong — are they the written evidences?

Far away, if you stop to listen, are the voices of those we have forgotten: those who dared to make this school a better school because they placed their feet upon untrodden paths — those who guided this school through many black days and cared not to have their thoughts and deeds filed away; those who have lived, unknowingly, and been made desperate by hard decisions with students and fellow-workers; those who have spoken a student's language and have thought a student's thought; those who have believed in a student more than in himself — all of these are founders, too. Their names— forgotten, lost or disregarded.

Perhaps in our vanity or pride, we do not want to remember all of them because they dared to question us as they instinctively went forward and left us . . . standing. Now we are beginning to catch a bit of their light. Soon we shall take the path they so gracefully placed before us. Founders . . . all of them . . . those whose names we have and those whose names we do not have. They are founders only when the young faces we see about us are willing to step into the future because of them.

#### SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS YOUNG

Lena C. Van Bibber

MORE THAN seventy-five years ago on a certain day, this college or, rather, this school had its beginning, it not then seventy-five years old? Or is it even more truly seventy-five years young? We have often heard that peculiar expression applied by the facetious to our friends, perhaps even some of us to ourselves. But in those circumstances we recognized the words for what they were, a clumsy attempt to console or to cannouflage.

In the case of an institution, however, especially an educational institution, the phrase seems singularly apt and thought-productive. The law in our country regards a corporation as a "person," but one imbued with perpetual life. On the coutrary, the individual human being has but a single fragile thread of earthly life, which will one day be quickly and irrevocably snapped asunder. The institution, like the corporation, lives on and on. Men are born, pass through life, perish; the institution, like the river of the poem, "goes on forever."

The educational institution, furthermore, is bound to have perpetual youth. Youth streams through its front portals perpetually. Each individual remains but a few brief years, departs on a wave of growing maturity. But there is no gap left, no room for missing; each place is instantly filled. The never-ending stream of youth flows on. And this is not merely physical youth that thus gushes in, filling our schools, It is more particularly the spirit of youthfulness, the spirit of doing, of trying, of daring, of impatience, of optimism.

The teacher-education institution has a youthfulness still more permeating, still more inspiring. The young people in these institutions are themselves of necessity concerned with child psychology, are continually occupied with childhood. They work with children. Thus there can be no staleness, no decadence, no wearing out. Indeed, the very fibre of our teacher-education institutions is the fibre, the bone and sinew of perpetual youth, ever self-renewing.

There is, in addition, another point of view of the perpetuity of the youthfulness of school or colleges. The natural person is born weak, passes through a prolonged infancy or immaturity, has but a brief heyday of full power, during which are beginning elements of eventual decay leading step by step away from growth and productiveness and the spontaneity of youth. Not so is the course of the educational institution. From its earliest initiation, it begins an unbroken career of births, succeeded by rebirths. The men and women who are

the founders and builders bring to the school their vision to shape its path; they breathe into it their ideas and aspirations; they transfuse it with the life blood of their energy and hard work. Each lives; each breathes; each gives of himself, each has his brief day, but when he leaves he does not take from the school what he has given. That contribution remains to be taken hold of again, to be reshaped, to be reformed, to be rejuvenated by those successors who follow.

Thus does the educational institution possess perpetual life and perpetual youth, in its fibre, in its spirit, in its objectives. It cannot grow old; it is ever young.

# Founders' Day

#### Program

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#### INVOCATION

Reverend Forrest J. Prettyman, son of Dr. E. B. Prettyman, Principal, 1891-1904
Substitute:

Reverend Augustus Hackmann, S. T. C. '29

не	Lord's	Prayer		Malotte-Deis		
Glee Club						

#### GREETINGS

Dr. M. Theresa Wiedefeld, President, State Teachers College, Towson

Mrs. Daniel H. Carroll, President, Alumni Association, State Teachers College, Towson

Praise to the Lord ...... Chorale-Christiansen
Glee Club

Address—"The Business of Teachers is to Teach"
Dr. A. L. Crabb, Professor of Education, George
Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee

Presentation of President's Portrait

Mrs. C. A. Kuper, Miss Lillian C. Compton, for the Class of 1904

NOCTURNE Mendelssohn
Orchestra
ALMA MATER College Song
Audience

Benediction

Reverend Augustus Hackmann

The music was furnished by the College Orchestra, the College Glee Club and augmented by the Alumni Orchestra and by the Alumni Glee Club.

Orchestra Conductor — Miss Elma Pickett; Glee Club Conductor — Miss Emma Weyforth

# "THE BUSINESS OF THE TEACHER IS TO TEACH"

Reported by Helen Pross

At our Founders' Day Celebration on Sunday, January the nineteenth, an eager audience filled our auditorium. After a prayer, music, and greeting from Mrs. Daniel Carroll, alumni president, Dr. Wiedefeld introduced the speaker of the day as a man who knows the past and can build the future on it. Dr. A. L. Crabb of Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee, addressed the gathering on the subject "The Business of Teachers is to Teach."

After giving a salute to Maryland, Dr. Crabb went on compare, in certain respects, teachers' colleges of the past and present. One memorable thought included in the talk was "Last year's thinking is never fresh enough for this year's students." Gradually changing to the topic of primary schools, Dr. Crabb said that some of the best teaching is done in the elementary school. The teacher of young children has no easy task. To begin with, she never finishes learning. She must be a knowing individual. She is close to the child and must be able to see all around him; that is, to have a full understanding of the children she teaches. In spite of the fact that these desirable characteristics are widespread among teachers, there is also present in some teaching a total-

itarianism. This menace consists of contempt for subject matter not in a teacher's own field. This attitude on the part of many teachers is undesirable; more than that, it is an ailment. Democracy demands educational equity for all children. For a child to dislike a subject is not normal, yet that condition exists and its cause lies with the teacher. She is inadequate.

The best way to improve teaching is to improve the teacher. It was on this premise that our own college here at Towson was founded. A good teacher is characterized by Dr. Crabb in the following way: she knows her subject matter; she desires others to know; she knows the motives that make others desire to know; and she creates and understands conditions under which children learn.

In conclusion, Dr. Crabb said that the teacher's mission is to save the good that man has done and to see that it is increased. Let all of us who heard this address continue to carry out that mission, so that we, too may have a share in increasing man's stature.

#### PRESENTATION OF DR. WIEDEFELD'S PORTRAIT

Reported by Alice Carr

After Dr. Crabb's interesting and often humorous talk, the members of Dr. Wiedefeld's Normal School graduating class of 1904 presented her portrait, by the artist Stanislaw Rembski, who put in oil that which her 1904 representatives, Mrs. Kuper and Miss Lillian Compton, painted with words. Mrs. Kuper told of our president as she has known her during a life-long friendship. She spoke, too, of her scholarship and professional preparation and emphasized the fact that she has kept the idealism, dignity, perseverance, and sense of justice with which she entered the school at Carrollton and Lafavette.

Miss Lillian Compton gave a glowing description of Dr. Wiedefeld's supervision which fits her perfectly as president of our college. She has not lost the ability to supervise "creatively." Her methods are "analysis, cooperation, and stimulation, not dictation." As the picture was unveiled the audience felt with Mr. Allen of the Board of Trustees that it would not hang on the wall but rather adorn it. Dr. Wiedefeld thanked the class with a few cloquently reserved words. She expressed gratitude that she lived and worked in a State where neither religion, nor sex, nor politics kept worthy individuals from advancement. She closed the program with Miss Davis' words: "quoting a little child, 'I'm eight going on nine.' Our school is now seventy-five and going on." In this steady advance may she always as in the past

"Be on her way attended By the Vision Splendid."

#### HYMN USED AT FIRST COMMENCEMENT OF STATE NORMAL SCHOOL IUNE 8, 1866

I have a wondrous honse to build, A dwelling humble, yet divine; A lowly cottage to be filled With all the jewels of the mine.

My God hath given the stone and clay;
'Tis I must fashion them aright —
'Tis I must mold them day by day,
And make my labor my delight.

This cot, this palace, this fair home Must be in all proportions fit, That heavenly messengers may come To lodge with him who tenants it.

Oh! noble work of toil and care, Oh! simple but most arduous plan! To raise this dwelling place so fair, The temple and the home of man.

# ASSEMBLY

#### HELEN PROSS

JANUARY 13, 1941 —

The student body today met a gentleman who was described as a singer, composer, and trilloquist. That was before we really knew him. From now on he will remain in our memory as a singer, composer, and whistler (not the painter). Mr. Robert MacGimsey believes in informality; at least that is the pleasant impression he leaves with his audience.

Beginning with an anecdote of his boyhood, which he asserts to be the origin of his whistling days, Mr. MacGinsey went further to explain, rather humorously, the advantages of that form of music. He demonstrated quite skillfully his ability in handling dual tones and controlling them perfectly. Familiar classical music, including Beethoven's Minuet in G, Brahms' Lullaby, and A Song of India, was interpreted through his versatile whistling. Later in the program, we heard Stardust similarly presented. The clear bell-like quality, almost resembling the tone of the xylophone, could not escape notice.

In a slightly different vein, we were taken into the realm of American Negro music, familiar to all who take Music 101. Hearing such music in person is practically the only way in which one can "get" it. We heard the first spiritual ever to be (Continued on page 36)

# THE LIBRARY

#### AT YOUR SERVICE

MARY DI PEPPI

Preston, Dr. George H., Psychiatry for the Curious; N. Y., Farrar and Rinchart, 1940.

Dr. George H. Preston, Commissioner of Mental Hygiene for the State of Maryland, is well known to most of us here at State Teachers College. The upper-classmen will remember him as the tall, red-headed gentleman who lectured to the freshman psychology classes on "Mental Hygiene." We all recall that he was a lecturer who tried as far as possible to omit technical terms and to make his lectures more understandable to us by means of pictures and diagrams.

In Psychiatry for the Curious Dr. Preston uses the same method. In one chapter he states that "Psychiatry suffers from words." He then proceeds to list the words he will not use, adding that he will say what he has to say in the same terms he would use to tell about a base-ball game or a hold-up. In addition to this, there are many little pictures throughout the book which the doctor has used to elucidate some point he wishes to make.

If you are interested in regard to the cause and effect of human behavior, you will find this book chock full of down-to-earth information on the subject. Those of you who have listened to Dr. Preston's lectures will find many familiar terms, such as, "Why he does what he does," "the feeling of insecurity," and "defense mecanisms." Dr. Preston starts by giving a clear explanation of psychiatry and what it includes. Then he tells of the types of behavior which eventually lead to some branch of mental illness. Because we and our friends are humans who behave in certain ways, we can recognize the fact that mental diseases are as important or more so than physical diseases, Another thing which Dr. Preston drives home is the fact that the mind and the body are closely associated and that mental illness is illness of men, not of minds.

Read Psychiatry for the Curious if you would like to become familiar with one of the most vital problems of today.

Nathan, Robert, Portrait of Jennie, New York; Knopf, 1940.

Robert Nathan, author of One More Spring, and Winter in April, has written another book with the intriguing title of Portrait of Jennic. The story is a fantasy about a



young artist and his inspiration, Jennie. Eben Adams, the artist, is just a struggling landscape painter when Jennie comes into his life. But Jennie, you see, is a ghost and a delightful one at that. She comes into his life and then leaves as suddenly as she had come, but not before Eben Adams had painted her portrait. It is this portrait that starts Eben off to a famous career as a portrait painter.

To make the plot less confusing to you, let's start from the beginning when Eben first meets Jennie. The author sets the meeting in a park in the evening. The despondent artist is walking aimlessly through the park. He sees a little girl playing alone. A conversation begins between them. The artist finds there is something queer about the child, as queer as the song she is singing:

"Where I come from nobody knows; And where I'm going everything goes; The wind blows, the sea flows — And nobody knows."

Thus Eben Adams first meets Jennie. There are more meetings between Eben and an older Jennie. Each one marks a crisis in the life of the artist and each one is an event in the tender love story of the artist and his inspiration.

What is it that makes Jennie a character in a fantasy? Why do I call her a ghost? These are questions you will want to answer for yourself if you wish to enjoy this story to the fullest. The whimsical mood of the story and the sense of "other worldliness" portrayed by the characters make this book one to be remembered. You have the feeling you are reading a modern fairy tale and you believe in it and enjoy it as much as you enjoyed your first reading of Cinderella. Portrait of Jennie is a treat which no one should miss.

# THEN AND NOW IN PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

EMMA E. WEYFORTH

"CHILDREN must have been smarter about learning music than they are now," said a prospective teacher engaged in turning over the leaves of an older music reader.

"But," interposed another, "they ought to be happier about their music lessons now than they were then." The latter remark was prompted by the bright pages of one of the more modern music books.

Let us compare the types of books under discussion. In the one we see many songs, it is true, but also pages of technical exercises,

pages which a child once described as "those without any music." Many "problems" are consecutively and rapidly set forth. Print is small and there are no pictures.

The new book has, in addition to its bright newness, many attractive pictures and large print. But best of all, it is all songs! They are good songs, though easy, and they progress in difficulty by easy stages.

Our young teachers know that while the old books are logical in structure, the newer ones attempt, at least, to be psychological; that whereas music lessons were once planned by grown-ups who knew what there was to be learned and methodically prescribed it, there is now an attempt to consider the interest and capability of the young learner. The idea is that the greater interest and happiness of a modern music period may actually kindle more fire than the technical logic of an earlier day.

We are patting ourselves quite complacently. Let us hope we are right. If only we had sound movies of school music in the old days, we should be able to compare "then" and "now," at least as far as achievement is concerned, and learn under which system children were "smarter." We think we are on the right path, but it would be fun to compare the music as performed, as well as the books, wouldn't it?

#### THE GLEE CLUB

RUTH MALESON

The Glee Club this year is celebrating, too. Along with the whole student body, faculty, alumni and friends, it is celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this institution. But this year is also the twentieth anniversary of the Glee Club,



MUSIC

Before 1921, the students in the Mary land State Normal School had many courses in music and singing. A chorus was usually mentioned in programs of events before that year, but it was made up of the student body, and was not a club. In 1921, under the direction of Miss Helen M. Shurtz, instructor of music, a separate organization was formed It had no officers, no dues, no tests for voice: it was a gathering of an "enthusiastic crowd of music lovers," The lists of those faithful in attendance calls attention to the fact that there were many more sopranos than there were altos. In March there was an advertisement for new members in the school paper; in May and June, that Glee Club sang once

at Shepherd Pratt Hospital, once in a program for the Alumni Association, and finally at Commencement.

In February, 1922, a triple quartette, made up of Glee Club members, sang at Annapolis for the Legislature, The school was then working for a new dormitory, and an article claimed that the Glee Club helped to "sing its way into the hearts and pocketbooks of our State educational representatives."

The Club became a permanent organization, with officers, in October, 1922. In the school year of 1922-33 the Glee Club gave a joint night concert with the orchestra and soloists. Miss Edna McEachern followed Miss Shurtz as director of the Glee Club in 1924. At that time there were two separate clubs — one for girls and one for boys. In 1925, when the city and state normal schools were combined, there were three parts to the Glee Club. Miss Rose Barry directed the resident students' club and the Men's Glee Club. This triple alliance gave a concert on May 5, 1925.

In the school year of 1926-27, Miss Emma Weyforth took charge of the Clec Club — now one organization —and, for the first time, incorporated the men into the regular club. Under her direction the Club became the largest in membership it had ever been: 125 students. And, as far as we know, for the first time the Glec Club and the Alumni Glec Club sang together at the Founders' Day Program, January 19, 1941. This made it the largest organized singing body in the school.

This modern Glee Club still, however, follows the carliest ones by singing for the school assemblies, and outside functions. The list of concerts given is larger than it used to be, since today it includes singing on the radio, for P. T. A. meetings, in other schools and at educational meetings and old-age homes. There has been and will always be, a definite place in the school life for the Glee Club.

#### STOKOWSKI AND GOODMAN VERSUS YOU AND ME

#### DAVID NELSON

There is only one Stokowski, one Toscanini, and one Goodman, but there are millions like you and me. The great majority of musicians are average performers, while only a very few are brilliant artists. That ability to play a musical instrument enriches one's life will be substantiated by any amateur musician. Instrumental music is just as important as any part of the school curticulum and a place must be made for it.

The trend is for development of orchestra and bands in elementary schools. This movement has grown by leaps and bounds, not only in the number of schools adopting instrumental classes, but in the quality of instruction, instrumentation, orchestration, equipment, performances, repertory and competition. The First National Band Contest was held June 4, 1923, in Grant Park, Chicago, 15 to 20 bands competing. Approximately 400 children participated. In 1940, there were 436 bands in competition with 41,256 participants. There are now in the United States about 25,000 school bands and about 40,000 orchestras, comprising 2,000,000 voung musicians.

A brief summary of the California State Course of Study will give an idea of how the instrumental program may be carried out.

First, awaken and develop the interest and euthusiasm of the children and their parents, Gather all infonation concerning the previous training of the children, their preferences and their abilities to buy instruments. Usually the parents buy the melodic instruments. The school may have to buy the oboe, English and French horns, bassoon, cello, etc.

#### Plan of Instruction

- The basis of instrumental music should be vocal music and perhaps participation in rhythm bands in the first three grades. Instrument playing would therefore start in the fourth or fifth grades, with provisions for talented children in the second and third grades.
- 2. Homogeneous grouping is the best plan. After the various groups have received sufficient preliminary instruction they are brought together for further development in orchestral work. Later on, the groups may be divided into smaller sections to provide for individual differences in talent, ambition and rate of learning.
- Heterogeneous grouping must be resorted to in case of limited time.

- The music library should include easy marches, waltzes, overtures, descriptive pieces, and an occasional operatic selection. Programs may be prepared for school assemblies, parent-teacher meetings, and other school activities.
- Teachers must be well-trained musicians, good teachers, know how to play the piano and have a playing knowledge of every instrument in the orchestra. There should be a separate department for instrumental instruction, with specific time allotment in the schedule.

Maryland is trailing in the wake of the more progressive Western States. As soon as you finish this article get any copy of the School Musician. Five minutes will show you just how far behind Maryland is in this field. The progress of the Western States in instrumental music is amazing, thrilling, and inspiring.

It is the new teachers (you and 1) who must awaken, not only the Maryland public, but also the Maryland educational department to our weakness in this phase of education. Other States have been competing in national, State and regional contests and in annual music festivals for the past twenty years. At least we are awakening. Let's make this awakening complete and permanent. At present the students of State Teachers College devote only a limited part of the program for preparing teachers of instrumental music. The students from Teachers College can further this movement. It is not an easy task. It will require the best talent of the best students and the best teachers. Another Stokowski may be developed, but what is far more important, the millions like you and me can become good amateur instrumentalists with ample opportunity to play in school and community orchestras,

#### TO MY MOTHER

DOROTHY MUDD, '34

If beauty is a thing sublime As sages say it be, Then the place wherein true beauty lies Is very plain to me.

'Tis not where snow-capped mountain peaks Lift up their heads to God, 'Tis not in meadows sweet with bloom Where dainty flowerlets nod.

'Tis here within my very reach, That beauty really lies, For me it is the light divine That's in my mother's eyes.

# COMING EVENTS

February 17—Monday Assembly — Mr. John H. Coon: "Life in Colonial Williamsburg."

February 18-22—Play at Hopkins Playshop — "No Final Defeat," by Hedwig Elizabeth Rossi, an Australian refugee, "Using an incident in the life of Voltaire, Mrs. Rossi champions the cause of liberty everwhere."

February 20-Basketball with Hopkins, at Towson.

February 21—Deadline for March TOWER LIGHT.

Museum of Art — Opening: "Works by
the Jury for the 1941 Maryland Show"
(through March 2nd).

February 24—Monday Assembly — Mr. Richard Carl Medford, Director of the Baltimore City Municipal Museum.

February 26—Bach Club Concert at Museum of Art, 8:30 P. M.
The Kolisch String Quartet.
Basketball at Western Marvland, 8 P. M.

February 28—Museum of Art — Opening: Maryland Artists' Exhibition (through March 30th).

Basketball with Salisbury, at Towson, 4 P. M.

March 3—Monday Assembly — Arthur Murray Dancers.

March 5—Bach Club Concert at the Museum of Art at 8:30 P. M. "The Old Harp Singers of Nashville, Tennessee."

March 7—Rural Club Dance.

Basketball with Frostburg at Towson, 4
P. M.

March 10—Monday Assembly — Paul S. Watson, Curator of Astronomy, Maryland Academy of Sciences: "Other Worlds Than Ours."

March 13-Girls' Demonstration Night.

March 14-Lyric - Nelson Eddy.

# **Growth of a Library**

KATHERINE PETROFF

LEAFING THROUGH a number of old and new catalogs brought forth a wealth of knowledge concerning the growth of our library. The Normal School catalog for June, 1887, informed its readers that there were to be a limited number of students "who shall pay twenty-five dollars per session for tuition and purchase their own textbooks. Students appointed by County or City School Boards are under no expense for tuition, or English textbooks and school stationery."

The 1902 catalog designated that the use of textbooks was given to all students free of cost, provided that each one paid a deposit on entrance five dollars to guarantee good care and prompt return.

We are told that in 1906 the library contained four or five thousand volumes "to which are continually being added current and other books of greatest interest to teachers." Leading literary magazines and many other "high-class" periodicals were to be found in the reading room. At that time the Pratt Free Library placed its books completely at the service of the school. The library's system of "students' cards" enabled one to keep a book for four weeks, while on the "borrower's card" a second book could, if needed, be held for two weeks. The five dollars required from each student was returned on his final withdrawal after deductions for loss, damage or any arrearage to the school.

In 1912 the Building Commission issued a bulletin which announced that the new school building proper (present site) would contain a library. Prior to this, in 1872 the Normal School had a small library in the Atheneum Building at Franklin and Charles Streets.

By 1926 the library consisted of an office and two large reading rooms, containing nearly thirty thousand volumes. About seven thousand were charged out as texts for the term, and twenty thousand were maintained for reference and reading during the day and circulated for overnight use. The report said that "during the past two years the school has made a stupendous effort to meet national standards for teacher-training institutions of our size." Between five thousand and six thousand new books were purchased. The most notable additions were made in the collections for teaching reading, geography, history, hygiene, and industrial arts. There was also a small but carefully chosen fiction collection.

In the year of 1925 the Teachers Training School of Baltimore merged with the State Normal School at Towson. The gigantic task of combining the two separate libraries fell to Miss Mary Osborne who was, at that ime, the Normal School librarian. To her do the present md future students of this college owe a deep appreciation, for under her guidance the books were put into rder, cataloged and classified. The stacks were also installed under her supervision, for the influx of books and become so great that extra shelves were necessary.

In 1930 our library had thirty thousand volumes and three thousand shelved pamphlets. Most of these were circulated for overnight or weekly use. The Reference Room had books reserved for special assignments, pamphlet files and a picture collection.

The catalog for 1933 said that the main floor of the north wing of the Administration Building was devoted to library purposes. The two large reading and circulation rooms and the Reference Room together housed a collection of thirty-five thousand volumes and four thousand shelved pamphlets. Most of these were circulated for weekly, two days or overnight use. The picture collection at this time had expanded to five thousand items,

The periodical department, located in the Annex, included more than one hundred general and professional magazines by the time 1938 rolled around. The main room had books on fiction, fine arts, literature, travel, the social sciences and a juvenile collection. Books on psychology, education, science, and industrial arts, as well as pamphlets and magazines, were located in the Annex. All entering classes received instructions designed to develop a working knowledge of the library.

The year 1939 brought forth many new features in the progress of our library. The picture collection consisted of six thousand pictures. In the Reference Room were the standard encyclopedias, dictionaries and reference books on special subjects. The system of classification that was in use and that is still being used is the Dewey Decimal Classification. September, 1939, marked a new day for the periodical department. More than one hundred and fifty current periodicals were arranged alphabetically on open shelves in the new magazine room, located on the third floor. Moving the magazines, and the picture collection to a separate section has resulted in more space and comfort in the two reading rooms.

This year, 1941, we have thirty-six thousand volumes on the shelves. This number is a smaller amount of books than we had in the peak year of 1938 when the total reached thirty-eight thousand volumes. The change is due to the fact that in the past the library bought many duplicates of one certain book. Now we have more titles and a greater variety from which to choose. There are seven thousand items in the picture collection, one hundred and sixty periodicals in the magazine room and close to two thousand books in the Campus School Library.

The present State Teachers College librarians responsible for the continuation of the success and efficiency for which our library is noted are Miss Yoder, Miss Holt, Miss Stitzel, and Mrs. Krebs, who work together under the able supervision of Miss Barkley.

# Science at Teachers College

(Principles and Theory of Practice — Field Work and Preparatory Units are the Main Components of This Course)

AT PRESENT the college requires four semesters or two full years of science. Although not listed along with the sciences, the Health Education courses, personal and public, are certainly scientific in their subject-matter and applications. They have undergone a similar expansion and naturally exercise a much wider influence among the college students and indirectly in the elementary classrooms.

Science, like any other subject, cannot be taught without materials. Meager as the supply once was, there has now been enough introduced to meet the needs of the college itself and also to establish a loan bureau for student teachers. Not only has the equipment list been enlarged but also a generous amount of space has been allotted to the department, to comply with its growing needs. There are four store rooms, three teaching rooms, a large work room and, of great importance, a science work room in the Campus Elementary School. Of no less importance is the consultant who aids the student and practice teachers as well as the children. The stream and pool in the recently constructed Glen serve both the botany and zoology classes as well as the Elementary School the year round.

To see the progress in its proper light let us set up our six-inch telescope and hope for favorable weather conditions. Turning the small end in the direction of the past we find a very modest department with one teacher. The present and future, however, are spread out before the large objective lens with a magnitude rivaling even that of the well-known Sirius. The present staff of three instructors are constantly extending the scope of their department by supervised field trips and projects.

#### STUDENT OPINIONS

(Continued from page 16)

Soon I paused to take my bearings. When I looked back I felt puzzled, lost. Where was all I had learned? The facts had come and gone like water under the keel. I looked ahead. The seas spread out to the horizon, and with each day's journey the horizon retreated before me into the never-ending distance. Suddenly I thought, "I can never hope to travel but the smallest part of the whole realm. But what does it matter, the joy is in the sailing."

All that mattered was that I wanted to sail on, that I saw some good had come of it. Some good come of it — why go on? People will never know all; they merely destroy themselves with what little knowledge they now possess. Even that partial knowledge is being censored and obscured. The intellect is playing second fiddle to the will. Goodwill! the world hungers, and thirsts, and cries out in the night for it. Knowledge and goodwill—the road to Hell is paved with good intentions — beautiful, sleek, deadly bombers. Knowledge and goodwill—one without the other worthless — the rhythm and the melody of life.

We have the facts; we know how to get more; now how to achieve goodwill? Before coming to college I did not find it in catalogs, and I had no way of calculating for it even if I had sought it then. Intangible, ineffable, it smooths the road of life, and shapes our dealings with each other. Like the form of perfect poetry or the style of beautiful prose, we know it best when least aware of its presence.

For a year and a half now I have been unconscious of its presence here. I have been taking for granted the friendliness of our College, the genuine spirit of help-fulness of the faculty, and the comradeship of fellow students. We have no patronage or condescension from our teachers, no caste system among ourselves. Administrators and instructors, freshmen, and seniors, all have a job to do, and find they all can do it best together. We are learning goodwill the only way it can be learned, by living it. We have the fire and light of human warmth in a cold, dark world. Let's keep the flame aglow.

#### MEDITATIONS OF A FRESHMAN

AGNES HICKS

... And so I'm here — and I like it! I like the cozy atmosphere which makes one feel as if he really belonged here. Maybe this is true because the College is such a vital part of the Towson community.

Inside, there is the library, which is a place for more than just reading books. It wouldn't be S. T. C. without the Book Store and Mrs. Clark catering to whims, counting the cracks on the oatmeal cookies, and changing dimes to nickels for the "coke" machine. The classrooms are like any other rooms. The auditorium is a place in which to hear lectures and sing.

I like the faculty. For mark-ed reasons, I'd better stop. How could I forget the congenial (2) student body? At first, it used to be, "Hello, Miss So-and-So," and now it's, "Hey, Peanut, come here!" I like the way the upper classmen talk to you (when you can help them out). The class presidents are generous at class meetings in giving you a minute and a half for important notices. (Sophomores, please note.)

With exams being scheduled, term papers due and projects long overdue, I begin to think I'll be a member of the February graduating class. Seriously, I don't understand how I can come to class, concentrate, take notes and still be so stupid. Have any of you this same trouble, or am I being egotistical in thinking anyone (outside my relatives) will read this article?

Naturally, the extra-curricular activities are best. All the clubs seem to want you (and your dues) to enroll as a member. The Art Club is a brand new thing here, too, and it is so much fun! I'm still working to be a cheer-leader.

The Tower Light is a neat publication. Some day, maybe I'll be one of the select few to have an article in it. I've been trying since I came here last fall.

I like the way everyone shows up at the dances. The same upper classmen who approached you in the hall and got you to put their ideas across, smile as if to say "So little junior took a nap and is out tonight. Well, ninety-nine cents is ninety-nine cents." Anyway, I (that is speaking for myself and not my escort) have a good time.

Of course, maybe next month I won't be fixing to stay. I'll rent my locker (No. 45), lend my books, dance in the foyer once (not with another girl, either) and be accommodating. I like it here at State Teachers College. I hope I stay! Anyway, it's fun while it lasts.

"What is the mortar board I hear mentioned so often?" asked the little girl.

"Tll try to explain," said Miss Cayenne, "although it is a slightly complicated matter, A mortar board carried by a builder often has cement on top, and worn by a college professor often has concrete under it."

# HUMOR

## **Jest Some Jollification**

WE COULD have entitled this article (?) "Humor fhen and Now," but instantly, you clever readers would have known what to expect. Consequently, we decided to tease and taunt you by you upper Mysterious Monker.

To really show the public how far Towson has come n its comparatively short span of existence, the humor?) column brings you a compendium of the striking vit of our earliest immates, as gleaned from early Tower LIGHTS, Orioles, and Crystals,

#### JOKES FROM DAYS OF YORE

Conductor - How old is the little girl?

The Child—Mother, I'd rather pay the fare and keep my age to myself.

-Humorist (London).

"Supposing there were five boys sitting on a fence and one of them decided to jump off; how many fellows would be left sitting on the fence?"

"Four, of course."

"Wrong again. The fellow only decided to jump. He lidn't do it."

-Ollapod.

"And did he have the dentist take an x-ray of his vife's jaw?"

"He tried to, but all they could get was a moving sicture."

Dolly was just home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they each you?"

"Not much," replied the child, "I've got to go again."

Prof.—Why does a dog hang out his tongue while running?

Stude-To balance his tail.

Junior-Why does Missouri stand at the head in vaising mules?

Senior-Oh! Because that's the only safe place to tand, I guess!

## FEBRUARY . 1941

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#### REMNANTS FROM THE POET'S CORNER

Miss Birdsong:

With smiling lips and eyes intent, Our specialist in Measurement Of Education trots along. Long may live our Miss Birdsong.

Miss Munn:

Firmness, pep, and laughter
Dignity and fun,
Put these in our English teacher,
There she is — Miss Munn!

Miss Holt:

With business-like, yet gracious mien, Miss Holt about the library goes; She charges books, she charges fines, Of every book the place she knows.

You're dumb and you're dumpy, You always look frumpy, With pencils cocked over both cars, With your disposition, You have my permission To stay a school marm for years.

He calls a spade a spade, Does Joe, Save when he drops it On his Toe.

We offer, for your own comparison, a few samples of the humor an average Towson stooge considers "Howling":

Wife—Is everything shut up for the night, dear? Husband—Everything else, dear.

The difference between a bachelor and a married man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby, he's dancing.

"There goes my last pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the drain.

The State of Michigan pays her State Superintendent the munificent salary of \$1,000 a year. Last April the Legislature considered the question of doubling her salary, and for the next three-quarters Mr. Pattengill was paid \$500 instead of \$250. Now it transpires that after all the law did not pass, so Pattengill has had to pay back the \$750. Alas for Mr. Pattengill; alassissime for Michigan—School Bulletin, March, 1894.

#### Student Council Discipline of Yesterday

The Misses ---- were brought up for standing at the fork in the road on Friday evening, talking to their gentlemen friends. As this has not been absolutely forbidden by a rule, no punishment was given, but the girls were simply told that they are not supposed to do this and were warned not to let it happen again.

The Misses --- for standing at crossroads after an entertainment talking to their escorts. They were given the choice of a punishment of one week's campus or a fine of fifty cents. All took the fine.

It seems that the rule prohibiting students from coming in the dormitory through the kitchen and basement has been broken many times, especially by the boys. Anyone caught in this act may be reported.

The Misses ---- were summoned before the council for smoking eigarettes. This being their first offense they were campused for two weeks with the understanding that they would write an apology to Miss Tall or show her in some way that they were sorry for their actions.

Mr. ---- was brought in, reported by a proctor because he refused to sit at the table where she asked him to. He said it was an end chair at a table of girls. He suggested further that a table be reserved for the

Miss ---- was reported for having talked a long time outside of the dormitory with her friend after the last dance. She denied the charge, saying she talked with a girl wearing a bov's cap. This was proved and the case was dismissed.

Messrs. ---- were reported for having stepped up in line. They said there was a gap in the line due to a group of girls talking and they thought they belonged at the end of the line.

Mr. --- and Miss --- were brought before the council. They left the movies after the comedy and Mr. --- escorted Miss --- to her home in Towson and remained with her until 10:30.

This suggestion was given to the chairmen to take back to their sections: About smiling at the servants for larger helpings.

This problem was brought up: That the telephones were not serving as many students as they should as some students talk over a continued length of time; some achieving 40 minutes, Also some students use pennies instead of the required amount.

--- was reported for laughing loudly in the hall during study hour, Punishment: To remain in her room during study hour until December 21st.



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#### ASSEMBLY

(Continued from page 26) written down by the speake -one that an old Negro had (allegedly) heard in ; dream and had later sung for Mr. MacGimsey. The re ligion of the Negroes is not the philosophical type rather it is looked upon as something to be used and en joved whenever possible. The spirituals express every mood of the Negro concerning his religion. These song have a steady rhythm, a "movement," picturesque lan guage, and beautiful melodies. Several examples were sung unaccompanied. We, too, could almost see Mr MacGimsey's "hair grow kinky and his face turn black," Concluding the program, Mr. MacGimsev accompanied himself in two "composed" spirituals, one about Shadrack, the other about Jonah. Both were excellent. We hereby extend to Mr. MacGimsey an invitation to return at any time; programs like his are not easy to find but are oh, so good!

# What "They" Said in Faculty Meetings

NOLAN CHIPMAN

1908—The Faculty met at 3:17 P. M., all being present except Mr. —— who, through oversight (foresight?) was not notified, and Mr. ——, who was ill. (Both apparently old hands at attending Faculty Meetings.)

1909—After reading of the minutes, it was moved and carried that the word "interesting" be stricken off in the phrase "an interesting talk". (The secretary's only chance to be funny) and that hereafter bare facts be put on record in the minutes. The minutes were then approved.

Report of Committee on Assignments – Student body undoubtedly spending more time in study than they should. Where is the trouble? Student body not using their time to advantage.

1906—New students were reported to be, as a body, earnest and attentive in their manner. (Some good material for Mummers' Club?)

1909—(There's nothing new under the sun.) It was suggested that Seniors have one or two periods a week for excursions.

1910—Miss Richmond reported that the interest among the legislators toward the Normal School Bill (Cym) was good, but that the appropriation would not likely be made this year.

1916-Work Grade IV:

Stories expressing national spirit are desirous. (A somber note of 1916 and probably 1941.)

- 1906—(Committee to confer) with reference to the work of the gentlemen while the ladies of the classes are taking Physical Training.
- 1915—(Maybe some fresh air will help.) Mr. R. gave an interesting (Has the momentous resolution of 1909 been forgotten?) and instructive talk on Ventilation. He stated that air was not bad through composition, but by its lack of circulation —
- 1906—Miss —— presented the special topic of the day: "The Modern Conception of Georgaphy." She followed this with an interesting account of the work now being done in reclaiming the arid regions of the West by irrigation. (Could any topic be drier?)
- 1907—From the discussion it was the consensus of opinion that it is for the best interests of the schools that teachers should not devote more than eight hours a day to school duties. (Which proves that the Faculty has a sense of humor. It is for the best interests of the teacher that he make \$5,000 a year, So what!)
- 1905—After discussion, this resolution was passed: Resolved, That every teacher in making up the final term grade take into account the student's daily work as well as the final examination number. (Some Faculty members must have heard of this being passed, some haven't.)
- 1906—Ordered, that the student returning to school from a family where there had been diphtheria be required to burn all books furnished her and that a new set be furnished by the school. (Relic of the Middle Ages.)

Miss —— was reported as needing to be looked after. (What's her phone number?)

The following topics were discussed — Story of the Opera, The Huguenots, What Children Study and Why the High Cost of Living, "Wandering Willie's Tale" — Scott, The Senior Class, Its Physical Condition in Relation to Brain Function, The Weather, The Development of the Radium Supply in Colorado.

- 1905—(A grammatical jewel) . . . "who are not able to do the work of the class at the point it is at."
- 1909—Miss Richmond presented the subject for discussion: "Government as applied to this school —should it be self-government or discipline?" After an interesting discussion, the Faculty adjourned. (I would have liked to have heard that discussion.)

The Faculty adjourned at 3:35 P. M., as the previous meeting had been unusually long.

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I have created a Faculty Meeting from the gems of the minutes of eleven years. It is far from a typical meeting, which was simply a cut and dried professional affair of planning school policies, schedules, regulations, teachers' assignments, etc.

Through the diversity of topics discussed, seemingly trivial, even ridiculous to us, one sees an earnest group, devoted to making the Normal School a better place. Wouldn't a comparison of present Faculty minutes reveal the same trait? And yet, wouldn't the minutes of that or of any group seem trifling to a reader twenty-five years later? Time often distorts the truth!

#### SOME QUESTIONS FROM THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION TO A BALTIMORE HIGH SCHOOL AROUND 1844

Would you be admitted?

A. Show the difference between "purity" and propriety.

B. Explain: simple, florid, nervous, concise and diffuse styles.

C. What is meant by the obliquity of the ecliptic?

D. January 1, 1627, the longitude of Venus will be 8°27'10", latitude 1°29' North. Name the time when she will use, culminate and set at Paris and whether she will then be a morning or an evening star.

A History of Education in Md.

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are definitely slower-burning (see left). That means a smoke with more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor.

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CAMEL - THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE



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TI-PI CUT - JEAN CONNER TI-PI CUT - RALPH BARRETT

THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly-October through June-by students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Md.

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# The Irish, The Freshmen, and Spring

III WAS on the day Mr. Charles Gross thought he had the "flu" and decided on the "mind over matter" theory that we agreed to make this Tower Light an integrated (Dewey or Kilpatrick's definition) trilogy featuring the Irish, the freshmen, and spring. Our reasons were three-fold. On March 21st the sun will beam benevolently on the equator and begin vacationing toward Cancer. Four days earlier the Irish will pay respect to old St. Pat and fellow-editor Herndon will celebrate her natal day. Lastly, the freshmen will begin their seventh month of sojourn in this structure of Norman-Gothic build. But there have been many drafts in the chimney since the day Mr. Gross decided upon the "mind over matter" theory. So, in case this issue does not live up to its original intent, these incidental murmurs are to pay respect to the aforementioned.

There is something very touching about the freshmen - especially the way their adviser can say something like Trichodemium erythraeum and then gently murmur "my class." The place wouldn't be the same without the team of Fishpaugh and Mc-Cauley, the unique salesmanship of Agnes Hicks, the scholarly Katenkamp, who needs only a toga and a forum, and the girl who beguiles the maestro (or vice versa). One feels a bit concerned about them when they see the ponderous textbook Dr. Foster Dowell had them buy via the bookshop. Offhand we wonder if Socrates could have waded through it in eighteen years.

And now, the Irish. In that connection there must be a brief diversion to a certain Mr. James Jett who is intensely interested in the continuity of culture. He was instructed by the high command to round up

Frances Shores

those who traced their pedigree to the Green Isle. Any Irish selections appearing herein are the results of Mr. Jett's profound search. In case they don't appear before the deadline, consult the June issue. The Irish among us, though not clannish, are quite a reputable bunch. There is a certain Mr. James P. O'Connor who tries his proselyting zeal upon souls and who sings (to the best of his ability) Irish tunes to a Teuton, Mr. Allen O'Neill, who has the look of a man from Eire, vows that his grandsires came from the Kilt country so we shall take his word for it. As for the rest of them they are quite a crowd - as effervescing as a Nazi bomb in Dublin.

And spring — ah, spring! There is something about its greenness that reminds one of the freshmen and the Irish. Many springs ago, before 1 knew about number senses and social studies curricula, my mind was free to go off with the breezes (or the snow) on the 21st of March and

stay until Sol started for Capricorn. But times have changed. Spring's advent this year is heralded by the usual queer contraptions classified under headgear. Convention decrees that a lady must wear such to be stylish. Perhaps there is adequate reason to question convention. And, in the spring, if what Mr. Tennyson says is correct (and he should have known), "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Observations being accurate in these parts, indications are that spring came early this year.

Now, having finished what I didn't start out to say, I shall herein desist. When Mr. Gross peruses this he will probably shake his head despairingly and when Mr. Jett reads this he will label it trite and fall to thinking about the Pleiades and Plato. But, sometime — maybe — I shall write about the value of the activity movement in science (to please Mr. Gross) and the importance of the continuity of culture (to please Mr. Jett). Until then — oh well!

#### SAINT PATRICK AND

SAINT PATRICK DEAR SIR:

I have been leafing through the Encyclopedia in search of confidential information on the private life of Columbus, and was both surprised and pleased to find that you probably hailed from Scotland. This now makes us have three more things in common; for our names are practically the same, I am Scotch by nature and descent, and I claim the 17th of March as the day devoted to my initial appearance upon terrafirma.

And the more I look at it, the more distinctly do I see that you and

I are pretty much alike. Of course, you write your name with a "St." in front of it, and I write mine with a "Miss"; but in 20 or 30 years, with a reasonable amount of courage, stubbornness and luck, perhaps I shall have changed that to something else. At least the family hopes so.

But to get back to us.

I can never remember whether it was you or the Pied Piper who led the snakes out of Ireland, but I believe it was you. So perhaps if I can lead the red ants out of State Teachers College, I, too, shall be knighted and honored; if Mr. Moser happens

to be reading this, I'll settle for an "A" in math and be properly grateful for my reward.

In addition, I hear that you were something of a botanist yourself. I say "yourself" because I can name three cultivated flowers on sight (rose, violet, and buttercup), can spot a botanist at one hundred yards although I am nearsighted, and have gotten poison oak only twice from examining Virginia Creeper.

Well, I could go on ad infinitum, telling you of myself, but I must get back to my history, just having found that Columbus was quite a man! Yikes! So best regards to you and St. Columba; in closing may I sincerely hope that he and Christopher had not as much in common as you and I? Sincerely,

PAT.

P. S. — I do hope you are from the southern part of Scotland, my pappy having been 21 years of age before he knew that damn Yankee was two words.

This morning - early it was, too - I had ample opportunity to laugh at the world - and one young tady in particular. The bus was prowded and most of us had become esigned to being mere straphangers. Suddenly, however, a shrill female voice pierced my ear-drums, "Let me w" - and as she mashed my lunch n her triumphant passing to an empty seat, I gritted my teeth in envy. Then I heard a titter - a gigzle - and, gradually, a round of aughter. I glanced up. Surely . . . Then I saw. A huge fat man - too arge for ordinary bus accommodaions - sat sprawled next to the vindow in the desired seat! He had eft space beside him, oh ves, but pace just large enough for a postage tamp. The energetic young lady, in laughty isolation, remained standng; the corpulent man, in humble solation, remained seated. My heart vent out to him.

I stood on my head in gym this noming. I really stood, too, and did oot use Ginny as a leaning post. As my legs rose slowly into the air in a nomentarily perfect balance, I felt wonderful sense of accomplishment and power surge through me. Queer it was, too, how rosy the world soked upside down. It gave me a new perspective of things — and nade me laugh. In fact, I think I'll uggest that we read present newsapers from the upside-down angle . . All except the funnies.

# To Laugh...?

NORMA KIRCKHOFF

In geography class this afternoon I had an opportunity to make an interesting analogy. We were told—by our honorable instructor—that rivers, large or small, always widen with age. It made me laugh to think how people are so like rivers.

It had begun to snow when I left school at 4 o'clock. As the bus came along, I noticed that it was accompanied by a terrific rattling resulting from its snow chains. As I climbed aboard, I could hardly suppress a giggle. Then, as each outburst of clanking grew louder, I had an overwhelming desire to laugh. It was too funny how my fellow-passengers were trying so hard to ignore the rattles and to maintain their customary dignity. Then I realized that they were making no effort at all . . . the situation just wasn't funny to them. Gradually a truth dawned on me. For the past year or so I had been greatly disturbed by the discouraged, despair-filled faces that had greeted me on the cars every day. Now I saw the reason for it. These people had lost one of their greatest possessions - a sense of humor. And it probably wasn't entirely their fault. Constant, daily work, with little time for play, and an indefinite, dreary future are not conducive to laughter. So I reflected . . . and so I ceased laughing.

Then this evening I felt that same unhappiness even more poignantly. For a moment I believed that humor and laughter were the empty, hollow inventions of selfish, ignorant people. I was listening to Major Bowes' amateur hour. One young lady, before singing, was being interviewed and the usual question was asked. She answered to it, "Oh, ves -I have a heart interest. He's learning to fly for Uncle Sam." Oh God! She sounded so carefree and happy . . . and proud. "To fly for Uncle Sam" . . . possibly . . . "To kill for Uncle Sam." What place has laughter in a world which trains its young people that it is grand and glorious to die and kill for a cause that, if they only knew, can never be saved in such a way? . . . As I slowly started to go to bed, my little cousin, aged 3, came bursting into the house. His round, innocent face was rosy and his evelashes were fringed with snowflakes. So excited was he from his recent excursion to the "pitchees" (movies) that his tongue couldn't keep time with his thoughts, But I was used to his jibbering and managed to decipher what it was all about. It seemed that he had seen "Mickey Mowse and cowboys and Injuns and the bad manies (men) tied up the pitty dirl (pulchritudinous female) and took the money and then the dood manies came on the 'orses and got the bad manies.

And everybody was happy again." I understood him all right and suddenly I was happy, too. There is trouble in this world—yes—but there are spots of blue at frequent intervals that serve to cancel all the worry that has gone before. The break in the clouds may be in the form of "dood manies on 'orses getting the bad manies", or perhaps it will simply be the revelation of something to live and fight for in an erstwhile empty, dreamy future. Then

again, the patch of blue in the gray sky of daily routin may just be something to provoke laughter . . . to malone roar until the sides ache, or to shake inside wis suppressed giggles. That last, I have decided, is the mo important. If one learns how to see the funny side of lit then there won't be any necessity of reading the new papers upside down to escape reality.

# **Another Letter To A Friend**

Dear John:

So far in our quest for peace we have reached these conclusions. War as the way to security, to lasting peace is hopeless. It fails to defend, prevents the just settlement of disputes, and now threatens to defeat man's priceless advance of centuries of toil and aspiration. No nation, no people have been all innocent. We have all been and to a large extent still are mental slaves to the ideologies of nationalism, imperialism, and militarism. It is our own weakness capitalized by unscrupulous leaders that has kept us in subjection.

Now how are we going to throw off these mental shackles? It is a tremendous problem worthy of the work of many a scholar, teacher, and statesman. We cannot expect to be finished tomorrow, but we need not despair. Imperialism and nationalism have already sown the seeds of their own destruction. Dr. No Young Park in his book The Retreat of the West shows so clearly how the white man sold with his manufactured prodncts the machines that made them, and how, becoming industrialized, the previously undeveloped land and colonies are disappearing as markets on which imperialism lives. Not much longer will the huge loans, which so often were the foot in the door, be needed. Rudely and barbarously treated, Japan, China, Egypt, and India have had enough of the visitor. Imitating the white man, Japan now has its own navy and India its own nationalism. Unchecked, militarism, nationalism, and imperialism, will destroy themselves, but in the process they will also destroy the best of our civilization.

Yet there is no reason why they must do so. They will last only as long as people continue to accept them and serve them. The ideas of progress by means of nationalism and imperialism foisted themselves upon the public mind and grew upon conditions which no longer exist. They fed on the economy of scarcity; today there is abundance for everyone if we would only make instead of destroy. Improvements in transportation and communication have brought closer the fact that we are all fellow travelers on a short trip of life, that our

destinies are inextricably bound together. We are begi ning to look beyond our own back yard to see that I and large profit for one is profit for all and that suffering for one is suffering for all. Individual and group, n tional and international security are not at odds by coalesce into one. When looked at in this light quarre become problems which are not won or lost, but solve The idea of exclusive individual profit motivation as the way of life based on that motivation is beginning get an awful drubbing. In We Move in New Directio. H. A. Overstreet examines the profit stimulus for lif finds it wasteful, spiritually unsatisfactory, and even the base of much of the insanity and crime of our mo ern world. And what is more, Mr. Overstreet has son concrete suggestions for improvement. He and man other scholars agree upon the need of a new evaluation of life, a human evaluation of economics, of profit ar loss. We need more than ever a rediscovery of the almo forgotten wisdom that the way to overcome evil is I good, and by suffering if necessary to convince tl "enemy" of our sincerity. And good-will is not enoug there is need of acute intelligence to apply that wisdo and good-will to each specific occasion. Mortimer J. A ler decries the over-use of science in human thought ar philosophy. It seems to me there is a lack of use. W have the products of science without the thought. Ma uses tools developed by scientific reasoning for ends a rived at by reading the newspapers, singing songs, at attending political oyster roasts. What a wonderf world it would be if the methods of science were a plied to politics. . . . I guess this dreaming appears wit drawn from the rush of life about us, John, but as som one once said, "Man is only the result of what he h thought." Out of his dreaming man fashions his mat rial world. If he would change this matter-world, I first must change his thought.

Suppose the changes I have touched on were starte One immediate outcome would be a change in educ tion. Instead of emphasizing competition and difference among people, schools would (Continued on page 28

# It IS Worth It!

Helena Townshend and Margaret Wells

HAT does a Yearbook mean to you? It is something to buy, look at, and put away, or is it something to be cherished for the memories that it holds? As it is a permanent record of your school days, classmates, teachers, and activities in the college, it should be one of the most treasured books in your library. Will you be satisfied without this record when you want to recall the names of your classmates? Won't it be a great source of pleasure to keep track of your friends, to watch them rise to fame; and isn't it always a great satisfaction to say, "I knew her when--?"

To some, publishing a yearbook may seem very easy; but when the work is actually begun, there are many unexpected items which present varied and trying problems. For instance, there is the problem of getting advertisements. It takes a combination of nerve, a desperate attitude, determination, and a large dose of applied psychology to approach the hard business men. You have to discard that amateur expression, assume a professional air, and use all of the most tactful approaches possible.

Possible approach to a funeral director:

"Will you give us an ad or do we have to die first?" or "I'm pretty sure there are plenty of prospects among the students in the midst of student teaching,'

A certain member of the committee must have plenty "on the ball". After asking for an ad, she received this answer: "I'm new here: I've been here only two weeks. I'm going to give you an ad, not because I think the company will profit by it, or because I know anything about State Teachers, but because I like your looks." Who was this?—that's the question.

Were two of the girls surprised when they went into 1 building with an "Office" sign on the door only to find lot of workmen doing construction work. How much nore embarrassing when they calmly put down their

ools and just stood and looked---.

As a bit of information to help the situation along, wo girls told the advertising manager, "It is our 75th mniversary". With a look of surprise, the man remarked, Why, you don't look seventy-five years old."

How would you feel if you went in to see an adverising manager who sat through the whole thing with is hat on? What would Emily Post say? Or would the

nan care what she says?

With all their personality beaming forth, two girls net up with a very determined man. "Girls," he said, I wouldn't give you an ad even with your prettiest



smile." That was a men's clothing store. Does that give you a hint of any reason for refusing.

One out-of-the-ordinary approach brought immediate results. All they had to say was, "Do we have to buy a piece of furniture before you'll give us an ad?" and he asked the prices. Pretty good, eh?

Never expecting anything unusual, two of us went into into a sporting goods store and asked for the advertising manager. The clerk directed us to the hotel down at the corner. Were we surprised when, on entering, we saw a meeting of baseball equipment dealers, and a display of the equipment. Since we had been to the store once before, the man recognized us. Thus two free coca-colas and a good time. Jealous?

A certain member of our own faculty, on hearing that we had reached our minimum goal, wanted to know if we were going to declare dividends. Could he have a little Scotch in him? We wonder.

The next task is to ask for donations, give a dance. hold a contest and do all that you can to finance the publishing of the first yearbook since 1932. While the present staff has been doing all these things, there has prevailed a spirit of determination and cooperation. At last our goal is in view. The Yearbook will succeed. This all goes to prove that old expression, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

# Of Honor And Reputation

CATHERINE GRAY In Imitation of Francis Bacon?

N every man's life there is a goal set to be won. The winning of honor is one goal which many set and approach in totally different ways. To attain this goal man must show his virtue without disadvantage. To do this, some affect honor and reputation. These men are much talked of, but secretly, little admired. Others, contrarily, make a great show of virtue, so disgusting their colleagues, that they are underestimated. Neither of these two groups has proved his virtues to advantage. This remains to the man who attempts a difficult task and does well; he will appear to advantage. Should he also succeed in satisfying all concerned, he will have completely attained his goal. The attainment of honor and reputation through performance of a difficult task is full of hidden pitfalls. The man who would enter into a field where the chances of disgrace are great and the chances of honor small, is a wastrel. Likewise the person who gains reputation only to lose it foolishly, is merely a reflection in a swiftly-moving stream.

But there is still another road to honor and reputation. If a man has competitors in the field of honor, he can best defeat them by outwitting them in their own "games". First let him learn that discreet followers can help much in building a reputation; thereupon choosing these wisely. Then, he mnst know how to deal best with the inevitable mud-slinging, and how to gain place through friends. His greatest enemy will be jealousy. To conquer it he must seek merit in the place of fame; serve humanity instead of ego; and attribute success to Providence rather than to his own abilities.

But all of this has to do with the ordinary man. There are separately degrees of sovereign honor in relation to state affairs: closest to the goal are founders of states and commonwealths, such as Romulus and Caesar; second in succession are the second founders or lawgivers and justices, for they govern after they are dead, such men were Lycurgus and our Supreme Court Justices; in the third place are the liberators who fight oppression, tyranny and discontent, who preserve the state after it has been established, as Augustus Caesar and our own Abraham Lincoln and George Washington; in the fourth place of sovereign honor are the defenders and the military leaders who enlarge the empire and fight invasion, as Clive of India or Foch of France; and in the last place are the numerous governors who reign justly and make the times prosperous-among these we place certain presidents and kings.

In all of these instances there are degrees of honor for the ordinary man. There are first, those who, appointed by the president, accept their responsibilities, becoming his "right hands"-these may be illustrated by members of our cabinet or by the Prime Minister of England. The second in honor are the courageous leaders who perform great services in war-who lead the battalions and plan the strategies, who, like General Pershing, march with the armies; the third and, in a lesser place, are the favorites who solace and comfort the rulers with harmless words and caresses; they may be necessary in providing a restful period in which energy may be gathered to attempt serious tasks; in the fourth place of honor stand. all of those who hold places and execute them with honor and efficiency. These last two groups are numerous and often unseen by the public. The greatest degree of honor to be obtained is not appointed by a sovereign, but is taken on voluntarily. It is the supreme effort for honor, for it entails the greatest sacrifice-the sacrifice of life for the good of the country.

In all degrees of honor can be found the opportunity to prove, through actions, numerous virtues—courage, honesty, loyalty, and persistency. In all degrees of honor can be found the same opportunity to prove through actions true worth and to prove it without affectation or boisterousness—to prove it without disadvantage. Let he who would set honor and reputation as his goal, profit by this essay and practice its recommendations.

County Cork, Ireland. October 6, 1940,

"Dear Cousin:

Your welcome letter received and me and your Aunt Bridget thank you kindly for money sent. We have had seven masses said for your Grandmother and Grandfather. God rest their souls.

You have gone high places in America and I hope that you will not be putting on airs and forgetting your native land. Your cousin Hynic O'Toole was hung in London-derry last week for killing a policeman and may God rest his soul and may God's curse be on Jimmic Rogers, the informer, and may he burn in hell 'till the place freezes over.

Times aren't as bad as they might be. The herring is

back and nearly everyone who has a heart is making

ends meet and the prices of fish are good.

We had a grand time at Pat Muldoon's wake the other night. He was an old blatherskate and it looked good to see him stretched out with his big mouth shut. He is better off dead and he will burn in hell. He had too many friends among the Orangemen. God curse the lot of them.

Bless your heart I almost forgot to tell you about your Uncle Dinny. He took a potshot at a turncoat from in back of a hedge but had too many drinks in him and missed. God's curses be on the dirty drink!

I hope this letter finds you in the best of health and may God remind you to keep sending the money.

The Brennans are 100% strong around here since they

stopped going to America—they have kids running all over the country.

Father Flagherty who baptized you is now feebleminded and sends you his blessing. Molly O'Brien, the brat you used to go to school with, is married to an Englishman. She will have no luck.

May God take care of you, and keep you from a sudden death.

Your cousin,

Timothy.

P. S. Things look bright again, all the police barracks and Protestant Churches have been burned to the ground in County Cork.

P. S. Don't forget to send the money."

# The New Order

Alma McAvoy

TURMBURG was one of those picturesque little hamlets you see on penny postals but never expect to really come across. Tucked away neatly at the foot of the hills, blasé tourists were apt to pass it by to seck nearby bizarre resorts in southern Germany, while at the same time querulously telling themselves they wished there was a spot where they could be just hemselves again.

But still Sturmburg was passed by, causing little concern among its two hundred residents. Everybody went is way doing his simple work, whether it were in the obbler's shop or out on the hillside pastures, stopping only now and then to call out a cheery "hello" to a assing neighbor. There was no tomorrow to dread. There was only today—today, with but the unassuming uope for a steaming bowl of potato soup after the day's vork was done and a pot of beer with Heinrich across he way, and after supper the chance to play audience to he young people who streamed to the square to dance and sing and revel.

But that is an old tale, a tale of Sturmburg five years go. My story is of a happening there three years ago. It elieve there was never a night that was so in keeping ith the tidings it bore as the evening of March third. July a few old men were left to carry on the customary aiety, but they had not ventured beyond their doors in night. The little village had long since given its ouths, boy and girl alike, to protect, to build, to glorify to Fratherland. To return to my real story, the night was teth-black, only a lamp glimmered feebly through a indow here and there. A whipping wind snarled and

bit at doors and windows, a shutter banging now and then broke the close silence.

Frau Schmidt, the baker's widow, totally oblivious to the wind and weather, was scated by her fire. Round and jolly, fingers flying with her knitting needles, she stopped only to draw from her pocket a well-creased letter and croon the contents to herself.

"Fritz, my big boy, he's coming home tomorrow. 'Mama,' he says, 'make your best chicken dumplings for Wednesday's dinner. The kind troop leader has given me permission to come home for three days. Oh. Mama, I'll be so glad to see you again, bustling about the house and scolding me for stealing a cruller or two. It will be like heaven to come home again after a year away and find some place where things and people are always unchanged. The captain tells me I am to be promoted, so perhaps, you may see the stripes on my arm.' Just to think, he's only twenty and to be promoted. Such a good boy and so proud of working for his country!"

The old hands picked up the needles, only to drop them at the sharp click of boots, military boots, on the wooden steps. "Fritz, Oh, it's Fritz home early." The contents of the knitting bag rolled helterskelter over the floor, the Frau was at the door before the knocker had dropped once. On the sill stood a uniformed young man, a man slender and straight and young like Fritz, but not the beloved son.

"Frau Schmidt?"

"Oh, yes, come in, come in. Are you a friend of my bov Fritz? He is a soldier like you, so handsome and so proud in his uniform."

Cold eyes and grim lips returned her greeting.

"I am a Patriot. My orders are to give you this box from your son."

"But why doesn't he bring it himself? He comes home tomorrow.

The face worked now, showing a sardonic smile, "Perhaps you had better read this letter for your answer."

The old woman fumbled at the paper, a foreboding of sorrow draining her of strength, then read:

"Frau Schmidt.

Your son has been convicted of an act of treason against his country. In the accompanying box you will find his ashes. You are not to bury them or to speak of this to anyone, under penalty of death. Destroy this letter immediately."

"Oh, Father in Heaven, why this to my boy? He did nothing, but love and sympathize with others all his life. Oh, God, tell me I'm dreaming. This isn't real, it can't be. You tell me it isn't true."

The young officer gazed calmly back at the woman, ignoring her plea.

"Schmidt was found guilty of giving coins to a Jewish beggar on the street. Such a reward as his is justly deserved by a traitor to his own people."

So hard, so cruel, so unapproachable. Why do the young never question their blind ideals? This supercilious young creature stood unmoved before the old woman's grief, then turned on his heel and left.

What happened to Frau Schmidt? She died, of course. Oh, not at once, but within a year. People say death was due to old age. But I know better. Her soul died with that letter, just as all Sturmburg will gradually die, and all the Sturmburgs everywhere.

You may well ask where I heard such a fantastic story when the whole was enveloped in secreey, and why I tell it now. I have hope that under the veneer of brutalism, the good that I know is there will rise and sanity will be restored to my people. You see, I've never forgotten the agony pictured on Frau Schmidt's face when she read the letter I handed her three years ago.

# The Vermont Horace Is Loquacious

Lib. I, Carmen 9.

Kenneth Miller

See how old Moosilauke stands all white With snow, and how the snow weights down the trees; And every brook is still, frozen quite Down to its rocky bottom.

But if you'll please Come in and sit beside the fire, I'll throw Some birch logs on, and we'll watch the cold slither Into the corners.

While the back-logs glow Drink some of this cider. I pressed it either Last Autumn or Fall a year ago. It's strong, Of course, for nothing soft can drive away The chill of early Spring, but held along The blazing hearth vou'll see fires dance and play In your glass you never saw before. Outside That wind coming up from Canada way Can whistle as he will, but we inside Need have no care beyond enjoying this day. And that's the answer-why, you've had just three Small glasses, try another-don't forget

To thank your Maker you're still young and free And able to have a day like this. And yet We all, I know, get such a trifling share Of love, and not because we don't desire lt, but simply because we don't exactly dare To take each day just as we do this fire, As good in itself.

Well, it won't be long Till the lake is free from ice, and the sweet fern Will make a different sort of living along The upland roads. Come back then and learn We haven't ice in our veins in summer here; The late evenings are misty. Even with moon At full it's black along the roads, and deer Walk boldly, frightening lovers down along the lake And you'll hear whispered music all the night. Maybe you'll see our Northern Lights, or take One of our winter-shy girls some August night To show you more than eider helps to make Vermont a place for living—even real delight.

## Medicine In Ireland

ROSEMARY CALLAHAN

O much is said of Ireland's roguish smiles, lilting laughter and unpredictable temper, but withal in moments of repose, an extremely tender-hearted people. Perhaps one of the most interesting phases of Irish history, the development of medicine, progressed so well because of their innate tenderness and compassion. They believed in affording proper care to fellow mortals in suffering, and provided the means for such. The marked contrast between such provision made by the ancient Irish and that made by the ancient civilizations, renowned for the promotion of human progress, such as Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, etc., is found in the mortals to whom the respected knowledge of medicine was applied. The great Ancients gave hospitalization to those who could pay the temple fees; the Irish ministered to those who could make no such remuneration.

This hospital, one of the earliest on record, was founded in Ireland in 300 B. C. be Princess Masha. It was called Broin Beorg—The House of Sorrow. This eruption of the hospital provision for the poor in Ireland was probably due to their clan system of government. A man was not merely another citizen of his country, but first of all a member of a particular clan, and for this reason a person of more than individual importance. The clan made certain provisions for the welfare of its members and the hospital was among these.

This tradition of hospitals continued all down the centuries in Ireland. There grew up special families of physicians whose practices were greatly influenced by a wonderful old code—The Brehon laws. One of these specifications was that each doctor's hospital be built on the bank of a running stream or with such a stream passing through its precinct. Water in various forms was freely employed for treatment. Hot compresses and hot baths were particularly valued. Shampooing was a favorite practice among the Irish physicians and was considered by them to be efficient for clearing the brain, and consequently the intelligence. Above all, cleanliness was considered important in the care of the sick and wounded.

Another requirement was that the building was to be provided with four doors, one at each of the principal points of the compass. One door was to be left open all the time, according to the prevailing wind. Thus the trish practiced a belief in ventilation. Of course, there were other reasons for the open door, one being the legal obligation of open-house for the sick and wounded, and

again that every such house was considered a public institution and thus must be open for inspection.

The hospitals arranged for the training of young men for practice. Any physician was expected to keep at least four medical students in his house, and to teach them; this teaching consisting mainly of their observation of his methods of treatment. Thus each doctor had a good clinical knowledge of medicine.

The Brehon laws made provision for protection against quacks:

"If an unlawful physician treat a joint or sinew without obtaining an indemnity against liability to damages and with a notice to the patient that he is not a regular physician, he is subject to a penalty with compensation to the patient."

And again according to the old law, a physician was held responsible for his treatment of patients. For instance, if a wound that a physician had healed broke down again within a certain time, he was obliged to refund the fees that he had collected for the cure. These fees were to be given to a better physician who might heal and keep the wound healed for the time prescribed by the legal regulation.

This was a year for a wound in the hand or arm, a year and three months for one on the leg, and three years for the perfect cure of a wound on the head. Still, according to the ancient code, the man who inflicted a wound on another was bound to secure a physician's services for the wounded person and pay for the services until a cure was effected.

And thus we get an inkling of another side of the Irish—their elevenness, their sense of justice, and their will to do and to carry through that which they believed to be right.

#### LEGEND OF IRELAND

When Patrick the Sainted touched Erin's shore The snakes had charge of the isle. Now Patrick was fretted at this state of affairs And sought to liquidate the vile.

So he chopped them up with the blarney stone. Begorrah, the goo was grand! And ever since, from Patrick's wrath, "Tis been known as "Ire" land.

# Irish and Perfection (SYNONYMOUS)

AGNES KERNAN

IT'S HARD, if not impossible, to criticize the perfect, but some people try to do just that in regard to the Irish. Perhaps it's because not being perfect themselves (not of the Irish race) they don't understand us.

Here are some popular beliefs about the Irish and the true meaning behind them. I'm explaining them as fallacies to some misinformed people.

Quick Tempered—It's not so. We're just rapid thinkers and rapidly comprehend when people try to put something over on us.

Stubborn or Bullheaded—Nothing could be more untrue. We just know we are right and want others to understand. We'll give in any time—if you have our point of view.

Thinking Ireland Is the Only Country in the World—Well, is there any other? (And another thing we don't think it—we know it.)

Superstitious-We're just careful.

Nosev-We're simply intellectually curious.

Narrow-minded—We just know the Irish point of view is the correct one and won't give it up for an incorrect one.

By this time you are probably accusing the Irish of trying to cover up or excuse their bad traits but we aren't. We just know we haven't any bad traits and are trying to set you straight about some misapprehensions under which you folks labor.

Editor's Note. We had to print this because one of the editor's is Irish. Otherwise we would have labeled it too nationalistic.

# **``'Tain't Funny McGee''**

WE HEARD a crack the other day when a certain member of the faculty was incapacitated with a periferal fracture of the knec that the students weren't getting "Munn-y" orders anymore. We also heard a complaint, we won't say where, that the Tower Light was sadly lacking in good humor. When the informant said the humor wasn't racy enough we popped out with the catch phrase for a member of the sophomore class, "On your mark, get Jett, go!" But sympathy was sadly lacking in our attempts and we tried to revive the drooping patient with one of those impossibles that happened in one of

Mr. Walther's "favorite" sections, "Where," said the learned gentleman, "is the hottest air located in thi room?" "In the front," was the blurted reply. We, as you can clearly see, are not in a very sensible mood. So, we correct the situation by considering a situation which we encountered the other day. Downtown, noticing a mai who was busily engaged in counting and recording data about people entering one of those ant-tank traps known as revolving doors, we were so much taken back that we had the audacity to ask him what he was doing. He informed us that we were witnessing the compilation o data which would prove his thesis that the majority o people were wasteful of energy. We were mildly inter ested. It seems that he was seeing how many people take advantage of the push given by the person who precede him and he was going to get his doctorate soon or these findings! We also hear that the folks who are help ing their country by doing Red Cross work at the Col lege are having a simply splendid time wrapping bandages. Gosh, it's just like a party. And, will the young man who has been interpreting the dreams of various members of the college students a la Freud please take care?

In ending may I suggest that all humorous writers in the future be investigated by the Dies Committee for we are certain that they are "Fifth Columnists" of a peculiarly pernicious sort. They are demoralizing in their effect and sadly abusing the freedom of the press. Yeah we know "Tain't Funny McGee."

# Surrealistic Spring

#### or Spring to a Befuddled S.T.C. Student

Alma Lee Gott

FILMY VEILS and flower-bedecked hats, the song of a lark, longer days, shorter nights, pastels, suits with longer jackets, kites, units, new student-teaching assignments. Kolinsky skins, Navy blue, violets, Bock beer, green grass, Sunday afternoon rides and walks, the Glen, sheer blouses, walk the first fare, trees, sun, breezes, Easter eggs, gardenia corsages, and oriole, the Orioles, patent leather and gabardine, early picnics, student inertia, spring fever, white doeskin gloves, new snapshots. Charles Street, spring vacations for other college students, loose ends to be connected before "S. T.," softball, gym out-of-doors, open windows, fresh air, a good smell. It's spring!

# The O'Reilly's, O'Hannigan's and O'Malley's

CATHERINE GRAY

Bridget O'Reilly crocheted—tat-tat-pearl-tat-click . . . . the rocking chair creaked under her fifty-nine corpulent years in syncopation—creak-eek-eek-creak . . . ta-creak-pearl-eek Maurcen rippled purrs with a cool, sensitive, moist nostril nudging the ball of yarn as an overstuffed comfortable-looking fur piece glided under the rocker to "tat" and out to "eek". You see Bridget was Irish, Maurcen was Irish; the sun was shining, so life was beautiful.

For two St. Patrick's days the two Irish "men" had lived in a small greenish room, knitting greenish sweaters, socks and scarfs. Mrs. O'Mulhaveny did not quite understand as she informed her "fence audience"—"and there she sat, a-knitting and a-knitting, as comfortable as ye please on O'Reilly's pension. O'd be afraid, oi would. Me with a cat and money in the house!"

But the "daily rag" reckoned not with the efficiency

## Freshman Days

MARY K. NEWCOMER

HOW DOES a Freshman feel when she has left home, parents and friends to be transplanted into an entirely new world—a world in which she expects to increase her knowledge to such an extent that she will be enabled to share it with others?

The first glimpse of stately buildings impressed me tremendously. I soon learned why "Alma Mater" resounds so effectively around a bonfire in the early venning air. After a few days of adjustment and examinations the upper classmen arrived. With them came added opportunity to meet delightful colleagues.

Meanwhile social events were rapidly succeeding one another. One evening we were solemnly inducted into the Student Council. Open house, teas, and receptions were staged in our new home. About this time classes began in earnest.

No doubt most of us remember the first fire drill and the first letter from home. Even a more memorable occasion was the first week-end spent at the paternal homestead.

Freshman days have been days of inspiring adventure intermixed with hard work and a few heartaches. Nevertheless, I am quite proud to be a Freshman in an institution celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary—State Teachers College.

of Maurcen, the police-dog cat, who having learned all the principles of protection from tom-cat, Tommy O'Shay, who knew, from a distance, all the watch-dogs in town. One thing Maurcen could not do. She could not "ffftt" at an Irishman because—Tommy was Irish.

That is why Burglar O'Hannigan decided to "case" the O'Reilly's. Everyone respected Maureen's claws from experience, but it was common knowledge that her weakness was the Irish—she couldn't lay a claw on one. O'Hannigan had his eye on the sugar bowl cash box, so one dark night, he clambered up the black fire-escape. He put one foot over the sill and heard "ffffftt". He smiled and put the other foot in and proceeded to the sugar bowl. "Fffftt" turned to "meooowow"; which turned to sharp white teeth and sawtoothed nails. O'Hannigan yowled. The sugar bowl crashed. Maureen took another helping. O'Hannigan took steps.

Of course, Policeman O'Malley caught Sugar Bowl O'Hannigan and took him to his mother who, of course, waited with a greenish hair brush. The sugar bowl was fairly whole. The money was safe. But what had happened to Maureen. She had attacked an Irishman. Some of the truth of the matter came through the cat grape-time. When Maureen had gone to visit her Lochinvar O'Shay, she had found him in the paws of that "pickle" puss Catherine Aherne. After the dust of battle had cleared away, Maureen found herself enamoured of alley-cat Solomon Goldifobb because of his help in the battle.

Now the police are watching O'Hannigan's pal, Izzy Rubenstein, for further developments!!!

#### **Blind Dates**

HARVEY S. SUSSMAN

WHEN A girl calls a boy on the telephone and asks him to take a strange girl to a party, he is stuck with what is known as a "Blind Date". Blind dates are usually girls who are either too short or too tall, too fat or too thin. They may be cross-eyed or knock-kneed, but you may be sure there is something wrong with them. Exceptions to this rule are as follows: When all the girls decide on holding a blind date party, or when a girl decides that this is a convenient way of making a wanted young man's acquaintance.

The most difficult moments connected with blind

dates are when the two people meet. No matter what type of girl she may be, the boy is expected to keep a pleasant face. I must admit, however, that on most occasions that is quite a difficult task. The boy should start the conversation, but it is surprising to see how an otherwise talkative person can become tongue-tied at such a time. Once at the party, however, the boy can begin to relax and enjoy himself. I know a fellow who took a blind date to a party, respectfully danced the first dance with her, and then forgot all about her until it was time to leave. He then took her home and, as if to add insult to injury, did not even request the usual good-night kiss.

However, in spite of all facts which intend to discourage boys from accepting blind dates, there are usually several of these boys at every party. Perhaps it is the love of adventure that makes boys accept these blind dates, or it may be the pity they feel for the girls. However, I believe that it is all related to a famous saying by P. T. Barnum: "There is a sucker born every minute."

#### Indolence

KATHRYN DECKER

A SHAFT of lazy sunlight touches the garnet of the divan, setting off a pool of warm color from the shadows. Down the path of light swarm whirling flecks of dust. They settle on her saucy, tilted nose. The sun's warmth delights her, and she tentatively opens an eye, the better to peek out and consider it. She meditates. The dust flecks rise and swoop in graceful accompaniment to the dainty puffs of her breath. She reaches up and pats the flecks as though to smooth them into order. Her sleepy efforts only cause the dust to caper more madly. The movement pleases her, and languorously she stretches. To the tips of her beautifully shod feet she stretches, delighting in the pull of muscles, basking in the glow of coursing blood as it stirs in her veins. The downy white of her Angora jacket rises and falls with every beat of her heart. With flexible young body drawn out to full length, a symphony of flowing, swelling curves, she lies there, all unmindful of her teasing beauty. The delicious drowsiness which weighs her eyes and binds her limbs rises up and holds her fast in a motionless stillness. There! Her pink lips part in a gasping vawn. Her small teeth click as her mouth snaps shut. She stretches again, then curls her body in an arc so the sun floods over her in an engulfing tide of light. Her head droops lower and lower. Slowly, she relaxes, until it would seem as if her body were one with the cushions on the lounge. A door slams! Her eyes fly open-green, insulted, plaintive. Her soft mouth opens in a tiny voice of complaint. "Meow-w-w," she says.

## Rapiditis

DOROTHY SHINHAM

"HURRY, HURRY, girls, or we'll be late!" That is the theme song quivering in the air as the girls rush from classes at lunch time. They dash down the halls, search frantically for their keys, find them above the door, jab futilely at the lock, and end up by going in through their suite-mates' door.

Once inside their room, they divest themselves in onc gesture of any books. They splash a few drops of water over their hands, dispense with the idea of a towel, and drag a comb through the top curls. If they are in an expansive mood, they might stop to smear on some lipstick. Usually they get out of that task by reasoning aloud, "Oh, what's the use. I'll just eat it off anyhow."

Now for the lunch room. They sprint out the door, only to remember that they forgot their lunch ticket. (They're lucky! Sometimes one doesn't remember it until she is within smelling distance of the cafeteria.) Well, here they go out the door, with the ticket. They careen around corners and run down stairs two at a time. They arrive at the foyer on a dead run, only to be brought up short at the sight of the lunch line.

The cafeteria soon opens, and then they are happy, but not for long, "Just look at those people ahead of us," they groan. "I'm so hungry I could die," they moan. This conversation doesn't last long because it doesn't help them move any faster. It doesn't matter, because there are better things to talk about.

"Did you notice Mr. Moser's new suit? Why can't Bill dress like that?"

"Just wait till you hear, girls, John asked me to that dance I was telling you about. I'm so thrilled!" (Aside from one girl to another, "How do we know she didn't ask him?")

But enough of that. The chimes boom near. All talk ceases. The thought of food so close at hand is over whelming. No one even breathes until she has come at least as far as the napkins. Then all you can hear is "Ten, fifteen, twenty. No, I guess I can't afford a salad today."

Once out of line they spy a vacant table and light on it like a flock of birds. They eat, well, never mind how they eat just so they can finish in a hurry.

They wait impatiently for Sue to eat her cakes. Finally everyone is finished, and they race madly to stack up their dishes to see who can get to the foyer first.

And now they sink down breathlessly on a bench, only to look at each other and say, "What in the world can we do until class time?"

# **''Canned''** Music

Sylvia Gelwasser

MPOSSIBLE! It can't happen here, at least not for fifty years or so," argued the little men. Their voices rang loud and firm and did not betray the new born fear secretly being nursed in their bosoms. These men lived comfortable, middle-class lives. They brought home \$60 a week and sometimes as much as \$90 for extra shows and rehearsals. Moreover, they were indispensable to the entertainment world. They were the musicians in the movie house orchestras—the flesh and blood that added warmth to dull celluloid. Movie-goers enjoyed the silent figures on the screen only because the musicians added the background.

Seemingly over night a startling newcomer burst into the world of sound—talking pictures, talkies with movies combined. People gaped unbelieving at the musical sounds emerging from the lips of one Al Jolson in The Jazz Singer. It was this innovation that was planting fear in the hearts of the movie house musicians. The technique these men had for fifty years been trying to forget was developing at an astounding rate. By the end of the twenties the Gaynor-Farrell team was starring in Sunny Side Up and the Gold Digger series was well on its way. The theater-going public was enthusiastic and satisfied with what the movie house musicians with pseudoconfidence were still laughing, "It's only a fad, only a passing fad." Once again they were wrong.

The early talking pictures depended very little upon background music to set the stage. Obviously, such a reliance would not have worked out successfully since the sound production was of such poor quality. Still, musicales were being produced by the dozens. Though poor, they were not merely a passing fad. From the Gold Digger series they progressed to the much more highly developed Broadway Melodies and from that on to such extravaganzas as Forty-Second Street. Dick Powell became the singing matinee idol and delighted the public with his "canned" iazz tunes.

The musicale improved until today it has reached great heights possibly because of the perfected sound system that has developed. Film companies spend millions for lavish productions. They employ musicians such as Tiomkin, Stokowski, Jansen, Copland and Kostelanetz. Deanna Durbin sings "La Boheme" for them, and Grace Moore, excerpts from "Madame Butterfly." Such excellent films as Strike Up the Band, Down Argentine

Way, and Bitter Sweet are shown all over the country and people flock to the theaters to enjoy them.

As far as music for background is concerned, the music world has come a long way since the importance of such music was first established. Music is the reason for one half the success of such dramas as Rebecca, The Mortal Storm, Escape and the delightful Pride and Prejudice. Background music establishes a mood and plays upon the gamut of emotions. The recent film The Great Dictator has seventy musical sequences most of which provide background music. The Brahm's "Hungarian Dance No. 5" is responsible for one of the most amusing incidents in the entire film-Chaplin as the wistful little barber shaves a customer in exact time to this popular melody. Continually music is being composed for each individual film and the importance of the name of the musical director and composer for a film is overshadowed only by those of the actors and drama director. Together with the musicale, background music has accomplished great things.

Yet Hollywood has not stopped experimenting. Music is going to fill yet another place. Recently, there was the world premiere of the Disney-Stokowski-Taylor Fantasia. Here is a picture in which the music is the all-important factor and Disney figures on the screen interpret compositions of Bach, Tschaikowsky, Dukas, Stravinsky, Beethoven, Ponchielli, Moussorgsky, and Schubert, Although at times the interpretations of the music are poor and show lack of understanding, this production points the way to a new field of conquest. As far as the popular trend is concerned, music in Hollywood has been vital, alive and flourishing; but the inestimable facilities of Hollywood have not brought the populace closer to the lighter classics such as Strauss or to the wonderful operas themselves. Perhaps Fantasia will be a step in this direction.

As I drove down the old York Road
With twilight hurrying on
The faded sun, the restless wind
Left all the world forlorn.
When suddenly—the world was changed
For there to my delight
All the sombre lamp posts
Blossomed into light.

HAZEL WOODWARD.

# Facts About the Music of Ireland

JULE THOMPSON

JOHN McCORMACK said, "Ireland was singing when the breath of history first parted the mists about her coasts. All down through the ages she has sung, whether on the battlefields amid the clangor of arms, in the quiet cabin where the wandering bard tuned his harp to gentler lays, or out among the hills under the stars when the shepherd voiced the wonder of the heavens or the yearnings of the heart."

The harp has become Ireland's "trade-mark"; it is found on her money, stamps, and flag, the only flag in the world in which a musical instrument is embodied. It is said that as early as the seventh century harp playing was so general that at entertainments and parties the harp was passed around among the guests, and anyone unable to play hung his head in shame.

Like the Russians and Spaniards, the Irish had songs for various occupations: songs for ploughing, milking cows, spinning, weaving, blacksmithing, and so on. Workers sang whenever inspired, whatever the occupation. In 1720 pipers were provided for football matches and led the march as the contending teams entered the field.

One very striking feature of the Irish music is its great range, sometimes extending over two octaves. Tunes are subject to enormous variations in different parts of Ireland, just as language dialects are.

It is not generally known that the Irish founded the first conservatory of music in existence in the tenth century. The conservatory was established at Saint-Gall, Switzerland, because it was very difficult to get to Ireland. It was conducted by Irish teachers who were mostly monastics.

In general, Irish music may be put into three classifications. The first is called Weeping Music and has to do with what is known as Caoine (pronounced "keen"). Caoiners sit around a corpse for hours voicing peculiar wails, and lamenting—a service for which they are in great demand. An Irish funeral without this dramatically picturesque assembly is considered poor indeed.

The second division is Laughing Music, which includes native dances of three kinds: jigs, reels, and hornpipes. These are marked by distinct and irresistible rhythms. For instance, the jig is always in a six rhythm with very heavy accents. The reel and hornpipe are in common time, each with its characteristic rhythm.

The last classification is Sleeping Music, lullabies and

other delicate tunes of the kind usually sung at the cradle by nurses and mothers.

Nowadays, here in America too few of us stop to realize the influence of Irish music on art, literature, and the drama. Some few know that the old Irish tune "The Last Rose of Summer" was featured in Flotow's opera "Martha". Most people do not know, however, that Shakespeare was influenced musically by an Irish luteist, Dowland. It is reported that there are but five plays for which Shakespeare was not advised about music by Dowland. And, of course, closer home, "Believe Me II All Those Endearing Young Charms" with other words and called "Fair Harvard" has been the song of Harvard University for over two hundred years.

Interesting people are the Irish. Their customs and lives bear the stamp of music; and in turn, music has been tinged with Irish sentiment. All the world loves ar Irish tenor, and a gay lilting jig will help keep hearts young and feet tripping forever.

# Smoky--A Comedian

MARJORIE COULSON

MY DOG is a wonderful invention. His qualities are many and varied. Right now he is pushing a red ball intense My Mother's hand and daring her not to take it in a low coaxing growl. In fact, he is "Mother's little helper". He rides on the mop, chews the dust cloth, and chases the broom. Several times a day he empties the trash basket—onto the floor. In the past few months he has become quite an artist, leaving muddy designs on the dark floors. That his remarkable abilities are not limited to work is shown by the fact that he can sleep quite comfortably—any place you wish to sit. If Mother wants to crochet he'll be obliging and do that too—especially if she let him have the ball of cotton. Even if she doesn't let him have it, he'll probably take it because thread is one of his favorite foods.

Of course, Smoky (that's his name) possesses that attribute common to all dogs. He is our watchman When the man comes to read the gas meter, Smoky bobs gaily down the steps and greets him like a long

(Continued Bottom, Next Page)

# The Band From Out Of The West

JOHN HORST

JIMMY DORSEY is one of jazz's first and foremost. In the past two years his name has skyrocketed to fame. He breaks theater records; he jams ballrooms to capacity; he cannot make enough records to satisfy his host of fans. Jimmy has been in the game a long time, he knows all the angles. Yet it wasn't until 1938 that people started to listen to "that other Dorsey."

Jimmy Dorsey, the older of a great brother team, first took lessons on the trumpet. He then shifted and began to study on the alto saxophone which he plays today. Jimmy "jobbed" with many small bands and gradually worked into two of the finest dance orchestras in jazz history, Jean Goldkette's and Paul Whiteman's. In these bands he played with old stars as well as new such as the great "Bix" Beiderbecke, "Pee Wee" Reissell, Frank Tummusauer, Bob Chester and Jimmy's younger brother, Tommy.

Around 1930 Jimmy and Tommy formed their own band. This was known as the Dorsey Brothers' Orchesta, a true milestone in jazz. Tommy led the band and Jimmy contented himself with playing the saxophone. It didn't take long for the two emotional temperaments to clash. Tommy and his trombone left, and for a while the brothers weren't on speaking terms. Jimmy kept the band together, and it became known as Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra.

lost friend. But strange solicitors get the heartiest greeting. If he could speak, I'm sure he'd say, "Come right in, Glad to have you." Don't think he's a sissy though. Just let a harmless cat or a little squirrel cross the yard. Then he's off in a flash to clear those dangerous creatures out of the way. He'll chase dogs too—if they're little dogs.

From morning until night Smoky is a comedian. People on the street say, "Isn't he cute?" when they see his bowed legs, floppy ears, stub tail, and soulful eyes. The fact that his legs are short and his body long doesn't help to make him more beautiful. He eats anything from the cigar butts and chewing gum that he finds on the street to cellophane and juicy rocks. Gloves are a favorite delicacy. He ate two pair last summer. In all fifteen months of his life he has never learned to walk. He either flops or leaps. We think he comes from a long line of jackrabbits and whatzits. But would we let you have him? Not for the world!

While Tommy stayed in New York and started to build his fine band, Jimmy's boys went West. They played on the Kraft Music Hall program with Bing Crosby and were busy on the coast for a number of years. Before renewing the contract with Jimmy, the Kraft Company asked him to enlarge his band to add strings; Jimmy flatly refused. John Scott Trotter took his place.

Jimmy continued working in the West. He toured from Washington to Texas. He made records that were excellent, but he could not achieve any outstanding success. His musical ideas were ahead of the times. The public did not understand them. Tommy's sweet trombone, on the other hand, had become the toast of the land. His music was simple, sentimental and easy to follow. Tommy had money; Jimmy had headaches.

Jimmy came to New York. A hotel engagement was followed by some "one-nighters" in the East. By a stroke of luck, Frank Dailey booked Dorsey for a four weeks' engagement at his Meadowbrook Club. Jimmy stretched the engagement to ten weeks and drew 1,600 people when the place only scated 900. This record has yet to be exceeded.

Now the recordings Jimmy made years ago are selling by the hundreds. His recent recordings are sensational and he has just been awarded a commercial radio program.

Jimmy has done a fine job. He was not content to go down to the public's musical level. He aimed high and has made the dancers appreciate his particular brand of swing.

# Faith

LOUISE GETTIER

I shall not be afraid
When tomorrow comes.
Yesterday has fled
As has today.
Now I stand benefited
For their passing.
I shall not be afraid
For I shall be in heaven.
Where is heaven?
Where God is—there is heaven.



# EDITORIALS



# WE ARE FREE TOO!

Genevieve Haile

THE EDITORS of Tower Light are guilty! We did encourage the contributors to this March issue to add a dash of Irish flavor to their writings. We urged them to extol the Irish people (St. Patrick in particular), Irish customs and Irish literature. Now, to relieve our guilty consciences, we assert that Ireland is not the only Free State, nor is St. Patrick's Day the most important event in March. We challenge you members of a Maryland State Teachers College with March 25.

March 25 is celebrated as Maryland Day. Certainly three hundred sixty-five for its very own. Consider her qualifications. Her State motto is "Manly deeds, womanly words." She ranks high in being the first State in the United States to build a railroad, to construct a railway steam engine, to use electric street cars, to build iron steamboats, to erect an iron building, to produce metal writing pens, and to refine sugar. She also ranks high in her oystery oysters and crabby crabs!

On March 25th the Ark and the Dove will emerge from the shadows which have hidden them for over three centuries to renew again their message of peace and good-will. The three hundred-ton Ark and the fiftyton Dove, under the direction of Leonard Calvert, set sail across the perilous Atlantic on November 22, 1633. A terrible storm split the sail of the Ark, rendered the rudder useless, and caused the ship to drift like a "dish upon the water." The people gave themselves up for lost, but after two days the storm ceased and they had excellent sailing. Fearful of the Indians, but excited over the beauty and promise of the land, they sailed up the Chesapeake Bay and into the Potomac River. Here they found a wooded island which they named St. Clements, and here they disembarked and planted a rude cross. Two days later they found a suitable place for a permanent settlement on the banks of the St. Mary's River, where they bought a village from the Yaocomicoes for axes, hatchets, hoes, rakes and pieces of cloth. These colonists dedicated the new land of Mary. or Terra Mariae, in honor of Henrietta Maria, the French Catholic Queen of Charles I.

From these earliest colonial times, Maryland has been a pioneer in fostering and promoting religious, political and educational freedom, thus having become nationally known as the Free State. In the wake of the Ark and the Dove came a gradual development of the basic principles of a representative democracy wherein the people are the real source of power, where liberty under the law and equality before the law are the unchallenged right and possession of every citizen.

Today, as in the early history of Maryland, democracy the world around is engaged in a fateful struggle — a struggle with the forces of despotism and reaction. The efforts of those people instrumental in the development of our democratic way of life are at this moment being threatened by autocrats, tyrants and dictators.

Why not pause on March 25th, Maryland Day, to renew your faith in democracy? Why not do more than that? Why not plan to give the youth of Maryland a vision of the meaning and possibilities of this democratic way of life that will capture their loyalties and will encourage them to recall the ways in which our fathers of old defended democracy with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor?

# ON ANNIVERSARIES

With Apologies to Dr. Newell

### MINDELLE KAHN

"CONGRATULATIONS!" WHAT a multitude of occasions this significant looking word can conjure up. Birthdays, weddings, founders days, the acquisition of a convertible coupe, your sister-in-law's cousin's engagement. All of these events give rise to an accepted, standardized procedure, commonly known as social ctiquette—shaking hands, backslapping, kissing, dreamy-eyedness, prospect (of getting food prepared in honor of it all), and retrospect.

An anniversary, with all its accompanying nondescript aspects is upon State Teachess College. Its approach was detected long ago—the dulcet tones of a committee chairman pleading with her friends for every ounce of their support, Miss Munn raking in every desirable article for her reserve stock for the "Anniversary Issue," the faculty references to "You don't remember, but in former years ——," the little green books in education. We take years of practical knowledge from those who profess to know and immediately transfer it to the sieve compartment of our brain, while we give them all the wisdom of three years of college experience.

We take time from beloved library study, while we give our affirmative to something or other that has already been decided upon in a previous faculty or alumni meeting.

Yet, we like anniversaries, and more of them.

# THE ANSWER

JOHN McCAULEY

HOW OFTEN as we think of this troubled world do we wonder what tomorrow will bring? War? Perhaps, for today, even as in 1870 and 1916 entire civilized humanity is in bitter conflict, whether in body or spirit. Fatalists tell us the world of 1960 will even so be at variance. Why must this be? Do men by nature hate each other—is it our natural course to fight? Hardly; do we not inherit hatred—are we taught hatred? A parent's prejudice becomes his son's prejudice; a teacher's bigotry becomes that of her students. This world is bitter because neighbors cannot effect an understanding. Each has been taught that the other is wrong, that the other is evil.

Biased teaching, then, has been the agent of our wholesale disruption. Mothers, their sons lost in futile battle, are pointing an accusing finger at the schools, our schools, the last bulwark of-Democracy? Yes, Democracy here, Equality in Russia, Imperialism in Italy. Our schools must be bulwarks of truth, of unbiased scientific quest, leading to understanding. Teaching is the greatest of all professions. No one can talk to young minds without producing an effect, whether it be for the better or for the worse. The teacher may open vast worlds of sacred culture; he may lead trusting innocents into the dungeon of prejudice. Today's children are tomorrow's leaders, tomorrow's thinkers; they must not be tomorrow's war-mongers. It is the privilege, indeed, the Godappointed duty, of the teacher to control the future for the forces of Love and Brotherhood.

### ARE WE SO SMART AFTER ALL?

MARY SIMON

'TIS SAID we have passed the era of witches and goblins. There's no such thing as a ghost you bravely assure your two year old cousin as you push him back up the dark stairs, while you turn back to the light and warmth of the living room. With that benign good humor so characteristic of the "I am superior" creature, you laugh to think that even George Washington knew no better than to believe in the magic power of horseshoes. You may suspect your neighbor of plenty of other things, but you will never descend to calling her a witch. We're scientific now, not superstitious. We experiment and prove our conclusions. We can't go around playing hide and seek with a spirit—not in this materialistic age.

Yet we'll have to admit that there are still some things that can be explained in no other way. Why is it that we can starve ourselves for two weeks in the interest of a streamlined torso and find at the end of that time that the scales say we have gained four pounds? Why can we breeze through a term and get m'B' average and reform the next term by working hard and get the magnanimous reward of a "C" average? Why is it that the York Road street cars are always held up when we leave the house five minutes later after getting up ten minutes early? Why do some people always seem to get to the Library first after an assignment is given and get the books when we can run just as fast as they? Why does it seem so long from Monday to Friday, while the weekends fly?

Could it be that Ychudi is responsible for these things or is it possible that science in due course will solve all these intriguing mysteries with some startling new formula? In the meantime our ancestors are probably laughing up their sleeves at us. We're too smart to believe in the old explanations, but there's certainly something supernatural going on.

# Hope

Alma Lee Gott

Bombs, mechanized units, goose step; Nations crumble, democracy dissolves; And a new-green sprig of grass heralds the approach of spring.

Dictators, supremacy, hate, hate; Lusty thirst for power quenched with blood; And a boy and girl walk hand in hand and vow to love even unto eternity.

Kill, mangle, torture, subdue;
"The survival of the fittest;" "strength is might;"
And God's touch brings forth a newhorn babe.

# THE LIBRARY

## AT YOUR SERVICE

MARY DI PEPPI

Keith, Agnes Newton; Land Below the Wind; Boston; Little, Brown and Co.; 1940.

"Land Below the Wind," the picturesque title of this charmingly told book of adventure, is a translation of the native Malayan term for "Borneo." Borneo, that little-known. British protectorate in the Pacific, is the adopted home of Agnes Keith and thus becomes the locale of her story.

The name Borneo conjures up in the average mind a vision of man-eating savages; dense, untracked jungles, the beat of tom-toms and tropical heat. It comes as quite a shock to learn that Sandakan in North Borneo is a city where English ladies sit in the garden of the Government House while they sip tea and exchange the latest gossip. Meanwhile, their British husbands fritter away their time playing a game of cricket.

But don't get the idea that Borneo is a tame, unexciting place! There is the other side of the picture to consider. Go along with the Keiths on the trip into the interior and you will leave the civilized life of Sandakan entirely behind. Here you will meet the betel-chewing, tattooed head-hunters and the ever-present pests of the jungle—sandflies and leeches. Here, also, you will follow the safari over dangerously swollen rivers and along their muddy banks to native villages. Finally, after days of treking through mud and water, and nights of sleeping under leaky tents, the Keiths head for their comparatively safe and comfortable house in Sandakan.

Mrs. Keith writes in clear, forceful, descriptive language which makes you read the book at one sitting. The pages are interspersed with original pen-andink drawings of her native servants, her animal friends, and many scenes of local color.

Sea Tower-Hugh Walpole.

# Doris Klank

"And they were married and lived happily ever after." Did you ever challenge these final words of the author as you closed the book? Have you wished that the author had taken you farther into the lives of his hero and heroine? If you have, Hugh Walpole has gratified your wish by writing Sea Tower. Christine



and Joe have barely begun their wedded life as the book opens. They are on their way to his beloved home by the sea where they have planned to live. Everything is strange to Christine, including her in-laws whom she has never met. An observant reader will know from the minute they reach the house that there is trouble ahead for the newlyweds. And what trouble could be more threatening to a happy marriage than "mother-in-law" trouble? Joe has been tied to his mother's apron strings all of his life and when he brings home a lovely young wife, to whom he is devoted, his mother is insanely jealous. The ends to which her jealousy carry her are inextricably woven into the lives of her son and daughter-in-law and finally threaten to destroy their happiness. Indeed, the book is chock full of suspense and the climax will leave you breathless. For your "Must Read" list, may I suggest that you add Sea Tower.

Make Bright the Arrows-Edna St. Vincent Millay.

### CATHERINE SWAIN

To those of you who enjoy reading poetry, but who do not feel quite equal to the task of delving into oversized anthologies, may I suggest Make Bright the Arrows by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

This, her latest collection of poems and sonnets, expresses Miss Millay's reaction to the present world situation. The main theme, the spread of the war as a result of indifference and treachery, is developed by means of two recurring trends of thought: sympathy for the fallen countries of Europe and the position of America in relation to world affairs. Memory of England and I Forgot for a Moment depict with sensitivity and vividness the countries Miss Millay once knew so well.

"Dorset and Hampshire were our home in England: the tall holly trees, the chestmuts that we found Glossy within their shaggy burrs on the cold autumn ground."

Memory of England, p. 5.

In There Are No Islands Any More she taunts the isolationist with: "What calm compromise will defend Your rock, when tides you've never seen Assault the sands of What-has-been, And from your island's tallest tree, You watch advance What.is-to-be?"

Although tinged throughout with a great deal of sentimentality, the collection is skillfully written and leaves the reader with something to think about.

# **Accent on Speech**

K. Petroff

EFORE the editors of the Baltimore Evening Sun sound a death knell on the discussions and letters on Baltimorese and other accents, I should like to put "my two cents worth" in the current verbal battle. Last year I had occasion to compile certain of my experiences with speech habits that I have encountered here and there; so without further delay I shall proceed with my tale.

I find that the study of speech habits of the people who live in the various sections of the United States is an amusing and a somewhat thought-provoking pastime. Eliminating Pennsylvania, the old home state, of which I have no personal recollection of any language peculiarities, I shall begin with my first encounter with a certain group which occurred while I lived in Louisiana. As I was quite young at that time, I remember only the soft slurring of southern voices and a slow, easy way of speaking. Of Arkansas dialect I remember nothing. Soon thereafter my family found itself up north in Indiana. Although still quite green as to years, I clearly recall the differences in the tones of voices of Northerners and Southerners, Our next step was Detroit, Michigan, and that is the place which created the most lasting influence on my manner of speaking. Our last answer to the call of the wanderlust occurred when we entered the portals of that land of fried chicken and Southern "gentility"-Maryland.

For one week we lived in Halethorpe, a town southwest of Baltimore. Next door to us lived the landlady and her family. One day Bertha, the daughter, told me to get the tahr which was in the corner of our cellar. Bathed in the glory of my ignorance: I followed instructions and spent fully ten minutes peering into corners in order to find that "tahr". I finally returned emptyhanded. Bertha led me back and, without a moment's hesitation, went to the corner and rolled out an automobile tire. "But you said tar. I couldn't find a can of tar."

"I didn't say tahr. I said 'tor'." What followed may well be called a comedy of errors.

From Halethorpe we moved to Baltimore. The last name of one of my friends was Starr, pronounced a la Baltimore, Stor, but because of my inexperienced ear, I lived for two weeks under the impression that the name was Store. But store the people told me was stoor. Now I was mixed up. By degrees I became accustomed to Baltimore's eccentricities in pronunciation. Junior high began. The same old question kept popping up. "Where are you from?" "Detroit" was the answer. Later I was introduced as the girl from Deétroit. After a few weeks in school, I began to say "daown" for down and "aout" for out. I was cured quickly enough. One day after school I was in the locker alcove gathering my belongings from a kneeling position, I quite suddenly raised myself only to hit my head against the locker door. "Aouch", I exclaimed. No one looked surprised. Only to my ears did the word sound silly, affected and unnatural. From then on it was Northern accent or bust.

Many natives of Baltimore pronounce coal oil as "coll ole", water as "wooter", oysters as "oyshters" and towel as "tal". The little word "on" seems innocent enough, but when said by Baltimoreans, it emerges as "oon."

I mentioned Detroit as being pronounced Deetroit. This accenting of the first syllable in similar words rather than on the last seems to prevail throughout the South, Detail appears as deetail; idea becomes i-dea; and cement is converted to ceement. The latter was very recently uttered by a college history student. When corrected he didn't seem to sense any difference and blithely repeated "Roman roads were built of ceement."

Baltimore seems to be a melting pot. Here I have

met people from all parts of the country. The people from California and out West have a speech that is unique. Most of them speak in the Northern way, yet there is a Western-Southern drawl or twang that makes their words sound delightfully different. I have noticed two types of Brooklynese. First, one group, says, "woitking goil" for working girls, and second the cultured Brooklynite, speaks in a clipped British mode of speech coupled with an accent that stands out distinctly as New York. Most Pennsylvanians have a Northern accent, yet they fall quite readily into the Maryland way of speaking.

I have encountered Harvard accents, Oxford accents, the various foreign accents, and the American sectional accents, and it is nothing short of amazing to note how the English language is converted to suit the habits of the various peoples. I think that the English language has about one hundred million ways of being expressed in the United States, for no two people say their words exactly alike.

During these past two years I have had a greater opportunity to notice the pronunciation of words and the colloquialisms peculiar to certain groups of people. Students attending the State Teachers College represent all sections of the state and the faculty hall from every part of the nation. Some time ago one of my colleagues asked me how long I had been in this city. I replied, "Five and a half years." "And you still talk the way you do?" came the surprised question. When I answered in the affirmative, I got what is generally known as the hee-haw or the Bronx Cheer. But I warn you, my readers, if you ever send me for the tahr, don't be surprised if I go to the nearest hardware store and return with a can of coal black tar.

## "LOOK WHAT THE WIND BLEW IN" H. M. L.

YOU MUST think my effrontery terrific when I presume to review a movie when I don't know the first thing about the movies, and when I prepare a report on "Gone With the Wind" without having first read the book. But I've come to the conclusion that we've got to have more abandon in our movie review, and after all, who can exercise more freedom than he who knows nothing?

This was a forty cent picture (you know, nothing cut but the price!) and from all outward indications four hours for forty cents sounds like quite a bargain. But somehow I can't reconcile myself to the notion that it is worth all the strain on the eyes and the anatomy just to see Scarlett's face run for two hundred eighteen minutes. I've tried once and I tried again, but I can't see it.

The flikker was terrific. The settings were uncannily real and the story moved fast most of the time. But Scarlett never could, as Rhett so properly says, have a kerchief about when there was need for it. So we get a super-colossal boxoffice draw and this reviewer just can't see it again.

Speaking of Scarlett, we must pause to say that the picture was a significantly bitter, but wistful, statement of a deep-scated longing for days and practices of old. But Miss Mitchell was resigned to the fate of the Old Aristocratic South in the first place, even though she did mutter things which sounded some of ex post facto. So she probably let the pictoriographers play up the run in Our Heroine's nostrils to symbolize the run-

ning out of the Old Order, so to speak. That explains that.

You would think that after all the talk and putter about Miss Vanderbilt being tested for the role of Scarlett in GWTW that we would not finally award the part to a Dark Horse, etc. But after the B. O. is taken-care-of in the proper style, bother the public; you see, we reviewers don't hurt the B. O. because "if the people don't want to see a (play) they won't anyhow". So there.

Nobody did anything terribly well this time, except Selznick, who is still counting the coin pouring in. We can't think about a single individual who worked overhard, excepting it be Thomas Mitchell, who might have left Our Friend Clark way back if he'd had the sympathy.

And one more thing bothered me. You know how in movies people always get excited when somebody says something out of the ordinary. Well, I will bet my gloves that 65% of the Second Nighters are missing the point of the picture by spending four hours or so on edge for Clark Gable to say, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a d——." And the audience gasped.

Oh, yes. The point was (and listen carefully) that if you're ever in trouble, and nobody's around to help you out, pull the trigger. And if there's nobody to shoot, just jerk out a kerchief, which by law, you probably won't have. Then wipe twice carefully, sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and hang out to dry. If by this time he hasn't come retire to your estate and think about it tomorrow.

The above means simply that it is a pity to have to watch the high-strung (Continued on page 29)

### Peggy Gunnells and Lee McCarrier

This being the anniversary year of the college, we, the writers, have browsed through old Tower LIGHTS with the thought of reviving memories. One of the favorite columns of the Tower Light four years ago was "Under the Tower Clock and Behind the Desk," written by A. Nony Mus. (We still would like to know who wrote it.)

From the October, 1937 issue we find the following: Under the title "Observations," we find that Miss Blood and Dr. West are interested in stars. (Telescopically speaking?)

Miss Scott is now a one arm driver. (It seems that

life is just one big cycle.)

A request that Miss Stella G. (G. for Glen) Brown give a demonstration on how to make a fire in ten

Noises: One, two, three, four, five, six-Mrs. Brouwer

counting out supplies.

We like the way Miss Bersch pays attention during assembly: compared to two others who like to sleep. (Refer to last part of alphabet.)

Open letters:

1. To Miss Bader:

Keep on wearing that happy smile, it's becoming. 2. To Mr. Moser:

How about coming to dances sometime? You don't dance? We bet you look fine in a Tux.

The November, 1937 issue disclosed more letters to the faculty.

To Mr. Minnegan:

What would happen if someone placed a microphone before you during a basketball game?

In the same issue some general activities were listed.

- I. Miss Hazel Ida Bailey Allen Woodward taught some of the students how to cook with a Dutch oven and how to pop popcorn.
- 2. Mr. Walther was sent a certain message for taking a drawing board out of room 2,
- 3. Miss Scott tapped her foot during all the music for Play Day. We felt that she would make a fine hill billy. (Texas style.)

In the January issue, 1938 we find the faculty up to their old tricks despite New Year's Resolutions.

Miss Munn, don't you know the purpose of the rail and the line in the cafeteria.

What does Mr. Walther do with the pile of books he carries home with him? It really becomes serious

when Freshmen mistake him for a student teacher.

Wanted: A baseball mitt for one of the instructors who cannot seem to catch successfully the piece of chalk he must throw around while he concentrates on the deep mysteries of number.

In the March, 1938 issue we learned of the childhood days of the faculty members. (Precocious, weren't they?)

When Dr. A. was a baby, she ate aspirin tablets. Miss Bader drew pictures on the wall—she was a doodler, Miss Bersch always had a dirty face. Miss Brown always played in the woods. Miss Daniels jumped up and down.

Dr. A. Dowell greased chairs with lard, while Dr. F. Dowell put tacks on chairs. Dr. Lynch cut heads off flies and Mr. Crook chewed on rubber bands. Miss Munn caught lightning bugs. (Was there a purpose in that?) Mr. Walther took all the ivories off pianos. (That's not the way the Seniors heard it.) Miss Weyforth took the pickles out of the jar and tucked them away with the linen.

Enough of the past—we'd like to write about some of the former students, but most of us have never heard of them. Here are a few belated comments and a few that are up to date (?).

- 1. Where did the girls in Richmond Hall learn the dot and dash system of communication? They used it to good advantage the night before the Shenandoah game.
- 2. Is Elaine's heart in New Jersey? Not now.
- A couple of girls caught in the smoking room after 10:30 were hiding behind chairs. When asked why they were hiding, one replied, "I'm nervous."
- 4. What is the 7th Commandment? A certain young lady broke a date two weeks in succession with the excuse that she had flu. Now she really has it.
- 5. Ed Fishel seems to be having a marvel (ous) time

We realize that puns are the lowest form of humor, but James Jett, M. P. gave us one at Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration that can't be omitted. Someone asked what song would be played as the President took the oath of office and Mr. Jett repled, "Only Forever".

Since this is the last edition before the graduation of Leon L. Lerner in April, we feel impelled to write a soliloguy to him.

### The Last Decade

Only a decade ago, a freshman of powerful ramifications entered the portals of this institution. He startled everyone in the school, including himself, with his great amount of knowledge. (Continued on page 30)

# ASSEMBLIES

JANUARY 27, 1941

ALICE CARR

AS PRINCIPAL of the Girls' Vocational School in Baltimore, Miss Engel knows the history and the aims of the school. The warped attitude against work which has grown up in the United States has long defeated such schools. It has taken the defense program and similar crises to raise manual labor to the place of respect and importance it should occupy. The school started as a dumping ground for misfits, truants, and the mentally handicapped, Today these people do not enter the Vocational School. Only those who meet the standards on Aptitude, Clerical, Art, I. O. and Reading Tests are allowed to enter. These tests are also used to guide the girls in choosing one of the seven types of work which are offered: dressmaking, millinery, high power machines, beauty culture, tea room service, commercial work and salesmanship. After each girl completes her course, the school attempts to place her. If she fails, the employer tells the school why she is unsatisfactory, and an attempt is made to correct her faults.

In accord with the best educational principles, mental and social needs, as well as vocational ones, are cared for. Academic work in subjects related to the course goes on. Art, music, anatomy, menu planning, and bacteriology are included. For further personality development there are clubs, a school paper, a year-book, a May Day celebration, and fashion shows. In keeping with the defense program, classes in coil winding and assembly work are being given.

Miss Engel's talk stressed what all liberal-minded, far-seeing educators, employers, and "just ordinary people" are beginning to realize: that all education from medical school to occupational classes is in part, vocational education, and should not be held in contempt. Well planned, intelligently staffed vocational schools are in part the answer to the employment problem. The fact that the Girls' Vocational School has placed 95% of its graduates has great social significance.

### FEBRUARY 10, 1941

### HELEN PROSS

"THE PHILOSOPHY of educational practice of the people in America from 1870-1900 as shown in the novels of that period"—such an impressive greeting was

hurled at us through the peaceful morning air of a Monday assembly, and then—the hour passed pleasantly, more pleasantly than we had anticipated, as Miss Harriet Wells, of the college staff, lectured on the "aforementioned subject".

Between the lines of the novels prevalent between 1870-1900 lie many interesting theories of education. contrasting in many cases abruptly with those maintained today. Miss Wells has delved into these novels with sufficient intensity to discover these underlying ideas that peep now and then from the otherwise complacent fiction of the times. She has not only delved, but she has brought these facts to our attention in a most interesting manner. Some of the novels fought for the education of Negroes, which was not the accepted practice of the period; others showed a cross section of public opinion favoring discipline and barbarous punishment for misdemeanors of the classroom. Social studies then engaged in were humorously mentioned and the student's life was described as far from ideal. By her many well chosen excerpts, Miss Wells enlarged upon these and other points of interest. In conclusion, she voiced a developing faith in education, a faith which has grown with the years. The day's program was fine, indeed. May we, in behalf of the student body, commend Miss Wells on her excellent research on this topic.

### FEBRUARY 17, 1941

BEGINNING WITH the statement that factors leading to our form of democratic government need to be studied and reviewed more than ever today. John Henry Coon lectured to the faculty and students at S. T. C. His topic was Life in Colonial Williamsburg. By means of a long series of colored slides depicting the charm of the restored city, Mr. Coon endeavored to give us some idea of the daily life of the colonists of Virginia in the eighteenth century. At that time, Virginia was the largest and most populated colony, contributing much to the political and social life of the people. Located in tidewater Virginia, Williamsburg is situated on a peninsula between the York and James rivers. It was founded in 1632 as "Niddle Plantations" and was the colonial and state capital from 1699-17"9.

One of the high spots of its existence was the founding of William and Mary College in 1693, the first college to be thus begun by royalty.

Passing from the college to the rest of the town, there were many varied and interesting sights in store for us. We passed down wide, impressive Duke of Gloucester Street to the buildings in which Virginia legislators once convened. (Continued on Page 32)

### YOU CAN WIN!

ATTEN/TION, POTEN/TIAL artists and writers, and even you who think you can't draw a straight line or spell correctly! Who knows what latent talents lie beneath that doubtful scowl of yours. Here a challenge! Accept it. There is nothing to lose and ten dollars to gain. If you don't win first prize you'll get those flowers that are next in line. What could be more enticing.

Mr. Bowyer of Stevenson's Flower Shop, a graduate of the Campus School and the Maryland Institute of Art, is making you a generous offer. If you are artistically inclined, make a poster. Use flowers and a holiday for your theme. For you who can't draw a straight line, or any other kind, take your pen in hand, put on your thinking cap and write an article or even a poem about flowers and holidays.

Mr. Bowyer offers Ten Dollars for two first prizes and flowers for a second prize. He will use the selected materials for advertising. The three judges will be impartial outsiders. Aside from the prizes he is giving the Au Revoir a most generous gift.

The yearbook needs your support. Get out your paint brush, your pen, and your imagination and see what you can do to help yourself and the "Au Revoir."

### THE GLEE CLUB

RUTH MALESON

IN ORDER to help the Peabody Conservatory in its drive for funds, the Glee Club held a concert on March 6 during the Assembly period. There was a minimum admission of five cents and the collection was given to the Peabody.

The program presented was a varied one. It began with a chorale arranged by Christiansen, Praise to the Lord, sung by the whole club, as was the next number, Carmencita, a Mexican folk song. Mr. Leon Lerner and Mr. Harry London sang a duet, Calm as the Night by Goetze, followed by a solo, Bonjour Suzanne, by Dilibes, sung by Miss Phyllis Cohen, The Jeanie Group sang Dream of Summer (Merry Widow Waltz), by Franz Lehar. The concert ended with the singing of Roses of the South, by Strauss.

### KAPPA DELTA PI

CATHERINE GRAY

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in assembly of the new Kappa Delta Pi initiates was the first step in a ceremony to induct recently selected members into the

organization. On Saturday, February 16, the final step was taken—the initiation ceremony was concluded. In the presence of twenty-eight Kappa Delta Pi members, which included several faculty members, alumni and undergraduates, Helen Eickelberg and Genevieve Haile took the vows necessary to complete their induction into the society. Mrs. Harriss, the president of the organization, instructed the new members on the meaning of the insignia and the words Kappa Delta Pi. At the conclusion of this ceremony the organization heartily welcomed the new members and congratulated them, expressing the desire that they make the motto of the society the slogan for their careers.

Later, during the meeting, Dr. West spoke to the group, particularly to the new members, on a pointed and well chosen subject—what Kappa Delta Pi should mean to the college and what the college should mean to it. He gave, from his experience in Kappa Delta Pi chapters in other institutions, suggestions for growth—the establishment of a scholarship and an open annual banquet. One point that was made in which students may be particularly interested, was that each should not and must not work with the aim of getting into the society—forcing himself by obvious methods on the society; rather, every student should so develop himself as to make the society want his membership.

In June there will be another initiation and the whole college hopes that many new members will be found who have a definite contribution to make to the society.

# AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS COLLEGES MEETING

THE DINNER meeting of the American Association of Teachers Colleges was held at the Hotel Ambassador Friday evening, February 21st. Dr. W. W. Jaker, President of the State Teachers College at Camp Girardeau, Missouri, Vice President, presided. The United States Commissioner of Education. John W. Studebaker, spoke on Education and the National Defense. The Choir of the State Teachers College at Trenton. New Jersey, sang. Dr. Charles W. Hunt, Secretary of the American Association of Teachers Colleges, spoke on the work of the Association during the past twenty-five years.

The first meeting of the Association was held in Chicago in 1917. It was attended by five men. The membership of the Association now includes 185 institutions, representing 43 states.

The development of these institutions within these twenty-five years constitutes a remarkable chapter in the history of American (Continued on Page 30)

# COMING EVENTS

March 17—Assembly: J. Federick Essary, Washington Correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

March 21-Deadline for April Tower Light.

March 24-Assembly: An Hour with Music.

March 28-Men's Revue.

Museum of Art: National Ceramic Exhibition (through April 13).

Prints from the Werther Collection. Work of Best Baltimore Potter (through April).

March 31-Assembly. One Act Play by the Mummers.

April 3—New York Trip.

April +—First half of second semester ends.

Museum of Art: One Man Shows.

Rebecca Davis, Selma Oppenheimer
(through April 27).

April 7-Assembly: Discussion of New York Trip.

April 7—Lecture at Hopkins Playshop "The Drama of Ideas" by Aaron Gurwitch, Visiting lecturer in Philosophy of Johns Hopkins University.

April 9—Easter holiday begins.

April 11—Museum of Art: "Design Decade" (through May 23).

April 15-19—Play at Hopkins Playshop, "City Called Heaven" by Richard Rohmann, a young American playwright—"A startling and unusual fantasy."

April 16-Regular schedule resumed.

Bach Club Concert at Museum of Art. 8:30 P. M., The Busch String Quartet.

### THE NEW YORK TRIP

Wednesday:

Sight-seeing or

Radio broadcast.

Thursday:

Visit public and private schools of New York in the morning:

Visit museums, planetarium and such buildings in the afternoon.

A play to be selected for the evening.

Regional conference and a general meeting of the Kappa Delta Pi.

Friday:

Student conferences in the morning (10:30-12.00 P. M.), panel discussions.

"Why Student Cooperative Associations in Professional Schools for Teachers?" (Margaret Wells, members of this panel.)

"What Should Be the Essential Characteristics of the Organization of Student Cooperative Asso-

ciations?"

"How May We Adequately Finance a Well-balanced Program of Student Activity?"

"What Areas of Subject Matter Should Be Included in the General Education or Cultural Background Areas of the College Curriculum?"

"How May the Professional Aspects of the College Curriculum Be Made More Functional?"

"What Guiding Principles Should Be Established in Assuring a Well-balanced Extra-curricular Program?"

"What Type of Guidance and Advisement Do Students Need From the Standpoint of Personal

Advisement?"

"How May We Improve the Quality of the Composition in Student Publications?"

"What Problems Are Involved in the Administrative and Mechanical Aspect of School Publications and How Are We Solving Them?"

Group meetings relative to the panels in the after-

noon (2:00-2:30 P. M.).

"Democraticizing the College Community Through Faculty-Student Cooperation."

"A Suitable College Curriculum for Professional Colleges for Teachers in View of Changing Conditions."

"Student Enrichment and Growth."

"The Improvement of College Publications."

Student banquet and dance in the evening. Saturday:

### Accomb

Assembly of students and faculty delegates (10:00-12:00).

"Summary of Friday's Conference Groups."

"The Friday Conferences Viewed by a Faculty Observer."

Greetings of Eastern States Association. Visit Radio City Music Hall in Afternoon.

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Sunday:

Church.

Sightseeing tour of Radio City.

Betty Steuart, Margaret Wells, Henry Astrin, Jack Koontz and Genevieve Haile will represent the College at this meeting of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers.

# SIX MONTHS OLD-OR

### WHERE ART THOU?

WE HAD an agonizing time deciding on a name: "Club D'Arte" was discarded because it sounded a bit too much like an archery try-out; several other French names were rejected because of pronunciation and spelling difficulties: "Ars Gratia Artis" was ignored when we found that our President did not speak Latin fluently. So, in order to embody the aims, purposes, and work of the club in a title understandable and spellable to all, we called it the 'Art Club." Being quite hilarious at the naming of our new organization, we all cheered, sang "God Save the King," and retired to the Coca Cola machine for stimulation.

But even more bitter arguments attended the choice of a place of meeting; a few hardy romantic souls wished to sojourn in the Glen, but they were quickly silenced by a light tap on the skull; three others were desirous of any warm spot in the building, but this was too difficult a demand to satisfy. So at last we decided on the Little Theatre, always having heard that artists flourish best in a bare, cold place with very little food to satisfy enormous appetites. That suited exactly.

Thus did we begin, and we have great hopes of something even better in the coming months. In fact, a group of the members were pleasantly encouraged when, upon their entrance to one of the art galleries of the city, Whistler's Mother stood up and gave forth with a rousing chorus of "Stand Up and Cheer." We are justly proud of them.

In closing, may we extend a hearty (or arty) welcome to all to join us as we splash among the oils in our reasonable facsimile of a "Rembrantian" atmosphere. So here's to a brilliant future for the Art Club-Long may its brushes wavel

### **ALUMNI NOTES**

Mrs. Charles Cohen, formerly Cecile Goldstein '37, is the mother of a baby girl.

Arthur Bennett, class of 1939, is Sergeant of the Mess in the army's 104th Medical Corps at Fort Meade.

Winnifred Toole Scarborough '34, Jacob Epstein '39, and Josephine Toro '34, have been named as demonstration teachers for the Montebello School

Marriages.

Jeanne Kravetz, class of 1940, to Murray Underwood.

Ruth Dietz, class of 1940, to Louis Henderson.

The Other Morning

The "mob" waiting at 39th Street was picked up by the college station wagon which also stopped for the Dunkirk-Towson trekkers.

John Koontz was observed, as usual, jogging down the hall, but with a green bag slung over his shoulder. G. Shules was spotted a few moments later with a shiny "yaller" briefcase. And they said Gordon was the one with the Santa Claus complex.

The office announced schedule changes for all specials. These changes will reverse their present schedules and enable them to have basic courses before practicums.

Many S. T. C. students spent free periods ice-skating on the frozen tennis courts. (Courtesy of the Physical Education Department—and more fun!!!!)

### The Other Afternoon

The "Coke" salesman said that since sales had been so high, the machine in the bookshop would operate gratis for a week.

Word was officially released that construction of our new gym will begin April 1, 1941.

The Science Department finally consented to lend its tools to art students who simply had to finish art projects.

The Cafeteria doors opened immediately upon the arrival of students, thus eliminating the line.

Music classes sang "Tuxedo Junction" and "In the Mood" which by virtue of the ASCAP ban have become classic.

### The Other Night

I ate half a dozen hamburgers before I went to sleep and dreamed this article.

Miss Cutting: So sorry I couldn't see von when you called, but I was just having my hair washed.

Miss Sharpe: And the laundries are so provokingly slow about returning things.

Mother: I'm afraid Robert is burning the candle at both ends.

Father: Huh! That boy has cut the candle in two and lit up all four ends.

The conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eurelia. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor vell:

"You're a liar! You're a liar!"

Then from the brakeman at the other end comes the cry:

"You really are. You really are."

# COLLEGE CALENDAR

February 5

Dr. William De Kleine, Medical Director of the American Red Cross, spoke at a Te Pa Chi club meeting on February 5. His talk centered around hygiene, nutrition, and personal health. State, local and school health departments, as well as adult education, are helping to improve sanitary conditions.

The lack of food and the lack of the right type of food will help people die, Dr. Kleine said. He advocated eating moderately during a lifetime, and also making meals variable.

The Red Cross is the organization which helps out in emergencies. Since the present war 20,000 donors have supplied blood for transfusions in England through the cooperation of the Red Cross organization in America. Some blood is even stored for future emergencies.

In order to have good blood, good nutrition is necessary, Dr. Kleine emphasized, Everyone was impressed with his wealth of practical suggestions and information and therefore enjoyed listening to him.

February 13

### THE VALENTINE DANCE

### SYLVIA GELWASSER

On the eve of February 14th, a little bit of fairyland was spirited away through the clouds and deposited within the halls of our S. T. C. The gateway to this haven was a heart and through its center passed the sophisticated young of 1941.

The hall was all hearts and lace and sentiment, the sentiment being reflected in the dance programs fluttering most enticipally from white wrists. Cunning little cupids, so pink and soft, graced the velvet curtains. With the help of their ablest assistant, good dance music, Cupid's venture apparently proved successful.

Then to maintain the light-heartedness so essential to fun and pleasure St. Valentine sent along some of his cool nectar known as punch, and into each dancer's hand was slipped suggestive verse on candy hearts. The Sophomore Dance turned out to be a true Sophomore delight.

February 18

Tnesday evening, February 18, Bosley Royston, gradu-

ate of the class of 1937, spoke to the Rural Club on "Soil Conservation". Mr. Royston was formerly a member of the Rural Club and he has continued his interest in the activities of the Club by his association with the Agricultural Conservation Program of Harford County. Mr. Royston further stimulated the Rural Club to make Arbor Day a most spectacular part of the College celebration on its seventy-fifth Anniversary.

February 18

### NATURE HISTORIANS DINE

### INEZ SCHULTZ

The annual dinner of the Natural History Group hdd in Newell Hall, February 18th, was a very friendly affair. The symbol of the Natural History Group—the campfire—constructed by means of a few pieces of wood, some red cellophane and a flashlight was placed in the center of the triangle formed by arranging the tables. Adding to the campfire spirit was the group singing of several original songs put to familiar tunes. Perhaps the best-liked song was the Bug Song sung to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp". I quote the words which run like this:

Tramp, tramp, tramp the bugs are marching, Up and down the log they go; Some are green and some are black, And of spiders there's no lack And the daddy-longlegs they go marching, too.

Our guests of the evening were Dr. and Mrs. Comp. Dr. Comp, who is from the Maryland Academy of Sciences, gave us a very enjoyable and informative talk on the "Natural History of the Slime Mold". The slime mold, much to our amazement, is neither slimy nor moldy. It is a naked mass of protoplasm exhibiting every color of the spectrum. The slime mold is found growing in old stumps in damp parts of the woods and one particular kind of slime mold has been mistaken often-times for puff-balls. To supplement his talk, Dr. Comp showed us movies on a species of slime mold. We saw the protoplasms move along in the little canals of the plant and suddenly there would be a reverse movement. The means of obtaining food is like that of the amoeba.

Those of us attending the dinner went away feeling that we had had a very profitable evening. We took with us a knowledge of something which we didn't know existed under the title of slime mold, but were familiar with it after all. And how soothing was the fact that the slime mold was neither slimy nor moldy.



LONG AGO

# ATHLETICS

THE BASKETBALL situation here has certainly come a long way since about two months ago when Paul Menton spoke his piece about the quality of the current edition of State Teachers varsity basketball.

Or perhaps you didn't know that Paul Menton had said anything. Mr. Menton is sports editor of The Evening Sun in Baltimore; in addition, he is head of the local referees, and somewhat of a czar in his own rights in local basketball. Recently he inserted one of his less ironic notices into a daily column, The Viewpoint, in which he said (and I quote from memory):

"Coach Donald Minnegan, of State Teachers, is worried about a squad which is the worst since the school became a teachers college."

If he didn't use those words, he meant the same thing; in fact, there was hardly any mistaking what the gentleman wrote.

Well, the quintet has certainly come a long way.

The Coach notes the change (if such things can be placed very definitely) in the second half of the Johns Hopkins game of February 4, last. In that 30 minute period, Towson's courtmen outplayed (to the tune of 25-21) a Hopkins aggregation which had earlier conquered the U. of M.

BASKETBALL

HARRY M. LONDON



Now the boys have played Wilson Teachers the game of their lives, and have given Mt. St. Mary's a tough nut to crack.

The nature of the court teams here lately has shown a defined pattern of rise and final climax. Consider the anatomy of the morale. The local five has entered nearly all of its games with hardly a chance to win—and this in itself is a terrific morale-degrader. Secondly (and this is bound up intimately with the first), apart from morale, lack of size and inexperience always count against the courtmen here. So as the season progresses, confidences are built up and there is a palpable accretion of ball-handling wisdom and coolness, with the inevitable result that closing games are closer and oftentimes, "hopeless" games are won. It all makes an interesting proposition. (Continued on Page 31)

# ANOTHER LETTER

(Continued from page 4) teach cooperation and our overwhelming unity of needs, interests, and security. Science and art are already free from national chains; literature and history would free themselves. Emancipation from herd-thought would become a revitalized goal of education, and patriotism would take on a new meaning. Instead of blind arrogance and fanatical nationalism, it would mean loyalty to our countrymen, and their highest ideals. And as individual, national and world ideals are one, it would mean loyalty to the whole of mankind.

With the new thought would come a new sense of security. Armaments would no longer be considered necessary. And with armaments would go the secret treaties, fears, suspicions, and propaganda of hate always required to persuade people to pay the backbreaking cost of wars. Kirby Page, the author of Must We Go To War, and National Defense, proposes that the United States go even a step farther and add to the Cabinet, a Secretary of Peace, whose duty would be to cultivate friendly relations with other nations. A Department of Peace would provide for research into the problems causing conflicts, Instead of West Point and the Naval Academy we would have a college to train youth in the techniques and disciplines of pacifism. Instead of preparing for war the United States would organize for peace.

With our country disarmed and striving actively for peace there yet remains the economic sore spots: colonies without self-government, 1,001 different money standards, and unending tariff barriers. You may very well say that here are questions defying answer. Professor E. M. Patterson of the University of Pennsylvania has studied the various theories of economic organization from economic nationalism and autarchy to complete internationalism and regionalism to conclude, "There is no final solution, but merely a series of adjustments. War, we know, merely interferes with satisfactory adjustments. We reconcile our national differences peacefully; there is no reason why we cannot reconcile our international differences peacefully. The machinery is already set up. Many of the largest corporations such as General Electric, General Motors, and Ford are now international. An international chamber of commerce was created in 1919, and there is no limit to arbitration. All that is needed is the sense of trust, security, and good-will - mental peace.

Strangely enough, John, this mental peace is also the catalyst required to effect the political unification of Europe. The League of Nations was tried and failed, and for good reasons. F. C. S. Schiller of Oxford, and Charles A. Beard have summarized the reasons thus: "The infant idea fell among thieves and was hatched in a hotbed of Parisian intrigue" to become "A league to perpetuate historic wrongs." No one expects the people of Europe to settle all their quarrels overnight, but just like the machinery of economic arbitration, the machinery of political arbitration needs but the oil of mental peace to function.

Bringing about these reforms in world politics, economics, and education, freeing ourselves from the tyrants of militarism, imperialism, and nationalism is indeed a long-range plan, and I can almost hear you say. "But we are dealing today with things as they are. What can our country and I, as an individual, do right now to tear down this war system and build for peace?" Aldous Huxley, Albert Einstein, H. G. Wells, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and many of the world's leaders believe that "wars will cease when men refuse to fight", and that in loyalty to his fellow-man the individual, first having searched and reformed his own thought and will, should henceforth refuse to serve the god of war.

Again I can hear you say, "But suppose our country did disarm, suppose it did offer to put its present colonies under international mandate control, suppose it did stop fanning the flames of nationalism and instead go out of its way to cultivate world friendship — suppose after all this, some nation whose suffering had been more than our new policy of trust and good-will could requite, suppose some nation which had not freed itself from the old delusions should invade us. Fantastic as the possibility is, what could we do? We couldn't just sit down here and let them come."

John, that is just about what we could do. Stretch "sitting down" to stopping transportation and communication, shutting down the factories. Let the invader come, but refuse absolutely to carry out any of his orders, to submit to his will, to cooperate in any way whatever; at the same time, however, being extremely careful not to harm a single invading soldier and using every opportunity to convert him to our side. That is the essence of defense by non-violent resistance. From the individual sacrifices of martyrs for religious tolerance or scientific truth the movement has grown to the unifying force of the massed millions of India.

It earned Hungary a constitution from Austria; it enabled the Finns to resist conscription by Russia before the World War; it enabled Ireland to resist conscription by England in 1917; it forced the French army to leave the Ruhr Valley; and with the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi it has earned civil equality for Indians in Transvaal, Africa, and is well on the way to

freeing India entirely from the grasp of English imperialism. It is not a panacea, a perfected and complete answer to every objection. There is suffering, death, and destruction involved, but nothing comparable to that of war. It takes the discipline, lovalty, and brayery demanded by war, the heroic virtues, and adds to them the virtues of humanism, respect for human life, forgiveness, mercy, and intelligence. When the virtues of humanism are present, the plan works; when they are absent, it fails. And I believe it is based on rock-bottom psychology. Violence feeds on violence. Non-violent resistance helps remove the cause of violence and thereby changes the assailant's will and converts him to its side. Whole battalions in India have had to be courtmartialed because they refused to fire on the passive natives. Convinced of our good-will the people of an attacking country would refuse to pay the cost of invasion and we would have made instead of a lasting enemy. a lasting friend. There are responses in a human being which tend to strike back when struck, but there are also responses which make the whole man shudder and rebel when war demands that he rip open his opponent's belly and have his own ripped open in return. In man there is also intelligence to guide his action. Whatever the imperfections of passive resistance, we know that in war at best one side has but a 50-50 chance of "winning", and usually both sides lose. If half the effort and money that is wasted on war were used to organize and train our nation for peace and non-violent resistance, who could predict its possibilities?

A change must come. Whether it comes after the world is prostrate, exhausted by suffering and destruction, or whether it comes in time to save the best of our present civilization will depend on man's using his intelligence to end war. He has used his intelligence to do the "impossible" before; let us work and hope that he does the "impossible" again. A new day is dawning.

Yours for peace,

Allen O'Neill.

# A REVIEW OF G.W.T.W.

(Continued from Page 20) Aristocrats slipping off their pedestals toward a position where they must not look down (at least superficially) on others less gifted in blood and money. It is so pitiful that even Miss Mitchell couldn't face it; and now 150 million Americans are laying out dough because they want to help Miss Mitchell shed a tear or two for Yesterday. In present-day terminology it's called: Reaction, and May the Devil Take the Foremost.

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### SO WHAT

(Continued from page 21) (?) Very soon the name Lerner became synonymous with a luge vocabulary. Then he departed, only to reenter six years later. Since his reentrance, he has aroused the curiosity of more than one student. When he leaves us, many people will have some difficulty in carrying on. For example, Mr. Minnegan will have no one to explain "affinity" to the basketball team, the street car conductor who always asks Leon for his car token card will have no one to prey upon, and the halls of the college will no longer ring with the famous voice of L. L. L.

Before he leaves us, may we, through the voice of this column extend our best wishes and say that we hope he will carry on in his own inimitable way in whatever walk of life he enters.

6. And in closing let us quote a poem found recently. "He stood on the bridge at midnight And tickled her face with his toes For he was only a mosquito And he stood on the bridge of her nose."

# **TEACHERS COLLEGES**

(Continued from Page 23) education. The teachers colleges have grown to be a major influence in American education during the last quarter century. The number of students has doubled. The typical library in 1915 had 7,000 volumes. In 1940 the typical library had 28,000 volumes.

These institutions sprang out of the basic needs of a young democracy. Their primary purpose is the education of leaders to facilitate the transfer and improvement of the national culture of all the people. Their responsibility to the common people makes them at this time especially significant institutions in the continuance of the democratic process.

Faculty members who attended conferences: Progressive Education Association Meeting in Philadelphia, February 20-23, Miss Steele, Miss Owens, Miss Blood, Miss Joslin. American Association of School Administrators, February 21-28—Dr. Wiedefeld, Miss Brown, Dr. West, Dr. A. S. Dowell, Dr. Crabtree (Saturday and Sunday), Miss Hill and Miss Grogan were sent as representatives of the Epsilon Chapter of the Kappa Delta Pi to the Council meeting and dinner of the fraternity.

(Continued from Page 27)

But after all, no discussion of a team is in perfect order without mention of the individuals who comprise the team. Before we start, keep in mind the fact which often gives us a bit of consolation. Towson, as a rule, seldom gets a boy who has built up a reputation (and skill) in high-school; whereas the other schools against whom we compete often can show five, six, or seven scholastic aces. Witness Loyola College who is now leading the Mason-Dixon Conference, while going undefeated.

Mainspring of the squad is Senior Bob Cox, wellknown throughout the state as a powerful scoring man, what with 19's and 20's to his credit per game. He is an ace on rebound play, with the sum being an allround-good-man to have around. It goes without saying that he will be sorely missed.

Howard Stottlemeyer is another victim of the graduation. He has been shooting lots more lately, and his score percentage has gone up. He, too, is a stalwart on defense and is a good feeder. It goes without saying . . .

But some of the best news of the campaign to date has been the work of Dick Coleman, a newcomer this year. As Coach says, here is a boy who is "settling well into college competition." He has the sharpest cut and turn of any fellow who's been seen hereabouts in years. He, therefore, makes an excellent defense man. He is perhaps the brightest thing we can look ahead to, since as a freshman, he is evincing talent, and getting himself invaluable experience.

Ed Fishel, lanky sophomore, is coming fast in a drive to fill Cox's shoes when the latter unlaces them. He fakes, shows deception, "runs doors," and on the whole is getting much faster.

Big Frank Dorn specializes in the twist from the corner, and is making an excellent pivot man. He is able to score in every game by virtue of the characteristic twist.

Itzy-Bitzy Schkloven is the "find of the year," according to Mr. Minnegan. He is fast, like the proverbial "greased lightning" and is excellent on defense; he handles the ball well, and is unselfish, being caught very seldom in the act of shooting. Could one ask more? Well, if this fellow (a sophomore, also) had the endurince and the size so essential to college-time ball, we'd shut up and let nature take its course. But for everybody's sake, we're holding our breath and praying for few more pounds, and a couple of hours more of wind. in the St. Mary's game he was outstanding.

Several of last year's jayvees have made the transiion into this varsity season quite effectively. In addition o Fishel, Seidler and Little Izzy, we have O. D. Thompson, a junior, whose speed is excelled only by his

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fight. He got hot against Loyola (first game); he feeds well, and scores his share. You would have heard more about Big Sam Clopper, were it not for (1) his illness, and now (2) student-teaching.

Aaron Seidler, also a junior, is called by the Coach the "most improved player" over last year. He works well on the floor and in back-court, and rebounds in redoubt-able fashion. His best game to date has been the February 4 Hopkins tilt. He also is student teaching. John Shock, all-Eastern soccerman, who has seen little action this year, leaves in June, to close a colorful athletic career. Arch Krieger, a sophomore, is improving in feed and rebound, but has a lot of work to do with his shooting.

There is only one more fellow who will be held next year for breach of promise if he doesn't come through. He is Billy Mines, who showed early stuff, but had to withdraw. And don't forget a host of current javees who look good for the coming season.

Lastly, our attention is called to the fact that this Mason-Dixon Conference will be a good thing for basketball here. Such teams as Loyola and Catholic U. will provide the best of competition from this region, and the result should be added interest, and sharpened play (vou know, survival of the fittest, etc.).

So I think that while wishing a rather oblique farewell to a 1940-41 squad which has been coming strong, we mustn't become too noisy and superimpose a lot of rosy hopes upon a very insecure foundation of about fifteen "if's". But there is no reason why we shouldn't announce, even if only quietly, that a sort of New Deal is afoot, and perhaps in the coming five years (even the coming year) a fast, fighting quintet will add another quality: a victorious quint.

## ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 22) While there, we noted the precise architecture and exquisite interiors of the buildings. Formality was present everywhere. Wandering through lesser streets of the town, we passed quaint apothecary shoppes, famous taverns, lovely colonial homes, beautiful formal gardens, and yes, even the town's jail and "instruments of justice". We noticed the unusual brick walks, the uniquely designed chimeys, and the colorful herb gardens. Whether a definite city plan was made for Williamsburg or not (the point is in dispute) most of us agree that it is a place worth seeing. Maybe someday we can really go there and revisit the past.





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# WER LIGH

OLUME XIV

APRIL ISSUE

NUMBER 7

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EVERYONE JUST takes it for granted that Mr. Yardley's name is "Mo-\_ co". No one ever calls him anything else. Out of curiosity he was asked what his real name is and how he ever got the name "Moco." He grinned and told the story. It seems that in Jo Quince, a comic strip in the papers, there was a huge Eskimo named "Moco". He was tall and broad, with a baby-like face. Upon meeting Mr. Yardley, the author of Io Ouince howled, "Why, there's my Eskimo 'Moco'". The name stuck and today one would never suspect that Mr. Yardley has a perfectly good first name - Richard.

Contrary to the way he draws himself, he's so tall that the doors are too short. When "Moco" is visiting, he sizes up the chairs in the room and says, "Nope, I'd crash right through that one; it's an antique. If I so much as out a fineer on that it

# Richard Yardley

by Shirley Auld

would break." And after all the chairs are taken, Yardley usually ends up by sitting on a footstool, hands on his knees with his cherubic face beaming.

During the summer Mr. Yardley may be found sitting in the river — not swimming — just sitting. He draws, too: all over the neighborhood kids' beer jackets. When we had first moved into our new house and Mr. Yardley was being shown through it, he stopped to draw a

picture of little "Moco", "guess who" written beneath it, on the closet door.

Mr. Yardley and his very attractive wife spend most of their sumers in a cottage on the Severn River—that is, of course, when they aren't off on one of their many trips. One night the Yardleys decide to take a trip—the next morning they're gone. From a trip to Guatemala they brought back Indian things—huge hats and wild-colored bathing suits. (Imagine "Moco" in those.) They liked Guatemala so much that they went again, and brought back malaria.

When I asked Mr. Yardley for an interview, he just laughed and said, "Well, gee, I don't know what to tell you about myself — you come down to the office and I'll draw you a picture." (And if you'll look, you'll find it.)



opy, Judy, my dear! Judy! can't you answer, my dear?" Do these words recall to your mind a funny little marionette with a long, hooked nose, a crooked back, and a high, nasal voice? As you think of this little fellow, can you see yourself as a child sitting on the edge of your chair, laughing, as this curious creature beats one after the other of his comrades to death? Who is this person who is responsible for so much childhood merriment? Of course you know — Mr. Punch, of the famous Punch and Judy team.

Perhaps there is no actor more widely known than Punch: his name and his performances are familiar to all nations, ranks, and ages. In spite of this, little attempt has been made to make inquiries regarding the origin, biography, and character of a person so distinguished and notorious as Mr. Punch. The contrast between the neglect Mr. Punch has experienced and the industry emploved in collecting particulars relating to other performers of far less reputation is remarkable. If an actor today attains only a moderate degree of eminence, hundreds are on the alert to glean the minutest particulars of his birth, parentage, life, character and behavior. Even though Mr. Punch's background has been neglected, it seems that he suffered no lack of popularity.

Mr. George Cruickshank was one of the first ones to trace the history of this amusing actor and record it for us. There are various theories concerning the origin of this beloved rogue. "Punch," says the Century Dictionary, "is the descendant of the clown, or Puccinella, of the Neapolitan comedy; the part is thought to have been created by Silvio Fiorillo, a comedian, about 1600." An old Neapolitan legend ascribes another legend for the fascinating Mr. Punch. It says he is the copy of a

# Prince of Villains

by Helen Eickelberg

real person, a fellow with a huge nose and humped back, whose name was Pucco d'Aviello, a name which in time became slurred by soft Italian voices into Pulcinella. His funny antics became so popular that a host of marionette Pulcinellos soon took possession of the puppet stage. At any rate, we feel sure Punch originated in Italy and then travelled to England.

"Punch was Punch — bad as they make 'cm." And how they loved him through the centuries. Perhaps you have forgotten the story of his notorious badness. I had, until I read the play recently. Briefly, the story is as follows: "Mr. Punch is married to Mrs. Judy, by whom he has a daughter. One day when the child refuses to stop crying, Punch throws her out the window. Just as he has completed his dreadful act, Mrs. Judy enters armed with a bludgeon and applies it to her husband's head. Exasperated, Punch seizes an-

other bludgeon and kills his wife. In succeeding scenes, Punch beats to death the doctor and a servant. Next, the constable arrests Punch, puts him in jail, and prepares to hang him. By trickery, Punch manages to get the constable to put his head in the noose and hangs him. Finally, the Devil comes to get Punch. There is a terrific combat between the two. Punch is victorious over the Devil and whirls him round in the air exclaiming, "Huzza! Huzza! the Devil's dead!"

What a category of crime! What a very prince of villains is this Punch! And yet we enjoy him so Why? Perhaps Tony Sarg has the answer when he says, "Something primitive within ourselves, deep buried within the subconscious, takes delight in this sly and consistent rogue, this jubilant and ruthless scapegrace, Mr. Punch; and is gladder when he cheats the hangman than if he had paid the just penalty of his crimes." There is something fascinating about these relics of the far-distant past which still live and breathe in our own times; their survival through the centuries is the best evidence of their vitality. Thus survives the Punch and Judy Showif motion pictures have not backed it off the board altogether in the last two decades

# SAYS "TALL STORY" O'REILLY, THE COP

Have ye heard o' why the traffic lights are green and red? —
"Tis said old Thomas More could see a hundred years ahead.
And he and Bobby Burns, one day, began to disagree:
Tom said 'twould be a sight worth living for, to see
The motor cars go speeding through the streets of Dublin town.
But Burns spoke up and said "Hoot Mon! Now More, you Irish Clown,
Ye couldna' stop the clashing o' the cars — 'twill not be so!"
Now Thomas More was Irish and the other Scotch, you know,
So Tom a bit more wit possessed, and to the Scot replied:
"Sure they'll hang lights at every corner for a guide,
And one shall be as green as Shamrock, just for Erin's sake.
And at its shining, motor cars can go," thus Thomas spake.
'Then for stopping, lights shall be as red as any Scotsman's hair I ween!"
Cried Burns — and that's why lights are either red or green.

# Recipe For Laughter by KATHRYN DECKER

FEW OF THE avid comic strip and cartoon readers of the day stop to realize the difficulty of the cartoon ist's job. Seldom, if ever, do we study Chic Young's "Blondie" or Herbert Johnson's witty drawings long enough to wonder if any real work went into the making of those squares of laughter. To the contrary, we are more likely to sigh enviously and picture the artist as enjoying an hour of fun with pen and ink, his drawing punctuated with merry chuckles and guffaws; a lazy meeting of the deadline date — and a day's work done. Indeed, we cherish the idea of having a fling at this easy-going profession ourselves. "At least one thing's certain. We can draw better'n that!"

The cartoonist has no royal road of ease and leisure to fame and success. Rather, his way is fraught with obstacles which only the cleverest can scramble over, and only the most tenacious and persistent can win past. His is the exacting job of sorting the obvious from the subtle; his is the task of ferreting out humor where humor is not; his is the problem of fitting technique to purpose and idea so that the whole is congruous and complete in its effect; his it is to face the editor with frolicsome gayety on the day the editor's golf game has hit a new low, his stocks are down, and the European correspondent is waiting to crack open a diplomatic scandal — and can't get to a telephone.

How does the cartoonist go about making us laugh? First of all, he gathers together his equipment. Formost in importance is his enthusiasm for life and living, a sense of humor that withstands any editorial barrage and external setback. Armed with this essential, he can create with charcoal and a wooden slab; without it the most expensive pens, inks, papers, and art training are useless.

As he considers the cartoon to be done, he knows that the idea is paramount. He follows Foster Coates' sage advice, "Never be satisfied with the first idea that occurs to you. Cast it aside and think of another. Then cast the second aside and the third; and keep up this process of elimination until you are sure you have the best idea possible on that subject."

After he weighs his idea, discards this phase and polishes that, he turns his attention to the more mechanical side. Since there are two types of cartoons, those that tell the story completely with a bang, and those that merely suggest a point and leave the rest to the reader; he must decide which type suits his idea best.

Presentation of the idea is next in importance. The cartoonist knows that in order to preserve freshness and punch in his work, he must plan mentally the entire action before touching pen to paper. He strives for simplicity, for simplicity is his greatest aid. He uses de tails and uses them generously, but with a firm hant Each detail has a duty and contributes something to the whole. If it does not, it is eliminated.

In the actual drawing of a cartoon, the artist has ar enormous stock of tricks with which to beguile a grir from his readers. He uses exaggerations of form, of ex pression, and of action. These three are his mainstay If all else fails, he is sure of their support. To augmen and embellish exaggeration he can tickle the brain with double meanings of words, phrases, or sentences To add final touches he makes skillful uses of little quirks of character and humor. He builds on newnes. and surprise. He varies his mechanical technique to fi the subject. Curved lines for jolly sailors, dry brush fo elaborate beauties, crosshatch for mystery - all lene color and atmosphere. He endeavors to catch some glimpse of life as it can be in all its freshness and fun It is his capture of these details of human interest and his depiction of them that assures his success. His style is the finishing touch, and it is influenced by the pur pose of the cartoon. For instance, if he is drawing a pro-Democratic cartoon, the donkey is sleek, merry; if the cartoon is supporting Republican movements, the don key is shabby, sad, motheaten.

When the artist has his drawing on paper, he check it carefully. In this check-up he often eliminates of adds tiny items that put the spark of true humor in hi work. He checks to see if the less important factors ar subordinate. He examines the cartoon to see if an spot is "busy" or confused. He looks for good arrange ment of the center of interest. He has a fine trick up his sleeve here. If his hero is in danger, his back is to ward the reader; if he is triumphant or has a chance, he faces the reader. When he sees that there is rhythm emphasis, and unity, the cartoonist searches his figure for consistency. Are the actions, expression, clothing and conversation consistent with the idea the figur represents? If the character is a stupid one, do his eve droop, is his mouth slack, is his clothing baggy, and ar his movements sluggish?

Only after every line and word has been scrutinized weighed, and checked, does the cartoonist lean bac with a feeling of accomplishment. He has put hours of thought and hours of careful drawing into that small sketchy square we so lightly chuckle over and quickleave. Perhaps the next time we read "Blondie" of "Oaky Doaks", we'll take a minute or two to analyzight how the cartoonist worked to get his effect.

# **Teaching as a Profession**

by Kenneth P. Miller

OR many years teaching has been the ugly duckling of the professions. Teachers have been poorly paid and have not been respected by the public. The average man has usually thought more highly of loctors, lawyers, and ministers. Furthermore, some of our more intelligent writers have taken pot-shots at the eaching profession. Bernard Shaw said, "Those who an, do; those who can't, teach." And Baltimore's own ad boy, Mr. Mencken, said, in effect, that teaching is imply a refuge for third-raters.

I have been asked to define teaching but it is about s necessary to define teaching to you as to define snow o an Eskimo. And from your own wide experience to teaching, but with teachers—you surely have earned much about the kind of work we teachers do—

or try to do.

You know, too, that in spite of unfavorable criticisms of teachers the standards of the profession have been oning up. Once, almost any high-school graduate could each in the grammar schools, then a two-year normal chool course was required, then three years; and now only college graduates can teach in the Maryland chools.

Thus we cannot encourage anyone to consider teachag as a career unless he is college material and unless le is financially able to go to college. But there are other unlifications for a good teacher. Here your own exercience with teachers should help you. You all probly consider that the good teachers you have had have seen good because of their personality and intelligence. believe, though, that what we call personality is in arge measure intelligence — good common sense. But, owever you may define personality, it is still necessary a teacher.

Because of rising standards in the teaching profession nd because it is attracting better students from year to ear, I believe that its prestige is rising. At the same time, salaries have become better — you can actually ve on a teacher's pay now. Certainly no one needs now

be ashamed to be a teacher.

But I imagine that you, like most of us, are concerned with some cold facts about teaching. Maryland, by law, egins both high school and grammar school teachers t the same salary — \$1,200 per year. I can speak with ssurance about elementary school openings only. At resent there is a shortage of trained elementary-school achers. There are, therefore, more jobs than teachers. 'his condition will certainly exist for some time. You an be assured of a position, therefore, if — and it's a

fairly large 'if' — you can graduate from one of our teachers' colleges. And remember — only first-rate teachers' colleges can prepare you for teaching in the lower schools.

Not only are beginning positions open, but we also need principals, supervisors, and superintendents. Women can fill these positions, but men can go far in the Maryland school system. Men seem to be preferred as principals and superintendents.

There are other practical advantages to the teaching profession: long vacations — and they are a blessing — good hours of work, pleasant surroundings. In fact, I'm afraid that teaching attracts some who are looking for an easy berth. But, fortunately, such idlers soon find out their mistake. Teaching demands the best anyone can give.

I believe, though, that many of you are interested in more than practical advantages in your life work. I am no optimist, nor yet a pessimist in regard to modern youth — of whom we hear so much unfavorable comment. I remain a hopeful skeptic concerning youth and its purposes. Lewis Browne makes clear the attitudes of the optimist, pessimist, and skeptic: At the breakfast table, he says, the optimist says, "Pass the cream, please." The pessimist says, "Pass the milk." And the skeptic says, "Pass the pitcher."

So, being hopefully skeptical of modern youth I hope that many of you want a profession that will contribute to society, not to yourselves only. Certainly good teachers are greatly needed. In these days we hear much talk of immediate national defense, but what greater help to our nation in the long run is there than education?

Do you realize the enormous responsibility of the grade-school teacher? He has thirty to fifty children in his care for a year. He can make or break them for life. True, the results are never immediately apparent, but some twenty years after their early schooling, men and women will be keen or dull, kind or cruel, tolerant, or intolerant, in large measure because of what teachers did to them or for them. On these teachers, then, may depend the future of our country and its way of life.

Teaching is to me, therefore, a more challenging and demanding profession than any other. I have enough faith in American youth to believe that they want a career that demands hard work and sacrifice, that offers some material rewards, but many more intangible compensations than selfish gains. If you have what teaching takes, you should, I believe, seriously consider teaching for your life work.

# **Spring Visiting Program**

by Compton Crook

IN THE spring visiting program which Mr. Minnegan and the writer are conducting in high schools throughout the state, the reactions of students and teachers alike to the film on school activities is significant. Students enjoy the color and action. But principals, potential hirers of teachers, are impressed.

Our method of presenting the film is not pretentious. We stress the necessity for training for a profession and offer that of teaching for consideration. Courses of study, living conditions, costs, entrance requirements, chances of placement, advancement in the teaching profession, teacher salaries, and similar information is given in condensed form. Students interested in further information are invited to ask questions informally at the end of the presentation.

Then the film is shown. This, in a concrete fashion, illustrates better than words that most of our play and club work actually grows out of or is related to our classwork, and as a result, the courses are well-illustrated and supplemented by pleasing and practical application.

The presence of our men in the pictures elicits numerous questions. Students seem unaccustomed to thinking of men in connection with the elementary school field. The need of the field for men, the contributions which they may make, not only as elassroom teachers in the upper grades, but as administrators and directors in a variety of fields simply has never occurred to the high school boys whom we meet. Many express themselves as determined to make us a real visit before the semester is over.

Comments of principals might be summarized as follows: "We want teachers who have had the benefits of a good extra-curricular program. Yours seems good. We like that type of training. It's important. Teachers who are good at routine classroom teaching no longer completely fulfill the need of the school interested in providing situations from which each child may receive maximum benefit. In fact, if classroom teaching involves too much routine, it isn't good. Even among the lowest grades, individual play programs, music activities, and small club groups are given much attention. We want teachers who can direct such varied activities. We don't have enough such individuals in our schools now. The teacher who, in college days, has enjoyed full participation in a good extra-curricular program would seem to be the answer to at least some of our problems."

# The Selective Service Act and the College Student

by Col. William H. Draper, Jr. (Synopsis by Catherine Swain)

PRONOUNCED effect of the present war on the United States was evidenced on September 16, 1940, when the Selective Service Act became law. This act, the first peace-time conscription law in the history of the United States, has, in some way or another affected everyone in the country. Men students in our colleges and universities are no exception. In order to more clearly define the position of these men in relation to the Selective Service Act, Col. William H. Draper, Jr., recently delivered an address at the University of Michigan to a group of officials representing various universities and colleges.

Colonel Draper stated that this law provides that "each man without dependents who is physically fit and is not a key man in a key industry is selected for a year's training and service in the army." Since the first call for men came in November, after the beginning of the college year, provision was made by Congress for deferment of those men attending educational institutions until the close of the college year in June, 1941. However, in order to successfully carry out a national defense program great as that being undertaken by the United States, the "nation must be assured that all its citizens, regardless of wealth or position or occupation, are ready and willing to serve where most needed in the national interest."

Greater opportunity always demands greater responsibility, and, as in 1917, leadership must necessarily come from those attending our colleges and universities. Only those men students who are being technically trained for special skills should be deferred for indefinite periods of time, for their particular training is necessary to the preservation of national health and safety.

The purpose of Colonel Draper's address may be summarized by the following questions which he left with the group for their consideration:

"Can college students afford to ask for privileges denied the other young men of their generation? Can they be accused of wanting to serve only when and if it best suits the convenience of the individual student? Would that attitude on the part of those to whom the nation looks as its future leaders raise the national morale?"

# American Humor

by RUTH DURNER

OME may believe that in an hour of international strife, laughter is the last thing to ponder upon. To me there is no hope for the present world of ours without humor. "Think of what would happen to us here in America if there were no humorists — life would be one long Congressional Record," says Stephen Leacock.

In discovering ourselves, we Americans have discovered many phases of our experiences together. Has our knowledge of our own humor kept pace? We do not mean by American humor, all the wit and jest produced in America, nor do we mean humor with characteristics discoverable in the comedy of no other nation — for, apparently, there is no such humor. American humor is national in the sense that it is impregnated with the convictions and associations of our people.

During the first years of the colonics, the outlook for humor here in America, and chiefly in New England, looked rather dim. Here on the spot was the Indian, and probably no less humorous character has ever been recorded in anybody's history. Scientists tell us that humor and laughter had their beginnings in the exultation of the savage over his fallen foe. The North American Indian never got beyond the start.

Many early writers failed to develop American humor because they were too earnest about subjects which later proved amusing. Proof of this is discoverable in the works of Francis Higginson and John Smith, who were so serious in their treatment of details, that though their works now provoke laughter, they themselves did not realize that their materials were funny. Theirs was indeed the humor of exaggeration, so often called typically American.

From the seventeenth century, comedy had lurked in the mingling of people of many civilizations and classes on one sparsely settled continent. Sara Kemble Knight and William Byrd came nearer to cultivating, at that early era, a most fertile field for later American humor — that of effective comic portraiture.

Then came the Puritans who so mistrusted laughter they left a land where there was plenty of it. In their solemn piety, scenes of super-excitement, bred from the very dullness of their lives, we find hilarity. We look in vain in the Bay Psalm Book for humor, as such, yet to our irreverent eyes it is a fearful and wonderful achievement. The Puritans were not satisfied till they had bought an English press and made a psalm book of their own. The type came out upside down, the spell-

ing bore little resemblance to our present orthography, and the punctuation would have made Artemus Ward ashamed of his own. Alongside the Bible and Psalm Book, in many a log cabin, hung a copy of the most indispensable yet the humblest of all books, the Almanac. The notes that were written in them had a touch of the grimmest humor. Speaking of grim humor, we must not forget the significant quality of the old gravestone epitaphs where often met laughter and tears.

Benjamin Franklin was, in a sense, the first of the great newspaper humorists. He probably started more things on this continent than anyone else who has ever lived here. For American humor, a great event happened when young Franklin published in Philadelphia, the first of the annual editions of "Poor Richard's Almanac." He had a remarkably keen wit which was always founded on a sense of justice. Popular leaders had, as they still do, to be extremely eareful not to convey the impression that they were humorists. Franklin, like Lincoln, was one of the few great men who was able to rise above his reputation for being a fun-maker. We are all familiar with the prudent maxims from his Almanac:

Whate'er begun in anger ends in shame. None preaches better than the ant and she says nothing. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, supped with Infamy.

From Franklin's time, the columnist has always flourished in American newspapers, Probably no writer in America ever attained such universal fame in such a brief space of time as Artemus Ward. In his written work he revelled in bad spelling in a day when a good speller, like Abe Lincoln was an eminent man by virtue of his own scholarly "art." There is little doubt that as a platform lecturer Artemus Ward achieved a success almost equal to anything in his day. In life, he was a merry creature with a ready smile and pleasant laugh. On the platform he was solemnity itself. He affected an intense dullness. His face was stamped with melancholy. He assumed an air of utter embarrassment, and in this mood, he got off the little sayings and epigrams that he called his lectures.

The name and fame of Mark Twain towers over all others who might claim a place among the American humorists. His reputation even in his lifetime had teached the furthermost corners of the earth. His work has been translated into every language capable of expressing an American joke. His real books, Tom Sawyear, Roughing It, The Innocents Abroad, Life on the Mississippi, The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, and Huckleberry Finn are among the world's great books. The humor of Mark Twain was never forced. He started with a fierce passion for righteous-

ness, a hatred of tyranny, and fitted his history to match it. Leacock says of him, "To him every king called Lonis was a tyrant, every noble a dungeon keeper, and every bishop a torturer." He came into his own when we needed him badly. Our world had become overgrown with conventional points of view, accepted interpretations and standardized judgments. Samuel Langhorn Clemens' "looked across at Europe with the eye of innocence from the altitude of the Nevada mountains and saw it in a new light."

Humor is with us yet, with plenty of laughter still in the foreground whatever the shadows in the back. It is almost impossible to enumerate the names of those contemporary fellows worthy to be classed as American humorists.

Robert Benchely is perhaps the most finished master of the technique of literary fun in America. His work is pure humor, one might almost say pure nonsense. There is no moral teaching, no tears. What Benchlev pursues is the higher art of nonsense and he has shown in it a quite exceptional power for tricks of words and phrases. Among the younger humorists of the day he ranks very high. His Of All Things is one of the most remarkable volumes of humorous essays.

Benchley's fellows, Ring Lardner and Christopher Morley, belong with Irvin S. Cobb and Stephen Leacock in "The American Academy of Humor." Dr. Leacock is by profession a political economist and has written a number of things in connection with his Political Science, among them college textbooks. He is loved especially by those who enjoy his screamingly funny sketches such as My Financial Career, and Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich. Twice recently have I put away my copy of Literary Lapses on the street car and in the train terminal lest I should laugh so loudly as to attract the curious eyes of my fellow passengers. His sketch beginning "Whenever I go into the bank" is one of the funniest pieces I have ever read.

### CREATION OF AN ARTIST by DAVID H. NELSON

Who has felt the urge to do great things, To make, create; to build a monument of everlasting beauty; And, feeling the urge, his amateurish art applies? Who has known the hours of search,

Of endless study of well-known masters,

Whose work and art are living testaments to their greatness, In an endeavor to find that magic key

Which will allow him to set free

That flood of feeling which sometimes swells the soul to bursting; Then, having found a narrow, dim-lit path,

Sets forth upon the journey which he hopes will be climaxed With a great symphony, a wondrous opera, a stirring drama:

With a great symphony, a wondrous opera, a stirring drama: Replete with fire, emotion, love, and pathos, struggle and triumph? The manner of the telling is of little consequence.

The possible success and public fame are secondary.

The only purpose is to chare with others the inner

The only purpose is to share with others the inner feeling of exultation,

The powerful was to satisfy this self-came was with a bidge.

The powerful urge to satisfy this self-same urge with a living monument of art.

At last the time arrives; after hours, days, weeks of ceaseless labor, The first attempt is done, and ready for a critical analysis. But this is trite! It is barren!

This initial opus is the stuff of which literary trash is made! It is awkward, unoriginal, and worthless!

It is awkward, unoriginal, and worthless!

Is there no just compensation for the hours of labor?

Were all the hours of study done for naught, and all the work useless?

The inner urge has now been sublimated. Must it be rewarded by a valueless piece of work? The exultant feeling has been quenched. Not by physical and mental exhaustion following such exertion, But by the growing doubt in his ability and power.

Was he mistaken? Was that urge a mere desire for fame;

Desire to imitate the artists who are truly great?

Time marches on. The work lies dormant, as does the desire to create.

On occasion he examines that original composition, Finding solace in the fragmentary bits of excellence, Perhaps study, exercise, experience will develop those latent powers,

If they are present at all.

Then unheralded, unannounced, the urge returns. He must create, he must do something to release

That pent-up pulse of power.

Once again he tries expression of his feelings in a work of art.

This time he has more experience, more knowledge than the last.

Once again he comes to the end of his self-made task.

The second attempt is better than the first!

Much better! He can see the difference!

He can feel the difference! He can feel a tiny bit

Perhaps he does have something to say

But universal opinion does not yet accept it.

That does not matter; he knows what he can do.

Of the self-same power he felt when first beset by the urge to create.

He knows that he is right, that he has something to say. Some day he will learn how to say adequately what he feels. When he can finally create something that will contain To the fullest degree everything he has felt, He will be satisfied. Satisfied with the mechanical aspects of his art. He will be done only when the desire to create never returns again. Fame may come, and fortune also, but his greatest reward Is the feeling that his urgent internal power has been adequately recorded in a work of art.

Who has felt this inner urge, And seen this pow'r emerge, Is an Artist,

# An∟ International Periodical

by Charles Gross

OR one of the truly greatest thrills of your life sit in on one of the regular performances staged by our inimitable Mother Nature in Yellowstone National Park late some summer evening. To achieve the best possible effect, plan to come to "Old Faithful" at about six-thirty in the evening. The sun is setting in the West just over the tops of the broad expanse of pine bordering the Park Road. The long, slanting, shingled roof of the rustic, five-hundred-room hotel casts a compass-point shadow across the road as you drive by. Directly opposite the hotel, on the other side of the road is the gevser "Old Faithful." Incidentally, the entire settlement, consisting of a main hotel, the museum, swimming pool, general store, coffee shop, and lodges have acquired the name of the geyser. The geyser will erupt once or twice before the event of the night, which occurs at about 8:30. If you are wise you will wait until then and see the phenomena in all its grandeur. I'm sure you will agree that the waiting is more than justified, when I tell you that at this time the usual beauty of the natural wonder is unbelievably enhanced by an artificial device. At the top of the hotel across the road there is attached a searchlight which casts a powerful light blue beam. This is turned in the direction of the geyser and at the sound of the first hissing spurt is switched on.

As the stream of super-heated steam and water rises to its full stature of more than a hundred feet the blue light is played up and down the snowy column and you wonder if anything could be more beautiful than this.

Of course since "Old Faithful" performs in a similar manner on an average of every fifty-five minutes, it may be seen during the day as well as at night and from many different spots in the near vicinity. An especially good view may be obtained from Observation Point, some three hundred feet above the geyser bed, which may be reached after a fifteen-minute walk up the sharp slope not far away.

The geyser's greatest claim to fame is its beauty, and certainly it arouses a genuine feeling of awe and himility unequaled by even the Grand Canyon. But, contrary to most people's ideas concerning a thing of this nature, a logical explanation of the natural forces at work actually increases the real appreciation on the part of the observer.

Geysers are nothing more nor less than indirect out-

lets or safety valves for the energy of molten lava beneath the surface of the earth. This lava heats the ground and surface water that finds its way into crevices previously opened up in the earth's crust. As the water is heated it is caused to boil, and rising in the crevices, reaches the surface in the state of steam and boiling water. Some geysers erupt constantly for hours and even days at a time, but in a very mild manner; that is, they merely bubble at the surface or maybe exude a pungent sulphur gas. Others like "Old Faithful" have gained more attention because of the fact that they erupt periodically. As may be expected there is a very good reason for this seemingly peculiar activity. Instead of having a great many small branching crevices like the less important geysers, those which erupt periodically have a single opening or tube running far down into the earth. As the water trickles into this tube from the various underground streams it gradually fills the opening. While this is taking place the water at the bottom of the tube is in direct contact with the molten lava and is being heated to a higher and higher temperature .But the increasing pressure of the column of water above prevents the water from boiling at the usual two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, thus causing the steam which is later formed to be actually super heated. This accumulates until such time as the heat energy becomes greater than the downward force and an eruption occurs. The pressure being released, the heat is lost and the geyser dies down again to repeat this cycle. With "Old Faithful" this is supposed to take place every fifty-five minutes but there are slight variations, the causes of which can readily be seen. Some of the lesser lights which have fairly regular eruption cycles are "Whirligig" and "Castle" geysers. It might be helpful to add here that the names of the geysers usually grow out of their special shape or action, Around each geyser there is a varying deposit of solid material built up in a general cone shape. This is material brought up with the spurts of steam and water.

Although usually thought to be just a curiosity to be observed the geyser really serves a purpose in Yellowstone Park. The water from some geysers which do not crupt is piped into the "Old Faithful" hotel swimming pool and is said to be extraordinarily beneficial to the human body. Even if it didn't serve this utilitarian purpose the geyser would still be a point of attraction for people the world over.

There is but one condition which calls a halt in the action of these natural fountains — dry summers. Naturally, when there are no underground streams to feed the geyser it will not function. So let us hope for a sufficient rainfall so that the thousands of visitors each year will not have come in vain.

# What Washington Has

by James G. Jett

THE MAGNITUDE of the operative forces of our democratic government is not realized until one conceives the size of one division of one department. A senior history class recently had the fortunate privilege of investigating the Treaty Division of the Department of State.

In the Hill Building in Washington, Dr. McGlure lectured to the class on "How Treaties Come To Be." There, in a small office, examining a recent original treaty, we learned of the President's power to negotiate with other countries. He does so, however, with the advice of the Department of State and of members of the Foreign Relations Committee. We learned also that a treaty becomes law when voted on by two-thirds of the Senators present at the voting. In the same building a file of treaties was being constructed. Through this file, when completed, any treaty ever made between the United States and any other country or countries may be located. The file cards will contain all cross-references pertaining to the treaty thereon listed. Such an index is invaluable to historians in the location of documentary sources. It will also be very useful to sociologists, statisticians, etc.

Another treat was waiting for us at the main building of the Department of State. In a fireproof room in the building all original treaties dating from 1906 to the present to which the United States was a party, were stored in cabinets. Many had been placed on a table in personal anticipation of our visit. The treaties of other governments are much more elaborately designed than are those of the American Government, Generally, our first glimpse of them is in a heavy, box-like container. Then the treaty-original is bound with an exquisite covering, sometimes, as in the case of the Oriental countries, beautifully designed. Opening up the booklet, however, one comes to the dry, but interesting, documentary substance of the pact. At the end are the seals of the various governments (usually a wax stamp), and signatures of executives and representatives of the governments.

Some of the very interesting treaties we saw were the Elihu Root treaties, Limitation Naval Armaments Treaties, and the famous Briand-Kellogg Peace Pacts.

I left Washington with the feeling that seeing democracy in action, even only a small division of it, is the beginning of knowing what democracy is.

# Gleaned From The Census

by Sibyl Davis

LOOK CAREFULLY, ye seniors and juniors. In two years you, too, with hope, will be going forth through every by-road and alley collecting statistics about every child in your district. And when you have the information and the parents' signatures, sit down and glance over the stack of papers. You might as well — they have to be alphabetized anyway.

To give you some idea of what might be expected, the following have been taken from this year's census blank:

Names -

Annie Laurie — brother LeRoy Augustus and Augustus Reed

Gracie Allen

Tony John Smith

Birthplaces —

At home — Near Pennsylvania (which side?) Mouth of Wilson, Va. The Rocks

Don't know

Occupations -

Classified laborer

Defense work

Unknown

Family physician - Johns Hopkins

Eight families with the same last name — and not Smith or Jones

Blanks signed by husbands as guardians of their wives Both "literate" and "illiterate" checked by one family

Stories hinted —

- The tragedy of a little eight-year-old who does not attend school; he has been adjudged colored and is taught at home.
- The mystery of the blanks of two brothers: the mother's name is on neither, just "England" as the birthplace, and checks beside "Dead" and "Literate."

TOWER LIGHT

# **April Interviews?**

by Jean Connor

FEELING THAT what the Tower Light needed was more articles of a significant and intellectual nature, we undertook to interview some of the more distinguished characters in the world today. "April Fool's Day" seemed a good topic, for it offered possibilities for uninhibited and refreshing expression, by the four outstanding people who gave us their viewpoints.

### Eleanor Roosevelt

We found Mrs. Roosevelt graciously serving tea to a group of reporters in her private office in the White House. Trying to catch her attention, we resorted to a little playful fibbing.

"Mrs. Roosevelt," we said, "as representative of the American Youth Congress, we would like to know

what you think of - "

"Give them No. 11365," cut in the First Lady, a

startled look in her eye.

A brusque man took our arms and confidentially slipped us a pamphlet. Another brusque man then took our other arms and confidentially slipped us out of the office.

On the way home, we examined the pamphlet. It was entitled "My Day; or Ten Good Reasons Why Youth Had Better Call It One."

A charming, though cryptic, way for the First Lady to tell us what she thought of April Fool's Day. . . .

### Billy Rose

We came upon Mr. Rose on the steps of the Baltimore Museum of Art. He was looking pale and shaken. "Boy," he breathed, "how do they get away with it?

Look at that Thinker, If I put a guy dressed like that in one of my shows, the Hayes Office would take me apart."

"But this is art, Mr. Rose," we soothed him.
"What do you think the Aquacade was?" he sallied.

"What I really wanted to speak to you about, Mr. Rose, is your attitude toward April Fool's Day."

He brightened, "It's colossal, It's got the old boxoffice that packs them in. And why? Because it's the one
day that a sucker can celebrate being a sucker. Good old
suckers — let them have themselves a time — they made
me what I am today."

We left him there on the steps, wrapped in mistyeved reverie.

### General Reckord

The General was engaged in tying his tent-mate's pajamas in knots (what a delightful joke on his tent-mate) when we arrived at Fort Meade. Matching his light mood, we queried "And what do you think of April Fool's Day, General? Is it worth it?"

"A thing worth doing is worth doing well," parried the General, "and," his eyes twinkled merrily, "especially since that darned tent-mate can't get back at me for this. Ye see," he confided, "he's only a lieutenantcolonel."

We left camp, carrying with us the impression that here was a man who had in him true greatness — the ability to see and enjoy the amusing side of life's little episodes.

### Gertrude Stein

Miss Stein looked up from where she was dozing near the refrigerator ("So much cooler than a fire, and horribly handy to get a snack," she explained) and looked at us sharply.

"Hello," we opened the conversation.

"I'd offer you some of this chicken salad," she said, "but there is only enough for 65."

"Are you having company?"

"No-I am 65-get it?" Miss Stein laughed gaily.

We thought it best to get to the point of our visit. "Miss Stein," I ventured, "what do you really think of April Fool's Day?"

A hint of the mystery of an oracle came over her face. This, then, was poetic inspiration. "Ask — question mark — interrogate the man — human — that is one. And I do — with sincere candidacy — mean you."

I had heard a poet. What did it matter that her language had been too exalted for me to comprehend? The day, for me, had been touched with Olympian splendor.

And now that we finally have some Big Names in the Tower Light, don't you think it is on a higher and more cultured plane?

You do?

Well, April Fool!

### A MALE'S LAMENT

by Ruth Benjamin, '40

Its beauty puts
To sorry shame
The fairest floweret;

Its touch inspires
The fondest dream

Of happiness and yet It leaves its mark On every man

Who dares proximity,

And shatters with Its fatal charm His equanimity; Yes, worse than all

The evils in

The box of old Pandora,
It should be banned

From our great land —
This hypocrite—Angora!

# Musical JOKES

by Jule Thompson

JUST AS ANY spoken language, music has its comedy, its practical joke and its burlesque humor. Wholesome but low comedy is sometimes achieved by the use of certain instruments such as the trombone and bassoon. When the trombone player "slides", people laugh.

Each century has produced its low musical comedy. Take as an example the old invention by a Monsicur de Boigne — the Pig-o-phone. A score or more pigs of various and sundry sizes tied side by side broke forth into a "swine song" in close harmony as de Boigne played on an attached keyboard. Abbe de Boigne had fixed sharp spikes at the ends of wires extending from his keyboard and thus managed to reproduce effectively the proper squeal at the proper time to the amazement of King Louis XI and his court.

Besides this type of comedy, there is the highly developed satire that pokes fun at the things people know quite well. There is "The Minuet of the Fly" by Czebulka in which a fly does the same dance that handsomely dressed lords and ladies once did. Parts of Saint-Saëns "Carnival of the Animals," written for a club of musicians, are musical jokes. The lion music from this suite is full of mock bravado with the animal depicted as the swaggering monarch of the forest.

The composers of today use satire to a great extent. There is "The White Knight" from "Through the Looking Glass" by Deems Taylor. The White Knight is a very gentle person with mild blue eyes and good intentions, but he is such a poor rider that every time he rides his horse he falls off the front. There are two themes: the first a sort of instrumental part picturing the knight's own idea of himself as a dashing fellow; the second, bland and rather sentimental, more like the knight as he really is.

Then there is Blitzstein's "Champagne Cocktail" satirizing a night club; Hindemith's ten-minute opera called "There and Back" which in five breathless minutes delineates all the episodes of drama, of passion, even to the story of a wife's unfaithfulness and her lover's murder. In the final five minutes the music is repeated with the action and music in reverse producing a hilarious effect.

Too many people believe that the so-called classical composers wrote entirely serious scholarly works for the "intelligentsia." This is not true. What could be funnier than the "Coffee Cantata" by Johann Sebastian Bach? This is about a middle-aged widower who is trying to rear a pretty, spoiled, wayward daughter, and, not unlike

many modern parents, finds it a most difficult task. The daughter's worst sin is her addiction to the newly discovered beverage coffee, and neither threats nor pleas can change her. It is not until her father tells her that unless she cures herself of this demoralizing habit she may never marry, that she bids a tearful adieu to coffee. Her father rushes off to find an eligible young man and the work ends in a storm of mirth. It seems almost beyond our conception that the strict part writing of Bach's day could be so lively and carefree.

Undoubtedly, people have found a medium which will express the funny side of an otherwise dull and rather sad life. This medium — music, of course — still has countless unexplored shores and limitless possibilities. All it needs is a creative mind that can find bits of humor in unexpected places.

### H'ALL H'ABOUT 'ARVEY

P. H.

Now, Harvey was handsome to look at — His eyes were as blue as the sea; And his hair was as black as a chimney-sweep's back, And his nose was as nice as could be.

All his clothes were too perfectly perfect — With his handkerchiefs matching his ties — And on each of his socks was a pattern of blocks Done in blue so they'd match his sweet eyes.

Yes, Harvey was really a wonder —
But a single thing stood in his way;
He always said "h'aich" when he should have said "H"
And said "apple" began with a "h'a."

But he never especially worried — When you mentioned it to him he laughed. And his thorough conviction was just that his diction Was grand — (till the day he went daft!)

And I'll tell you the way that it happened:
"Twas this (every word of it's true):
He was asked, one sad day, if he'd be in a play
Where the hero's eyes had to be blue.

Well, he told them he'd surely be in it — Screamed "'Ollywood, h'l'm h'on my way!" And it would have been fine if he'd had just one line That did not start with H or with A!

But his part was the cause of his ruin:
He got rattled and lost all his breath;
He mumbled and muttered, dropped "H's" and stuttered—
Till the poor fellow strangled to death!

And this is the verse on his tombstone:
"H'i's h'a quandry h'1'm floundering h'in;
H'1'm h'an h'unlucky pup; go h'1 downward h'or h'up,
There'll still be h'an 'haiche' — You can't win!"

# We "Received"

by Norma Kirckhoff

The time — 9.30 P. M.
The place — The S. T. C. Auditorium.
The occasion — The Sophomore Dance.

"Good evening, good evening, everybody. Yes, we'll be glad to take over now. Have many people come? Sorry we're late. We had an inexhaustible gas supply that forgot to be inexhaustible. No, Marvel, I didn't push. Oh, here come some couples. Thanks again for pinch-hitting for a while. Of course we'll be all right."

Goodness — suppose I get the names all mixed up. And what do I do if I don't hear the names at all? Patron Saint of all Receiving Liners, deliver me from this orgy of doubt and discomfort with at least two dancing feet left.

"How do you do, Miss Smith. And Mr. Smith, how are you?"

That young man must be the girl's distant relative — maybe her cousin. Heavens — are my ears deceiving me? No — it's true, "Nr. and Mrs. Smith" . . . someone further down the line has, during the course of a few handshakes, married the innocent freshman to her equally innocent escort. My ears feel so hot I fear they may melt my ear rings in a minute.

"Yes, Dr. Wiedefeld, we may sit down now. No more couples are coming right away."

There you go again, Norma, speaking too soon. I believe the people stand by the door and wait until we sit down before they come up to be received. Up and down — up and down. I'm beginning to feel like an intoxicated Mexican Jumping Bean.

"How do you do, Mr. Spatterface. Oh — Batterlace — excuse me. The music is so loud, you know . . . I do hope you have a pleasant evening."

Spatterface . . . that's the limit of my embarrassment possibilities, I should have known that a person with that appellation wouldn't be allowed to roam around by himself. I wish my escort would begin to profit by Miss Joslin's speech lessons. It's all his fault.

"No . . . I'm not tired of receiving. We can dance later on in the evening."

Later — yes — but if the "Dukes" don't stop playing such smooth music, I'm going to drop my Receiving Linc Composure and get hep like the rest of the people out on the dance floor. When we do start dancing, the orchestra will probably play "Beat Me Mamma with a Boogie Beat" and I'll have to retain this Mexican Jumping Bean Feeling permanently. Well, I better keep my mind on the people coming down the aisle, Just for variety, I think I'll put Dr. Wiedefeld's Handclasp Test to practice. Let me see — this first young lady looks like a Languid Lily and her escort, like a Neolithic remnant.

"How do you do."

I was right on the first. Her hand felt like a limp rag. But his — such a disappointment. I was expecting a strong, virile handclasp, and what do I get but an exact counterpart of the female's. I'm not so good at this but I'll try once more. Now this reticent, shy, bespectacled gentleman will undoubtedly have quite a gentle handshake.

"How do you . . . ouch! Oh, no — I beg your pardon for startling you. It was only the way my ring was cutting into my hand."

Zounds! The man nearly crippled my fingers for life. Now that was a paradox. According to Handclasp Rules, I was just in the presence of an undiscovered genius, perhaps. What was his name? I'd like to remember it so I can say, "I knew him when..."

"Oh, you've come to relieve us? We didn't mind at all — not at all. Are you sure you want to stand in line now? Well . . . thank you."

Ah — now for some dancing. The orchestra's playing my favorite number now, too. Isn't that grand?

"What's that? I was so busy listening to the music I didn't hear you. Oh — I see — the music has stopped. Intermission? Fifteen minutes?"

D - - !!



# EDITORIALS



#### APRIL FOOL!

by Genevieve Haile, St. 6

SOME THINGS never grow too old. Humor and laughter are two of them. Maybe that is why the Towne LIGHT editors never hesitate to devote one of their nine creations to hilarity and fun. On the other hand, our esteemed editors might adopt humor as a theme only to further their own glory and fame. It is well known that the average American can never say too much in praise of the people who make him laugh. He might admire or even honor our great journalists and statesmen, but he loves the people who make him laugh.

The month of April usually appeals to T. L. editors as the ideal time for increasing their prestige. Americans, in general, have developed the custom of playing tricks on the first day of this month. Each victim, as you well know, is called an April fool. I daresay that even you, dear reader, have been dubbed an April fool. But, for goodness' sake, never be a prig about accepting such a title. Just be thankful you don't live in Scotland where a person who is gullible on the first day of April is known as a "gowk" or a "cuckoo." Be more thankful that you aren't a Frenchman, for it is far better to be an April fool in America than an April fish in France.

Since literary authorities don't commit themselves on the advisability of embellishing (or ruining) a dignified editorial with a bit of humor, I might safely yield to the temptation of making you an April fool. But I won't. For over three weeks I was thinking, in collaboration with other thinkers, of a perfect April Fool joke for this editorial. Alas, on Friday, the dead-line for April T. L., we thinkers discovered that our joke was not fool-proof. We were horrified with the possibility of your being an eccentric reader who begins at the end of an article to find out whether it is worth reading from the beginning. Such a procedure would have been disastrous to our April fool joke, so we promptly gave it a proper burial.

Don't forget, however, to let the T. L. editors know whether or not you approve of this "humor issue." Undoubtedly, you will find some of the jokes as fresh as newly-laid eggs, others old enough to vote, and perhaps a few trailing whiskers. Nevertheless, good jokes are endowed with eternal life, Funny stories are known to antedate all written human records. They are older than the Hindu Shastra. Even primitive men enjoyed laughing as

well as living. They recorded jokes on the walls of their caves in addition to cracking nuts and skulls with their stone hatchets!

## THEY ARE WE

by Mildred E. Snyder

They are we. Not story book people! Not to be read about and commented upon as total strangers. Of course in some respects, we are different. They pinched their cheeks; we wear rouge. They ate their lunches out of little tin boxes; we use paper bags. They wore middy blouses; we wear sweaters — but essentially, are we different? Did we all come for the same purpose — to learn to teach? Our ideals, aims, and thoughts must have fundamentally coincided and so, even after three-quarters of a century, we are still much alike and basically have much in common. They are not story book people. They are we.

## A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

by MARY SIMON

Ah, how we tingle to think that spring is here. We get our old love letters and dwell with fond tenderness on some almost forgotten memories that have been hidden beneath winter's bustle. Studies are forgotten (theoretically, that is) while we allow ourselves the pleasure of contemplating nature's miraculous awakening. After all, "we cannot permit our schooling to interfere with our education." When the old alarm clock goes off at 6:45, it is not with a shiver and a feeling that the death toll is dragging us to our doom, but with the crisp, fresh odor of budding foliage pleasantly pungent to our nostrils that we gaily, vea, cheerfully, greet this glorious world. Sometimes we are so bursting with this indefinable joy that we are inclined to take a two-mile hike before breakfast, but of course our corns, not to speak of slightly fallen arches, luckily prevent this risky indulgence. Ah, then we are ready for a hearty breakfast except that we have to watch our calories. But what is food when the hunger is really in our souls! We can fill our plates with wonderful thoughts and drink of the beauty of nature.

Isn't it strange how this mist of our own serenity can obliterate the unpleasantness around us — how a simple change in the weather can so affect our lives?

# THE LIBRARY

## AT YOUR SERVICE

#### IRVIN S. COBB

by BETTY CARROLL

YEARS FROM now when students of American literature study the "past" they will probably smile a bit over the writer's account of a certain Irvin S. Cobb. Very well he typifies American humor in the same way that Charles Dickens once said that chewing gum typifies the American nation. When they read his autobiography they will grin "ipaniously" despite the fact that he may not live up to the critics' standards.

Éxit Laughing, Irvin S. Cobb's autobiography, is all that the name suggests and as the reader peruses it he is constantly reminded of the author's word portrait of himself, 'rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a light roan in color, with a black mane and a figure undecided." The New York Times describes him as typifying everything that is best of our national traits — "the ingenuity, the initiative, the wit, the drive, the understanding, the universal interests, the simple humanity."

This autobiography depicts the story of the people and events that have given a distinctive flavor to the world in which the author was born and grew up. The material is old but it is cast in new phrases and garnished with fresh anecdotes. Exit Laughing is a book that could be read over again when dark days cast a gloom over one's spirit and still be thoroughly enjoyed.

## MAGAZINE QUIZ

by Doris Klank

How well do you know the magazines and periodicals in our library? Test yourself by taking this quiz. Count one for each correct answer. A score of 10 is excellent; 8 or 9 is good; 6 or 7 is fair; 5 or below is poor (you should visit the Magazine Room).

- What magazine is known as "The Professional Magazine for Classroom Teachers?"
- 2. What current popular weekly magazine was long edited by Benjamin Franklin?
- What is the magazine which "makes every word count?"
- 4. If you were giving a play, to what magazine would you go for suggestions?



- 5. What is the name of the magazine published by the National Audubou Societies?
- 6. What was the original meaning of the word "journal?"
- 7. What weekly pictorial magazine has risen to popularity during the last few years?
- Name the periodical which is priced at one shilling per copy.
- 9. What is the best known magazine dealing with all types of music?
- 10. What is generally conceded to be the best illustrated magazine for use in social studies?

(See Page 22 for Answers)

# FORUM

To the Editor -

May I, an insignificant freshman, venture so far as to offer a bit of criticism — criticism which I hope will be constructive? It seems that the same music course, the one concerned with elements, is thrust upon all students regardless of their previous music training. I realize that a review, on the part of these students, already enriched by some musical background, is not to be discredited as a form of study. However, a course which is merely a review tends to put a damper on the mental processes; it stifles the spirit of challenge; it encourages indolence and impedes the stimulus for concentrated study.

Mutual benefits would result if advanced music students were separated from those who need to learn the ABC's of music. Students without previous training would not have to compete with those whose advantages in music were superior. I feel that a student who is plugging painfully along with elements is often discouraged by the presence of others who, versed in music. obtain good results with little or no effort. On the other hand, the student bored with the preliminaries of music with which he has had former acquaintance, would benefit intellectually from an advanced and more challenging course. Why not reflect upon this problem, students? It is yours; it is mine.

HOPEFUL.

To the Editor -

Can anyone account for the way the majority of the Student Council members of this college sit quietly in Student Council meetings, listening to a very few "brave" individuals speak? Once the auditorium doors are thrown open, these silent individuals suddenly gain their voices and begin to criticize. Here's for more student discussion during Council meetings.

TALKATIVE.

To the Editor -

Will someone venture a prophecy as to what might happen if more college students spent at least as much time reading and thinking as they spend in walking and talking?

CURIOUS.

# COLLEGE EVENTS

#### ASSEMBLIES

February 2, 1941 —

Today's assembly started in an unusual way. Mr. Moser first introduced Mrs. Harriss, president of the local unit of Kappa Delta Pi; she in turn presented the real speaker of the day, Mr. Richard Carl Medford, director of Baltimore City's Municipal Museum.

Mr. Medford first showed us the connection between the Municipal Museum and American art - the connection being centered about the well-known Peale family, In 1796, Rembrandt and Raphael Peale (sons of Charles Wilson Peale) came to Baltimore and opened "Peale's Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts," which operated for three years. Later, in 1814, the brothers gave their museum a second trial with a huge mastodon skeleton as their "drawing card" (besides stuffed birds and animals, snakes, lizards, insects, specimens of petrification, famous pictures, etc.) Rembrandt, however, feeling that the twenty-five-cent admissions were not numerous enough, abandoned the establishment to his brother. In 1830, the museum was bought by the City of Baltimore and was used as the City Hall for forty-five years. After that, it was used for various nonartistic purposes. Until 1930 the museum was at its worst. Now it has been restored in the style of 1814. Its functions, however, differ widely from those it had in the gas-lit era.

According to Mr. Medford the purpose of the museum is to acquire and to exhibit objects of interest to the City of Baltimore. The museum has material relating to all aspects and developments in the history of the city. American art is also exhibited. The museum's acquisitions come chiefly through gifts Some other activities of the museum include cataloging and exhibiting objects, references, and research work, publications, exhibitions, music, and motion pictures. The Municipal Museum is an active educational force in Baltimore.

March 17, 1941 —

J. Fred Essary, Washington Correspondent of The Evening Sun

Dr. Wiedefeld introduced Mr. Essarv as a man who could help us to acquire the habit of keeping well informed during these critical times. In fact, he proved himself not only full of information but also the possessor of a fine collection of humorous and applicable stories. In a conversational manner, he told us that Washington has become the nerve center and the news center of the country. The work of over one thousand staff writers is to be the "eves and ears of the people" who read their papers and magazines. As a member of the newspaper profession he has seen seven Presidents come and six go. Why any man wants to be President is a source of wonder to Mr. Essarv. Only two of the seven Presidents he has known have left office happy and contented. They were Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge, Another puzzling situation was the recent election. The Republican candidate was a Democrat until four years ago, and Mr. Essarv feels that there is still uncertainty about the party of the present Vice-President. The slight difference between the platforms of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie was evident and perplexing to the voter.

After stating that his theme, if he had one at all, was "Where do we go from here?" Mr. Essary attempted to answer his own question. Since he knows "where we have come from," he made the following deductions:

There will be wholesale spending of the public money for defense and for relief. As long as Mr. Roosevelt is in the White House, the United States will remain at peace. He optimistically predicted that it is inconceivable that Germany or Japan will entail the risk of a war with us. We will, however, continue to arm and to aid Great Britain.

Digressing from the present crisis for a moment he spoke of the Constitution as a series of compromises made by men with conflicting interests. Three Presidents, he said, have deliberately and justifiably broken their oath to defend the Constitution: Jefferson, in purchasing Louisiana; Lincoln, in freeing the slaves by executive proclamation; and Roosevelt, in declaring the bank holiday in 1933. However, nothing that is fundamental in our social and economic order and in governmental structure has been changed. Democracy has survived; and it will continue to guarantee freedom and liberty even in these critical times.

## AU REVOIR BENEFIT DANCE

In its efforts to have the best Year Book ever, the Senior Class sponsored a benefit dance for "Au Revoir." The auditorium was converted into Coney Island. An artistically constructed Ferris wheel decorated the stage. Johnny Horst and his "Dixie Land Six" furnished dance melodies. Outside the auditorium were balloons for sale. Of course, the weight guesser was present with all his powers of guessing weight "almost correctly." The grab bag gave many pleasant surprises.

All of Coney Island was reproduced in the auditorium except the swimming pool — and who wants to go swimming in February, anyway? Thanks and appreciation to all individuals and business people for generous

donations.

#### S. C. A. PARTY

On the evening of March 5, 1941, from ten to tenthirty, the foyer of Newell Hall was a scene of gaiety. The Student Christian Association was sponsoring one of its parties. The main feature of the occasion was a scavenger hunt which sent the participants hither and yon over Richmond and Newell Halls to obtain the crackers, cheese, clothespins, definitions in good handwriting, bits of red hair and Tweed perfume. A box of delicious cookies was awarded the winner. Other forms of amusement were dancing and ping-pong. Refreshments of punch and doughnuts were served to all present.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY GROUP AFIELD

## by Helen Klinke

On Saturday, morning, March 15, the Natural History Group visited Loch Raven. A muddy tramp through field and pine thicket was a part of the program, but any unpleasant feeling that may have been aroused was eclipsed by the sight of the many robins and bluebirds enjoying the sun. After so many week-ends of rain and snow, we felt fortunate in having such a perfect day for our trip.

## THE RURAL CLUB DANCE

Not even snow and sleet kept the Rural Club from having their dance. The music was furnished by recordings. Since the dance was informal, the barracks proved ideal. Besides, the group that came was a very sociable one.

#### COMING EVENTS

- April 16 Regular Schedule Resumed, Bach Club Concert at Museum of Art, 8:30 p. m.: "The Busch String Quartet."
- April 17 Baseball with Elizabethtown, at Elizabethtown.
- April 18 Deadline for May Tower Light.
  Junior Dance with John Horst's Orchestra.
  Tennis: Kalamazoo at Towson.
- April 21 Assembly: Concert by Teresa Calamira.
- April 22 Kappa Delta Pi Supper Club. Speaker: Dr. Michail M. Dorizas.
- April 25 Museum of Art: "The Land Tank, Its Development" (through May 3).

  Baseball: Drew University, at Drew University.
- April 26 Track Meet: Pennsylvania Relays at Philadelphia.
- April 28 Assembly: Films "Sherwood Gardens."
- April 29 Baseball: Hopkins, at Hopkins.
- April 30 Track Meet: Western Maryland and Washington College, at Westminster.
- May 2 Museum of Art: One-man Show George Leslie Engel, "Contemporary Printmaking" (through May 25). Tennis: Blue Ridge, at Towson,
- May 6 Tennis: Western Maryland, at Western Maryland.
- May 8 Baseball: Blue Ridge, at Blue Ridge.
- May 9 Museum of Art: "Sculpture of Madame Martins",
  "The Fighting Plane, Its Development" (through
  May 17).
  - Tennis: Hopkins, at Hopkins,
- May 10 May Day.
- May 12 Assembly: Movie, "Baltimore."
  - Tennis: Blue Ridge, at Blue Ridge.
- May 13 Rural Club Formal Meeting.
- May 15 Baseball: Blue Ridge, at Towson.
- May 17 Track Meet: Mason-Dixon Track, at Hopkins. (Continued on Page 30)

## F 2

## THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING EVENT IN GIRLS' SPORTS

by Audrey Mercer

THREE CHEERS for the juniors who received the laurels on Demonstration Night, For being such good dancers and ball players, they are to have the class year ('42) printed on the bronze tablet.

Although the juniors won, there is much to be said about the other classes and their activities.

The history or evolution of Physical Culture in our college from 1868 to 1941 proved to be interesting as well as fact-revealing. The seniors, with their long skirts and piled up hair style, could have easily passed as students of 1868. The juniors and sophomores showed the type of training in physical education for later periods by demonstrating that young ladies could do more than learn "the fundamental running step." The freshmen - Dr. Wiedefeld probably couldn't have done better in impersonating herself as a college student. Her ideas have changed from the time when she thought that gym, "confidentially, - -!"

Much originality and clever execution made it a pleasure to watch the class stunts. Here again, the freshmen showed how well they could put on a show. The drill and marching they exhibited would make our defense officers take notice. The Beauty Contest judges, after carefully looking at each contestant from the sophomore class, decided that Jane and Shirley deserved the honors. The juniors used the defense theme for their performance. The "Mademoiselle Mystic" fished for her numbers and caught No. 1944 - who was rejected as "Small Fry." No. 1943 was rejected with "Show Me the Way to Go Home." But, 1942 sailed right through and was accepted as "So You're the One." The seniors were not to be forgotten. The judges marched out and interviewed three babes (freshmen), a very superior sophomore, and the Dead End Gang (juniors). Chief Justice Eickelberg said they appreciated the help each was trying to give but she wanted to see what they could actually do.

The judges sat supreme as the classes were put through their paces. The Ten Pretty Girls, Black Nag and Swedish Clap dances were very good. The formation and timing was quite well done. The freshmen were the victors in end ball and newcomb.

The men aided nobly. The way they cheered and gave support to the girls was thrilling. Three cheers for them!

The closing of Girls' Demonstration Night was per-

fect. Each class sang its song. Then the entire student body joined in Alma Mater. Dr. Wiedefeld then proudly presented the tablet to the juniors. May I say a bit extra proudly, since she is their class adviser.

Three cheers for the Junior Class! Three cheers for the Girlst Three cheers for our Alma Mater!

## MEMORIES

by Bob Cox

There seems to be a misconception among the student body as to the "fun" which the varsity teams have. Over the past four years, there have been some incidents YOU might well be interested in. All strike a humorous chord in my mind NOW, though they seemed pretty tragic at the time.

The first memoir seems to be of helping to push the dilapidated green Franklin over hills in order to coast down the opposite sides. Even though the office and President of this institution said the car was in "A No. I shape and has lots of good miles" - the varsity teams found the "good miles" to be those which had a slight down grade to them. This same car - in the days prior to your new and modern station wagon - was AIR-COOLED and it was a favorite prank of the players to pull into a little-used service station and call to the attendant, "check the oil and water, please." Naturally, it had only a dummy radiator cap (the motor was aircooled) so that after some five or ten minutes of grunting, pulling, and hauling, the station man suddenly realized his folly and retired mumbling dire threats despite his red ears.

Of course, I couldn't leave out the time our star of by-gone days was donning his garments preparatory to playing a game and found he had with him two RIGHT shoes but no left one. Nor could I forget the game at Mount Saint Mary's College when another of our players was hastily removing his sweat pants as a large audience looked on when he discovered he had forgotten to climb into his shorts beforehand. However, he redeemed himself by a hasty donning of the missing clothing and playing a good game. At still another game, one of our team wound up and swung a havmaker at an opposing player on Wilson Teachers' team but - he stopped just a fraction of an inch from the player's nose. The player lost his sun tan and called a time out.

Then, too, there was a game in which the cars be-

came separated — due to the old "sometimes it will and sometimes it won't run" Franklin hitting one of its "sometimes it won't run" — in transit and the basket-ball game with the then powerful Catholic University team had to be continued by the inexperienced manager, one very flighty J. V. player, and three disgusted varsity players. The green-horn manager was the star in a very close game in spite of his ankle wraps which were so tight he had to keep walking even during time-outs.

You all wonder at the behavior of Salisbury and Frostburg players on staying here over night? Your writer remembers the year our basketball team went to Salisbury. The team clown put salt in everyone's bed and did his best to persuade the others to join him in dunking our erstwhile coach in the shower. One player received a black eye from a thrown orange and still another player was the recipient of a bucket of water and orange peclings in his face — his pants were uncomfortably damp the next day. At least one other player remembers with me the pushing of a washing machine up and down the hall through puddles of water until 4 A. M. However, no property was damaged — the floors were of polished granite — and everyone had a swell time.

Then there was the time one of our more elderly appearing players was introduced as "Coach" by his teammates and the corresponding howl of protest by the Frostburg student body when "the coach" played the game.

One can always get a smile from the newspaper clippings of games. Names such as "One-Shot Stot" and "Bob Cox" aren't unheard of.

Some of you may remember the ham and cabbage supper just before a Hopkins game that forced two players to spend "requested" time on the bench. How about the night before the Penn Relays when one of the runners was knocked out of bed by his room-mate at 3 A. M. and then given a very red eye by means of a pillow?

Well remembered is the game in which a diminutive four-foot-eight-inch Gallaudet player "attacked" the six-foot-two-inch center on our team for taking a ball from him. A two-fisted attack of featherweight punches brought howls of glee from the audience. A similar reaction was obtained this year when another very small Gallaudet player tackled and floored the surprised man with the ball in order to stop him.

A severe rebuke from the Dean was the result of the soccer players' "innocent" venture into the girls' dormitory at Salisbury by going through the wrong door. The same boys took it upon themselves this year to teach an art class of Salisbury girls how to make "fine art" drawings.

Also, there was the temperamental tennis player who missed a set point by half an inch and, in a sudden fit of rage, heaved his racquet at a fence. Imagine his startled surprise when it hit a steel pole and broke in half.

Not to be forgotten is how our earnest coach, while playing against a raw recruit in practice, was hit in the ribs by a flying elbow and had to keep the injured members taped for several weeks. On that same day another player stopped suddenly and ducked, causing the pursuing opponent to go flying headlong over his back into the wall. No casualties but — a wiser pursuer resulted.

That brings us up to date, reader — almost. Did you know one of the enthusiastic freshman players travelled all the way to Loyola to play basketball and suddenly remembered his equipment was still back here at the college? Do you remember the junior varsity game when Dave Hess raised a knot the size of an egg by running head-on into an opponent's head? Or did you know that one of our inconspicuous bench-warmers relieved his nice warm spot on the bench of a splinter during one of the more exciting moments of a game?

So much for my memories, and I hope that the next four years will bring as many pleasant remembrances for someone else as the past four have for me.

#### INTER-COLLEGE PLAY DAY

by Audrey Mercer

"In order to foster friendly relations with the colleges in our community Notre Dame is sponsoring a Play Day, and we should like to have some girls represent your college. We are planning to have three sports during the day — bowling, swimming and basketball (four colleges including Notre Dame will participate).

"... We would like you to send six girls for basketball and two for bowling. In addition to these two sports we shall have swimming and archery."

Would our girls participate? Indeed so! We could hardly wait for the moment to come — but since Time could not take us to the appointed day just yet, we spent some time shooting for baskets, aiming at a target set up on the fourth floor of Richmond Hall and trying to knock ten pins out of ten down.

At last the great day came. We started off in the station wagon for Notre Dame. Upon our arrival we registered the various teams and then went to our assigned places. L. Knight, J. Jones, V. Davis, D. Shinham, T. Gordon, and E. Horsman displayed good teamwork in basketball They put up a good fight and defeated Notre Dame but were beaten by Western Maryland. However, we came out in second place.

From basketball we went (Continued on Page 28)



## FASHION S by SHIRLEY HICKS

NO DOUBT you readers are laughing quite boisterously over the sketches on this page but, after all, they are really duplicates of what the founders and builders of your Alma Mater wore. Control your mirth, now, while — in keeping with our anniversary — we tell you a little of the fashion trends.

The first sketch is the current style of 1870, about the time our college was founded. It shows the use of draped flounces and tight-boned bodices. Notice particularly the extremely high waist-line, which was necessitated by the hour-glass corsets. Vivid colors were used in a striking array of plaids, stripes, and checks. The women carried decorative parasols, wore hats which had no relation to the rest of the outfit and stumbled along on shoes far too pointed and heels much too high! At all times, ladies lavishly dressed (completely) I might say, with scores of petticoats, each of a different style and material, all serving their own purpose.

The next costume shows the vogue of 1884 when something quite familiar and amusing to us all was introduced; namely, the bustle. How this fashion started is an interesting thing. Because of the frailty of women caused by the hour-glass corset, the tremendous weight of the clothes could not be supported and so a support was devised which eventually became the bustle. During this period, too, fans were in great demand; shoes of bronze leather with many little straps buttoning across the opening were worn.

The next era was that of the Victorian woman. The hour-glass waist and stiffly-boned bodices were still the outstanding features although two-piece dresses took the place of the one-piece gown. After 1890 a tight effect around the hips was evident. Leg-of-mutton sleeves made their appearance. Hats of felt, with high crowns and small brims, and bonnets worn on the back of the head were very fashionable. The third sketch is an afternoon

"toilette" of 1894 which represents the Victorian Era. From 1906 to 1916 a great change took place. One of the most ridiculous results of the shift in fashions was the sheath gown with its tube-like silhouette. Then was introduced the Empire waistline. Petticoats were practically abandoned. In 1910 the hobble-skirt appeared, tight and scant as possible, keeping the figure flat and narrow except for an elaborate bunching of material over the hips. This gave the wearer an unbalanced effect, as can be seen in the fourth sketch.

After the war and until 1926, fashions took a business-like trend probably because of the number of women then engaged in shops. Skirts remained at shoe tops for a long time, and practical materials and styles were used. Gradually, however, skirts began to shorten and waist-lines to lengthen. Bobbed hair appeared. Elaborate trimmings of all kinds were used: ribbons, sashes, artificial flowers. By 1925 skirts were up to the knees. "It was much more desirable to have a dimple in the knee than in the check."

The next sketch features the uneven hem-line of 1922. We can but admit that it is rather ridiculous.

The next trend was towards a scantier costume — sleeveless dresses, low backs, very narrow hemlines.

The last costume illustrated is the straight-line dress of 1929 with its odd-looking vestee, draped front, and cape sleeves.

Now we've said what we have to say, so laugh all you wish. Remember, though, that in fifty years, S. T. C. students will look at sketches of our clothes, laugh and say, "Did they really wear those in 1941? Aren't they silly?"

NOTE — Drawings for this article were copied from photographs taken by Mary Ellen Everhard's book "From Hoopskirts to Nudity," by Carrie A. Hall. —ELLEN ANNE ELSTE.

#### WHAT NEXT?

by Marie Park

Today, when a husband is consulted about suitable clothes for his brood, by his very perplexed wife, hastily replies, "That is your job. I have enough to think about." However, during the Stone Age Period a husband, being consulted on the same subject, would pick up his axe and go out and slaughter a beast of the desired size and color. Since those days, Children's Clothing has passed through many strange stages and it is only recently that once again Stone Age simplicity in dress has reappeared. Until the last century, children were dressed exactly like their parents.

The discovery of weaving, and the loom gradually raised the child out of his simple, comfortable garments and during the eighteenth century set him down, buttoned, starched and laced in an almost immovable state. It was not much wonder that during this period, a child, who had fallen down, when asked whether or not he had hurt himself, answered in a style quite similar to his clothes, "Thank you, madam, but the agony has now abated." During this century, dress became very stiff and formal. The children wore the lace and satin of their parents, their hair dressed in a grown-up manner and lightly powdered. This was the age of petticoats and periwigs. Hoops were very large and sleeves reached the elbow, then ended in ruffles and lace. The boys wore doublets, breeches and rosetted slippers. The great change in children's dress came about 1770 when boys began to wear trousers and felt more free to run and play. Girls were still rather bunchily dressed in hoops and skirts but dresses were getting shorter and plumed hats were being replaced by "mob-caps."

Dress went through an unhappy period in the nineteenth century. Children looked foolish and felt uncomfortable. Now again we find the starched petticoats and pantalettes, the tunic suit, and clastic boots of the Victorian Era. Children's clothes were once again taking a turn for the worse. Boys had to wear horrible little derby hats and girls were suffering under large straw ones strewn with flowers and bows. Skirts were fuller, bodices tighter and leg-of-mutton sleeves were flourishing. Small boys wore long curls, Freedom of movement and exposure to sun and air were not considered essential for a Victorian child.

By the end of this century, the whalebone reared its ugly head and "little ladies" floated across rooms looking like small yachts gliding into harbor. Some of the boys at this time were wearing plaid gingham blouses, trousers ending below the knee, striped stockings, and to complete this horrifying scene, a large straw sailor hat perched on the back of the little master's head. Ah, 'tis no wonder the babes of today dance and play joyfully in their scant, comfortable clothing, for just see what their poor little ancestors had to endure. Stone Age simplicity and comfort has really come "into its own" once again in this century. But what next? Time will tell.

# **Backstage**

by Sylvia Gelwasser

AT THE ACTUAL performance everything runs smoothly. The music played seems so effortless and pleasant. The musicians smile while the audience applauds vigorously. The entire situation is quite delightful. Ah, but here are some of the backstage riggings that you as an audience seldom see.

The recital starts as an embryonic project, of course. It has a charm and a magic appeal that nothing else can match. Very few can resist the allure of public performance, so the brain child takes a step forward to the road of actuality.

First, people have to be enticed into performing. At this point you always meet up with those sweet souls who find it so difficult to make up their minds. They say "yes," then "no," then "yes" — and the night before the recital, the prospect acquires the jitters. But that doesn't upset the apple cart because the "no" is expected. The other musicians just do a little bit more.

After the performers are engaged comes the actual program building. The selections have to be well planned just as a delectable meal should be. There are the "right proportions" of Bach, Beethoven and Gershwin just as every meal should contain enough carbohydrates, fats and proteins. Finally, the program must be timed because an overdose can be as harmful as too many calories.

And here comes the fun. Pianos must be tuned, piano stools discovered, programs arranged for, piano movers employed, lemons found for the singers. The situation is comparable to the sitting on the wooden horses that goes up and down while the carousel goes round and round.

Lest I forget, with each concert there spring up a few indispensable people. They mimeograph the programs, draw the publicity posters, turn the pages, and lend a sympathetic ear to the nervous mutterings of the performers. They are responsible for the finishing touches that can make a recital so very enjoyable.

Each time after the shouting is over, a few vows are made never again to become involved in a similar affair, but the vows are seldom kept. Another magic spell is cast, the golden promises glitter more brightly than ever before, and another concert prances merrily along the road to actuality.

## To Set You At Ease

by Joseph Hillyard

Editor's Note — The Student Christian Association of our college sent as their representatives, David Shepherd and Joseph Hillyard, to the S. C. A. conference in Washington, D. C. They visited several Government departments.

YES, THEY are at work down there; I know because I saw them. Both sides of the question are looked into and little alleys of information are thoroughly explored to see if any more possible light can be thrown on the issue. To be more specific I am speaking of the functions of the departments of our Federal Government.

If you have not seen Congress in action, then you must. The whole floor is a strange confusion of newspaper readers, groups in a corner waving their cigars while talking, the chairman rapping for order while the most insignificant figure of all — apparently, is the speaker on the floor trying to defend his point or to blast his opponents.

Later we found (from Miss Florence Kirlin, League of Women Voters) that despite appearances, the business accomplished by Congress is much more efficient

than we might think.

The Senate Foreign Affairs Committee was holding a hearing on the Lease-Lend Bill (1776) when our group took their places in the audience. Major Albert Williams, a former World War I ace, testified against the bill. He said that our planes were needed for training pilots and for defense. Major Williams stated that it was possible that planes are branded as obsolete and, that statement used as an excuse to send the planes to Britain. Mr. Williams made a fine speech but he had few facts with which to substantiate his assertions.

At the headquarters of the United States Housing Authority, Miles Frisbie, assistant to the director, showed our group a film, "Housing In Our Time." Most of us are familiar with the evils of poor housing; of the disease, crime, and general low standards of living that accompany such conditions.

Looking at the other side of the picture we find that after the USHA has completed a housing project that fewer police and fire departments are needed because they receive fewer or no calls at all. Schools that formerly had to close because of epidemics have now only one or two cases of contagious diseases in a year and often these can be traced to areas that have not been improved.

Strangely enough, some families (an extremely low percentage) find that they cannot adjust themselves to the new environment and move back to old familiar surroundings.

Congressman Voorhis of California (who spoke at

our banquet) and other Government officials, impressed on us as young Americans that we first of all must know the facts, use intelligent imagination, and then act.

## Radio Operators—WBAL

by Marguerite Vidalis

ALTHOUGH there are six specialized groups of radio engineers employed by the great networks, individual radio stations employ only two, the control operators and the transmitter engineers. WBAL has a staff of ten operators but with the advent of the new studios the number will be increased.

The men with whom the public is most familiar are the studio control operators. Each morning before the broadcast day commences, they check each piece of equipment to forestall possible failure. During the day others repair much of the studio equipment, prepare studio set-ups for broadcast, monitor the programs and join the network, according to schedule, after a local program.

WBAL's transmitter engineers man the powerful transmitter located in Reisterstown. They check highvoltage equipment each hour, make a frequency run of the lines that connect the studios with the transmitter station and keep an official log of all the programs transmitted during each of their periods of duty. Most of them were formerly from the ranks of ship and commercial radio telegraphers and have traveled extensively. Some grew up with WBAL and have been acclaimed pioneers of Baltimore broadcasting. All have ben educated in Baltimore or Baltimore County Schools. Because they must correct operating mistakes and fade powerful entries with lightning precision, their hearing is keenly developed, their nerves are like iron, they think and act faster and are more dependable in emergencies than the average person. Characteristically, they become so steeped in radio they can't leave it alone. Their days off are spent beside their own radio transmitter with which they communicate with other "addicts" in all the four corners of the earth.

#### ANSWERS TO MAGAZINE QUIZ

- 1. The Grade Teacher.
- The Saturday Evening Post.
- 3. Readers' Digest.
- 4. Theatre Arts.
- 5. Audubon Magazine.
- 6. Day-book.
- 7. Life.
- 8. Illustrated London News.
- 9. Etude.
- National Geographic Magazine.

# CAMPUS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CREATIONS

## Ghost!

The wind is a ghost, At night it howls. Around and around The house it prowls.

It shakes the windows And rattles the door. I wish it wouldn't Come here any more.

Alice Hopkins Grade 3

### The Wind

It was very, very gray One cloudy March day When up in the sky A witch rode by She hurried along And whistled a song: Who-o-o-o!

Johnny McDonald

## The Mountain Top

Up the mountain side I climb The clouds get thick, I smell the pine.

And when I get to the very top I see blue streams
That never stop.

I wish that I could always stay So near the sky The whole spring day. Patricia Bruehl, Grade 3

## Spring

Up in the blue, blue sky so high The fleecy clouds go floating by; The birds are sitting in the tree Singing merrily as can be.

Glenora Delahay, Grade 3

## Questions

What makes the logs move? The water. What makes the water move? The wind. What makes the wind move? I wonder. Sometime when I'm big I'll

find out.

Carl Dudley, Grade 3

The following reports were written on the board by Miss Owens as the children told them to the class. (Second Grade.)

## The Squirre

A squirrel lives near our house. In winter he lives in a hole in a tree. I think a woodpecker made the hole. All summer long the squirrel hid acorns and nuts in the hole. In winter he eats the acorns and nuts. The squirrel stores food for winter in the hole where he lives.

George Neumeister

## The Rabbit

I saw a little white rabbit running through the grass. He hopped and hopped right out of sight. The rabbit's hole is in the ground. He lived in it all winter. I found his hole in the ground. I saw his pink eyes and his little nose. He was white all over.

Jocelyn Newell

Miss Owens worked with the class on the following poems. She recorded each line on the board, and improvements were made by the class through suggestions.

#### Funny

Bears are funny — They don't care for money, But when they smell honey They run like a bunny. Aren't they funny?

Second Grade

#### Workers

Beavers are workers
So they say.
They work from early morning
'Til late in the day.
Of course they have
Some time for play.
I have never seen a real one.
I hope to some day.

Second Grade

#### Soap

Soap is a dreadful thing sometimes. You often wonder why the refugees in England want it so badly.

For one thing, it's much easier and quicker to slosh some cold water on your face and hands than to wash them with detested soap! Think of emergencies. If I were in the army and suddenly I heard a bugle, would I wash my face with soap? I should say not!

Soap is slippery, too. If you step in the bathtub and step on the soap, you know what will happen. You'll fall in with a splash. Oh, they'd be sorry if you came face to face with a serious accident, and all because of soap!

I collect soap rabbits and soap models, and I guess it's for the simple reason that if I collect them I won't have to use them. I have three little soap angels, but I don't see why the person who made them thinks soap is so angelic that he has to make angels out of it.

I'll tell about an experience I often have:

I leave the soap in the water and forget to let out the water. That's a good way to exterminate soap. Here is a warning. If you want an easy life, hurriedly overlook soap, or you might come to grief.

Alice Nelson, Grade 6

## Out of a Senior's Mind

by Rosemarie Callahan

TO ME the cessation of that howling wind around the north corner of the Ad. building always spells "Spring."

Have you realized that the relationship between seniors and under classmen is at its most ideal on Demonstration Night? . . . The versatility of the Junior Class still amazes me, . . .

I always recall with great delight my high school teacher who gave us required "extra credit."

Breathes there a senior with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "I won't crack a book now that student teaching is over!" . . . One of those things that make student teachers grow old before their time lies in wondering which child-lead to take. . . . Oh, well, I'm told that I shall meet some very perplexing things in life, anyway. . . .

I never will understand what makes the summer pass so quickly. It's surely not because we're busy.

We realize that we're seniors when we have the urge to pat these restless little freshmen on the head.... Tar and feathers for street-car conductors and their "Identification cards, please."

I love my thoughts on the faculty during one of those sedative Monday lectures.

Did you ever have that creepy feeling about handing in an examination paper? There's something so final about it.... And, horrors, that weak-kneed nausca when getting it back!

What's that terrific swoop in the hall? Oh, just the between-class rush for the mail.

I am amazed at the number of us who do not know how to think.... Do you remember "The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down?".... What a long time ago!

## What Is Humor?

by Betty Steuart

ACCORDING to publications of Winston and Webster, humor is defined as mental capacity for perceiving or expressing absurdities, Parallel with humor is wit, defined as a flashing perception that darts swiftly and unexpectedly among ideas, situations, or expressions, finding amusing incongruities, contrasts, or comical aspects which were not foreseen. To me, wit, when used properly, is delightful humor, However, I find much disagreement on when to act amused and when to remain passive. Among those who are considered humorous, are "barkers" (you might justly call them that) who try vainly to attract attention by making lond, boisterous noises; then, of course, there are those meek souls who act as perfect audiences; add to these the "roughneck" who thoroughly enjoys greeting you with a loud thump on the back, and likes nothing better than to see you choke and lose your equilibrium. Probably the most pitiful of all is the egotistical individual who tries so hard to be funny while he alone appreciates his jokes. There are always a few "inconsiderates" who delight in obtaining a laugh at someone else's expense. Then I must not forget to mention those "mentally deranged individuals" who contribute so much to our classroom periods. Winston and Webster are charitable in their judgment and call them "punsters" (this applies to certain senior men students, in particular). You are probably thinking: well, what kind of humor do I enjoy? My answer could easily be summed up in a couple of selections taken from Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane, Especially good is this description of Ichabod, a part of which reads: "His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield." Moreover, I enjoy this description of Ichabod's dancing: "not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person."

The above selections appeal to me through their simplicity and clever, subtle use of words. Such humor hurts no one, mentally or physically and usually draws a natural laugh.

## The City

by Beatrice Conley

DO YOU really know your city? Are you acquainted with its faults and its virtues?

For several weeks the Baltimore Museum of Art has had as its current theme "The City." This exhibition is a very fine and striking effort to make the people of Baltimore self-conscious about their city and to move them from passive indifference to active interest.

As you approach the Museum from the front, you at once notice the bronze statue of The Thinker. Chin resting on cupped hand, he seriously maintains a vigil over a small group of modernistic sky-scrapers grouped

about his feet on the platform.

Once inside the door, you begin a sight-seeing trip through a miniature of the seventh largest city in the United States — Baltimore. As you traverse the winding corridors, you encounter very large, real-life pictures of conditions in this city. Social problems, such as poor working conditions and slums, confront you. One of the centers of mutual interest for everyone is a huge map of Baltimore suspended high in the room. By a series of push buttons and different colored bulbs, you can light up the districts of the city where traffic is congested or living conditions are inadequate. This map brings home to you in an unforgettable and surprising manner, localities where conditions must be bettered. After these problems are presented in still-life form, a sound moving-picture of day-by-day life in Baltimore is shown. What could be more impressive than pictures of the streets we know, the buildings with which we are familiar?

Another highlight of the tour is the question printed in large letters, "Who Is Responsible?" You then walk Jown a small cornidor, open a door, and come face to face with yourself. The mirror answers the question —

you are responsible!

To be left with faults and problems without a way to cure them would be a cruel thing, so the exhibit doesn't stop here, but goes on to the solution — city planning. One whole room is devoted to a miniature model city. Here is a superb city, laid out by careful, thoughtful planning. It is a lovely city with many green parks and spots of natural beauty. Streets are wide and orderly. Lawns and back yards are spacious. Buildings are works of art. The business section is isolated from the resilential, and traffic faults are corrected. This is the City of 1951.

You leave the model city and come back to reality! Facing you is a bird's-eye view of downtown Baltimore, nyriads of buildings and streets, a confusion of eight

hundred thousand beings. But you are leaving the Museum behind you! You pass The Thinker, but now you are also thinking. This city condition is not to be taken lightly. It is a thing to ponder over and one which requires action.

Such is the exhibit. There was untold work entailed in its creation. It has made you think and is therefore worthwhile. You determine to "do something" for Baltimore. Therefore, a salute to its creators!

## **A Praying Mantis Story**

by T. KATENKAMP

DURING A nature walk at this time of year one often notices a structure resembling a mass of hardened fat clinging to a dry blade of grass. It is a light brown wrinkled cylinder, at the top, but rounded at the bottom. Most people pass it by without a thought, not knowing the secret it holds: it is the nest of the praying mantis, the cruel cannibal of the insect world. This abode is made of a foamlike material which hardens as it dries. Inside are the eggs so placed that the head of the young mantis will face the entrance as he leaves the nest in spring.

The first time I found a mantis' nest I thought it was a chrysalis. I therefore placed it in a jar, expecting to trap a butterfly. I was disappointed. No butterfly appeared, but a small "fuzz-like" material appeared at the bottom of the jar. I was about to throw the specimen away when I noticed that the "fuzz" was a mass of little mantises. Although they were dead, their black eyes still shone brightly.

I have never seen the little mantises hatch, but when I open the translation of Fabre's "Souvenirs Entymologies" I can read what the great naturalist has written about them. The mantis wears a covering when it comes from the nest to protect its long front legs and delicate antennae. The skin covering keeps these flattened against the body and thus "streamlines" the mantis as it goes through the winding paths inside the nest. The eggs hatch together and it is not long after the first one appears that the surface of the nest is covered with them. When they reach the outside, they burst their skin covering, and in so doing, their long thorax, threadlike antennae and murderous forelegs are made free. Those that escape the ants, which are waiting near every nest, or the lizard, will become full grown ogres of the insect world, but one of man's numerous insect friends.

For many years this nest has been regarded with superstition. In Provence, home of the great insect student, Fabre, it is cut in two and the juice used as a remedy for chilblains. The Provincials also used it under the name "tingo" as a cure for toothaches.

## Ho Hum and So to Bed!

by Marjorie Coulson

ONE, TWO, three, four, what a day! Started off with a bang - ten minutes late for my first class. Will I ever learn to get up the second time I'm called instead of the third? 7, 8, 9, 10, wish I could sleep now the way I do in the mornings, 13, 14, 15, I should have read the next chapter in education instead of listening to Bob Hope. Not as entertaining, perhaps, but maybe I would have understood the lesson a little better. 21, 22, 23, funny, isn't it - the way things happen? Just last week I saw that little blue book on the library shelf. Just knew I should have taken it down and looked at the author's name. 43, 44, 45, some day Mr. Walther is going to ask for that report on Karl Marx and I'm going to have to think fast. What if the chapter is a long one? It won't be any shorter next week. 67, 68, 69, that yearbook meeting was something. We really need 68 different yearbooks so that everyone will be satisfied. It will be a good yearbook . . . lots of pictures and fun. 70, 71, 72, wonder who's talking in assembly on Monday? I'm glad we don't have an assembly every day the way we used to. I can use those 30 minutes to less advantage now. 84, 85, 86, the sophomores had star study tonight. I hope they didn't freeze to death. Wonder if I could find Draco or even the Big Dipper if I had to? Doubt it. 92, 93, wonder how some people remember things? Must be great to know all the answers. 100, 101, 102 (wish one of my sheep would trip over the top rail the way they do in cartoons). 103, 104, how can I finish those term papers before Friday - especially since I haven't started? Oh, well, everyone else is in the same boat. Tomorrow's another day. 106, 107, 108. . . .

> "Our father slipped upon the ice Because he couldn't stand He saw the glorious stars and stripes; We saw our father land."

"A maiden at college named Breeze, Weighted down with B.A.'s and M.D.'s, Collapsed from the strain. Said her doctor, 'Tis plain You are killing yourself by degrees."

By The Price Tag

Auto Salesman: It runs so smoothly you can't feel it; so quietly you can't hear it; has such perfect ignition you can't smell it; and for speed - you can't see it.

Englishman: My word! How do you know the bally

thing is there?

Prof.: Decline "love," Miss Jones. Miss Jones: Decline love, Professor? Not me!

What they might have said:

David-The bigger they are the harder they fall. Helen of Troy-So this is Paris. Nero-Keep the home fires burning. Samson-I'm strong for you, kid.

Noah-It floats.

Methuselah-The first hundred years are the hardest.

Do you hear the ocean moaning Ever moaning sad and low? 'Tis because that fat old bather Stepped upon its under-tow!

"A plain face may be redeemed by a pretty nose," says a writer. But that's just the place where the average girl doesn't want to shine.

Traffic Cop: Use your noddle, lady! Use your noddle! Lady. My goodness, where is the noddle? I've pushed and pulled everything on the car.

Soph: Why the hurry?

Fresh: I just bought a textbook, and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out.

As a rule, the genuine antique is uncomfortable. A comfortable piece of furniture wears out in its own time.

Ah. Me

I think that I shall never see A billboard lovely as a tree; Perhaps, unless the billboard falls, I'll never see a tree at all,

"Maggie, tell Mrs. Brown I am not at home. Robert has just told me a deliberate falsehood about a pie and I must punish him severely."

An Indian in the northern part of Michigan returned for the third time to buy half a dozen bottles of cough

Druggist: Some one sick at your house?

Indian: No sick.

Druggist. Then what on earth all this cough syrup for? Indian: Mm - we likeum on pancakes.

Teacher: What do we call a man who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested? Johnny: A teacher.—The Christian Observer.

26

Professor: And what do you know about the Latin syntax?

Freshman: Gee, did they have to pay for their fun,

Visitor (to butler, who is showing him through the picture gallery): That's a fine portrait. Is it an old master?

Butler: No, that's the old missus.

\* \* \*

An Englishman was visiting George Washington's home at Mt. Vernon. Glancing at the hedge, he remarked, "Ah, I see George got his hedge from dear old England."

"You bet your life he did," blurted out his American companion. "He got this whole country from dear old

England."

"What was George Washington noted for?"

"His memory."

"What makes you think his memory was so great?"

"They erected a monument to it."

Teacher: Give me a sentence with the world "eclipse"

Johnny: When my brother sees a funny joke in the paper eclipse it out.—American Boy.

In preaching a farewell semmon a pastor is reported to have said: "I am leaving this church for five reasons: (1) I have ceased to love you, for you are a bunch of hypocrites; (2) you don't love me or you would pay my salary with something besides moldy vegetables; (3) you don't love one another or I would get more wedding fees; (4- the Lord Himself does not love you or He would take more of you to Heaven and see that I got some funeral fees; (5) I have accepted a call to be chaplain at a penitentiary and my text this morning is, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"—Advance.

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you."

"That's my experience," agreed the pessimist. "Last February I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back in August."

Miss Weyforth: Give me a sentence with the word "impotent."

Student: The child is being punished for being so impotent.

Mairlun—n. The territory surrounding the District of Columbia, e.g. We live in Mairlun.

Balmer-n. A city in Mairlun. e.g., S. T. C. is near Balmer.

Lectricity—n. The inside of a light bulb when it is on. e.g. Lectricity is a necessity.

Wurl—n. That section of the universe about which we know the least. e.g. The wurl is very large.

Widder—n. A woman who, having lost her husband and not yet found another, is still unmarried. e.g. Widders are very fascinating.

Subjex—n. Those who are under the governing power of another, as of teachers and monarchs, e.g. The king has many subjex but no predicates.

Produx—n. That which is produced. e.g., Kittens are the produx of cats.

Mebbe—ad. Uncertain, e.g., Mebbe yeah and mebbe no.

Woosh—v. To have a longing for. cf., The lucky part of the chicken is the woosh-bone.

Serious—n. An orderly arrangement of things, one after another. e.g., The Cincinnati Reds (?) won the World's Serious.

Ketch—v. To capture. e.g., I just saw the mouse ketch the cat.

Vahlet—n. A blue or purple flower that grows in the spring. e.g., Roses are red, vahlets are blue.

Since this year is the seventy-fifth anniversary of S. T. C., the humor department is presenting to you some of the humor and wit of the earlier days of the TOWER LIGHT and the Oriole.

In the good old days the undertaker buried a man's tonsils and appendix with the rest of him.

Our idea of a high hat is the man who eats salted almonds at a football game.—Tower Light, Nov., 1931.

Ash: What will the modern coed be twenty years from now?

Tray: Oh, about three years older.

Miss Weyforth (to boys who have been singing with heads down): Now, boys, look this way and see if you can't sing when you have your faces lifted.—Tower Light, May, 1931.

"When Spinelli saw the enemy coming, he turned and ran, I call that cowardice."

"But I don't understand. Spinelli told me he remembered the earth is round and he intended to run around and attack the enemy from the rear."—Tower Light, October, 1931.

## ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 19) to the indoor archery set-up. There were three targets set up, and K. Gardner and A. Mercer tried their skill at 30, 40, and 50 yards. Although our girls were arching against competitors who arch all winter, they put up a good try. Western Maryland and Notre Dame had high individual archers; Notre Dame came out ahead in the finals.

Thence to bowling — and imagine, if you dare there were two bowling alleys! H. Townshend and M. Wells stood true to form and did well, helping our college gain recognition as second place.

Hurry! Swimming begins! There was the most beautiful swimming pool. Our girls did not participate but Western Maryland and Goucher took their places beside Notre Dame. It was fun to watch the 40-yard crawl, 40yard backstroke, 40-yard breaststroke, a relay and diving.

The encouragement from Miss Daniels and Miss Roach, as we performed, helped to make us feel more competent. They were as excited as the rest of us from State Teachers College.

We would like to return the invitation by having the same colleges participate in activities on our May Day. Why couldn't we have an inter-college play day on the morning of May 10?

#### WHAT TOMORROW?

by Harry M. London

We are embarking on a rather strennous spring program, A rather successful badminton tournament has been completed. Someday soon, somebody is going to pick an athlete of the year, for mention.

Somebody has got to write about this, for the three items constitute a fine beginning for a sports column.

By the time this sees print, the Loyola College game will have been played, and the baseballers are looking forward to a happy season with a stronger schedule than has been played in recent years. The sad news about it all, though, is the absence henceforth from the varsity play of Whitey Lauenstein and Lou Cox, erstwhile battery here, and James Cernik, who could send the ball a country mile on a flat line. Whitey and Lou are no mean clouters, as you probably have noticed in the Alumni game of April 4.

The turnout has been rather sketchy. There is, of course, no line-up — even tentative, as we write this. Wearing the pads may be Johnny Shock (who gets his name in every sports column in the Tower Light).

Jack Hart, shunted from third to home-plate like a steal, and Dave Schneider, sophomore tosser. The flingers will be selected on a per diem basis from among Howard Stottlemeyer, who once played tennis; Samuel Klopper, Dave Hess, Frank Dorn, and myself (by permission).

These fellows will see action in the infield sooner or later: Q. D. Thompson, Bob Lytle, Hart, Itzy Schkloven, Hess, Johnny Horst, Dorn, Herold, and perhaps a few others. Of those mentioned so far, Klopper, Q. D., Hart, Horst, and Herold have been around two years, while the rest are sophomores, except Shock who is four times removed from freshman.

In the outfield you are liable to see Hart again (he gets around), Ned Logan, Harry Stull and Fishpaugh, and James Cheatham: four freshmen and a junior.

No. It doesn't shape up as the best team ever seen around here, but as James Cheatham himself once said at assembly, "watch me grow."

Under the direction of Dick Coleman, the new policy of intramurals has been advanced another step in the right direction by dint of the men's recent badminton tourney, the winner of which I hesitate to predict. The policy, restated, is to introduce the game (especially such social-recreational games as bowling, badminton, tennis, etc.) in the regular gym classes, and let the freworks follow after school. By these terms, badminton was a logical choice since everybody (?) can play it any time in the year. At this writing Stottle heads the srs, and similar ratings are coming in for each year-class. An ambitious spring intramural program is being lined up in the same manner: for track (individuals and classes) and tennis (class ratings). And perhaps archery and horseshoes, etc., etc.

Creston Herold is the Student Director of Intramurals, one of the Varsity Club's many far-seeing projects.

Kenneth Miller's lob 'em and slam 'em lads are getting their tennis season under way. Only one of last year's six is missing, he being Sol Snyder, now happily engaged in teaching. Baseball is robbing them of Stottle, but don't let 'em kid you, "Tye saw it done before."

Still living are Jimmy O'Connor, Bob Cox, Shearman Bremer, and Stottle. No lines are available. Go to it!

Perhaps the brightest of the spring varsities is Track, because the plans are being laid not for one or two years, but for more. Cox is the only vet, which doesn't sound so good; Eddie Wiener, Jerry Kolker, Charlie Guertrler are all gone. There are some pleasant legs among the freshmen boyst). Witness Julius-the-Just Rosenbaum,

L. D. Cornthwaite, O. B. Spellman, Paul Harris, and Theodore Katenkamp.

The Great Penn Relays are on tap, and this time there is going to be a good showing, saith the prophet.

This and the other from The Halls of Pleasure-

Coach thinks it worthwhile (and so do we) to award proper acknowledgment to several of the fellows who have been honored abroad . . . Shock in soccer is all-East, tantamount to All-American . . . Robert Cox got himself mentioned for all-State by Taylor of The Sun, and performed for Coach's All-Star team in the Coliseum (Baltimore) for British Relief, in a giant show . . . Who is going to be the King of Sport? . . . The Varsity Club is set to pick somebody soon, and he's got to have everything: to wit — (1) scholarship, (2) sportsmanship, and (3) of all things! athletic ability . . . This Month's Guest Star (apologies, Eddie Brietz): J. Edgar Hoover, No. 1 G-Man: "Due to needs for self-discipline and cooperation in athletics, an extremely low number of athletes are found among criminals."

Postscript: I think by next month Chipman will be back. (Benevolence dispatch No. 1.)

### ANIMAL CRACKERS

by Ann K. Neumeister

Cows are creatures With remarkable features Their only teeth Are underneath.

A kangaroo Has long legs two Its offspring cute Go down its chute.

With mud and dirt The pig is girt But when he's peeled Choice pork he'll yield. The eyeless mole Lives in a hole In raising bulges He oft indulges.

The waddling duck Can walk on muck Because his feet Have toes that meet.

The ring-tailed skunk Has lots of spunk Its defensive sprinkle Makes noses wrinkle.

## "MEAT ON THE TABLE"

By Edgar A. Guest

I sing this glorious land of ours, Its motor cars and shows, Its little gardens, gay with flowers, Its phones and radios. Here your ambitious boy may be Our President if he's able. But what spells U.S.A. to me Is "meat upon the table!"

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#### (Continued from Page 17)

#### THE GLEE CLUB

by RUTH MALESON

The Glee Club is now practicing songs for May Day, Convocation on Alumni Day, Baccalaureate Service, Commencement, and a broadcast. For these events, the club is working on new music. One piece is "Roll Chariot," arranged by Noble Cain; it has the lilting, syncopated rhythm of Negro spirituals, The other is "Spring Song" by Edward Grieg, a harmonious arrangement of the piece which seems to contain the essence of spring. The Jeanie Group is singing a more serious composition, "Lamb of God," by Bizet, a lovely, smooth and minor-keyed piece. The exercises at the college should be quite beautiful this year with such a variety of excellent music on the programs.

## MARRIAGES

Phyllis Cohen, formerly of Class of '43, to Irvin Milner, Sunday, March 30, 1941.

Clara Lewis, formerly of Class of '41, to Carl Michel, November 18, 1940.

# FINAL ELECTION RETURNS FOR OFFICERS OF THE INCOMING CLASSES

INCOMING SENIOR CLASS:

President Iona Claytor	Secretary	. Mary	Rochlitz
Vice-President Frances Shores	Treasurer	John	Chilcoat
Student Council Representative		Ruth N	Ialeson
Day Social Chairman	Flore	nce Abi	amson
Resident Social Chairman		Betty	Carroll
INCOMING JUNIOR CLASS:			
President Gordon Shules	Secretary	Rose N	Iiddlecoff
Vice-President Betty White	Treasurer.	Mortor	Krieger

# Student Council Representative Kenneth Martin Day Social Chairman Jean Wright Resident Social Chairman Mary Jane Burdette INCOMING SOPHOMORE CLASS: President Richard Coleman Treasurer Virgina Kimball Vice President Paul Harris Secretary Anna Pruse

Vice-President Paul Harris	Secretary	Anna	Pruess
Student Council Representative	J	ohn McCa	uley
Day Social Chairman		Beverly R	ouse
Resident Social Chairman	Mile	red McCa	uley
STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTION	ONS:		

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS:
President
Day Vice-President William Jett
Resident Vice-President Alice Crane
Secretary Margaret Zilmor
Treasurer Creston Herold

ATHLETIC	ASSOC	IATION	OFFICERS:	
Chairman.				Dorothy Shinham
Secretary-T	reasurer.			Virginia Blocher

# HAT

by Peggy Gunnells

Ah! Spring! Convertibles! Skunks (two kinds) and LOVE!! so usual and trite, but Goodo. In the words of the famous poet? (a little help, Mr. Miller).

Oh, to be at S. T. C.

Now that April's here.

To the scientifically minded: The lover's star has now appeared above the horizon. Well, what are you waiting for? Oh, you can't find the right one. Sure you can; there's a sucker born every minute. By the way, that reminds me of a very interesting article in last month's Tower Light. It seems one of our fellow students has forgotten there are two sides to every question. A girl waits hopefully, anticipating that blind date. It arrives, that elf-like creature with waist size 44. Then there's the chicken farmer that says, "Gol durn, ver purty." So, dear Romeos, don't be too hard on the fairer ones. They have their troubles, too.

## Flashes From Here And There

Seen at the Second Dorm Dance: How did you and June enjoy the dance, George - both numbers of it? (Those you didn't dance.)

Among those present, two ex-students, Nizer and

Russell, seemed to be enjoying themselves.

I wonder why the North Wing of the dining hall was so popular — could it have been the glaring (moon) lights?

Seen in the fover:

Romeo Shules they call him - he dances with a different Juliet every day, but orchids to a special junior. Another junior girl presented him with red roses because he was in the final election. Quite a flowery life.

Was I seeing things - no - I looked twice? Hess and Lytle giving Barbara Titus the rush. Was that Ed. Fishel I saw dancing with Dottie Kapp - that is, until a cerain classmate came?

Dorothy E. Jones (the freshman Jones) and her reshman are slowly progressing.

After playing the field, Miller has settled down to lancing with Shirley.

Who makes that last-minute dash from the foyer to lasses? You're right — Mary Jane and Dick. Time just eems to fly by.

Extras:

Retraction of item in last month's issue - Elaine's neart is in New Jersey. Who could be coming from Virginia to take a junior girl to "Twelfth Night"?

Wedding bells - even artists get married. Worse uck for us. Notice the other writer this time. It all consects up with the male element of the column.

APRIL - 1941

## ARE YOU IN CAHOOTS WITH THE EASTER BUNNY?

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## Don't You Agree?

MINDELLE KANN

WE HAVE been hearing from various sources adverse criticism of our student body. If a few of the bare necessities of college life could be provided, we feel certain that our college would be a far better place for our having lived in it. Appropriately we turn to the "mouthpiece" of the college for consideration of:

- Stronger and firmer feet for the female Transit patrons
- 2. Swivel chairs for the Tower Light editors.
- A name for the old chipmunk. (Editor's Note: Mr. Crook calls it Butch — or would you prefer to name it Ferdy?)
- 4. Chocolate almoud ice cream.
- Shelves under the lunch tables for knitting bags also chairs for them.\*
- 6. Individual autoplanes for junior excursions.
- Debates between the Gal-up Poll and spirited sophomores.
- 8. Easy chairs in the book shop for social chats and the new dope fiends.
- 9. Men who appreciate women.

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- Muscles fully equipped.
- 12. More spirited spirit.
- 13. Male partners for "The Ten Pretty Girls" routine.
- 14. Lemon in the coca-cola machine.
- Dr. West to solve the technical difficulties of dorm radio installation.
- 16. Chocolate almond ice cream.
- 17. A bridge table for the smoking room.

Stranger: I represent a society for the prevention of profanity. I want to take profanity out of your life and—M. S. T. C. Senior: Drop around when I'VE finished my student teaching.

Englishman: Waita!

Waiter: Yes, suh.

Englishman: What's this you just served?

Waiter: It's bean soup.

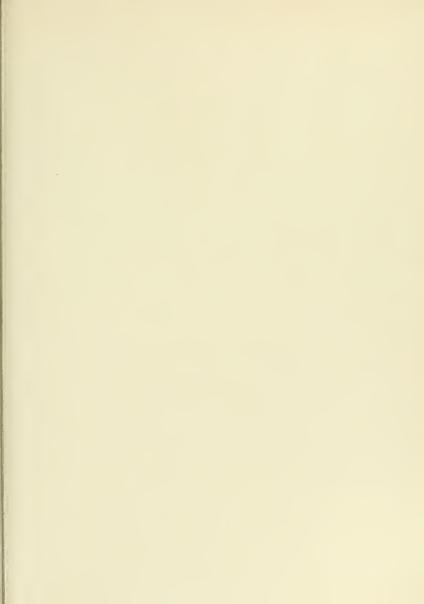
Englishman: I don't care what it's been. What is it now? — Our Times,

COMPLIMENTS OF --

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> COMMISSIONERS OF BALTIMORE COUNTY

<sup>\*</sup> This is subtle.





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# Cower Light

May • 1941



"YOU SAVVY QUICK, SOLDIER!"



D AD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre with palm.

"You savey quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but not a soldier's 'smokin's."

Right! Taday, and far more than 20 years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favarite. And in Navy canteens, tao, Camel is the leader.

Just seems that Camels click with more people than any other cigarette – whether they're wearing O.D., blues, or civvies. You'll savy, too –and quick – with your first puff of a slower-burning Camel with its extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, why it's the "front-line" cigarette – past, present, and future!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND

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## WER LIGHT

VOLUME XIV

MAY ISSUE

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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly-October through June-by students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Md.

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by Marguerite Wilson

What tells cold winter's glum retreat? What scene unto my heart is sweet?

The scudding clouds in sullen puffs, A rampant March wind whirling by, The snow-splotched earth in ragged coat, A barren branch against the sky. And then the pat of gentle rain, A lark, a robin, soaring high. The breath of April, sweet and warm, A budding branch against the sky.

The miracle of spring again, Of daffodils in golden hue, And May, the month of life regained, A flowering branch against the blue. FOR A FEW short weeks each year the world has the privilege of witnessing aniracle — the miracle of spring. It comes suddenly. Then, just as suddenly it is gone and summer has taken its place. If we could but capture and hold a small part of those weeks, what a treasure we should have — a richness not measured by dollars and cents but by color and beauty and happiness — a richness not of concrete things but of the spirit.

Have you ever stood, on a golden morning, and gloried in the brightness and color of spring? After the darkness of winter each tiny soft green leaf is a ray of light. From the distance each stand of trees, no longer bare skeletons, becomes a sea of

misty greens as the leaves unfold, bringing new life and hope to something seemingly dead. As the fruit trees, the dogwood, and the Judas trees burst into bloom, the stretches of greens are broken by white, pink, and purple-red. Suddenly, on a warm, lazy day large green buds become golden jonquils or pastel hyacinths or tulips. A riot of rainbow colors sweeps the earth and winter is gone. Spring has arrived.

Che Miracle of Spring

by Marjorie Coulson

With the coming of spring comes a new outlook toward life. Some of the warmth of the sun that has caused the new plant life to appear, seems to enter human beings and give them a different feeling, a different appearance — the dull and dreary winter-life disappears into the past. People walk in the park. They go to ball games. They work in their gardens. They buy new clothes. They get "spring-fever." They sit in the sun and think. To be short, they take time to be human, to live, to enjoy their world.

At least, if their world is the United States, people are free to enjoy it. In other lands, this spring, some are not so fortunate. They are faced with tanks, airplanes,

bombs, and marching feet instead of flowers and budding trees. They are afraid to walk in the park. They are afraid to sit in the sun. They are afraid to think,

May we, then, realize our privileges more than ever this spring. May we capture a small part of our present happiness, then share it with other less fortunate people. May we, during this short miracle, sit in the sun and think. May we continue to enjoy our freedom.

# May Day at S. T. C.

by Dorothy Jones

ERHAPS you take May Day for granted and think that it has always been a part of our college. A little research revealed that we did not start celebrating May Day until 1919. How was May Day celebrated? Very simply indeed when compared to the celebration we now have.

Sometime during the first week in May the student body would meet on the campus and there participate in games just as we do on Play Day. During the program of events the Junior Class President would place a wreath of flowers around the neck of the Senior Class President. The queen would then lead the rest of the student body to the site of the feature event of the day. This simple method of selecting and "crowning" the queen was effective until 1925, the year a man was elected President of the Senior Class, thus making it necessary to devise some method of choosing a queen. The Baltimore City students joined us that year and this marked the most elaborate May Day celebration the college has ever seen.

The school became a proud and stately eastle, the dormitories, halls of powerful barons, and the campus, spacious parks and meadows. The north campus was the village green and there everyone from king to beggar celebrated the birth of spring. The "everyone from king to beggar" included students of the college, the children in the kindergarten of the practice school. Several hundred costumes were made and over a thousand students trained to take some part in the gala affair.

Heralds announced the commencement of the celebration. Jesters, Marshals, Pages, and Town Criers followed by the Master and Mistress of the Green, came to prepare for the celebration. The Villagers followed, some on foot, and some riding, because they had come from afar. Then came Queen Elizabeth and her Lords and Ladies, followed by Robin Hood, Little John, Allan A'dale, Will Sutley, Friar Tuck, Outlaws, Sword Dancers, and a band of Brave Lords who had already acquitted themselves with valor.

Above the laughter and merriment, joyous music

sounded and Maid Marion and her attendants approached to grace the scene. Everyone knew Maid Marion was to be crowned Queen of the May. The Morris Dancers and the Singers performed before the Queen. The Villagers brought the May Pole and then followed the most important dance of all - the May Pole Dance. The Milk Maids, the Millers, and the Chimney Sweeps sang songs that "had never been sung before." The Strolling Players, the Revellers, the Tumblers, Jugglers, Members of Guilds and Beggars all in turn favored the queen with their performances. Venders were ever ready with wares to satisfy the "needs" of young and old. Gypsies telling fortunes, Knights jousting, and Wrestlers proving their skill added to the show that climaxed with the heroic slaving of the wicked dragon by St. George.

Since 1925 each May Day has been a repetition of parts of that grand affair. Much of it is now simplified to such an extent that we hardly recognize its significance. Several of the customs have been adopted and used as a part of the Old English Christmas Dinner Celebration

As the years passed more emphasis has been placed or the crowning of the queen. The whole celebration centers around her. A Herald and Town Crier announce the queen's approach, Small children from the Campus School scatter flowers in her path. An attendant bears the crown the queen is to wear, ten lovely ladies of her court accompany her to the throne and there she is formally crowned by the king who sits beside her on the flower decked throne. Dances by the Campus School children and dances and stunts by the college students are performed for the queen's pleasure. The May Pole Dance is still an important part of the celebration. The S. C. A. provides refreshments and the Glee Club and orchestra do their part to make our May Dav a merry

Don't you think it would be worth while to bring back the "spirit of '25" before we lose the real significance of May Day?

# Easter--a Spiritual Rearmament

by Virginia Strauss

ASTER — a word that has come to mean a joyous season celebrated by Christians all over the world! Sorrow, sin, and death are supplanted by the glory of resurrection and new life. Through time, although famine, pestilence, and war have intervened, the true meaning has never been lost.

Formerly, Easter was celebrated on the Jewish Passover. As far back as 325 A D, the Council of Nicaea fixed Easter as the first Sunday after the full moon which appears on or next after March 21. Strangely enough the time-honored custom of using eggs at this time of the year was developed centuries ago when they were used in the churches as symbols of resurrection.

The church plays a significant part in the celebration of this holy season. However small yours or my share was in participating in these events, a feeling of new life has resulted. In my own church services held during the day were especially appropriate.

The sunrise service was one of exaltation and rejoic-

ing. The rising sun, filtering brightly through the stained glass windows on the flower-banked altar, seemed to repeat the "Christ is risen" sung by the choir. At mid-morning, children from the entire Sunday school filled the church, anxiously awaiting the completion of the cross of flowers. Before them a drab, ugly wire cross was being transformed into a thing of beauty as flowers each had brought, helped to cover it. Later in the day, sick members of the church would receive the flowers and try to visualize the part that each had had in recreating a beautiful memory of Him who gave His life to save others. The confirmation children kneeling at the altar-rail taking their first communion during the adult service added to the feeling that something new and holy and glorified was taking place.

Perhaps with much distress in their hearts many Christians were reborn on this holy Easter Day, His followers will march on through eternity. Let us not forget that He is not dead but is living still.

## **Defense Under Way:**

## FACTS AS TOLD BY LEADERS IN THE DEFENSE PROGRAM

by James G. Jett

S THE railroad lines run in and out of Chicago so the lines of government run in and out of Washington. American government, in these urbulent days, is preparing to make a fight for its very ife, and Washington, the center of American governent, hums (louder than any of the scattered defense ndustries) with the business activity of this preparation.

There are many aspects to the defense program in mercia. Foremost is the idea of giving aid to Britain. This idea materialized with the passage of the Lease-end Bill. In order to give aid, though, production on a arge scale was necessary. For this reason the Office of roduction Management was created, with Mr. Knuden, former president of General Motors, appointed as ts head. Sidney Hillman was made assistant to Knudsen nd also put in charge of the Labor Division of the O. M. It was in this capacity that about seventy-five colege students (from various colleges in the United lates), under the auspices of the Institute of Government, had the privilege of hearing Mr. Hillman speak in the work of the O. P. M.

With a Lithuanian accent, Mr. Hillman spoke chiefly of the accomplishments of the Labor Division. A Labor Olicy Advisory Committee had been selected from repesentatives of the A. F. of L., the C. I. O. and the Railroad Brotherhoods. The purpose of this committee is to improve employer-employer relations and to mainain peace in the ranks of labor. It also attempts to seture cooperation of the workers in defense industries.

The Labor Division has been faced with the problem of acquiring enough skilled and specifically trained works to turn out materials which will aid Britain. To oversome this, surveys of available labor supply have been aken. Relief rolls all over the country were checked. Returns came pouring in. But still not enough skilled nen were found, Training schools have, as a consequence, been established, where men are being trained a specific required skills for defense industries.

With the stepping-up of industries throughout the ountry another problem arose for the National Deense Council. Workers coming into various territories p work in defense industries had to be housed. Charles almer was accordingly appointed Housing Coordinar of the National Defense Council. Mr. Palmer spoke to us on the activities of his division. Stable and suitable

living quarters are constructed in defense industry areas. A prefabricated material is used which enables the houses to be constructed in an amazingly brief period of time. A motion picture showed the construction of one such house. During the construction a timekeeper kept time, and it was pointed out that the house was put together in less than one-half hour. Where the workers come without their families, or are unmarried, comfortable barracks are built and serve as living quarters for the men.

The work of other equally important divisions such as the Consumers Interests Division, headed by Harriet Elliot, and the Price Stabilization Division, whose chief is Leon Henderson, will be discussed in later articles in the next issue of the TOWER LIGHT.

The force of totalitarianism is tugging hard on the life-line of democracy. The American Democratic Government is strengthening its lines, and the process can be seen in the activities of man all over the nation. Our Government had to be remodeled, but it is still democratic. It is indeed fortunate for anyone who can be in Washington to watch democracy, though on a balance, still acting, and acting sincerely, courageously for its existence.

## College Editors Say-\*

#### LESS PATRIOTISM!

Today in this nation there is no dearth of deep feeling for democracy and patriotism. Today in Germany the watchwords are National Socialism and Patriotism. Today in Italy Fascism and patriotism predominate. And so on throughout the world. And over all is a pallor of war and misery. Why?

Back in the dim past love was expended on human beings, not on sections of God's earth marked off by invisible boundaries drawn by blood and tears. Why? Our answer (and what's yours?) is to be found in that concept known as patriotism. Within its proper bounds it may be totally innocuous. But it would seem as though

<sup>\*</sup> Articles taken from the April, 1941, issue of the Intercollegian.

some foible of the human race prohibits a sane view toward patriotism. It is patriotism which builds mountains from molehills; it is patriotism which causes wars. And since we should like to be rid of wars, why not rid ourselves of patriotism? — The Tulane Hullabaloo.

#### MORE PATRIOTISM!

We have heard statesmen and pacifists tell us not to be misled by the playing of patriotic songs and waving of flags. But why not? Why be hypocritical? Why not believe to the fullest extent in democracy in the United States? Why not stand reverently when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, and when "Old Glory" waves before us? That may be the clue to what is wrong with this country now. We do not believe enough.

We're thinking that the majority of Americans need a good dose of propaganda. . . . We might well send out a prayer for some miracle to wake us up and to give a faith before Hitler sets foot in the Independence Hall.

—The Plainsman (Alabama Polytechnic Institute.)

### NO TIME FOR SILENCE

As the nation grows tense under a national defense campaign, we naturally consult our teachers. We find that last year's pacifist is either this year's interventionist or is being subjected to attacks and threats that would have appeared fantastic a few years ago. Almost overnight, what was a popular intellectual cause has become an unpopular one. The men from whom we learned non-intervention are not saying much. They probably remember what happened to their kind in the last war, or perhaps feel that a teacher should not take a stand on current controversial issues.

This is no time to deny one's intellectual heritage! This is a time to preserve our rights, not to vitiate them by silence. — Case Tech (Case School of Applied Science).

#### WE ARE CYNICAL

This, the younger generation, has been accused of being cynical, immoral and soft. We did not live through the last war. We only heard. But American youth gave generously then. They fought — and died — to save democracy.

Where are the teachers who taught us the meaning of peace? The ministers who helped us pray for peace? The men who promised us peace? Today they say we are not quite capable of defending America. They see an America huddled behind the British fleet, cowering under the wings of the Royal Air Force.

But the spirit of American youth is different. We love our country dearly. We will die for it if necessary. But we want no part of Europe's war. Hope is eternal in youth. We cherish those fundamental principles of our way of life — freedom of speech, freedom of prayer, and freedom to pursue happiness as best we can, and make some improvements and leave a better America for our children. That is our heritage.

Franklin Roosevelt has promised the young men of this nation they will not fight in Europe. We have also heard about a promise to the boys who went before. "They shall not die in vain." We are cynical enough to believe in peace. — University of Washington Daily.

#### EBB TIDE

No one would dispute that at this moment international law has reached a low ebb. So low has it fallen in even academic esteem that an Ohio university recently dropped its study as being, under present conditions, "a farce."

If the hope of the future for an ordered world of law and decency is to be obliterated even in the halls of learning, where it originated, the hope for such a world is slim indeed. Yet no other kind of world can conceivably be worth the price that is now being paid. — Columbia Missourian.

#### OUR FATHER

by Louise Gettier

We are taught to say "Our Father." He to us has given light. It is He who guides us onward. He alone can teach us right.

If at first He seems far from you; Go to Him and pray that you See Him, hear Him, love Him always Just as He has taught you to.

Love Him as you would your father — Only magnify this love.
He is God of love and mercy.
He is our Celestial Dove.

# **Home Thoughts From Tripping**

by NANCY METZGER

E WERE the beneficiaries of the 1941 Institute of Government, we were the victims of the 1941 Institute of Government, we lived in hope, we lived in despair, we were clothed in uncertainty, we thrilled at stepping on the heels of Security, we lost ourselves in the next-door neighbor, we found ourselves self-centered, we were seasoned with belief, we were soured with skepticism, we were full of local color, we were inquisitive of national color — in short, the week was so full that we had no time to think, until we were leaving, of the acquaintances we were making and leaving within one week!

Somehow we were sent to Washington because only seniors were eligible. Of the seventy-five students from forty-five different colleges (several students were juniors) practically all were "political science majors." We were "education majors." We were two of six from Maryland. (Goucher and Loyola were represented.) Other "Instituters" were from the states of California, Washington, Texas, Georgia, New Hampshire and final-

ly from the state of Bewilderment.

Those who had traveled the greatest distances lived most in Bewilderment. Besides meeting the twenty-four scheduled engagements, twenty-three of which were held in different places and parts of the city, they attempted to see the Promised Land in one short week. You would know them when you saw them — snatching time to write a postal card in a park, leaning on the files of the deceased criminals during the tour of the F. B. I., or asking a question that someone else had asked during the course of the discussion. Yet, is not such zeal to be respected?

We had, perhaps, the warmest possible week in April for the Institute. How were we to look or feel fresh when we were traveling from 8:30 A. M. to 6:00 or 11:00 P. M.? One little girl from Sweet Briar managed to sneak or skip back to her hotel frequently. Her crisp appearance was the envy of everyone and brought open complaint from one of the men of the group. Several of the males sought compensation in an afternoon swim at the Y. M. C. A. Can you see this picture? Kant Findrefeef sat by the window in a parlor at the Chilean Embassy. A slight breeze blew through the heavy brocaded drapes. Kant gathered the curtain into the crook of his arm and held it there during the whole meeting. Comfort meant so much.

Consider this anti-climax, Mr. Mario Rodriguez, First Secretary of the Chilean Embassy, finished his discussion of the work of an embassy; we gathered our possessions in preparation for leaving. Simultaneously, Miss Mitchell, the daughter of the ambassador, appeared at one door and the butler opened the sliding doors to the adjoining dining room. Who couldn't welcome the sight of a lovely table full of food at 5:30 P. M.? There were sandwiches, potato chips, cookies, mints and punch. The butler, when asked, told several of the men that the punch contained, besides the fruit juice and fresh pineapple, whiskey, Chilean champagne, and ginger ale. Miss Mitchell appeared to be thoroughly American with the added graciousness of a Chilean hostess. She did not go to college. She said she was too lazy. Yet she and Mr. Rodriguez invited us to the Chilean summer school for Americans. Chile has a larger number of students in American schools than does any other South American country.

The Embassy was lovely and somewhat seasoned with age. Two especially beautiful furnishings were a huge white bear skin in the reception room and a blue and white urn in a window in the stairway. In the second floor parlor we were served Brazilian coffee in "the real Brazilian manner." Later in the lobby, I noticed several boxes of a brand of coffee packed in New York. Am I simply a skeptic? Or do we drink all our coffee in "the real Brazilian manner?"

Speech followed speech; day followed day. The week ended with a dinner and review of the activities of the Institute. It was almost unanimously voted that the tour of the White House was the least interesting and least profitable of all the week's events.

We were the beneficiaries of the 1941 Institute of Government; we were the victims of the 1941 Institute of Government. We saw Washington in the onset of the "duration," the critical period. Few people see the government in the speed and emergency of defense. We were limited to questions from which we could expect answers, and we were limited in our reporting what we heard "off the record." Yet the Institute presented a rare opportunity for us to see with unusual freedom our Government function in an international crisis.

## What Makes Us Free?

by Esta Bablan

"For what avail, the plow or sail, Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

HAT, indeed? A question easily, though unhappily, answered by a glimpse of the conquered countries of war-torn Europe. And by a mere glance and even only slight consideration comes the realization that national defense — defense of our nation — the United States of America — is the vital issue of the day.

An intelligent people admit that education is a prime factor in social life. Education is also a prime factor in this program of national defense. From the very beginning of our national existence, education was deemed indispensable to popular government. Horace Mann crystallized the idea when he insisted "It is necessary to turn to universal education as the best insurance against mobocracy, confiscatory legislation, threats to judicial supremacy, and the spoils system." Public education, it has been repeatedly and justly argued, can and does develop good citizens, calms public distempers and makes the success of democracy (today, the survival of democracy) possible.

We hear much of John O. Public, the American man who, under our system of government is EVERY man, for "all men are created free and equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights." John O. Public, or every man, then, is the government; must be not be educated so that the government he constitutes be valid? Must not his viewpoint, his opinions, his attitudes be unbiased, open, and just? Must be not adhere to the spirit of the United States - be willing to respect, and, if need be, fight for liberty, independence and justice? With a changing order of social and economic affairs, with the intense mechanization, American people are confronted by social conditions foreign to their earlier experiences. How then, since tradition is not the answer, is America to retain an equilibrium of ideals, of its citizenry, of its life - its democracy?

Largely by education, which operates almost completely within the frame of social needs; education, which must not lie within an old out-moded system of social life, but which flexibly meets changing demands.

social life, but which flexibly meets changing demands.

Thomas Jefferson once outlined the functions of education as:

- (1) "To give to every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his business;
  - (2) "To enable him to calculate for himself, and to

express and preserve his ideas, his contracts and accounts in writing;

- (3) "To improve, by reading, his morals and faculties;
- (4) "To understand his duties to his neighbors and country, and to discharge with competence the functions confided to him by either;
- (5) "To know his rights; to exercise with order and justice those he retains; to choose with discretion the fiduciary of those he delegates; and to evaluate their conduct with diligence, with candor and judgment;

(6) "And in general, to observe with intelligence and faithfulness all the social relations under which he shall be placed."

A few of these seem old-fashioned and too arbitrary but essentially they are sound, and, more important, they are the outgrowth of Jefferson's favorite motto: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." To know the truth — the truth about all facts of human relationship — should be the goal of all men. And to make this goal possible should be the aim of all concerned in the task of education.

Today the functions of government touch all phases of life and economy - agriculture, finance, employment, morals, security, old-age pensions, insurance, etc. These contacts and inter-relationships must be at all times clearly understood and unresentfully maintained. Education is the key to cooperation. Education must make us feel that we have a share, a part to play, a task to perform in national progress. Schools must concern themselves with knowledge and loyalties. They must let boys and girls know from personal experience, rather than merely from the statements of their elders, that democracy is worth having and worth working for. Education for democracy must especially cultivate habits of sympathy, cooperation, and good will; of service and sacrifice for a common good; of joy and pride in good workmanship.

The program of education is never completed — it grows with the growth of humanity, its source is life not merely books and laws; education embraces knowledge, training and aspiration. Nothing should halt the progress of education. The lamps of learning were kindled long ago. They have burned in caves and log cabins as well as in great buildings erected by wealth and

power. It is an essential phase of national defense that schools, colleges, and universities spread and enlarge and reach more and more people.

John Adams remarked once: "Education is more indispensable and must be more general under a free government than any other. In a monarchy the few who are likely to govern must have some education, the common people must be kept in ignorance; in an aristoeracy, the nobles should be educated, but here it is even more necessary that the common people should be ignorant; but in a free government knowledge must be general, and ought to be universal." Throughout our history the nation has struggled to preserve its liberties and a way of life that offers the greatest freedom to its citizens. Today, in a world of chaos and disorder, this struggle is readily apparent to all and must be the concern of all. But much of the solution of how to keep the American way of life safe and inviolate lies with educators, "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." That is the way. Knowledge is the road to freedom. An enlightened, wise, free people must and shall preserve the earth, having been sustained by truth.

## What Would a Nazi Victory Mean to America?

A Review by Marjorie Coulson

F THE many questions in the minds of Americans today one stands out in bold type: "What would a Nazi victory mean to America?" Some people claim that only evil would result; others state that we would be greatly benefited. Taking this question as his title Edward Mead Earle proposes an answer in the April issue of the Ladies' Home Journal."

Since the days of Washington, the United States has by choice followed a policy of isolation. Now, for the first time in its history, the United States is faced with a coalition of powers: Germany, Italy, and Japan, seek to make isolation a condition forced upon this free nation. To carry out their plan, these nations are determined according to Earle to "control the sources of supply of such vital raw materials as rubber and tin, to destroy our markets by cut-throat competition, and by other methods to creet a Chinese Wall around our forty-eight states."

Not only will the United States be forced to follow an isolationist policy if the Axis powers win, but it will also be forced to play a defensive role in world affairs. As long as Britain, with our aid, can keep her army and navy functioning, America will have the initiative. But what if Britain is defeated? The United States will have to maintain alone and unaided a two-ocean navy and a large, well-equipped standing army. Even then we would british victory would threaten United States safety. Since 1815 Britain and the Americas have followed a cooperative policy of defense. Today, since the lease of naval and air bases in British ruled lands, the knot of cooperation has been tightened. Should Britain fall and

the balance of world power shift so that Germany holds the reins, what kind of neighbors would we have?

If we are held to England by common political ideals, we are held just as strongly by common interests, common language, and common cultural heritage. We in the United States are accustomed to a "way of life." We believe that the individual has certain fundamental liberties and inalienable rights. For these the makers of our nation fought. Against these rights today the totalitarian nations are directing a mighty war machine, hoping to banish free thinking citizens and to establish a citizen who exists only for his state's betterment. Would we be willing to live in such a nation? Would we be willing to have our first-graders taught to hate, to march, to carry a gun? Would we be willing to deny the principles of Christianity and accept Mein Kampf? Would we be willing to surrender our constitutional rights of free speech and press, or our voting power? Would we be willing to live our lives according to the dictates of another human being? These are the new ideas that would face us in the "New Order" of the Axis powers.

What, then, are we to do to prevent such a situation? Mr. Earle's answer, though drastic, is positive. We shall not remain neutral, for "neutrality is the epitaph written on the tombstones of Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Belgium." We shall not work for a "negotiated peace" for Hitler said, "I am willing to sign anything. I am prepared . . . to make non-aggression pacts and friendly alliances with anybody. . . . It will never

<sup>\*</sup> Edward Mead Earle — "What Would a Nazi Victory Mean to America?"—Ladies' Home Journal: April, 1941, pp. 16-17.

prevent me from doing at any time what I regard as necessary for Germany's interests." Instead, we shall "use our economic power, our diplomatic services, our moral influence and, if necessary, our naval and military forces to assure the defeat of Germany." Face the situation now and put an end to it. Why face danger without end? Take to heart, Earle concludes, the words of Monroe: "If there be a people on earth whose more especial duty it is to be at all times prepared to defend the rights with which they are blessed, and to surpass all others in sustaining the necessary burthens, and in submitting to sacrifices to make such preparations, it is undoubtedly the people of these states."

# **Britain's Twenty Hospitals**

by M. J. Burdette

BRITAIN NOW has twenty valiant hospitals, bravely struggling to remain open, in spite of bombing and air raids. These institutions are under the British Ministry of Health's Emergency Hospital Service Scheme and, in addition to everyday work, they are scheduled to care for a certain number of war casualties. They all exist by voluntary contributions, and are depending largely on Bundles for Britain for help. The wealthy go to nursing homes and the less prosperous and really poor are treated in hospitals and pay only what they can afford. As the income from patients amounts to from two-fifths to one-third of the actual cost of attendance, these hospitals find it necessary to rely on subscriptions from volunteers.

It seems that the donors have put forth much effort to continue contributing, but the disruptions and financial upsets of the war have naturally slowed up these activities.

This situation is very unfortunate, as these hospitals are in the front line war zone of London. They have undergone fires and raids. In addition to being warzone stations, they are stations for equipment for smaller branches outside the danger area, and some of them are teaching hospitals.

The effect of the war raids on children in hospitals and on orphans is quite touching. In the case of one bombing which occurred at 11:50 P. M., the occupants of a British hospital realized that the Children's Hospital across the road had been hit. The doctors rushed over immediately, followed by nurses, clad in night clothes, and in a short time they convoyed the bombed youngsters to the warmth and safety of the main hospital. The procession went on, with flares and shells lighting the way, until every child was safe.

The Queen's Hospital for Children located at Hackney Road has served for more than seventy years a large number of children from north and east London. Since the war, one of the outstanding duties of this hospital has been looking after the health of children in shelters. Through its excellent service, fears of epidemics in shelters have been dispelled, for sick persons are sent immediately to the hospital. Some of the largest shelters in London are in its service area. It is another institution working, despite all Hitler has done, to safeguard the health of the next generation and to relieve the sufferings of the present. All the financial aid which can be given is needed, since voluntary donations have decreased, money-raising projects are out of the question, and there is a debt to be paid.

The work of the Royal National Orthopedic Hospital at 234 Gt. Portland St., W1 should not be interfered with by any man's war! The cures and aids which have been executed there are miraculous! The war work, however, has ceased functioning for one big phase of the work; namely, the vocational school, in which young boys who could not be completely cured were trained in certain trades and occupations. The government needed the accommodation of this hostel, so the school has to be discontinued. But the merciful work still goes on! Although, since the war, the Orthopedic Hospital has functioned in various ways - treating many military and other service patients, caring for aged blind women, etc. - its primary obligation is to crippled children. In serious cases, the patients are sent to the country branch, but for others, daily treatment at the hospital is required and all that Bundles for Britain can do is to bring a little happiness, warmth, and sunlight into the lives of these little unfortunates.

10 TOWER LIGHT

# **Education and National Defense**

by DAVID L. SHEPHERD

A lecture given by Dr. John Studebaker, Director of the U. S. Office of Education, to a group of young people under the sponsorship of the National Y. W. C. A., the Citizenship Conference.

EARLY everything — industry and institu-tions — and everyone — laborers and socialites - have reflected the desire to do something for National Defense. The whole nation is turning its attention toward this urgent and national issue. What part, then, does education play in this vast program of National Defense? Dr. Studebaker states his answer to this question by an emphatic, "Education had a great part to play!" Education, as was stated at the conference, is helping and will help to defend our country, not only against the material mechanics of warfare, but also with the warfare of knowledge, mentalities, and emotions among the peoples of opposing factions. In order to insure a triumph for our country, in this respect, the United States Office of Education hopes to set up, in collaboration with the State systems, the following educational opportunities for the American public:

1. There will be provided more and enlarged vocational and engineering schools so as to furnish skilled workers for the making of arms and munitions. Great caution which is being exercised in the vocational schools is to have these schools teach their pupils a skill which can be used both in war and peace. This is because the purpose of the trade schools is to safeguard our national future.

2. The officials of the office of education are working on the principle that during a war period there is a need for more trained nurses to care for both the civilians and the soldiers. The United States Government, in advocating nursing as a profession, is arranging for more nursing centers and schools.

3. Elementary schools are to be built in dense areas where there is an influx of people. These newly built schools will be for the purpose of relieving the local schools in the defense areas. Of what use the new schools will be after the war period is still a moot question. One suggestion is that after the war crisis, the schools built by the United States Government, could serve as community centers and probably, in a few cases, take the place of the local schools.

4. The national officials state that there should be more adult education arranged by the state educational systems. Every week, it was suggested, open forums, led by nonpartisan and learned leaders, should be held in the public schools. The purpose of the forums will be to give the American public an insight into the internal and foreign policies of our government; and a clearer understanding and interpretation of foreign governments and politics; a chance for the discussion of civic and local problems; an opportunity for the appreciation of cultural subjects. Individuals of the American public must be urged to express themselves. The spreading of knowledge and general enlightenment of the people, the building up of loyalty to the United States and morale in the people by giving them the pro and con of all vital subjects in the world today, and the bringing of the government closer to the people are the expected outcomes for adult education at this time. In such a world crisis as we are experiencing, it is most pertinent that we teach the people to think in order that we may have a stable society.

5. It is suggested by the United States Department of Education that the elementary (intermediate grades) and secondary schools clarify for the children our objectives for defense. In a schedule for social studies which is proposed by the Federal Government, it is deemed desirable that the teacher spend three days each week on the social sciences in preparing an adequate background of material for the children to better interpret world issues of today. The remaining two days are to be given to discussions of controversial current problems. Children must be given a chance to wrestle with national problems in school in order that they may, in later life, think more justly, wisely, and deeply. The theme of all education for defense is to teach people to interpret current issues with an unwavering fairness and intelligence. The people must be taught to think for themselves. A thinking public is a stable and a calm one in time of emergencies and crises.

# Student Visits on the New York Trip

by Dorothy Kapp

ON FRIDAY, April fourth, students and faculty members attended and in some way contributed to the conferences of the student section. These were divided into nine different panels covering most of the subjects pertinent to a teachers college. Below are typical procedures as well as the results obtained.

Panel 1—Why Student Cooperative Associations in Professional Schools for Teachers?

Definition: A student cooperative association is an organization for attaining certain goals for a well-rounded college life.

Purposes: 1. To foster a spirit of cooperation among all groups.

To regulate or supervise extra curricular activities.

To provide opportunities for participation in a democratically controlled program.

Aims: 1. To develop qualities of leadership.

To develop ability to follow.
 To develop social poise and intelli-

gence.

4. To develop good citizens.

In answer to the question "Why Student Cooperative Associations in Professional Schools for Teachers?" the following points were presented:

- By working in such an organization one has an opportunity to better understand others — students and faculty.
- While taking part in such an association one has opportunities to make decisions of some importance.
- 3. Experience is provided in selecting able leaders.
- 4. Children should have experience in democratic procedures. Prospective teachers should have opportunities to take part in a democratically controlled program in order that they may become competent in helping children organize programs of a democratic nature.
- 5. One is provided with opportunities to play and carry out certain ideas of a concrete nature.
- In working in such a group one has the benefit of being a necessary member of a functional group.

One member of the panel summarized the points presented in the discussion as follows:

Student cooperative associations are necessary in professional schools for teachers because they

- 1. Provide experience in a democratic procedure.
- Provide opportunities to assume and share responsibilities.
- 3. Provide opportunities for the planning and executing of ideas.
- 4. Develop social and cultural standards.
- 5. Provide opportunities for student-faculty cooperation.

Panel 2 — What should be the essential characteristics of the organization of student cooperative associations?

- A. What is the justification for a student cooperative association?
  - 1. Gives practice in running a democracy.
    - 2. Brings better understanding and cooperation between faculty and students.
    - Prepares for instillation of democratic ideas by prospective teachers.
  - Helps people to make choices and stick by them.
  - them.

    5. Helps students see the problems of the faculty.
  - 6. Provides opportunity for leadership.
  - B. What should be the technical aspects or structural organization of these associations?
    - The organization differs in the different colleges.
    - 2. Certain things should be basic.
      - a. Democratic elections.
      - b. Operation in certain defined fields.
      - Close contact with the entire student body.
      - d. Faculty participation.
      - e. Cooperation with the administration.
  - C. What should be the essentials of a democratic selection?
    - 1. Adequate period of contact before elections.
    - Student body must understand the duties of the various officers.
    - The majority rather than the minority should be the deciding factor.

- D. What are the areas that should come under the jurisdiction of the student cooperative associations?
  - 1. The areas are dependent upon
    - a. The flexibility of the constitution.
    - Faculty and student understanding.
- The following should be handled by the associations:
  - a. "Initiations" of new students.
  - b. Money.
  - c. Extra-curricular activities. (This has the widest scope.)
    - (1) Clubs.
    - (2) Socials.
  - d. Some problems should be taken up by both the faculty and students.
- E. What about faculty participation?
  - The faculty should cooperate with the assotiation in all matters directly or indirectly concerning them.
  - The faculty should offer guidance on various problems.
  - Faculty and students should work toward the goal of a better democracy.
- F. How can the general student body be educated to become worthy members of a student cooperative association?
  - 1. Personal prejudice, jealousy, and waste of time must be abandoned.
  - 2. Vital issues must be discussed.
  - 3. Students should come in contact with each other very often.
- G. What are suitable forms of penalties to be inflicted for breaking rules or regulations? (This concerns the dormitory chiefly.)

## BRONXVILLE SCHOOL

by S. Davis

Located in one of the better suburbs of New York, the Bronxville School has the advantages of both public and private schools. Although the school is supported by public funds, the small classes, the flexible schedule, and the well-prepared faculty are typical of a progressive private school.

The informal atmosphere of the school and the emphasis on science, physical education, and the arts are aimed to further the objectives desired: to satisfy the children's needs and interests, to develop physical well being, and to encourage creative expression.

#### HORACE MANN SCHOOL NOTES

by Jule Wright

The dull drab stone structure of Horace Mann School

changed, or seemed to change, into a very lively school building as its doors opened. The art room, domestic science room, and manual training room were wonderful. Each child seemed to have his own equipment from paint brushes, cake tins, and nails, to oil paints, stoves, and jig saws! All around the rooms were samples of children's work. One could hardly believe that such work could be of children's creation.

More amazing were the children six and eight years old, typing their English stories. On the door of this room and also on many other classroom doors were such schedules as: radio utilization, assembly, recess, writing, and swimming.

It must be realized, though, that a large tuition fee has to be paid in order that the children may attend this school on the Columbia University grounds.

# Our Part as an Institution

by CHARLES GROSS

MANY ARE the people of this institution, even to this day, who believe that "Bundles for Britain" are things which one reads about in the paper or sees explained in some movie "short." Actually you don't have to search for facts on this relatively novel contribution nor do you have to wait for a showing of the same in the town movie house. Here, beneath the tower clock in our own college, the Red Cross is carrying on a lively program six days of every week.

Do you remember that the room next to the men's shower room was once given over to Miss Keys' health classes? Do you also recall having eaten lunch in that same room when it was transformed into an eating place? At the present time and for some weeks past you may have noticed that large red cross hanging on a door of that very same room. If so, you have located the place from which bundles of a very special nature are sent out daily. Local workers have had this space given to them in which to prepare bandages and dressings of all sorts. The products of each day's labor are sent to the Union Memorial Hospital to be sterilized and from there are sent abroad to help alleviate those conditions which are universally recognized as stumbling blocks in the path of civilization, as being a perfect antithesis of "peace on earth;" conditions which "check mid-vein the life blood of the human race."

For further details don't turn to your daily paper, but rather speak to one of the Red Cross workers in our own building.

## For the 75th Anniversary

by Leon L. Lerner

A house of learning seated on a hill Cannot be hidden. It will be there still, After long years, alive on the living hill.

Therefore we have rooted on the heights Starkly in the wind, in the light, in the night, These healthy walls, conspicuous and clean, This temple on a hill, cut into space, Sanctuary of thoughts and words and things. This home, this structure dedicated to children; Directed to little hands, to moving legs, To wondering eyes, to happy little people. To little people — pilots setting the course Of their tomorrows by the precious plan Of their todays. A teacher is a prophet. Give her the human stuff and time to mold. Some future headlines hang on her small piece of chalk,

Her pen point is an artist's instrument Cutting and shaping, rounding the figure out. Into the hungry pot of youthful minds Go words and sounds and scenes and images Hour by hour, day after day, after day, Omnivorous sucking in of consciousness, Persistently the eating, bit by bit, Of stock heaped in the storeroom of humanity. Choose carefully, carefully, handle the sensitive

Of thinking-tissue with understanding fingers.
Consider, behind the madman of today,
Behind the saint of ancient yesterday,
Behind the gentle wise-man of tomorrow,
A teacher stands, pointing the way!
Pointing down the vast road to vicious lightning
Or rainbows, to sun on the blinking grass,
Or blood on the ground, or peace on the giant sea.

A house of learning scated on a hill Cannot be hidden. It will be there still, After long years, alive on the living hill.

## Of Small Importance-Perhaps

by Norma Kirckhoff

THE MANY little things in daily, routine living — observations made to while away a long street car ride — tiems that serve to catch a passing interest, arouse the curiosity, cause a smile of amusement or a quickening of the heartbeat in sympathy — just little unimportant things compared to war news — and probably of small significance to those unfortunates who have no imagination . . . .

Two small boys using a large billboard as a base from which to carry on subversive activities with snowballs: the way a bus driver-young but unsusceptible-blandly ignored the "Hollywood Material" lasses who yelled and banged on the door of the crowded bus: a huge pile of packages mysteriously moving down the street human legs barely visible underneath: the miraclesounding advertisement in the window of an old house near the gaver part of Gav Street - "Madame Baker's Hair Tonic, Will Grow Any Kind of Hair" . . . : the false-front shirt paraded by a sophisticated sophomore who has apparently forgotten the way we are prone to connect a person's character with the clothes he wears: a voung, harassed mother, vainly trying to suppress her two hoodlum children who were busily demonstrating - for the benefit of the street car riders - the Gentle Art of Hair Pulling: a sign on York Road bearing the legend, "Apartment to Let. See Seth Duff" . . . there must be a story behind that name: the smooth, apparently effortless way in which a modern young lady succeeded in getting her name and telephone number across to a good-looking stranger on the street ear: the old-fashioned, now useless, iron horse-hitching post still standing in front of the Club Earle, near Patterson Park — a striking reminder of How Times Change: the jealous, villainous robin that broke in on the birds' house in our vard and tore it to pieces - Nature's Small Scale Blitzkrieg!

Just little things observed here and there. Unimportant probably — except that they reveal, to those who are interested, the "human" part of humanity.

## Contentment

HEALTH, enough to make work a pleasure. WEALTH, enough to support your needs. STRENGTH, enough to overcome difficulties. GRACE, enough to acknowledge shortcomings. PATIENCE, enough to accomplish some good.

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CHARITY, enough to see some good. LOVE, enough to be helpful. FAITH, enough to make God real. HOPE, enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

Goethe.

## A Letter From Edinburgh

MRS. ALLEN'S son, Tommy, attended the Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington in 1937. Her son has kept up a correspondence with his friends here. At present he is with the Royal Scouts in the Signal Corps on the Dover Straits. His mother has taken up the correspondence and this is her last letter received the latter part of March. All letters from Scotland are censored. Dear Mrs. Calder:

Just in case my last letter to you went down, thought I'd drop you another few lines to let you know that up to the time of writing, we are still safe and well. I had a letter from Tommy this morning, and they were moving to new positions to take up Coastal Defense. I felt relieved that there was no word of him being sent out East. I have just been writing to a friend whose son was posted missing yesterday. He was in the Royal Air Force and only a few days ago, I heard that he had brought his third enemy plane down, and was perfectly thrilled about it. I remarked that I wouldn't be surprised if he brought a decoration to the Scouts yet. He was one of the three Edinburgh boys who was at the American Jamboree but now Tommy is the only one left. I know he'll be terribly vexed to hear of his bal's death.

I'm sure in America you must be feeling very worcouragement to know that America is so whole-heartedly
with us in our struggle. We hear plenty about Hitler's
going to strike before your help can reach us. We are
continually warned to expect invasion any day, but Hitler must have an idea of just how successful he'll be.
Undoubtedly he'll not spare us with his bombs. We
don't expect it, but what he gives, he'll more than get
back with interest. The people here are standing up
wonderfully to the blitz. I have a friend in Swansea
where they were bombed on three successive nights.

Nearly every house in her row was ablaze, but they all worked like mad throughout the night with stirrup pumps and got the fires put out. She was one of the lucky ones, her windows were all blown out and her roof pretty well damaged, but as she said - they were not exactly homeless, even if, when they did go to bed, they found themselves looking up to the heavens. It even had its touch of humor, as her next door neighbour, a young French wife, working like fury with the pump kept continually repeating, "My God, if I live to see morning, I'll go to Mass." It was a case of "when the devil is sick." I wonder what trouble Japan will cause. If all the troublesome nations were as easily disposed of as the Italians, the war wouldn't be long in coming to an end. I hope Malcolm will never get beyond the R. O. T. C. It's strange how keen the lads all get on their training. I suppose it's just their youthful enthusiasm. But it gives you a sore heart to see them in uniform. I sincerely hope that America will keep out of the war as far as actual fighting is concerned.

The planes are very busy overhead tonight, but possibly they're all our own. We've been having very peaceful nights, but of course the weather has been dreadful. It has been the severest winter on record for forty-five years, continual snow, week after week, but it has all disappeared at last, and the gardens look ready for planting. I've been loath to part with the flower beds, but my husband keeps telling me that roses won't be of much use to us. Of course, rationing is getting more and more severe. However, we're going to win with the help of our friends and not forgetting the help of their prayers. So here's to happier days. Our warmest regards to vou all.

Yours sincerely,

JEAN ALLAN.

# Building Loyalties in a Democracy

by Harry Bard (Supervisor of Secondary School History)

AT THE February 22 meeting of the National Council for the Social Studies, a department of the N. E. A., Dr. William G. Carr, Executive Secretary of the Educational Policies Commission, said that there are three necessary ingredients involved in the building of loyalties in a democracy:

1. Understanding. He who truly knows the history of

- our country will have faith in the democratic struggle.
- Intelligent Practice. To understand is not enough we would be disturbed if the swimming instructor taught the theory to students but never permitted them to swim. American students must live and work democratically as well as study the theory of our government.
- Strong Motivation. In this critical period we must be more uncompromising about our loyalties to the democratic way.

Note: This article was taken from the March-April 1941 issue of the Baltimore Bulletin of Education.

## **Professional Growth and Defense**

by John Lund

(Senior Specialist in the Education of School Administrators)

Reviewed by Ruth Durner

HE policies recently enumerated by the Educational Policies Commission of the National Educational Association under the title of Education and the Defense of American Democracy place a heavy burden of responsibility for leadership upon schools and school systems. The specific activities that are being proposed are directed to the general objective of engaging "all educative and opinion-forming agencies into a unified program for the defense of democracy" because that program endeavors to improve the understanding and to quicken faith in the ideals upon which free self-government in America rests. The policies agreed upon through the National Educational Association deal with long-term objectives. They are not shortterm proposals for the duration only of a so-called period of national defense activity. The impact of defense needs is forcing us to face facts more realistically and to question more vigorously than ever before the validity of our curriculum, organization, and administration of American education. All of the proposals involve a great number and variety of opportunities and challenges which make demands upon the capacity and competence of all professional workers in the schools. It is immediately urgent that every member of a school staff from the kindergarten to the university should somehow ally himself, individually and personally, with these efforts, in some form of participation in one or more of the relationships and cooperations indicated.

If we accept these assumptions as valid, it seems clear that as we move forward together in frontal attack upon our objectives we shall gain in strength. Opportunities to grow in professional insight should present themselves for school people everywhere through participation in undertakings which will challenge the ablest members of the profession. Implied in the proposals are challenges for these same people to examine their thinking and their practices more critically: to depend less and less upon their own preconceptions and traditional prejudices. There will be opportunities to develop skill in the techniques of cooperation such as group study and discussion, leadership and participation: how to

work happily and effectively with many different kinds of people, professional and non-professional. Out of the provisions in the plan for vital experiences in the democratization of educational procedures, administrative and instructional, should grow a living philosophy of democratic school administration and teaching. Opportunities for more active inter-relationships between teacher-education institutions and the public schools represent a clear call to high adventure.

All of this involves extremely difficult adjustments and changes in thinking and ways of doing things for many administrators and teachers. First of all, superintendents, principals and supervisors should re-examine and clarify their philosophy. In any effort to strengthen the quality of civic life in democratic America there is no place for methods which do not maintain the form and spirit of democracy in the administration and supervision of a school system. It seems equally obvious that teachers will need to recognize that their jobs include more than the teaching of classes. Unless this democratic process is to degenerate into a pooling of ignorance, teachers evervwhere must be encouraged to expand materially the range and depth of their present knowledge and interests. Our faith and our courage and our professional competence will be tried most sorely as we weigh our school curriculum, its content and organization with special references to the objectives outlined by the Educational Policies Commission. We must achieve a common front in the face of drives against academic freedom. The concept of the school in the community as an integral part of its life must be tremendously deepened and widened. The doors of the school must be kept open, swinging both ways, as the school goes out into the community and as the whole community comes into the school.

Teachers are called to improve and strengthen the quality of civic life in America. There is important work to be done and action with vigor and dispatch is the order of the day. There can be no yielding to any sense of futility in the face of such a challenge.

#### FRECKLED MEADOW

by Virginia Dorsey



In early days of spring
The meadowland is seen
Prodigal with freckles
Peeping from the green
Forming sundry patches
Of multi-colored grace:
For flowers are the
freckles
That dot the meadow's
face

by Virginia Dorsey

SPRING ORCHARD

Myriads of blossoms Embellishing trees; Incessant hum Of searching bees; A simple fragrance Redolent of spring; Wafting of petals; Fair songsters on wing.



## The Effect of National Defense on Education

by Louis Snyder

SINCE THE beginning of the year, legislative measures have been sent from Washington designed to activate the defenses of our country. Personal experience has made everyone familiar with the Compulsory Military Training — our closest friends are now in uniform. Pictures of the pre-depression era are reissued from our memories by the busily churning wheels of industry. National Defense has pervaded every home and hovel to demand that every American aid his country. But how has the new program affected education?

The first stir in the field of learning was created by the necessity for thoroughly skilled workers in shops. Consequently, a clamorous demand arose for courses to supplement the work of those already employed. The School Board responded with introductory evening courses in addition to the demanded ones. Soon municipally controlled shops were established to give those about to enter defense work thorough training in specific trades.

The major portion of guidance work in high schools and colleges is devoted to placing their graduates. During the preceding decade this has proved a difficult task. The recently increasing momentum of production has naturally broadened the need for new employees, therefore lightening the burden of the professional and school employment agencies.

Military experts have determined that the modern American army must become well-trained, versatile, and intelligent. A much publicized virtue of the military induction is the opportunity given to drafted youth to acquire a full year's thorough education in subjects varying from mechanics through the more aesthetic arts, to mathematics and languages, Instruction is given by welleducated officers during leisure hours of camp life.

It is quite characteristic of the American people that they become intensely and fervently patriotic during a period of stress. The fervor has gone from street corners and parades into the more dignified form of school assemblies. In the institutions of learning, the virtues of democracy are presented to the students so that the girls and boys may be better acquainted with their form of government and grow to love it.

The program of National Defense prevalent in America today has obviously wielded a very favorable influence over the educational system.

The first tradition of education in this country is the tradition of the excellence of learning for its own sake. Not learning to get a job, not learning to get anything at all, not learning to graduate cum laude, but learning simply because it in itself is beautiful, dignified, and wonderful. . . .

The second thing for which our Puritan fore-fathers had respect was manual labor. I never tire of looking back to the seventeenth century and real-izing someone in my past was hewing out a home in the wilderness and at the same time loving Greek and Latin. That is the wonderful inheritance one feels in New England, and in all this great country—a certain synthesis between the toil of one's hands and the thought of one's head. It is one of the noblest things in our background.

-Mary Ellen Chase in Common Ground.

## Re: Practicums by Gordon Forrer Shules

WE HAVE heard much chatter, much of it aimless, about "Practicums." Complaints and praises have been shoveled upon them. One student has claimed that they are an amended survival of the guilds of medicval times, with the student teachers corresponding to apprentices and journeymen. And with the Latin name perhaps he has a point. But no one has ever proved the inherent evil of medicval institutions, and even if the student's assertion were accepted he has done nothing more than a bit of sly name-calling.

We wonder if anyone would claim that a passing grade in one of these courses indicates teaching ability? Practicum courses do not correspond with teaching situations in most schools of Maryland. The Campus Elementary School has a relatively selected group of children, economically, from upper middle class families. Studies have shown that there is a correlation between economic and social status and intelligence. We, therefore, infer that the children as a whole have a higher mean of intelligence than elementary school children as a whole in Maryland. The faculty is an even more highly selected group in regard to high professional ability. A relatively larger amount of money is available for supplies and materials and the number of children per

teacher is smaller than in the average schools of Maryland. While no specific study has been made to prove the truth of the above we believe that it can stand this test.

It may be agreed that this school is above average but most of us miss the point. That Practicum classes do not present representative teaching situations is not a fault. The Campus School should be regarded as a model, an ideal to be worked for. It is not a chimerical philosophy as to what the elementary school should be like. It is a hard brick-and-mortar reality of an attained ideal. Our experiences in it give us a basis for the formation of values upon which to judge other schools.

We believe that Practicum courses are potentially more valuable teaching experiences than they appear to the unthinking. It is here that we get away from constant theory that makes us weary and see what teaching is like or, better, could be. The "Committee for Curriculum Revision" is open for student suggestions. We all know that Practicums have their faults and here is our opportunity to help make them one of the most valuable contributions to our teacher training. Let's not miss the opportunity.

## MY NINE WEEKS IN A QUANDARY AND HOW I HAVE CHANGED

by P. H.

When I ride with a friend we always ride — Not shoulder to shoulder nor side by side: The distance between is like an Alpine pass — The tires don't blow out and there's plenty of gas —

I'm thinking of Student Teaching.
The the moon's shining down with celestial power, I measure its glow by the kilowatt hour. When the gleam of a star is like a glittering sword, I'm thinking of plans for my bulletin board;

My mind is on Student Teaching.
When the music's playing and lights are low,
I go over the plans that I have to know.
When I'm out for an evening to celebrate,
I'm thinking of ways I can motivate;

My thoughts are of Student Teaching. Yes, I've settled down with a book and pen, But when June twelfth comes, I'll campaign again. For it's off to the shore and a diet of trout; When it comes I'll probably wish I were out

Doing my Student Teaching!

#### DESOLATION

by Shirley G. Greenberg

I was a young tree, tall against the sky.

I stood alone, through cool, soft nights and pleasant, singing days.

My arms held the grey of dusk, and the throbbing pas-

sion of dawn.

I smiled with the laughing stars, and was content.

You came one day and thrilled my heart

With distant gardens, and a new-plowed field,
The salty spray of the pounding sea,
The white snow-driven field of a high cold peak.
You gently touched my arm;
You drew your fingers through my hair;

You kissed me once and then were gone, lightly, as you had come.

I stand alone beneath the sky.

You were a sighing wind.

I stroke the drifting clouds and drink the blue of heaven, And know only day and night and loneliness.

## On Having Poison Ivy

by Allen O'Neill

HERE are happenings in every man's life that seem too strange to believe, and there comes a time in the freedom of old age as in the freedom of childhood when a man is not ashamed to recount these experiences. Few accusations are more painful to a person of my years — than that of dotage, but I am willing to risk even that allegation to tell my story for what it is worth.

From earliest childhood I had been peculiarly susceptible to poison ivy, developing the largest blisters anyone had ever seen; and yet I was even more inveterately attached to the out-of-doors. Come spring and I was always to be found hiking over the fields, camping in the woods or just lying on my back in the sun, watching the shadows play on the leaves, or listening to some bird whistle a tune. Naturally, I was seldom without a pimple or itch somewhere on my skin. I can recall very clearly the events of one spring when I had just turned twenty-four. As usual I had been in the country over the week-end, and as usual I went to bed the next night doggedly repressing the desire to scratch. My sleep was restless all night, and I had vague intimations in my dreams of increasing enormously in size. With the coming of daylight I could smother the subconscious troublings no longer and awoke.

Great balls of fire! My dreams had not been dreams at all! My torso had swollen to the size of a hogs-head and my left arm where the ivy had started was three times the size of a tailor's ham. Managing to roll to the side of the bed I twisted myself upright by a great effort and staggered to the bathroom. In my dazed condition the impulse that directed me to the room was indeed fortunate. What the next moments held was frightful enough, but what might have happened . . . my courage fails me!

Spying a pin I somehow contrived to get its head lodged between the fingermail and body of the index finger of my right hand — my fingers were as stiff as a firehose about to burst and, not knowing why, I jabbed the point into the center of my left bicep. The pin flew out of my finger, a sound like thunder cracked my ears, and a solid stream of lymph shot at an incredible speed straight for the wall. The torrent acted more like a bullet than a bomb, boring a hole clean as a whistle clear through tile, plaster, and two rows of bricks. I quickly twisted my arm so the fluid now with the explosive force released but with unabated volume flowed into the tub.

I was already exhausted with amazement but the somewhat strange series of incidents was by no means over. The lymph gushed into the tub too fast for the drain to carry it away. I was powerless. I knew the flow must stop, but there was the tub slowly filling up before my eyes, the level creeping, creeping to the top. Unable to move or utter a sound I stood transfixed, hypnotized. You can imagine my relief when with the tub brimming full, the river from my arm subsided as abruptly as it had commenced.

Thank God, I thought, my ordeal is ended; but no, too soon had I rejoiced. As I supported myself on the edge of the tub, bewilderingly watching the last drops run down the pipe, I felt a queer rumbling within me like the sound of a quiescent volcano returning to life, and out of my arm burst another geyser of lymph, again completely filling the tub. All day the process kept up as regular as Old Faithful, until seven o'clock that night when drained to the last drop I collapsed and was tenderly put to bed.

Ah, quick is the recovery of youth! Upon awakening the next morning to my infinite pleasure and surprise I found my torso and limbs had returned to their normal size and every last pimple and trace of the affliction had disappeared. Except for a slight weariness I had never felt better in my life. I arose, washed, dressed, ate my breakfast, kissed my wife goodbye, and cheerfully whistling, set off for work.

In these days of scientific inquiry I realize that my story seems hard to believe; but I have indisputable evidence of its veracity. My wife's great uncle who has since died, would swear to every detail. It was published in all the newspapers at the time, and to this day I can show any doubter the small hole through the wall and a crack zigzagging from that hole to the foundation as the result of the original eruption.

## The Play's The Thing

by S. Davis

"THE PLAY'S the thing wherein to catch the conscience of the king," and the time of the student, Amazing. No matter how much work is to be done, or houstlittle time remains before the deadline, the student—or, more correctly, the pupil—is always ready for a game.

What game? That depends. The only requirements are congenial company, a faint recollection of the rules, and a good imagination. Since tastes in games fluctuate, let's follow a group of girls through S. T. C. For the sake of convenience, call the group "We." (You may recognize yourself as a member!) "We" is a constantly shifting group, representing all four classes. Some of the members may have had gilded records, some have departed by request, and all have visions of a good time.

The freshman year has been referred to as the "hazy daze." During our mental wanderings we did not immediately turn to games. Instead, we talked and resorted to childish pranks of locking people in rooms, greasing doorknobs, and performing elementary scien-

tific experiments with milk.

In the sophomore year we had progressed sufficiently beyond the mist to the loafing point. Then came that wonderful night when somebody discovered a bowling game tucked away in a closet. Out of the closet it came, and out the window went the lessons. It was marvelous. Even the poorest could bowl strikes and spares and scores above a hundred. We learned to keep score, too.

Somebody brought a deck of eards, The fever caught. From hidden corners more packs appeared and from solitaire we proceeded to double, and triple and quadruple solitaire. Very intellectual. Try a stiff game of double solitaire during those two fateful hours before a science test — one of Dr. West's variety — and see what happens. It's guaranteed to drive away all thoughts of science.

That was the same year Chinese checkers came into being. The first six around the board played. The rest supervised.

We started bridge too. Some played contract, some played auction, and some just played. Each foursome usually contained all varieties. Such games either lasted the entire night or degenerated into a discussion of polities or religion, about which all of us knew nothing.

With the junior year came that horribly vague uncertain feeling which precedes student teaching. For solace we turned seriously to bridge. We learned rules which were incorrectly stated, misconstrued, or forgotten. We began feebly to keep score, but it was still more fun to set the others.

And then the senior year — that glorious year when the final bout of student teaching is over and June is just around the corner. In the beginning, someone's papa missed his poker chips. We had them for draw and Michigan poker until the wee small hours. To celebrate the end of student teaching, we started pinochle. That was even more complicated than bridge. We were never certain whether we were "melling" or "melding." What a let-down for the next bridge hand! It always seemed to have nothing but spots.

After three years, we began to play bridge with vengeance. Because we now frowned on cheating and had learned to keep score, we became more conservative and

counted our honors before bidding.

Sometime about three fifteen in the afternoon when everybody has virtually disappeared, cock your ear for muttered voices and laughter. Follow your ear, and there, in all probability, will be a group of "students" deeply engrossed in some insidious game. If you stick around long enough, one of the players may remember about a faculty reserve book, and you may be invited to join the game. O happy day!

## **A Fashion Poll**

by Shirley Hicks

HAVE YOU ever heard of a fashion poll? I haven't (that is, until now) but here is one, taken from various comments made by the student body. First of all, the question:

What do you think of the clothes this spring?

You would be amazed by all the answers I received, but here are a few excerpts of the fervent discourses on the subject.

"Too much on the straight side. Should be short and full if they are to please me."

"Broomstick skirts are terrible! Wouldn't have one, Sure, I know, Vogue features them, but you won't eatch me in one of them." "I abhor Dutch caps."

"Those frilly collars are good on navy dresses, only. They're very feminine, but so impractical, hard to keep clean and fresh."

"Spectator shoes in navy or brown are still tops. Of course, the loafers are really wonderful for play, and the huarachas are 'right there' to supply that Mexican atmosphere."

"Violet or any other shade of purple is awful. Nothing can replace the pastels, particularly in plaids, or the dependable navy."

"Nothing as smart as a torso-length jacket. I like the masculine lines which, incidentally, help the figure."

"Don't you love those adorable bonnets, with perhaps a veil to make you feel just a little sophisticated? They're so much better than those little ridiculous hats perched over one eve."

"Give me Kolinskys and I'll ask for no more."

"The luggage shoes and bags are the smartest thing out this spring."

"Cordé bags and shoes are all right, but they're being run in the mud this year."

"The clothes are better looking this year than they

have ever been, especially where suits are concerned."

"I haven't seen anything particularly different or outstanding. Things are about the same."

"Clothes are tailored and simple. That's why they're good."

Every time I asked my question I was met by an enthusiastic reply of "I like 'em!" So, here is the consensus of opinion on spring clothes. It's also food for thought. What do you think?

# Dissertation on the Manly Art of Mastication

THE ADS ASK us to employ the wrappers to dispose of used gum, but I'm sure they mean when the chewer is ready, not when an instructor (and it's always an instructor!) says "the place for gum is in the waste basket," or "kindly desist."

There are numerous occasions when this precious gum is indispensable. For instance, when in class one is called upon unexpectedly, one invariably stands up to give some asinine answer. But not the gum-chewer! The period required for "parking" his gum gives opportunity for deliberation, so he is never guilty of speaking before he thinks.

Another classroom use for gum is as a metronome. When a non-rhythmical student is called upon to direct his class's singing or rhythm, it is quite easy for him to stay with the music if he chews in the same tempo.

And then there is its aid for the so-called slip of the tongue; a social use. One has said something he shouldn't have said and, in his embarrassment, grinds his teeth together, invariably catching his tongue between them. But not the gum-chewer! His delicious masticatory morsel cuddles and caresses his dentures, making them quite harmless.

We must not overlook the beauty treatment concealed in this small package of magic. For one penny we can have conveniently a facial or whatever it is that prevents the development of a double chin before one is twenty. There are undoubtedly some few poorly balanced people who will prefer to wrap a towel around their heads and hide behind closed doors while experts knead mud pies on their faces. But not the gum-chewer! No, sir!

Is it not a disconcerting thought that one must dispose of this treasure before entering a classroom or be ostracized? Teachers fail to recognize the essential values of a piece of gum. We students don't need a "lift with a Camel" or a refreshing "pause" with a coke. What we want is a good-sized piece of Gum!

## A Room-mate Quiz

by GWENDOLYN FELTS

ALTHOUCH MOST of us don't hesitate to criticize others, how many of us have ever stopped and taken inventory of our own habits (good and bad), allergies, and individual tendencies? How many have ever paused long enough to consider that your room-mate would like to kick you out of the room because of something you do or say? When one tires of a hat, one can throw it aside. Room-mates are not like hats; you cannot cast them aside after a misunderstanding. Here are a few questions that should help you to find out where you stand. If you heed not, don't say you weren't warned when you find souring powder in your face powder and cold cream in your shoes.

Let's begin with habits along personal lines. When you undress for bed do you play displayer and droy your clothes over the desks, chairs, etc.? Sleep in them? Or do you hang them up? Before breakfast is your conversation grouchy, pleasing, or somniferous? Now this is between you and me — do you think your room-mate is more attractive than you are, less attractive than you are, or as ugly as sin? When discussing debatable topics, can you keep your voice and temper on a plane of 180°, or do you stamp your feet? Are you 99-44/100 percent immune to at least three of these plagues: spitefulness, snobbishness, tactlessness, boastfulness, insincerity?

Now let us consider your standing in relationship to that Great Collegiate Custom — borrowing. Do you? Do you borrow only in an emergency? Prefer not to borrow or lend? Depend almost entirely and completely on the wardrobe of your room-mate?

Finally, let's see how you act in a Collegiate Emergency. On the night before you are to take an examyour room-mate invites in a half-dozen girls for cookies and catting. Would you depart gracefully for a quiet nook or the library, join the party, or commit mayhem?

So what kind of a room-mate are you?

## EDITORIALS



#### A LETTER TO THE STUDENT BODY

I hope I will be able to justify the faith you have shown by electing me as your Student President for 1941-42.

We shall have a difficult task ahead of us — that of making our Student Government an even more democratic and efficient organization. Only by cooperation and willingness-to-work shall we be able to surmount any obstacles that may block our progress toward that goal.

Yours sincerely.

HENRY ASTRIN.

#### NO PINK TEA!

by Genevieve Haile

There was much talk of democracy and "the democratic way of life" at the Convention meetings in New York. Now that we have resumed our casual routine of college life what are we going to do about those ideas which challenged and inspired us in New York? Are we going to make a definite attempt to be concerned with democracy in our daily lives?

We have been told by our elders that only twenty-five years ago American citizens and soldiers were giving their lives to "make the world safe for democracy," in a "war to end war." We know, now, that democracy was not saved by their fighting and sacrifices. Today the leaders of the totalitarian powers are attempting to conquer the world. Their victory over Great Britain would mean that almost three-fourths of the earth would be under the control of the Nazi-Fascist dictators. What, then, would be the fate of our American democracy—the democracy that is our heritage, the democracy that we are proud to discuss when we eather at conventions?

War is a challenge to us; it must be removed from our lives. Of course, if we want to abolish the institution of war from the earth we must act now and act together. The leaders of our nation are acting. You will admit that they have made us "national-defense" conscious. Men have been drafted and war materials are being manufactured. The United States Government will give all possible aid to Great Britain and other countries resisting the Axis system. However, whatever happens on this earth of ours is the immediate concern of every one of us. What can we do? Our statesmen are active. We can support their policies. We can also assume daily responsibilities to make democracy work in our college, our communities and our homes.

In New York, speakers urged students to work out a scheme for democratic living. They said that the essence of the spirit of democracy rests in the "recognition of, and respect for, the abilities, potentialities, limitations, and feelings of all people." Naturally, it would be difficult for us to learn a democratic way of life or even to teach children democracy without actually experimenting with the democratic process. The single word "cooperation" might be considered as a usable equivalent for the definition of democracy quoted above. Certainly at college there are many opportunities for facultystudent cooperation, especially in relation to extra-curricular activities and clasroom procedures. There are also numerous ways in which each one of us, as an individual, can help democracy function every day. We can knock all the chips off our shoulders and take the time to participate actively in Student Council affairs, to vote, to make a flower contest successful, to report a dangerous hole in a Glen trail, to support a lecture experiment, and to know the interests and problems of our fellow students.

Just because the preservation of democracy requires effort, sacrifice and study, don't wait for someone else to preserve it. If you want to live in a democratic United States and enjoy the benefits it provides, you must be an intelligent citizen and take an active part every day in oiling the wheels of our democracy.

## ARE WE MEN OR MICE?

by Mary Simon

How great is life! How much it can do! Now, more than ever is the time to determine its value; that is, the mystery of its human value. After all, what good could a piece of gold, a house, a nation be without life? Yet man wants more than mere life — for that is gone in a minute.

It is hard for us within our little self-sufficient worlds

to see beyond the bonds of our physical environment; it is hard for us to think of ourselves as we really are—the upper level of the animal kingdom, but animals just the same. It is hard for us to get on top of this whole turmoil of a world and see the flimsy, flailing arms of this foolish animal slapping his kin, destroying the progress he has labored for years to produce, using the divine powers the Creator has given him to bring destruction on himself.

Yes, he has established his mastery over the other forms of life, but within his own ranks lies disaster. Although he proudly points out his progress and growing control over nature, he clings stupidly to the social standards of his primitive ancestors. He may have a name for that something that makes up his life and that of his fellow-men, but he has no greater respect for it than the cave man. Should he meet force with force, give an eye for an eye, an ear for an ear? If this be the goal of man, wherein is he greater than the other animals? Is there not something apart from that body — that 98 cents worth of dust? Is there not a truth, a beauty, a person-ality that is eternal? Why, then, should we be so concerned with these things that are only present for a moment? How can we sing hymns of praise and glorify the human soul? Is it logical that our shallow lives are being developed for eternity?

## On "How Are You?" People

by Catherine Gray

"COOD MORNING. How are you?" Whizzzz . . . . whizzzz . . . a cloud of dust and IT, the agent of the question is gone in a blustery spring "breeze." OR, all in one breath: "How are you. Can you lend me a nickel for a coke?" Comes nickel, goes person and you have yet to answer the first question. OR "How are you, I'm fine, was awfully sick yesterday, you look grand, I must dash . . . GOODBYE."

Are you afflicted with these experiences? Does your head spin everytime someone asks you how you are? Are you still waiting, and not patiently, to answer the question? Well, students, so am I.

Every day someone is going to ask you how you feel. Most of the time you feel fine . . . manage to squeeze in the word "fine" between the passing breezes or flying words. But there are times when you are going to feel so low — I mean, so incapacitated that you'll want to tell the world so. Then, my friends, nothing or nobody is so irritating as when IT refuses you the opportunity to air your feelings or to show where those measles or that operation was.

You can rail against Fate all you will, but the world moves too rapidly to be concerned with you beyond those three words and a question mark. If you expect to give an answer and to receive sympathy, either get yourself one of those rare "bosom pals" or go back to the plan of the ancient Chinese who would not discuss business until several hours of conversation had been passed and several cups of tea liquidated. Just imagine the absolute thrill of telling to an attentive listener . . . first, your symptoms. You know, the ones you had a week

before and the presentments you had two months ago. Second, about your illness... those agonizing moments when life meant nothing and you muttered deliriously, "Ah, death where is thy sting?" (Quoted from Hamlet by William Shakespeare, Act III, Scene III — I hope.) About, third, your convalescence — ah, many a story unfolds from here — the relapse, the ray of hope in the valley of shadows, the first flowers you saw, the first time you could blow your nose without feeling that you were dynamiting and sandpapering. Wouldn't it be heaven to relate a story so outlined and organized?

There are a few people, however, who do not long to relate their troubles — frankly, they're not interested in theirs or yours. These people live in agony . . . every time someone says "How are you?" they expire. Why? Because they have yet to beat the other fellow to the punch to say "How are you?" Mentally, they tear their hair . . . more and more people say "How are you?" first. They get hot inside, their hands shake, complete disintegration of personality takes place. All of this because of three words. Somebody either ought to do something about the people who utter them or about the words themselves. Why not be willing to spare a "moment" every time you say, "How are you?" OR else substitute a positive statement, say nothing at all, but for GOSH SAKE, don't say "How are YOU?"

Which reminds me, dear reader. Excuse my lack of manners, my naiveness, my lack of finesse. I'm so unused to society that I forgot my courtesies. I meant to say at the first . . . HOW ARE YOU? GOODBYE! Whizzzz!

## THE LIBRARY

## AT YOUR SERVICE

Book Review by Doris Klank

Come Wind, Come Weather. Daphne du Maurier, New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1941.

"We can never have peace in the world until we have peace with our neighbors and in our own home." This bit of common sense which appeared in an English newspaper is actually the underlying thought of this book of less than one hundred pages in which Daphne du Maurier has turned from fiction to reality. The famous author of Rebecca has presented true stories of everyday English people who have faced the challenge of war and are helping their country to secure peace among nations. Their arms, however, are not guns and munitions, but unselfishness, tolerance, moral strength and courage. The scenes of their battles lie in their own homes and places of business.

One of the most vital stories is that of a miner who clamored for world peace but first had to bring peace into his own home. Through the influence of a co-worker, George began to realize that he, through his intemperance, was responsible for the wrangling and disharmony in his home, not his family whom he accused. When he made peace within himself, joy was restored in his home and there was such a noticeable improvement in his work that he was given a promotion.

There is another story of the wife of a retired Army officer, who, by breaking down the barriers of class and shyness, was instrumental in helping a group of soldiers to win an important battle. When the furloughed soldiers entered the quiet town which was her home, Mrs. Hill's first reaction was one of dismay for she felt that their presence would destroy the peace of the village. This ungenerous attitude was soon replaced by one of humbleness and desire to make comfortable these men who were fighting for her and all their countrymen. So she took advantage of this chance to do something for her country and put the conveniences of her home at the disposal of these men. She enriched their lives with stories and advice based on her own experiences. The moral effect on the soldiers was such that all were able to survive a severe battle in which they participated.

These are only two of the ten accounts of the courage and bravery of certain individuals in war-torn England, who exemplify moral steadiness and reliance on God for guidance. Each story is a valuable lesson in moral defense



for Americans as well as those immediately in the throes of war.

Book Review by Kathryne Petroff

Delilah, Marcus Goodrich, New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1941, 496 pages.

Delilah was the sailors' sweetheart — as pliable, stubborn, proud and thoroughly human as a ship, and an old American destroyer at that, could be. Manned by as motley a crew of seventy-one as ever befell an oceangoing vessel, she plied the waters of the Philippines in order to break up a gun-running game among the Moroa, to find the secret Japanese underground river, finally to end in Cavite where she was hauled out for a complete refit. That in the main tells where the action takes place.

Although the author denies that he used real characters, we know that somewhere in his travels (for he, too, was a navy man on a similar destroyer) he must have encountered like people, compounded several of these characters into one which, coupled with his imagination, managed to bring forth brilliant and poignant interpretations of unforgettable seamen. The author has the unerring ability to analyze character essentials. He never draws the curtain over the innermost thoughts or the frankest actions of any of the crew. Therein lies the secret of the greatness of this novel, for he lets the reader see Lieutenant Commander Borden, Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, "Une" Blood, O'Connel, Warnington, Cruck and the rest as distinct personalities.

Trying to define the theme of this book is like looking for the proverbial needle in the havstack. The closest approach to anything that qualifies as a "main thread" is

the unique friendship which sprung up between Licutenant Fitzpatrick and young Warrington. Their relationship arose after the two had accidentally discovered their mutual love for books, philosophy and the arts.

The book itself is written at a leisurely pace. Mr. Goodrich has the uncommon ability to direct his prosestyle into many channels. Not only does he describe places and people but he can, by powerful narration and description, create a mood by which the reader is so carried away that he comes back to this everyday world with an unwilling thud.

The story on the whole consists of finely drawn pictures and studies of the various crew members. The author spares no punches as he writes of each in a truthful and compelling manner. At times, and there are several, the reading becomes painfully realistic when he gives accounts of the barroom brawls, of the grudge fights aboard ship when personalities clash, and most of all of O'Connel's mad and helpless desire to get even with the ship's crew for what he thinks is their unfair interruption in his own personal affair. The latter incident is a masterpiece of writing. Goodrich describes this terrible outbreak of the Irishman's in words superb in quality and meaning and makes this tragedy of death and destruction a fitting prelude to the arrival of the fateful radiogram. Fitzpatrick reads to all the men on board that the United States has declared war on Germany. The men's only answer is a sudden loss of spirit and a dejected quietude which is interrupted by Cruck's rough order to get the boats ready.

Now the men understood why Delilah had received such a complete overhauling at Cavite. They were going to fight something which was intangible, distant, and a thing which they had no conception of. Quite different from the native uprisings and wars which they were accustomed to quelling along the archipelagoes.

Of women in the story there are none; that is, there are no women who come into the picture or affect the lives of the men directly. One might say that the only women are those which exist in the mind of each individual man — and ones that seem to be on shipboard with them telling secrets and giving them advice. The only others are those who remain in the shadowy background, the women who occupy the waterfront saloons and brothels to which some navy men know the familiar path.

Marcus Goodrich tells of the mechanisms of an old destroyer, of the hardships the men must undergo in order to make a ship live and move, of the perilous adventures which accompany landing parties that investigate dangerous territories and of events which shape the lives of the men at sea. Delilah flows majestically to a romantic conclusion and should prove a satisfying ef-

fort to a new author who has much in store for the reading public if he continues to create such novels as this.

## Book Review by M. J. BURDETTE

Mrs. Miniver, Jan Struther, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1940.

Mrs. Miniver is a diary-like account of the everyday life of an average English family. Mr. and Mrs. Miniver and their three children, Vin, Judy, and Toby, seem to constitute a model family for harmony, happiness, health and anything else needed.

The heroine, Mrs. Miniver, is an excellent wife, mother, and friend. Her intelligence and profound thinking are illustrated in every episode developed in the book. Each chapter is a different situation — "The New Car," "Christmas Shopping," "A Drive to Scotland," "Gas Masks," "At the Dentist's," etc. Little everyday things which seem so common to the most of us are all made vivid and important under the clever pen of the author.

War hits Europe — 1939 — the beginning — but it has little effect upon the Minivers. They do get fitted for gas masks and take in a group of little evacuees, but otherwise life goes on in just about the same way.

Mrs. Miniver is a modern and light piece of reading — good for relaxation — yet, underneath it all runs a strain of deep thoughts concerning life and many of its little problems and perplexities, as well as its numerous joys.

#### COMING EVENTS

- May 19—Assembly: Dr. Foster Dowell and students Shirley Reddon, Marie Kindervatter, Gladys Hain, John Mc-Cauley, and Julius Rosenbaum: "Sociological Implications of the Draft"
- May 20-Tennis, Western Maryland at Towson
- May 23—Deadline for June Tower Light Junior-Senior Prom
  - Museum of Art: News Photos by Baltimore's Best News Photographer (through June 11)
- May 26—Assembly: Nutrition Discussion May 29—President's Garden Party for Graduates
- May 30—Baseball, Frostburg at Towson
- June 2, 3—Professionals for City Students
- June 6—Museum of Art: A Century of Baltimore Collecting (through August 13)
- June 7—Joint Luncheon Meeting of the Kappa Delta Pi and Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternities at 1 o'clock in Newell Hall
- June 12-Second Semester Ends
- June 13—Step-Singing Class Night
- June 14-Alumni Day
- June 15-Baccalaureate Service
- June 17—Commencement

# COLLEGE EVENTS

## RURAL CLUB TRIP TO WASHINGTON

by M. I. BURDETTE

Saturday, March 29, dawned bright and sunny and at 8:15 found a merry group of Rural Clubbers and their friends ready and eager to start on the long awaited trip to Washington, D. C. Twenty-one voices sang (?) everything from "Katy" to "Rhum Boogie" all the way over.

The Senate was not in session, unfortunately, but we looked around in the Senate Chamber, examined the murals in the main section of the Capitol Building, and took pictures on the steps.

The White House was to close at noon so the sightseers hurried over just in time to be caught in a group of several hundred excursionists from various parts of the State of Massachusetts. A letter from one of our State Senators enabled us to peek into the famous Blue Room, Red Room, etc. Pigeons flew above our heads and squirrels stared saucily up at us as we snapped a picture of the lovely white structure, which houses the First Lady and Gentleman of the land.

With much laughter and one catastrophe (which several of the girls would be delighted to relate to you) we ate a hurried lunch. The day was half over and there was so much we wanted to do!

Another tough break — the bus had to be towed to a garage for several hours' treatment for relapse of a gasket (or sumthin'). So, with much gay chatter and a few aching feet, we traipsed past the Capitol and up to the new recently-opened National Art Gallery. The rest of the afternoon was spent admiring the lovely Mellon masterpieces, the huge indoor gardens with their stalwart plants and gay fountains, and the lovely benches with soft cushions. You may be sure that the latter provided a haven of rest for many feet and legs unable to go farther.

The wind was blowing and the sun had escaped behind dark clouds when we started back to the bus. It began to snow — did someone say Spring was here?

Some of the more energetic individuals (freshman, they were) had taken time out to walk over to the Monument and Lincoln Memorial. While we waited for the bus to return, we went into the Congressional Library and gazed down on the workers there. The mosaic on

the stairway is something which shouldn't be missed by any visitor.

It was time to return and we hadn't seen the Supreme Court, the F. B. I., the Bureau of Engraving, or the Shakespearian Library. But that could wait. We were ready for food and rest. Rounds, jazz, classics, and gay nineties' songs again filled the air with just a little less vigor. It was a grand trip! Thanks to all who made it possible! Won't you join us next year?

#### THE MEN'S REVUE

The Thirteenth Annual Men's Revue was held on March 28. Although there was no record-breaking crowd, a fair number of "dudes and dudies" were present.

The program consisted of selections of Straus' waltzes by a mixed chorus, a medley of modern piano compositions, and vocal solos. The feature event was a play entitled "The Minuet." The program ended with a group of college songs by a double male quartet. Music was furnished by Dave Nelson's Orchestra, augmented by the college orchestra.

A lot of spirit was shown by those who attended and everyone joined in the fun.

### S. T. C.'S BIT IN THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY

We were represented at the National Congress of the Pasco Collegiate Fraternity, also known as the Panamerican Student Chain, which was held Friday, April 18, at the Carleton Hotel in Washington, D. C. Miss Bader led the two-car caravan which included Iona Claytor, Lila Moore, Helen Cohen, Selma Coughlan, Idelle Riefle, Betsy Smith, Kay Emmart, Geraldine Hughes, Mitzi Goldstein and Jack Koontz.

#### GLEE CLUB NOTES

by Marguerite Wilson

"Back to school, oh, what fun!" Yes, Student Teaching was enjoyable and a wonderful experience. But,

came Monday afternoons and no Glee Club rehearsals. Then I longed for S T. C. and the sessions in Room 211.

At present your regular reporter, Ruth Maleson, is out on "the great venture" and I know we all wish her the best of luck. Meanwhile, yours truly will try to keep the Tower Licht readers posted on Glee Club notes.

From now until Commencement you are likely to hear the group singing at any hour of the day. Their schedule is a full one. On May 10, the Glee Club will participate in the May Day proceedings with their renditions of "Roses of the South" by Strauss and "Springtide" by Edward Grieg. The Jeanic Group also plans to sing "Dream of Summer" which many will recognize as the beautiful and ever-popular "Merry Widow Waltz" by Franz Lehar.

The Convocation Service, June 14, is next on the Glee Club schedule. At that time the Glee Club, augmented by the Alumni Glee Club, will sing "Light of Dawning" by Tschaikowsky and the brilliant "Roll Chariot" by Noble Cain.

For Baccalaureate Service, June 15, the Glee Club plans to sing "Praise to the Lord" by Christiansen. The Jeanic Group will sing "Lamb of God" by Bizet for this occasion and the Seniors as a chorus will also participate, singing "Send for Thy Light" by Mily A. Balakirew.

The program for Commencement, June 17, is as follows:

"The Omnipotence" . . Schubert "Springtide" . . . Edward Grieg

"Carmencita" . A Mexican Folk Song "The Lord's Prayer" . . . Malotte

"Alma Mater"

"The Star-Spangled Banner"

## A PIANO CONCERT

by Sylvia Gelwasser

The piano recital given at the college on April 21 was exceptionally fine. Miss Teresa Calamara performed in a masterly fashion a varied program. The first part was devoted to the Bach Italian Concerto. This Concerto was treated in a delightful but unemotional manner as all Bach's music should be.

Since Miss Calamara seems to have a definite flair for Chopin the outstanding part of the program was the Chopin group. She created the desired mood with the B minor Nocturne. In direct contrast of mood was the G minor Ballad in which she displayed both a smooth, firm tone and a brilliant technique.

The third part of the program was given over to Ravel.

The descriptive "Jeux D'Eau" revealed still another side of Miss Calamara's musical personality.

Miss Calamara came to us from Boston. After an exceptionally successful debut at Jordan Hall, she went to London where she studied under the great Tobias Matthay. While there she won the Woodward-Smith scholarship in a contest of which Myra Hess was a judge. Teresa Calamara is now back in Boston and is rapidly becoming recognized as a fine concert pianist.

For a small woman, Miss Calamara has a surprising amount of power. Her playing has a clear, liquid quality. The Chopin Etudes which she played here adequately displayed her technical ability. But Miss Calamara also has a keen understanding of the music she plays. She is not merely all technique; instead, she uses this as an aid for the most important thing, interpretation. As a visitor at our concert said, "I've never liked Chopin until I heard Teresa play it." Our thanks to Mr. Miller for bringing his friend to us.

## THE 75TH CELEBRATION OF COMMENCE-MENT WEEK ACTIVITIES FOR SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1941

Every class has a special reunion this year

PROGRAM

9:30-10:30 A. M.—Business Meeting

Room 211, Administration Building

10:45-11:00 A. M.—Formation of Academic Procession 11:00-12:30 P. M.—Academic Convocation, Assembly Hall

Administration Building

1:00- 3:00 P. M.—Luncheon 3:00- 4:00 P. M.—Class Meetings

4:00- 5:00 P. M.—Class Meetings

6:30 P. M.—Subscription Dinner

Ball Room, Lord Baltimore Hotel

9:00-12:00 P. M.—Dancing
Ball Room, Lord Baltimore Hotel

#### GENERAL INFORMATION

#### Business Meeting

The principal matters of business will be:

Reports of Committees

Election of Officers

Induction of Graduates of Baltimore City Training School into State Teachers College Alumni Association.

#### Academic Procession

Classes wishing to participate in the procession notify the Chicf Marshal, Mr. Harold Moser, State Teachers College, and directions for formation will be sent. All others will be seated in the auditorium.

#### Academic Convocation

At the Academic Convocation our college will be host to representative delegates from the colleges and universities which ac-

cept our invitation. Dr. Edgar Knight of the University of North Carolina will deliver the address. The portrait of Dr. Henry S. West will be presented by friends in the Baltimore City School System, where he was Superintendent of Schools from 1920 to 1925, and the Alumni Association of the State Teachers College at Towson, where he was principal from 1917 to 1920.

#### Luncheon

Cafeteria luncheon can be secured at a nominal cost in the Newell Hall dining room. Sandwich lunch can be secured on the campus.

#### Class Meetings

Special rooms for class meetings will be assigned to classes requesting them. Send your requisition to Miss Adda Gilbert, State Teachers College, Towson, Maryland, by June 10.

Have you been reached by your class president? If not, send to Miss Mary H. Scarborough, 5902 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland, for information concerning plans for your class reunion.

> Campus Activities Laying Corner-Stone of New Gymnasium Alumni-Varsity Ball Game

#### Dinner

The subscription dinner will be served at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Price, \$2.00. Please send your reservations with check or money order, stating also year of graduation, not later than June 10 to Mrs. George Schluderberg, Dunmanway Apartments, Dundalk, Marvland.

Alumni dues \$1.00, unless already paid, should be forwarded at this time to Mrs. Schluderberg.

There will be no dinner speaker. A short Pageant will be presented after the dinner in commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the college. Dancing will follow the Pageant.

Guests may be invited to the dinner. Subscription will be the same as for members, \$2.00.

#### Out-of-Town Alumni

Provision has been made in the dormitories to accommodate

out-of-town graduates at the rate of 75 cents for room and breakfast. Reservations will be honored as received, Requests for room reservations should be made before June 10. Address: Mrs. George Schladerberg, Dunmanway Apartments, Dundalk, Maryland, Dressing rooms for men and women are located in Newell Hall

and in the Administration Building.

Accommodations can be had at the Lord Baltimore Hotel.

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# SPRING SPORTS

by John Horst

AS THE MEN'S spring sports program moves into full stride there are three chief sports which are the very heart of spring competition. The national pastime, baseball, is of course getting the spotlight. We're making no excuses for our baseball team. It is handicapped, however, in many ways. The squad has yet to win a balgame but every game, regardless of the opposition, the score or the imning has found a fighting, driving Towson team on the field. Of course, results and scores are important, but considering the game from all angles, including the short season, the limited player strength, the impossibility for many worthwhile practice sessions, and the power of the opposition, it is indeed a help to be able to say that we have a club that goes down fighting.

The tennis squad was paid a brief but destructive visit by a hard-hitting Kalamazoo team. Again it was the same story. The boys were in there pitching every minute. Stottle, O'Connor and others are always driving hard, but again it is not this that they write about in the newspapers. It is not this which beats teams like Kalamazoo and Hopkins. The thing that beats these squads may be summed up in these words: lack of daily driving drill. The same thing is faced by our baseball squad. For the best answer as to why this is thoroughly impractical at S. T. C. speak to Mr. Minnegan and Mr. Miller after they have lost a practice session to eight other school activities. Again let us keep our eyes on the fighting spirit which keeps our tennis squad driving.

The Penn Relays, an event that is a mecca for college

trackmen, is in the offing. The track squad is gradually priming itself for a fine effort in the mile relay. A squad of approximately seven will make the trip, only four, however, will actually compete. Towson has gained some prestige in former Penn Relays, showing up favorably in stiff competition with some of the country's finest colleges and universities. Most of the men now running have either broken or tied former marks set by last year's team. As the result of an extremely fine showing against a strong Loyola squad, S. T. C. looks mighty promising. Capably led by Bob Cox, Penn Relay veteran, and Julius Rosenbaum, Penn freshman, you can count on S. T. C. to be in among the strong finishers.

#### VIRGINIA WHITE GAINS IN COLLEGE BADMINTON

(Taken from the New York Herald-Tribune, April 4, 1941)

Eastern college badminton approached its peak yesterday as the third annual men's and second annual women's singles opened in the Fifth Avenue Country Club. The doubles will start today and all finals will be played tomorrow afternoon.

Both singles tourneys took off without defenders. Tad Murray, of Princeton, has gone to Florida to recuperate from a bout with whooping cough, and Miss Harriet Martin did not return to Bryn Mawr this year, thereby

rendering herself ineligible.

Miss Virginia Lee White, of Maryland State Teachers College, second-ranking woman player in her state, assumed Miss Martin's place at the top of the draw and led the women's field into the quarter-finals. Spencer Davis, of Princeton, men's No. 1, was among the majority in his draw from opening hostilities by the delayed arrival of Yale entrants, Lewis Caulk, of Lehigh, No. 2; Thomas Blair, of Williams, No. 3, and John Newbold, of Princeton, No. 4, won the only three men's singles played.

## SPRING SPORTS SCHEDULES AT TEACHERS COLLEGE — 1941

	TENNIS			
	Date		Opponent	Place
rida	y, May 2.		Blue Ridge	Towson
rida	y, May 9.		Hopkins	Hopkins
lone	day, May	12 .	Blue Ridge	Blue Ridge
hur	sday, May	22		Towson

	BASEBALL	
Friday, April 25	Drew University	Drew U.
Tuesday, April 29	Hopkins	Hopkins
Thursday, May 8	Blue Ridge	Blue Ridge
Thursday, May 15	Blue Ridge	Towson
Friday, May 30	Frostburg	Towson

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#### TRACK MEETS

Saturday, April 26		. Penn	Relays	Philadelphia
Wednesday, April	30	West.	Maryland	Westminster
			shington Col.	
Saturday, May 17.		Masor	n-Dixon	Hopkins
		Track	(a. m. and	d

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## SO WHAT

by LEE McCarriar

New York!! Something happens every minute and it usually happens to you. Every night, pardon, every morning about 2 o'clock, just as you are getting some much-needed sleep, there comes the shrieking, ear-piercing scream of police or fire engine siren. Then at 7:30 or 8 o'clock when you are finally asleep, the phone rings and the operator tells you that it is time to arise. The first morning in the big city! Why does everyone look so bleary-eved? Well, almost everyone! After a pleasant and educational morning and a peaceful afternoon, we commandeered a fleet of taxi cabs and dashed miraculously between autos, trucks, pedestrians, and policemen to the Gripsholme Restaurant. A few of the girls filled their plates from the smorgasbord and then they were almost too full to eat the dinner. After dinner, another fleet of taxis scooted across town taking us to see "The Doctor's Dilemma." "Midnight found us with the multitude on Broadway," as quoted from our convention program. More were found in bed or at least in their rooms taking it easy. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were the same. Never a dull moment. The rain on Saturday was unpleasant, but it didn't dampen our spirits. Enough of the formal or planned part of the trip. You probably are more interested in some of the informal gatherings and fun fests.

One of the spies reports a swell pajama party in one of the girls' rooms on Thursday night.

Dottie Kapp and Veneta Lambros are now qualified as first-rate elevator operators. They learned in one easy lesson.

Why does Charles want to have his teeth parted in the middle? And what makes him think that his barber can do it? Time will tell.

Broadway at 5 A. M. is quite an interesting place. More traffic and more excitement than there is in Towson during the rush (?) hour.

That same morning, seven of the more hardy members of the group ate waffles for breakfast. Most of them had never eaten breakfast at + A. M. before. They were the best waffles we ever ate.

Will someone try to straighten Charles Gross out? He hasn't been the same since he left New York.

Jane Stottlemyer fell in love with New York. One morning at an unnamed hour, she leaned out of her window and cried out, 'Good morning, New York, honey."

All in all, we had a glorious time, thanks to the welllaid plans of Miss Scott and Miss Brundick.

Spring seems to be in the air. The writer of this column is always happy when spring and warm weather come. They seem to bring bigger and better columns. There is more to write about. Along with spring comes Easter and this year as usual Towson was well represented in the Easter Parade on Charles Street. Among those seen were Marie Parr in blue with her escorts, Mary Reindollar snapping pictures of everyone she knew, Norma Kirckhoff, Dr. Tansil, and a couple of "our boys." I hope I haven't offended the Fashion Editor by inserting this little comment. P. S.-Helena Townshend was also among the paraders.

Along with spring and Easter comes baseball, which always supplies us with at least one perplexing situation a year. Late in the Hopkins game, big Ed Clopper was confronted with this one: A man on first and third, none out. The man on first began to walk toward second. Ed stood there watching the baserunner for a moment and then turned and threw the ball over the third baseman's head. As a result both runs scored. With a close score. it wouldn't have been funny, but as it was, everyone including the coach and Ed had a big laugh out of it.

In connection with baseball, an orchid to Misses Wells, Steuart, Townshend, and Ogier for the fine support they have given the team at the games played away from home.

With spring comes a new slogan from the Dorm. Lights out at 10, candles out at 11. I hope none of the girls suffer from eye strain.

Bob Lytle has become a Casanova of the first rank. He's with his third girl this year. Are there any odds that he'll make it an even four?

Johnny Shock and Mary Reindollar said that they were going to proof-read the first returns for Au Revoir the last night of the Easter holidays, Ha! Ha!

In closing let me quote a comedian (?) on the radio. His comment to the students who went to New York and to many others should be quite pertinent. He said, "The rising generation is retiring when the retiring generation is rising.'

Until next month when this writer will write his last column and name his successor, according to the traditions set up by Norris Weis, I say to you, individually and collectively. So Long and So What?

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## Spring Is Here, And:

Charlotte Smyrk, class of 1940, was married to William Willasch on April 9, 1941. They will live in Richmond, Va.

Helene White, class of 1937, was married to Ensign William Tait, Jr., at the Naval Academy on April 16, 1941. Ensign Tait is stationed in Honolulu.

Gertrude Tear, former member of the class of 1939, was married to William Roemer on March 23, 1941.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ogier have announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen, to Edward Gibbons, Jr. On Saturday, April 12, 1941, Miss Marie M. Neunsinger was married to Mr. Bror Olof Larsen.

Magdelene Smuck, class of 1919, died March 16, after a long illness.

Mary Ann Douglas, class of 1935, and C. Haven Kolb, Jr., class of 1936, both former Tower Light editors, were quietly married at the Church of Our Savior on Saturday, April 5. Mr. Kolb is teaching in the science department at the Forest Park High School and Miss Douglas teaches at School No. 10 in Baltimore.

#### APOLOGY TO PORTIA

by NANCY METZGER

The quality of inertia is not strained It starteth as a mild delay in effort — Upon the fevered brow. It is twice cursed — It curseth one in body and in soul 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The flighty student better than his gum; His face shows the force of temporal power The weakening of will, and reason, too, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of lack; But inertia is above the teacher's sway. When it's enthroned in the student's heart 'Tis decadence to life itself.

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	Frances Shores	Ш	RETROSPECT
	James Jett	Ш	LAST LETTER
		Ш	ETERNAL CHANGE
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Music

Sylvia Gelwasser Ruth Maleson

ALICE MUNN - - Managing Editor

# OWER LIGH

VOLUME XIV JUNE ISSUE NUMBER 9

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THE TOWER LIGHT is published monthly-October through June-by students of the State Teachers College at Towson, Md.

\$1.50 PER YEAR......20 CENTS PER COPY

# SEVENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OU attended once on a time the Maryland State Normal School (Baltimore) alias the State Normal School at Towson, alias the State Teachers College at Towson, did vou not? Your Alma Mater is an oldish lady now, seventy-five years of age.

Seventy-five years to a student of anthropology seems but the space of a heartbeat, although to an Alumni Committee who have been roaming for months-on-end, all over seventy-five years of records, it has seemed "quite a sizable stretch." And they made many discoveries, which opened their eyes. They wonder whether you know about all these years of romantic adventurings of your Alma Mater. For, after all, you are a part of that story - you, and all the thousands and thousands of other graduates-most of you Marylanders-who have sojourned within the limits of this institution.

Now let us consider: Did you know that your Alma Mater has occupied, successively, four plants in four locations; that she took part in the earliest movement in America to furnish public schools with trained teachers; that her first principal was a rare and wise Irishman of "fine scholarly attainments", educated in universities in Belfast and Dublin; that this educator was an advanced thinker, "who had come under the influences of Horace Mann, Henry Barnard and Colonel Francis Parker; that on one occasion Dr. Wm. C. Baglev of Teachers College, Columbia University, said of our college, "Personally, I think it has the best faculty in any teachers college in the country"; that, to one of our alumni vacationing in New England, a new acquaintance said of our campus, that "it is one of the country's most beautiful campuses . . . second only to Princeton University"? And did you further know that one of the features of this 75th anniversary celebration has been an attempt to prepare a history of our Alma Mater? Finally, did you know that the history is even now in the printer's hands, and will be on sale Alumni Dav, June 14th? Shouldn't you buy one to own yourself?

Title: Seventy-Five Years of Teacher Education.

#### Authors:

Committee of the Alumni of State Teachers College at Towson Lucetta Sisk (Class of 1908), Asst. Superintendent, Baltimore

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Mary Hudson Scarborough (Class of 1891), Field Secretary of Alumni Association

Lida Lee Tall, Former President of State Teachers College,

Irene M. Steele (Class of 1908), Principal Campus School Margery Willis Harriss (Class of 1936), President of Epsilon

Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, State Teachers College of Towson

William C. Bader (Class of 1928), Teacher of History, Polytechnic Institute, Baltimore

M. Theresa Wiedefeld (Class of 1904), President of State Teachers College, Towson

Lena C. Van Bibber (Class of 1894), Chairman Editorial Committee

#### PLANS FOR CONVOCATION

## Saturday, June 14, 1941 -

The academic procession will consist of four parts: The first section will include Delegates to the Academic Convocation from colleges, universities and other schools. These delegates will assemble in the elementary school auditorium. The second section will be made up of delegates representing educational associations, educational fraternities and societies, and other organizations and institutions closely associated with educational work. The third section will consist of members of the college faculty. The fourth section is composed of the honor guests of the school — members of the State Board, school administrators, and Dr. Knight, our guest speaker.

A special student marshal group is being trained to act as guides, registrars, and temporary hosts to the visiting delegates. Reception centers will be located at convenient places outside the main buildings to register guests and direct them to proper places of assembly. The president of a sister college, Dr. Fred G. Holloway of Western Maryland College, will give the prayer and benediction.

## Musical Program:

The Light of Dawning - Tschaikowsky-Federlein
Roll, Chariot - - - - - - - Noble Cain
Alma Mater - - - - - - The College Song
The Star-Spangled Banner

These will be sung by a combined Glee Club of Alumni and students, numbering about 120.

## Dr. West's Portrait:

The Alumni Association and friends of Dr. West in the Baltimore school system will jointly present a portrait of Dr. West, who was principal here during one of the most trying times in the history of the institution, the period of the first World War. The portrait has been painted by Dr. Denman Fink of the University of Miami faculty. It will be presented to the college at the Convocation by Miss Laura Cairnes, principal of Eastern High School.

#### Sunday, June 15, 1941 -

#### BACCALAUREATE

The graduating class voted to invite Dr. Don Frank Fenn of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, to conduct the Baccalaureate services. Musical Program:

Praise to the Lord — Chorale - - Christinasen Glee Club

Send Forth Thy Light - - - - Balakirew Graduates

Lamb of God (Agnus Dei) - - - - - Bizet Jeanie Group

The orchestra is preparing "Cujus Animam" for Baccalaureate. This composition provides opportunity for solos by two seniors, accompanied by the orchestra. For Commencement, in addition to the Processional, we play Beethoven's "Country Dance in C".

The Alumni orchestra is joining with the In-College orchestra to play the Processional and Recessional at Convocation and also a number on the program. The last is to be the "Minuetto" from the E Flat Symphony by Mozart.

Tuesday, June 17, 1941 —

#### COMMENCEMENT

Dean Harold Benjamin of the University of Maryland will give the Commencement address. The faculty will walk in a procession.

#### Musical Program:

The Lord's Prayer - - - - - Malotte-Deis Glee Club

Omnipotence - - - - - - - - Schubert Graduates and Glee Club

Springtide - - - - - - - - - - - - Grieg

Carmencita — Mexican Folk Song - - - Riegger

Glee Club

The Alumni Association will hold, in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the college, a dinner and dance at the Lord Baltimore Hotel on Saturday, June fourteenth, at six-thirty o'clock. There will be no dinner speaker. The dinner will be followed by a pageant presenting episodes illustrating the progress of the school. Both amusing and serious features will symbolize the passing of time and the evolution of the school into the college of today. Many talented members of the Alumni will sing, dance, and act. A great number of persons are expected to share this diverting evening. At the close of the pageant, dancing will begin and continue until 12 o'clock.

GRADUATES OF 1941

# Our Senior Year

by Ruby Young

E WERE Seniors! This fact was unbelievable to most of us. We soon realized it, however, when we saw by the Handbook that we had two weeks to get ready for the Senior Benefit Dance. Since half the Senior Class was enslaved by the duties of student teaching, the half that was free had to get to work. In attempting to keep up with progressive education, the seniors instituted a new educational theory for that night in October. The auditorium was transformed into a schoolroom where the three R's were taught. Not the proverbial three R's, but the three R's of the new senior educational theory — Rhythm, Rhumba and Romance. The students seemed to respond instantly to these three R's. In fact, everyone was an "A" student before the evening was over.

To have a Yearbook or not to have a Yearbook — that was the question. Many agents of publishing companies were interviewed. All the prices they mentioned left us wide-eyed, but everything comes to him who waits. We waited, and opportunity knocked in the form of a publisher with an eye toward the future. We became determined to make a Yearbook a reality. The book-to-be had to have a name. A contest was held and the name chosen was "Au Revoir" — Farewell till we meet again. Only the preliminaries were completed when half the senior class left for student teaching and the other half returned. They set to work and before we knew, the Yearbook was well on its way.

Christmas, with its excitement and happiness, rolled around. This Christmas meant much to the seniors because it would be their last as students of S. T. C. The Barn Dance left everyone breathless, but glowing with excitement.

A new year, 1941, was here. Within a month, the senior class was back as a whole again, the first time for a year. We began work by planning an "An Revoir" Benefit Dance. The auditorium was transformed into Coney Island. It was quite realistic with balloons, weight guessers, grab bags, hot dogs and "pop". Despite the fact that old man weather turned the tables on us that night, the dance proved to be a benefit to "An Revoir".

Demonstration Night came and school spirit reached its peak. Competition was keen and the final scores were close, making it hard for the seniors who were judges to make a decision.

To get back to a major problem of the year, the Yearbook. Time flew as we planned and executed bake sales and card parties which were a financial boon to "Au Revoir".

A red letter day — May 9 — arrived and with it a stately procession of seniors in their caps and gowns. Could these dignified young men and women be our same carefree classmates of the last four years?

Another red letter day - May 10 - arrived. May Day with all its beauty, pomp and ceremony.

The former is a mere outline of our senior year. A mere outline because there is much that is omitted. The fun we have had working together, the joy we have shared in overcoming our difficulties, the happiness we have experienced together because of our success, and the bonds of friendship which are deep-rooted in the hearts of each one of us — these could not be recorded in words, but they exist and mean much to us who are seniors.

JUNE . 1941

"Write some jingles," we were told. Some jingles, what are they? Tinkling sounds or ringing bells? Perhaps a one-horse shay.

Wait a minute, Webster gives
A better meaning here:
Groups of pleasing rhyming sounds.
That's not our line I fear.

We, the class of Senior 4.

Are not poets, that we know;
Still we like to write in rhyme,
So, readers, here we go!

We would like to brag awhile, Our classmates make us proud. Listen while we tell of them In statements long and loud.

Betty Steuart is our prize, Her beauty made her queen; And all of us are bold to say "A finer pres, ain't seen."

Wells is day vice-president, She has that beauty, too! Let us add — for making fun, She is surpassed by few.

Our resident pres. is Heck — A smile for everyone; Watching Peggy jitterbug Is really lots of fun.

Reindollar is next in line, As secretary she's a wow! And for her work on "Au Revoir", She's also asked to take a bow.

## J | N G L E S STUDENTS OF SENIOR 4B

We must make mention of Miss Young, For Ruby is our boss; Regardless of the problems, Our pres. is never cross.

Eickelberg's vice-president,
A mighty fine one, too.
Hale's the one who takes the notes
As very few can do.

Now Thomas counts the money, And keeps the records straight; It would really not be funny If our accounts weren't up-to-date.

Who is that gal so full of pep — One we surely wish to thank; She is our Student Council rep., No one else but Doris Klank.

Our senior year would be a flop Without some recreation; Linzey and Tapman planned all this, Making our class a sensation,

We cannot close without a word About our Yearbook staff. We know they worked like dogs, but still They weren't without a laff.

Shock and Tapman — editors, And Coulson with some name; In spite of all their troubles, They worked well just the same. Townshend and Ogier sure got ads, Their record can't be beat; Parr and Tribull "wrote us up," You'll see that they were sweet.

Jett wrote us some poetry,
Far better than this stuff;
McCarriar and Price were picture bugs —
Of that you know enough.

Shepherd did our art work,
Which really was quite swell;
And of course we are indebted
To those who had to sell.

Well, so much for our Yearbook, So much for officers, too; We want to change the subject To include some more of you.

A big two-tone gray Buick
Speeds off to town each day —
"Barker, may we have a ride,
If you are going our way?"

We all have senioritis,
We hear from all the teachers;
They surely make us feel
That we are horrid creatures.

For four long years we've gone to class And listened to the teachers, But after June we'll be the ones, The great infallible preachers.

When we get our B.S. degree, And go away from here, We'll always remember Miss Joslin And her pleasant words of cheer,

## After College, What?

by John Shock

HE academic procession begins; our emotion increases as the music swells; stirring words of advice and congratulations are delivered; a small white cart is wheeled into place; one by one dignified figures with triumphant expressions move gracefully to the speaker's stand, diplomas are awarded — the recession begins. Some with smiles, some with heavy hearts and some with half-hidden tears gather with their families, receive hosts of congratulations and bid farewell to several of their classmates. Thus a period is placed at the end of that complete four-year sentence which rep-

resents much joy, and laborious but pleasant work, interspersed with worry. College is over only to return in memories — never, in reality, for "time" is a creature never caught retracing his steps.

But now that college life is over, what has the future in store for us? Indeed, it would take more than the mysterious "crystal ball" to answer such a question accurately; yet it is a question foremost in our minds and we must find a release for our thoughts even though they be mere unsupported prophecies.

Legal papers, such as contracts, which mean positions

in our profession, will make their debut as a part of our lives. Arduous work will follow and I've heard that our real work and education really will begin after the first four years of college has been completed. Therefore, it would be wise for all of us to adopt the Boy Scout moto: "Be Prepared", so as to meet this task of self-education fully equipped. This new work surely will mean new friends and new contacts some of which will be more lasting than those acquired in college. Our career will present problems which may seem unanswerable but we intend to answer them satisfactorily; some superiors may seem intolerable but we shall soon understand them; children may appear to be devils but we shall count ten and call them "dears".

Many will find satisfaction with this life but others who still have their eyes on higher stars in the heavens of success will endeavor to lengthen their names by adding M.S., Ph.D., etc.

Then, too, there is one other thought that merits consideration even though "men only" are directly concerned. The much discussed Selective Service Act may again make headlines in our future. Yes, regardless of our contracts and plans for the future there remains a duty which will cause many of the stronger sex to "table" their positions and plans until some future date. For

how long — only the Supreme may know. This new life may appeal to some of them and other opportunities may be pursued in preference to those "tabled". Will it be easy for those who remain loyal to the profession to take up their "yoke" where they released it? If "after college — what" could be answered, these problems would be solved. Still we can only put forth suggestive answers.

As yet the entire future has not been included and possibly can never hope to be but some may feel slighted if one additional idea isn't included. Contracts or no contracts, jobs or no jobs, plans or no plans, draft or no draft, there is one natural and happy tendency which will be included in the life history of 1941 (1 can't state numerically) — it is known widely as the "state of holy matrimony."

Multitudes of students in this world (67 from this college) will sign "the end" to college life in June. Many others will write "to be continued". Regardless of the route selected at the close of it all in June, the success in "After College What?" will be inevitable if a few of Shakespeare's words of wisdom are taken to heart:

"Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear: Things done without example in their issue Are to be feared — ."

## Retrospect

by Alice Carr

EMERSON SAID, in one of his lectures, "The actions and events of our youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air." He ntimates that events seen in retrospect take on beauty ind pleasure and that we remember joy rather than unnappiness. This fact must be true; alumni confirm it. If this is so, Glee Club rehearsals will appear as monents when the soul freed itself and soared with Grieg or waltzed with Strauss. Literature classes, in retrospect, will not be hours when you looked in Long, or Blankenship, or Hubbell, for a choice bit about Nathaniel Hawthorne, but moments of communion with great ninds, a sharing of the noble or humorous thoughts of rving, Emerson, and Milton. When you see a large plackbird gliding in effortless flight, you will delight in recognizing it as a Turkey Vulture, forgetful of the bird who walks in the snow when your fingers were numb and your hair falling out of curl. Some day you'll recall

an unusual fact or a really funny pun, and you'll think of the author of it and smile a little. When you see Towson street car, you will remember that delightful morning when you found a seat, or when an S. T. C. man offered you one. You will forget the Wednesday assemblies spent in perfecting "Send Forth Thy Light" and remember how solemn and clear it sounded at the Baccalaureate Service.

These strange and marvelous things will come to pass, for Emerson and the alumni say such miracles do occur. I suppose the next best thing to being an alumnus, cur. joying such reminiscences, is the pleasure a senior has in looking forward to the time when he will be an alumnus, looking back with affection at S. T. C. "stately rising on a hill-top, ever our delight." In fact, just the mention of "Alma Mater" brings a misty feeling about the eyes, but there must be a scientific reason for it. It couldn't possibly be sentiment — or could it?

## **Last Letter**

State Teachers College Towson, Maryland June 10, 1941

Dear Mother and Daddy -

Do you realize this is the last letter I'll write to you from college? Yes, those once-dreaded four years in college have too rapidly passed. It is with a sigh of relief and a feeling of sadness that I see Commencement approaching.

Before I came here a friend said to me, "If you never teach a day, college and dormitory life will be worth the money you spend." Of course, I thought that was foolish. Now I understand and agree with the statement.

Among the students I have made many friends whom I shall always cherish. Living and working with them has meant so much to me. They have taught me a great deal about living with others — sharing work, play, joy, and sorrow. I would like to say to them what Gwendoler Grandcourt said to Daniel in George Eliot's novel Dariel Deronda: "It is better: it shall be better because have known you."

To the faculty I owe an unrepayable debt. I hope shall be a better teacher for the examples they have se before me; understanding patience, desirable standard for work, and sharing of materials, as well as fine char acter and personality.

To you, my parents, I owe all this opportunity. Yo have made many sacrifices both known and unknow to me. For these, for your understanding and encouragment, and for everything that has made my last for years so happy, I thank you. I hope that in the year to come. I shall be able to repay you in every wa possible.

Your daughter,

Annetta.

#### A DAY WITH A SENIOR

by Margaret Hale

Listen, Underclassmen, and you shall hear Of the toils that beset us in the senior year.

Twas half-past seven by the Tower clock When a senior arose, of her knowledge took stock. She said to her room-mate, whose eyes were half-closed, "Had I slumbered at ten, I'd be on my toes, Last night was such fun, but today I shall dread To face Bartlett's Quotations with an empty head. Even more do I fear that Science class, While peering through microscopes, two hours we'll pass. Commencement rehearsal at eleven forty-five; We'll have time off for lunch and a bit of jive. Then off to room two hundred and twelve Where into the problems of nations we delve. In Economics, too, we shall sharpen our wit; We've an instructor who tells the significance of it. To the library at three we rush like mad 'Are there any books left that can still be had?'

"In sun, snow, or rain to the athletic call, The Seniors respond, knowing there'll be fun for all. We work for the Tower Light. Au Revoir, too, The publications read by you, you, and you.

"Seniors need nourishment, so again we dine. Studies are next, at least from seven to nine. A short trip to Towson, a privilege that's shared Only by seniors, and by seniors 'its aired. Trudge back to our rooms, to the books we've not read, A shower, a gab fest, and so into bed. Then, here's to the seniors; they're a class That is noteworthy, aspiring, and quite unsurpassed."

## A Family Affair

by Jeannette Jones

SOMETIMES TEACHING is a family affair. Toda right in State Teachers College, there are some wh can boast that their mothers attended the Marylan State Normal School or Teachers Training School. I going over the records these are some of those we found

Student	Mother
Helen Gifford '41	Edna Benson
Katherine Clark '42	Mary L. Shipley
Marjorie Hisley '42	Lillian Prinz
John Horst '42	Ada Cunningham '16
Jeannette R. Jones '42	Jeannette B. Russell '14
Doris Kehm '42	
Anna Garthe '43	
Bremer Shearman '43	Marie Hartley '15
Anne Holland Wright '43	
Jule Holland Wright '43.	Grace Holland '14
Gertrude Bleakley '44	
Theodore Katenkamp '44	
Betty Mussington '41	
Mildred Slagle '44	Bernice B. Barnes '05

We are proud that our 75th anniversary is being cel brated by Alumni of State Teachers College who sons or daughters are attending State Teachers Colle now. Let's continue to make teaching a family affa more sons and daughters should attend our Alma Mate

## **Eternal Change**

by Jean Kemp

HAT freshman has not often gazed upon the quotation, "Nothing is constant but change," in Dr. Lynch's room? Have you ever thought of yourself in the light of this? Have you reflected upon the life about you, your environment? Has there been no change? Surely no mortal sense could be so dulled that it could not perceive rapid changes in this world of ours today. Let us, though, narrow our subject in this vast field and try to recall some of the changes in our college during the past three years which we have seen and which perhaps we have helped to bring about.

First, the faculty which is near and dear to us can be considered. Of course, you remember Miss Keves, who served so faithfully in her field of health education. Upon her retirement we were fortunate in having Dr. Stein to take her place. Remember, girls? Miss Whitson was with us for a year substituting for Mrs. Larsen. Remember, boys? Mr. Crook has joined the Department of Science to help us in our struggle. Mr. Miller has chosen to grace our faculty in the field of English. All of us except the freshmen will remember Miss Van Bibber, and even they have been made aware of her untiring efforts and helpfulness since her retirement, especially in connection with the 75th celebration of our college. Dr. Foster Dowell has taken the big task of teaching Sociology, History and American Government upon his shoulders and we dare say he's a whiz, "All right? Now . . .

"Our curriculum," did you say? Of course it's vitally changed. Just three years ago our college became an accredited college requiring four years to complete the course, at the end of which time we receive our Bachelor of Science degrees. Many new courses have been added and several old ones retired or incorporated with others. Last year the practicum course was introduced. It has proved most valuable in that it has given us actual experience and it has afforded an insight into student teaching. The junior seminar, introduced this year, has also been of much benefit to us for we have learned much about Maryland that we hadn't known before. This new program provides for excursions and lectures through which we have definitely grown.

"Stand up and cheer; stand up and cheer for Teachers College" because we're putting her right on the map of sports. Our college has been nobly represented at the Penn Relays during the past few years. For the first time a tennis team has been successfully organized this

year. Badminton, too, has recently come to the fore. Hockey, due to popular demand, is now a fall elective for the girls. While speaking of sports, we might mention that the Varsity Club was (Continued on page 28)

## **As The Seniors Saw It**

by Mabel Whiteford

DID YOU KNOW that our privilege of wearing ankle socks is rather recent, that the day students used to partake of their mid-day meal in what is now Dr. West's laboratory, and that magazines didn't occupy one whole room in the administration building? Yes, in our four years here it has been "off with the old and on with the new." Our student body changes every year: different students promulgate different ideas and ideals; and we students are responsible, in part, for the changes in the college.

Our class did not have the privilege of the practicums. We stumbled into student teaching, hardly knowing what it was all about. Practicums, naturally, are subject to many changes, but they are a step forward. As freshmen, we remember those city juniors stepping out into what is termed "the cold, cruel world." Now, city students as well as county, are sheltered for four years before they are on their own.

We dorm students have not been a dormant group. Tripping the light fantastic now and then, we raised the money which made possible some furniture and curtains in the foyer; radios were a struggle but evidently Santa Claus gave us the privilege just before we went home for the holidays.

Minor, perhaps, but very pleasing to us all are the coca-cola machines, the extended time for cafeteria breakfast, the increase in the length of the Easter vacation, and the moving up of Monday assemblies to quicken the powers of digestion.

Most of us are not so keen about the extra steps to the mail box in the rush between classes. Coming back to the dormitory on Sunday night has its disadvantages, too. However, these unfavorable changes are over-balanced by the others.

To you, under-graduates, we recommend that in the years to come, you aim for no entrance exams, non-compulsory assemblies, and a letter once a day in every student's mail box.

## **A Rural Chapter**

by M. Theresa Wiedefeld

ERE I lie in bed trying to get over the effects of sulfanilamide. As if that isn't enough, I am beset with the whisperings of conscience which never let up telling me that tomorrow is the dead line date and I promised an article for the Tower Light. Miss Munn told me once if I would just write and not labor so over my articles they would be better. So this is the time to test her wisdom on that score. "Just write" — but what shall I write about? Whatever I think. I am not able to think. Streptococci see to it that their victim has a rest from all thinking. The best I can do is remember. That's it, reminisce. I have been doing that. All yesterday between naps I lived in my childhood world. I wonder if I can stay awake long enough today to write the chapter I like best.

#### The Year We Moved To The Country

My parents had "four children and Robert." We four children were born in Baltimore City. The year we moved to the country I was fourteen, my sister was twelve, and the boys were eleven and eight. Mother had been ill for a year and the doctor's advice was, "Take your family to the country where you can be out of doors a great deal. Raise flowers, raise chickens, do as you please, but get away from strain and stress and people." After considerable search we found a place which seemed to fit our needs in all respects but two: distance from the car line and distance from church. Father said, "Don't hesitate on my account. I shall enjoy the walk. We'll manage somehow to get to church." So we moved to the country!

The house was comparatively new and quite comfortable. There was a small barn large enough for one horse and one cow, and one small chicken coop on these four acres of land, "Who is going to sweep the four acres?" asked Will, whose Saturday morning chore had been to sweep the city backyard.

The place was owned by a Baltimore post-master and his wife. She had inherited it from her father and they had lived on it until their children were grown and all employed. They had divided the estate into three places and built three houses on it, a white one, a yellow one, and a green one. There were thirty acres of open tillable land closed in on all sides by pasture land and woodland, insuring it all the isolation from "stress and strain and people" anyone could wish.

Our neighbors consisted of the families in these houses. There was the owner's family, all adults who lived in the best of the houses. The family in the white house had eight children. Their oldest daughter had a beau and the youngest child was a baby in arms. The peroxide blondes lived in the green house. They were two sisters who drove a strawberry roan and seemed to have a good time. The younger sister had a scarred face because "stuff she used to beautify her got into her brains." They moved out soon.

We moved in in early March. The trees were bare and some snow remained on the ground. It was difficult to explain our feelings when we opened the door and looked out that first night before starting out to meet Father at the end of the woods road. We had never seen night so black, but with Mother in the middle we held hands and stumbled along. It seemed very bleak indeed, I suppose Mother feared many times that she had done the wrong thing but the only thing to do now was go on.

The first problem to manage on the first day in our new home was that of getting to school. Mother had enrolled us before we moved, so now she went with us this first day. It was the end of the winter term and a teacher was to be dropped because of decreased enrollment. Four new children meant much. This was a fourroom county school quite different from the large city school from which we had come. The principal, a young man, taught the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades. I was in the 8th grade with one other pupil — a boy who, until my coming, had had all his work with the seventh grade children. I am not sure that he welcomed me. It is no so easy to get by when only two are in the class. I re member only one grammar lesson with him. He was to correct the sentence: "The boy had a three feet rule in his pocket." For a long while he saw nothing wrong with it. Then his face lighted up and he said, "Oh! -The boy had a vard stick in his pocket."

I was soon a big duck in a little pond. I don't know how the other ducks liked it but to me it was a new and valuable experience. I took charge of the room whet the principal was called out. How well do I remembe reading Enoch Arden to the other children, and I substituted in the lower grades when the teachers wer absent or late. The curriculum of that 8th grade in cluded Myer's General History, General Science, fiv books of plane geometry, Wentworth's Arithmetic, a gebra through quadratic equations, etymology, composition and rhetoric, and somebody's Physical Geography

The days grew warmer and we had to get along wit our farming. That land must not be wasted. (Conservation!! Miss Brown would have said.) We employed farmer to plow and harrow the land, lay off one act

for potatoes, one for corn, and leave one for us to divide into patches as we wanted them. By this time the acre on which the barn was standing had been converted into a barnyard and poultry yard. Father claimed no knowledge of farming; he worked with figures. Mother was the farmer; she had lived on a farm until she was nine years old. Then she moved to Calvert Street in Baltimore. She knew how to cut seed potatoes and drop corn. We begged her to allow us to stay home from school to help plant, as the other farm children did. She humored us for one day. We planted a little bit of everything in that extra acre, even peanuts. The peas acted very strangely (to us). After they had been in the ground about two weeks they all came up and sat on top of the ground. Mother had to replant every one of them. Our crops were poor that year our best yield was in peanuts. We knew that farmers had to use fertilizers but we thought that one year without such wouldn't matter so much. I suppose the people who had the place the year before had thought that, too.

We bought a little Alderney cow and Mother learned to milk her. She turned her head quickly one day and knocked Mother off the stool. Our relatives, who were watching this "experiment" very closely, talked a great deal about the vicious cow we had and insisted that we get a new one, but Daisy was merely chasing a fly and Mother learned to sit on the stool with more authority.

Chickens were to have been our money crop. We bought some fine buff cochin eggs and hatched them under hens. By midsummer we had a flock of lovely red and yellow chickens in the garden and delicious fried chicken on the table more often than once a week. We had several dozen young ducks quacking about the yard and even a few guineas. Then one morning we had a shock. When the hen house door was opened we found the hens piled on the floor, at the door and under the nests, pulled there by rats, or weasels, that had sucked their blood and left them dead. The hens that were left were in a flutter on the roosts. That night Mother put rat poison about, being very careful to keep it out of reach of the chickens. Major, a mongrel dog we had acquired, ate most of the poison and in his misery next day he went straight to the chicken yard. Another dozen or so of the chickens died. Some of the ducks were stolen just when we might have been dreaming of roast duck. Raising chickens did not seem worthwhile.

We had to have some means of getting to church and about the country. Soon after we moved we bought Old Grugan. He was about twenty when we bought him but he survived for many years. He had been owned originally by Dr. Grogan, a veterinarian, for whom he was named. Our Miss Grogan does not admit relationship to him. If so, I could claim relationship to her.

He was a lovely big bay but like Jimmy Wiggs' "fit horse" he had several bad habits. One was embarrassing and one was exasperating. He pulled in at every saloon, and he drew to the curb and dropped into a slow walk whenever he thought the driver might be asleen. He had a wonderful nature which was a good thing for us, for we children often made a jackass of him. We all wanted to learn to ride. We'd stand him at the barn door and drop onto his back from the top of the door, Sometimes two, sometimes three, rode him round and round the "four acres." I never could stick on. If he moved out of a walk, I turned over his head or slid over his tail. He seemed to like to land me on the ground for then, he'd whinny and trot off to the barn. Sometimes we played circus and Old Grugan had to play varied roles in the parade. He did not mind the parade, not even the decorations we put on him, for he could walk and he had many opportunities to stand - just stand. He did not enjoy the bare back riding stunts in which he had to run around the circle. The hardest work which Old Grugan had to do was hauling us about when we wanted to go. Since no carriage would hold us all we bought a light wagon — a black covered one with yellow wheels. Father put two seats in it behind the driver's. Now we had plenty of room and could go wherever and whenever we desired. Father drove on Sunday. During the week Mother managed the reins. Father called the whip the "persuader" and Old Grugan needed it frequently. We children fought for our turn at riding on the front seat, for we soon got tired of riding behind the black curtains. So we rolled up the curtains and then our wagon became an open bus. A bright vellow picnic bus! It never occurred to us that we were an object of curiosity. We went each Sunday to church in that vellow wagon. We were different, to say the least, If Mother preferred the curtains down she never said so. She always said, "Value is found only in reality," and had always warned us against "false pride." We were putting her principles to the test without mercy. Judging by the way Father rubbed up the harness and shined the mounting and cared for Old Grugan's glossy brown coat, his pride had to be satisfied by the appearance of the horse. I feel sure he was greatly relieved later on when we bought a four-seated carriage. That didn't happen until about the time Robert was born, After that event we were no longer free to travel all together. His coming broke up our democratic way of living in many ways.

Our cousins had thought our wagon was "just grand" when they came to see us and traveled with us over the country side. They did not enjoy it one bit when our wagon, curtains up, filled with children, came to call at their front door in the city. The only person who didn't

mind was Grandfather. He came out to meet us at the front gate. He was one of those creative souls who, even at ninety-three, was always trying to invent something. All his life he had talked about his ability to make crows talk. Now he could really prove it. He would split the crow's tongue and then he could teach him to talk. We had one crow in a pen — how we caught him I don't know, but of course he died before the lessons began.

On the other side of our back fence was a beautiful stretch of pasture lands where cattle grazed for about one week during the summer. That week was a most unhappy one for us for that field and the beautiful stretch of Herring Run which crossed it at the foot of a hill had become our park and playground. One deep section of clear sparkling water running over white sand and tiny pebbles was completely closed in by the overhanging branches of the oaks which grew on either side and met overhead. This was a perfect bathing pool except for clinging leeches and here the boys had their first swimming lessons. Then the stream, narrowed by great boulders, ran over the stones in a beautiful cascade. Here on the boulders were our picnic grounds. We built a fire on top of the rocks, cooked our corn and chicken and ate while our feet dangled in the turbulent water of the cascade. There I gained my first love for a flowing stream. I learned to imitate the various sounds the water made as it hurried along; there I composed songs and poems about the stream in all its moods.

A small stream ran across that field and emptied into the Herring Run. For a distance of several hundred vards it was bordered on both sides by a dense growth of blackberry vines. We called it the jungle. We beat paths through this thicket until we could get into the inside. There the loveliest blackberries, many an inch long, grew in profusion. They were as sweet as any cultivated ones and had a better flavor. When they were ripe we picked all day. Mother made bread in those days and one of us could be found at any time of the day spreading himself a roll or a huge slice of bread with stewed blackberries. Blackberry jelly and jam were stored for winter and we had frequent roly-polies. We saw our first snakes in the "jungle", and after that, berry picking was attended with some fear. In the evenings we made songs and stories about our jungle and peopled it with more than just snakes.

The summer passed and our fall experiences were as rich, if not as exciting, as those of the summer. We had such enjoyment from decorating our house with golden-rod. Fox grape vines draped themselves over old trees that grew along our fence rows and big blue grapes scented the air. These were made into more jelly for our winter. We picked and dried walnuts and saved bushels

of them for candy making. We were so proud of our walnut-stained hands and went to school feeling that we were no longer "city kids". The chestnuts were best of all. Hunting among the leaves and finding big brown chestnuts was like going to Grandfather's on Easter and searching through the barn for "the colored eggs the rabbit brought". What sheer delight to find them! We spent the afternoons and all day Saturday in the woods.

I can't remember the winter. Only one incident stands out. Of course, the hill down which we ran to our beloved Herring Run made perfect coasting. Father made us a double-decker and went with us at night to coast. Early in February the Run was frozen deep. All that good ice! How wonderful to have some of it during the summer. Mother found an article in a farm journal to which she subscribed which explained how ice could be stored without an ice house. The directions said: Pile the cakes of ice in a shady place on the ground separating them on all sides by thick layers of sawdust. Then cover the whole with layers of burlap and paper and put canvas over all. That looked simple. so off to the Run we went. I don't remember how we cut the ice, but I still can see the size of those pieces and still visualize the carrying and pulling of that ice up the hill and hear the fussing and grumbling as Mother kept urging us on and promising the luxuries which ice would permit us during the summer. The pile was most encouraging when we left it. Then the warm sun of the spring days shone upon it. It soon began its homeward journey back to the Run. That experience has served me with an expression which, like "carrying coals to Newcastle", covers so many, many situations. I so often find myself labeling an instance of wasted energy "carrying ice from Herring Run".

With the coming of spring our year's lease expired I was to go to the Normal School in September and we had to be nearer to a car line. Mother's health was greatly improved and we all had learned many lessons We moved in March. We had a great deal more to take than we had brought and now the last load was ready to go, a load of chickens, ducks, and farm implements Behind it was our wagon carrying the rest of the live stock - two pigs, two sheep, the dog, the cat, and the guinea pigs. Daisy, the cow, was tied behind. All were becoming restless, even Old Grugan was annoved by the farm-vard music. The Town Musicians of Bremen would have had no show in competition. As the caravan moved off Daisy began to dance. Then the young man who was driving called out a bit of advice which still re mains a slogan in our family, "Don't get in back of her Just don't get in back of her." With a flare of color action, sound, we drew the curtain on The Year W Moved to the Country.

### THE PUBLICATION — THE INDIVIDUAL THE COLLEGE

by Eleanora Bowling Kane

(Editor-in-Chief Tower Light — 1927-28; Now in Charge of Radio, Department of Education, Baltimore)

GOODNESS, MISS MUNN! What a subject to assign a person for an article! Now if it were a spectacular title, you could be pretty sure the reader would be attracted by the title, and maybe he'd be carried along, for awhile anyway, through the article, no matter how dull the fare. But with a title like this, you're sort of stymied right off the bat. They tell you, in radio, in order to catch the listener's interest, to establish conflict at once, but I just can't think of a single device to carry anybody's eve one line below this title. Well, anyway speaking of conflict - there's plenty of that in the life of a college publication editor; conflict with the printer when the galley proof doesn't come in on time, conflict with students who don't want to write, conflict with students who do want to write and can't, and conflict with wary potential subscription material.

But there's more to it, of course, than conflict. The individual who serves on the staff of a school publication derives some really worthwhile advantages from his work. We have become so used to saving that certain activities enable children "to work well together in groups," that the expression seems to be almost an educational cliché. Yet, the expression does apply to the college editors who must ignore individual and personal differences and pull together for the good of the publication. The editor not only must work well with other members of the staff - he must keep in touch with students in other classes, clubs, and all school organizations, so that his contacts are ever expanding. Not only does he widen the circle of his college acquaintances, but he must cultivate many people on the outside as well: printers, guest writers, and advertisers. For a future teacher, who will have to be able to meet and deal with many types of people, this is a valuable by-product of work on a college publication. Of value, also, is the sense of responsibility that an editorial position engenders in a student. He must be capable of handling many emergencies, of meeting a time deadline, and of reading proof with the right attitude toward commas, dashes, and spelling!

The student derives many benefits from his work as an editor; the publication, of course, is benefited by the student's work and, in the final analysis, the college benefits by a good, well-rounded paper or magazine. For it is by the school publication that many laymen judge the college. The Publication - The Individual -The College - and it all works out like one of those problems they used to give us in ratio.

### WHAT DOES BEING A MEMBER OF THE PUBLICATION STAFF DO FOR THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE SCHOOL

by Mary McClean Mulquin (Editor, 1937)

THE STUDENT who is a member of his school's publication staff has in many ways an advantage over his fellow students. From necessity he must put into practice the teachings of his scholastic work. If he is a writer or proofreader, he must know and use good English in order to produce interesting material; if an illustrator, he has the opportunity to make use of principles learned in class; if a business manager, he must be able to speak clearly and thus put ideas across to others. This opportunity to take part in an extra-curricular activity creates in the individual more interest in his school and its welfare. At the same time he is of more value to that institution since he is able to contribute more of himself than just scholastic work.

In any college there is just as great a need for a successful publication as for a winning athletic team. Through the medium of a publication, school spirit is kept alive and alumni are informed of the progress of the college. A publication also gives students a chance to express their opinions and, as such, is an organ of student criticism. It is an approach through which the school administration can be enlightened in regard to needs of students. Finally, the publication has considerable outside influence, since through it, outsiders learn of the college's inner workings.

### WORK ON A PUBLICATION STAFF

by Edward A. Gersuk

("Seen from the Tower" Department, 1932)

WORKING ON the staff of a publication does not bring your name to the lips of all. It causes no heads to turn and whisper as you pass. It brings no outstanding popularity. It gives no opportunity for the great profile to be admired as in the Mummers'; no chance to display your physical prowess on the playing fields; no artistic creation develops as in the Daubers; and no vocal beauty as in the Glee Club. The characteristics that make for a Rachmaninoff will not be developed nor will the Camp Fire lore be yours. All these and more are for others whose interests lie in working with the tangible.

Yours, on a publication, will be the intangible. Yours will be the search for a "story." Yours the nurturing of a thought; a chance phrase; a flash of action. Yours will be the feeling of a pencil scratchingly unfolding the most delicate of man's creation - an idea. Yours will be the

refining; yours the torture of searching and pounding a typewriter. Yours the responsibility for accepting criticism graciously and yours the task of rewriting and rewriting. Days pass and yours will be the intimate odor of printers' ink on magazine stock. And to you comes the feeling of achievement.

Ever since the first cave man scratched crude pictures on the walls of his cave, history has been recorded in writing. Great names of yesterday are forgotten. Popularity is flecting. A hollow voice of the stage is not preserved; the grooves of recordings of musical masterpieces wear away and athletic prowess is forgotten. "The dead past buries its dead." But the printed word lives on. Yours will be the source of the future.

# VALUES OF MEMBERSHIP ON A SCHOOL PUBLICATION

by Ruth Caples (Tower Light Editor from 1932 to 1933)

MEMBERSHIP ON the staff of a college publication is helpful to both the individual and the college.

To the individual its affords opportunity for imperceptible growth. There is, first, the feeling of belonging to a group. To feel that you are engaged in an activity which is an integral part of college life imparts a sense of self-confidence and success. Then, too, belonging to such a group gives a feeling of companionship with other members of the staff. Similar interests and problems result in a closer relationship between the individuals who work together. Parallel to this is the beneficial association with a faculty member. The individual working on the staff of a college publication has opportunity for closer contact with a teacher than is ordinarily possible through classroom activities. In the long run it is the personality that is remembered, rather than a wealth of subject matter.

Working on a publication offers the student a chance to accept responsibility. It gives him a job to do that necessitates cooperation and contributes toward a feeling of confidence and self-respect.

To some extent participation in any school activity results in similar benefits to the student. However, working on the staff of a college publication affords the individual, to a singular degree, one advantage by which the publication itself becomes at once one of the most vital agencies for growth in the college. It is a means of expression and a medium for introducing ideas; it nourishes minds when they are most apt to need space for wing-spreading. For a certain type of personality it fills a need that no other group in the college can satisfy as well.

If membership on a publication's staff is helpful to the individual it follows that it must be helpful to the college. Any activity that furthers growth of a student is fulfilling the purpose of the college. And if growth is to continue, if college is just the stepping-stone, what better impetus for growth is there, within the college, than the publication which has fostered that questioning mind?

#### AFTERTHOUGHTS

by Mary Stewart Lewis (Editor, 1935)

IF BY THIS time the college has recovered from our editing its magazine, we must admit, we haven't. In the fury of editorial writing, proof reading, and dummy pasting, deep and lasting impressions were being made, although we were blissfully oblivious of them at the time.

Like many normal individuals, we liked to write in our mother tongue, but were prone to kick it around upon occasion. Our experiences on the staff did not curb our verbosity, nor did it make of us Macaulays. However, we somehow acquired a new respect for correctness in grammar, punctuation and principles of expression. Unconsciously practice was being given in collecting, condensing and organizing material from all sources of information.

With the advent of each Tower Light from the press, college personalities appeared in print. Hence, all of us were given an opportunity to read, to see and to appreciate the best efforts of our classmates and friends.

It is possible for a publication to serve the college by unifying it, by encouraging desirable enterprises, by interpreting the school to the public and by recording the history in its many phases. All this the Tower Licht endeavored to do. Its supreme service to staff members, however, was not produced by conscious effort. This value came from the association of working together in such a way that the Tower Licht might emerge from the press a magazine with pages bound by cooperation, tolerance, tact and responsibility.

#### "WRITE SOON"

by Marion Cunningham (Tower Light Editor, 1936-1937)

TO LAUD THE values of contributing to a publication brands me as a first-class hypocrite. This is the second attempt to fill the galley proofs that I have made in four years. (Shud- (Continued on Page 27)

# The Worm's View

by Sibyl Davis

AS SPRING prepares for her triumphal march around the proverbial corner, she is heralded by the most lowly creature, the most loathsome creature ever stepped upon — the slender, shiny, slimy worm. They appear on every sidewalk, and if you look closely, you can see them wriggling and glistening in the sunlight, especially after a cool, refreshing rain.

Have you ever stopped to wonder if worms have any feelings? Do you suppose they ever think of the campus in all its beauty?

Golden sprays of forsythia are followed by pink and white magnolia. Even after the blossoms are gone, the carpet of once satiny petals is pleasing to the eye. The worms should enjoy such a carpet on their own level. Later the worms may crane their necks and arch their backs to marvel at the shiny green leaves against the vari-colored brick of the Administration Building. And do you wonder if they, too, shudder at the three-leafed iv?

The worms down by the drive to the car station have a different vista. In the early spring the aroma of Japanese honey-suckle permeates the air, and maybe it even wafts down to the habitat of our lowly friend (?). Later comes the spirea, commonly known as bridal wreath. What the nauscating stuff lacks in perfume it makes up in its green and white loveliness.

The inhabitants of the Glen; namely, the worms and their arch-enemies, the birds, have a beautiful home. Here the wild flowers of Maryland abound. Before the snow disappears from the swamp lands a skunk cabage pokes its head warily upward. Quickly on its heel ollow violets and May apples. Solomon's seal and — and — ask Mr. Crook what else. We so hope the worm appreciates our woodland rendezvous.

As spring goes her merry way, and summer descends nall its heat, the worms of the formal garden have their garden party. Instead of wild flowers, the formal garden party has your favorite domesticated varieties of shrubs and flowers. Graceful iris, exotic poppies, fragrant lilacs, and flowering crab apple vie for the place of honor. How lo you think the worms feel with blank pansy faces atempting to stare them down? It is a shame that all too requently the worms have no competitors for this searcful spot.

But who is willing to say that the worms who share hese places as their homes are monopolizing the beauty fet places as their homes are monopolizing the beauty Av Oceanthe Japanese cherry showers its pink through the air. The azaleas and rhododendrons in front of Newell Hall add their bit of color. Go through the archway just to see the narcissus, the violets and the iris. Magnolias blossom next to Dr. Wiedefeld's lawn, and the locust helps alleviate the odor of adjacent institutions. Above all, don't forget the trees with which our state fathers have been so generous.

Sometimes we as a people lack the humbleness of the worm. We are too occupied with our own petty interests to bother looking at the beauty around us. As a poet has said:

"Spend all you have for loveliness, Buy it and never count the cost:. And for a breath of ecstasy Give all you have been, or could be."

#### SHADOWS

Shadows sing

Across the night Haunting songs, Weird songs of fright; Chilling heart And blinding sight With their mocking — mocking — mocking.

Sandol sings
At candle light
Empty songs,
And empty quite
In cradle . . . God! The sight
Of Sandol rocking — rocking — rocking.

# IN HEAVEN

S. A. C.

by Harry Conway

Where the tree of life is blooming, Down beside the crystal sea, With my friends and scores of angels And my soul, at liberty.

Where the morning star is shining, Where the living waters flow, Where the lily of the valley And the rose of Sharon grow.

In the beauty of the garden
I may stop and rest awhile.
See the Prince of Peace in glory,
See the Blessed Savior smile.

Where the fairest of ten thousand Left His home in search of me, Walked upon the chilly water, Prayed in dark Gethsemane!

# Spring .....

by NORMA KIRCKHOFF

HERRY BLOSSOMS in Washington: apple blossoms at Winchester: all kinds of blossoms at Sherwood: and — S. T. C. blossoms in The Glen. Equal in publicity? No . . . we would hardly appreciate it if our Haven were overrun by news photographers or Hollywood agents to sign the scenery to a contract i. Equal in beauty? To me it hardly seems possible to compare the carefully planned and supervised formal type of garden to the certain rugged beauty that comes only when flowers and trees are more or less allowed to spread up or out indiscriminately — as in our Glen. Here at State Teachers we have a beauty spot practically to ourselves: a beauty spot that is one of the brightest on the whole complexion of Nature.

It is along about the last week of March that we first become conscious of a certain, faint softening of the air — a certain smell of green and growing things. For months past we had been industriously applying ourselves to getting an education of the mind; suddenly a feeling of suppressed excitement makes us "itch" to have an education of the senses. "To the Glen" becomes the cry — of the lips or the heart — and Klapper and Millikan, with a sigh of resignation, fit themselves back onto the library shelves.

Yes, it seems as if almost overnight the great miracle of reawakened life takes place. When spring, pausing on the threshold, finally sees winter leaving and knows she can move in with all her glory - then, presto! the leafless. brown-colored valley of the Glen becomes a beautiful galaxy of color and design. This year, especially, it seemed as if the buds had hardly appeared on the Judas tree before it became a mass of pink. Howering velvet. The small shoots of the willow had barely shown their coloring before the "weeping" had begun in full "stream." The azaleas and laurel bushes were just as swift in taking their places as contestants in Nature's beauty contest - the judges of which are, presumably, those of us who love to amble slowly along the many walks, to stop to listen to a beautiful bird call, or to pause to catch our reflections in the tiny stream. Yet who can really decide which is the most lovely: the blushing pink of a single bloom of an azalea, the piquant expressiveness of a dogwood blossom, the stately grandeur of a deep purple iris, or the silvery sheen of a maple leaf. No - all we can do is award a prize of thankfulness to the "Sponsor" of the whole panorama of Nature.

Our spot of beauty would undoubtedly have furnished inspiration for poems by the greatest - Keats. Shelley, or Emerson. Yet who among us less talented mortals can truthfully say that he has not been incredibly moved by a walk through the Glen? One may not know a locust tree from a sycamore vin spite of Mr. Crook, inc.) yet the mind's eye may be quite accurate in absorbing and recording the scenes of beauty, and the spirit's ear will undoubtedly hearken and profit by the general overtones of peacefulness. . . . Wander with me - down along the bubbling stream, listen to the symphony it plays, and consider, perhaps, the length of time it has taken for the water to make its smooth impression on those pebbles. Stop and rest a while down by the lily pond. Don't bother to identify the birds just profit by the messages they sing. Let your eyes rest a moment on the rippling splendor of the willows. Inspirational, aren't they? Now amble slowly along the path that leads farther back into the Glen. Think of the multitudes of secrets and troubles these old maples and oaks have probably heard from folks just like us. Sink down into the grass here and sniff the "greenish" perfume of Nature. Then contemplate for a moment the splendid texture and coloring of a single blade of grass. Man has never made a thing to equal it.

It's an antidote — the Glen is — for any type of alment. It may serve to erase a trouble or two from the mind, to clear a vision of the draft board from the eyes. It is not merely a rendezvous for couples; it is a shrine at which any Nature lover may worship. As we glance back before leaving it, the perfect, complete picture spreads below. Tall, green trees, deep purple shadows, golden shafts of sunlight, gloriously colored blossoms, the tiny gurgling stream, sudden flashes of radiance as birds flit through the scent-laden atmosphere — it's spring in the Glen!

### SPRING MAGIC

The cheavy trees are popping white In every field . . . on every hill. But petal-popping isn't quite Like popping corn . . it's still.

And though I've asked and asked again
The nich, the poor, the great, the small —
No one has seen a petal pop.
Nor heard a blossom fall.

- S. A. C.



### "AN OPEN GATE"

### by Marguerite Wilson

An open gate through a garden wall, The verdant hills and radiant sky. The muted hum of the bumble bee And tuneful blue wings fluttering by. Oh, come with me to the world beyond
The flow'ry gate and garden sweet.
Then with the best and the worst of men
We'll sing our songs and take our meat,

And do our tasks of every day
In midst of life "that" round us team;
Then seek seclusion and calm repose
At twilight when the heavens gleam.

We'll travel far in the paths of men, Along the shores of sea and mere, Amid the hurrying city's din, And into the desert brown and sere,

Across the broad plains of bowing wheat
To where the white peaks pierce the blue
And wonder — Why all the fretting so,
What gain, what glory when they're through?

Then back again through the open gate
To where the peace of even falls,
Beyond the roar and the clang — and then
The feeling comes — mere man — how small

How insignificant and how weak Beside the mountains and the seas, Yet, in His infinite bounteousness, He cares for e'en the least of these.

#### NEW DIRECTION

A race of men lived once in just one cave.
One man, one wife, one ordinary child.
One fire, one rug, and one clean-edged spear
To face the new cold world clear-eved, unslaved.

One man said to his wife one day at dawn (In symbols such as were, in their own time):
"Tell me that our fine home is not a dream
And not the work of some kind spirit beam

Say but that this rug is ours alone
And not the gift of force above which spawns
On us; and holds us as his favorite child
He would; please say and let me bless this home."

His wife replied: "My dear! How can you say That this is not the gift of Him above Who renders where he sees the need for gifts And sees all that we do here by night and days?" But one, an ordinary child, heard all; And walked between his parents, rapt in gaze, And spake, in words of childish clarity: "Regard the stars above; they hold your souls."

—H. M. L.

# I Must Go Down To The Seas Again!

by LIDA LEE TALL

N the May 10, 1941, issue of School and Society, Samuel F. Harby, Assistant Professor of Health and Physical Education at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, begins an article on Adventure Cruising to Alaska with this paragraph;

"Travel has always been an important form of recreation. In recent months, however, the spread of war in Europe and Asia has considerably curtailed its use by American students. Most of the customary travel routes are now closed, and those young people who have the inclination and the money to go abroad this year, are looking around for new worlds to conquer. The slogan, 'See America First' is naturally re-emphasized, and war may even be the cue for our rediscovery of America. A cruise to Alaska, along the British Columbian Coast, through the world-famous Inside Passageway, is the writer's suggestion of an answer to the problem."

Well, my answer to this was a trip to Florida!

On April the ninth, past, the two sea poems I love the best kept singing themselves over and over in my mind and emotions: First, Masefield's Sea Fever —

"I must go down to the seas again
To the lonely sea and the sky
And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by!"

and Barry Cornwall's The Sea-

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free —
Without a mark, without a bound
It runneth the earth's wide regions round
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies
Or like a cradled creature lies!"

Why was this? On that day several of us from the Maryland Children's Aid Society went to the Eastern Shore of Maryland by car, using the Annapolis-Matapeake ferry. The day was divine; the Chesapeake Bay was a magic blue; over all shone the sun. And then came the call — nostalgia, homesickness for the sea, "the open sea", out of sight of land, all in the blue!

The longest trip out of Baltimore seemed to be that offered by the Merchants and Miners Lines to Florida. So, on April the eighteenth we set sail on the good ship "Dorchester". There followed two golden days on the Atlantic, then the very early morning trip up the St. John's River — and Jacksonville. Our boat was heavily passengered with newspaper men and women of the N. E. A. — National Editors Association, representing the weekly newspapers of the country, and they debarked at Jacksonville for a three days' convention, and subse-

quent sightseeing, even to flights on the Pan-American Airways to Havana. I, who had been used to conventions of another N. E. A., the National Education Association, looked upon this group with intense interest.

Since Jacksonville was crowded and since there was a ready bus waiting at the dock to push on to St. Augustine, we went too.

We had been told to take a horse vehicle in St. Augustine and there, at the bus terminal, opposite the gorgeous Hotel Ponce de Lean, we saw our gig waiting a two-seated phaeton with a fringed canopy, and Jesse, the driver, in a stove-pipe hat, calmly smoking a pipe. St. Augustine is inviting - beautiful, historical, delightful in climate (even in April and May), and its fascinating old streets and early sixteenth-century Spanish associations lend an Old World atmosphere. Shades of Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth! There we saw the oldest house in America, built no one knows just when, but used as a chapel by the Monks of St. Francis until 1590, and the oldest school house in America, built of red cedar, used under three flags, Spanish, English, American. A map of 1788 showed this house of wood even then to be in good condition. St. Augustine is a place in which to roam, to wander, and to wonder.

We stayed at the Spanish Guest House, a modern home on the Sea Wall, as Bay Street is called, beautifully modeled on old Spanish architectural lines, artistically furnished, and having a garden of exotic growths so landscaped that it seemed to hold in its composition all the beauty that both Nature and man could contrive to present for the traveler's satisfaction and delight. After four days of jog-trotting, walking and musing, we traveled on down the East Coast with the town of Lake Worth as the next objective — three hours away.

En route there was Marineland. You must have seen it in the movies — an oceanarium large enough to hold all types of sea animal life in that region. There was feeding hour at eleven o'clock, first for the harmless group — sea turtles, dolphins (porpoises) and small fish. The diver, after putting the dolphins through their stunts of jumping for fish as he held the food out from an upper platform, went down into the water to see that the more reticent fish were not neglected. Next, over to the second tank where the fiercer denizens — shark, sea serpents, octopus, and poisonous green eels held sway! Here the diver armed himself with an iron

pole in case of attack, since a diver, several weeks before, had been incapacitated by the bite of the vicious "Green Moray" cel and was even than recuperating in a hospital.

After leaving Marineland the route lay through Ormond Beach, where we saw the home of the late John D. Rockefeller, on to Daytona Beach, then through the lovely Indian River citrus groves section where oranges, grape fruit, kumquats, lemons and limes grow for man's gastric delight. Indian River is really not a river but an arm of the ocean as most of the East Coast Florida rivers are.

After a drive of an hour and a half, with the physiography of Florida unfolding before us, we reached West Palm Beach, and twenty minutes later arrived at Lake Worth on Lake Worth. The town of Lake Worth is really a continuation of Palm Beach, the three places -West Palm Beach, Palm Beach and Lake Worth making a triad of dependent communities. Lake Worth with its lovely Gulf Stream Hotel (the Gulf Stream itself can be seen from the roof of the hotel about two and a half miles out at sea) is not as wealthy a settlement as Palm Beach. It allows no negro homes within its limits and no negroes are employed there. West Palm Beach is the back door, so to speak, of the other two cities, and there the real pulse of the three communities is felt - business, cosmopolitan life, and service for the more conservative settlements. It is significant that one crosses Lake Worth by bridges to reach Palm Beach and the town of Lake Worth.

Four restful days in palm forests and by the ocean! Then on to Miami for two and a half hours through Fort Pierce, Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood, then Miami! "Just another large city." we were told — "you will not like it at all." But we loved it! Nobody had given us the other side of the picture — lovely color, the wind that refreshes which comes straight from the ocean across Miami Beach, across picturesque Biscayne Bay, and on into and over Miami itself; of the magically beautiful night lighting of the city; or of the magnificent homes along Bickell Road and Bay Shore Drive, past the Pan-American airport buildings to Cocoanut Grove and beyond.

"Why recount such minor details of a trip?" you are asking as you read. I answer, I had never been to Florida before. Yes, many times to Europe! Many times to the Middle West! And to Canada! Once to the Pacific Coast! But here was one state whose personality wan infolding with startling power. Florida is different! It is exotic! Its climate is delightful, even in April and May! Its people are cosmopolitan! Scarcely any two people one meets were born in Florida; its directory of citizens if studied would present natives of almost every

country in the world and every State in the Union.

Miami City and Miami Beach are two separate and distinct towns. Miami City held us - the lovely Biscayne Bay with its open end to the ocean separated it from Miami Beach; Miami River separates Miami from itself and through a short river leads up to the jungle country. What could be seen and felt in six days? The Pan-American Airways and the Eastern Airways port; Hialeah Park; the negro Federal housing development; the magnificent homes; Miami University at Coral Gables; the streets; the shops - and, above all, the brilliant flowers and the glorious palms - royal, cocoanut, palmetto, date-four hundred varieties. But the sight of the blooming bougainvilea vines, some red, many purple, is a thrill of beauty in itself, and the flowers of Florida, alone, command more than passing notice. Naturally, being Southerners and from Maryland where the news of the Pimlico. Havre de Grace and Bowie race tracks loom large on the sport sheets of the newspapers not only of Baltimore but of the entire country, we were interested in Hialeah Park, closed of course in April and May after its twenty-seven days of adventure. Well, Hialeah Park was literally closed even to visitors. The Legislature, in session in April while we were there, placed an extra tax on the race course, and the managers, in rebuttal and in indignation, closed the beautiful Hialeah grounds - remarkable for their landscaping and beautiful pools where the slender flamingoes graced the scene - to visitors.

However, the negro Federal housing project near the Hialeah track was well worth a visit.

The climate of Miami and the climate of all Florida is an epic in itself. Hot in the sun, scorching but without humidity, cool in the shade, full of ozones and oxygen for asthmatics and impaired lung conditions—it means vigor and renewed youth for those who partake. Shades again of Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth!

Will you go back to Florida again, you ask? Oh, yes. And all the lovely things untouched in this land will be the next objective — the Bok Singing Tower, the glass-bottomed boat at Silver Springs, Winter Haven for Rollins College, the West Coast, etc., etc. But more than any other place now I want to see the Okeechobee Lake district; the beans and vegetable section, in February with the migrant camps around Belle Clade and Pahonee, the "juke-box" taverns in the section, and study the way the renowned patrolmen of Belle Clade police the section — aiding, relieving and restricting by an efficient and friendly technique. There, in that section of Florida, are all the problems presented in Grapes of Wrath. Arkansas, Oklahoma, California, Florida — all have the same problems with sharecroppers and migrant

groups. Yes, the Okeechobee Lake district calls to one interested in social problems and human welfare.

On the return boat trip on the good ship "Berkshire", there were stops at Jacksonville and Savannah, and time at each place for shore sightseeing. The trip up the St. John's River (one of the few North American rivers that flows north) in daylight was very interesting as the boat wound round its ox-bow bends. We were glad to leave the blue Gulf Stream — "where the flying fishes play" and the sea-weed gathers — behind and seek refuge in St. John's River for the Gulf Stream had not been kind to us. A head wind in Biscayne Bay and the cross currents of the Gulf Stream as we sailed into the Atlantic from Miami had started us out on the wrong foot. St. John's River proved a panaeca.

Twenty-four hours after leaving Jacksonville we were in the Savannah River which leads into the Georgia country through Savannah, a lovely historic city and

well worth a visit in itself.

A day later, off Hatteras, a danger zone of the Atlantic, we encountered the Diamond Shoals Light Ship by night, brilliantly lighted and very near. On the southgoing trip the light ship had been passed about three o'clock in the afternoon, and our ship, the "Dorchester", hove to, signalled the light ship with three blasts, and out from the light ship came a launch to pick up mail and magazines from the "Dorchester".

The extra stop at Savannah made us late for the scheduled Baltimore landing at 10 A. M. Instead, we had the pleasure of the entire length of the Chesapeake Bay by daylight, for we entered the Virginia Capes at 6 A. M. and reached Baltimore at 6:30 P. M.

Our Chesapeake Bay is a notable body of water. One understands it better when the story is told that in ages past the Atlantic Ocean encroached upon a river presumably the Susquehanna, drowned it, locked itself in and divided Maryland and Virginia into two shores. The Chesapeake Bay — a drowned river. Interesting, is it not!

A note of social life on the "Berkshire" may interest you. The "Berkshire" had been on the Miami-Nassau run all winter — making three trips each week. Now she has been transferred to the Baltimore-Miami run. The "Berkshire" crew and staff had interesting stories to tell of often seeing the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at functions in Nassau opening of the Red Cross Drive, etc. But their real thrill came when, in early April, the "Berkshire" brought the Duke and Duchess from Nasau to Miami enroute to Palm Beach for a conference with the Duke's financial advisers who had traveled from Canada to meet him in Palm Beach. From the smoking-room to the pilot-house, the captain included — everyone pronounced the Duchess "charming, sim-

ple, democratic, with unusual personality, and beautiful blue eyes." The "Berkshire", representing a Baltimore S. S. Line, was pleased that Baltimore could claim the Duchess.

And so ended our three-week trip.

John O'Ren, in his column "Down the Spillway" in the Baltimore Sun of Tuesday morning, May 13, 1941, ends his always delightful deliberations for that day with this thought which fits in well with the mood of this article:

"The restlessness of the American people is proverbial, but do you know where it centers? Don't take my word for it; the Survey Graphic, a magazine so intensely respectable that I cannot think of flatly contradicting it, declares, 'If you were asked to name our most consistent travellers you would probably say millionaires and the very wealthy, but such is not the case. Teachers are our most active travelers, as passport statistics show.'"

Because I, a teacher, believe so sincerely in the power of travel to educate, I commend it to you. And since many colleges and universities have travel service as part of their recreational and extra-curricular activities I am hoping Towson Teachers College will continue its good work of extending the horizon of its students in its planned trips even beyond New York City, yes, even to the Inside Passageway to Alaska, and to Florida, the land of flowers, and the Fountain of Youth.

### WHEN THE MIST HAS ROLLED AWAY

by Harry Conway

Listen early in the morning

When the mist has rolled away.

Hear the voice of Jesus calling,

Come and walk with Me today.

I will perfect council give you I will hear you when you pray, If your friends forsake or leave you I will guide you, if I may.

Out of danger I will take you, Out of selfishness and strife. Out of sin and death and sorrow, Out of doubts and fears of life.

If you want to live with Jesus And His wealth and glory share, Take the name of Jesus with you, Take His Spirit everywhere.

And I know at last in heaven, When our Savior King we see, Dressed in white and shining raiment, He will gladly walk with thee.

# On the Nature of the Universe, and Religion

by David Nelson

AN'S life has ever been a ceaseless quest. This quest has taken more of quest has taken many forms: search for comfort, new forms of art, power, knowledge, wealth, romance, adventure, amusement, sport etc. The idvancement of civilization has always been due to the efforts of men like Aristotle, Caesar, Columbus, Newon, Pasteur and a host of others who devoted their lives to their own particular quests. One of the everlasting ind most enduring questions has been that of the riddle of life, of how everything came to be. In our thirst for mowledge we usually turn to well-established sources. o reliable histories and textbooks. Yet there are times when we can find the answers to our questions almost inder our noses. Among the papers of William Gamel, my mother's father, were found a number of disussions dealing with the nature of the universe and vith religion. It is not to be wondered that he thought bout such things for he wrote them while he was a eacher of Hebrew in the small town of Bresne, near Rovna in Eukraine, Russia, about thirty-five years ago. Ie was looked upon as a rabbi because he carried on nany of the rabbinical duties for the town. In addition o his teaching duties, he was also postman, carrying eople and mail to and from the railway depot at Royna. Av mother has often told me how, after his work was one, Grandfather would walk in the woods with the hildren and tell of the things he had read. For, alhough Bresne was far removed from the large Euroean cultural centers, Grandfather kept in touch with nodern discoveries in science as well as communication icilities would permit. In consequence, he knew much bout electricity, chemistry and kindred subjects while is fellow townsmen knew nothing of these things exept through his teaching. Often Grandfather put in riting the ideas which developed from his reading. he following is taken from these writings:

August 12, 1904

Today, during the morning recitation, Sammy Goldian asked me a question which caused me to review ain my theory concerning the origin of the universe. or a twelve-year-old he grasped most admirably my exlanation which was, of necessity, far from simple. In rief, I told him, all things have an electrical origin. A olecule is the smallest part of a substance. Break it down any farther and you no longer have that substance; you have an arrangement of electrical nature, an atom. Break down the atom and it dissolves into a burst of tremendous energy. Carrying this further: By slowing down molecular action the state of a substance changes progressively from a gas to a liquid, to a solid and finally at 2–273° C. all activity ceases and the substance disappears. The mass has disappeared, but the energy has not, it has merely been converted into another form. In both cases the molecules and electrons have been rendered apart, destroying the mass but retaining the energy in a potential form.

Now let us combine this analytic hypothesis with a synthetic hypothesis. When electrons are drawn together into a certain arrangement they form a molecular substance, its type depending upon the arrangement of the electrons about a nucleus. Combining these two lines of thought I conclude that at the beginning there was nothing but potential electrical energy. In some way, but without external influence, since there was no exterior nor interior, this energy changed from a static state to a dynamic state. (As soon as this happened the basis for the universe began, for motion is the keynote of existence.) Energy became concentrated into nuclei, motion increased, electrons became attracted to the nuclei and as soon as electrons formed certain patters around central nuclei (nuclei being positive charges of electricity and electrons negative) substances were formed. Since the substances were moving at such a high rate of speed they were principally gaseous and nebular in form. From these were formed the stars and planets. The Nebular Hypothesis carries on from here to further explain the origin of the Earth and other planets.

August 13, 1904

I must say that Sammy is a most accurate correspondent. The whole town is buzzing about yesterday's lesson.

"It is bad enough that we waste our money on you while you teach what you think the boys are interested in instead of what you should teach, but to place the seeds of atheism in their childish minds is to destroy our whole religion," they say. Yet in my mind there is no conflict between my religious views and my scientific views. Religion is an internal and personal thing.

The efforts of primitive man to glorify gods as the allpowerful rulers of the universe were the only ways in which he could relieve his fear of the unknown. He built up religion to protect himself from his spiritual fears as well as from the physical dangers that externally befell him. Early religion took the form of animism and spirit worship. Later worship was transferred to idols. In the times of the early Egyptians each tribe had their set of gods. If one tribe conquered another it forced its gods upon the conquered people. The real struggles amongst the tribes resulted in the deaths of most of the lesser tribal gods. The tendency was toward worship of the most powerful deity that survived. Amenhotep IV guided by his mother's teachings made an unsuccessful attempt to make the Egyptians believe in one God only. But his dreams were realized by the Jews and the Christians who based their religions on the love of an allpowerful, yet benevolent divinity. Yet this was no distinct separation from the types of the religions which had evolved from the early Animism. It was merely a narrowing of the field of divinities to one. True, he was assigned many wonderful attributes. But the belief in a real Deity was (and is) a necessity for the common masses who otherwise would have no moral restraint, other than that of the state. They had to have some one to fear. That is why the shamans and priests and medicine men preserved the fiction of a living god. It follows then, that the common people because of ignorance and mistrust of their fellow man, placed their faith in some one whom they thought would help them in time of need. Besides, a deity was their only way of explaining the natural phenomena. With the discoveries of science we learn that everything, absolutely everything, can be answered by some branch of science.

But there is something which, although explained by science, is not governed by scientific principles or rules: that is, the relationship of man to man. That is where religion functions. And it is an internal function. The quality of tolerance, of consideration, love, generosity. all the attributes supposedly induced in man through the combined fear and love of God should be self-generative. The belief in an external living God was a necessity and was justifiable because there was no better explanation. The writers of the Bible knew nothing about anthropology, electricity, physics, medicine, etc They didn't know any better, so they made up a beautifully wrought myth which served its purpose well. But now when we have the knowledge of the scientists we can forget the supernatural and superstitious explanations of physical phenomena and of religion and through education awaken within each person on earth that internal religion which teaches the true brotherhood of man. That is the true God. An internal God. That is what is meant by "the essence of God is present in ev ervone." Every child is born with this God within him It is only through the perverted teaching of bigotec parents and teachers that this God is superseded by a belief in an external God who is omnipotent and om niscient. This belief still persists so that on Sunday the common mass will fear the wrath of an outraged Deity if they commit a crime. Yet on every week-day these crimes are perpetrated without any fear outside that o the state laws.

The people must be educated; and through education they will come to know this true God, the one and only God, the personal, internal, spiritualistic God.

# **Building Bodies For Defense**

by Helen Eickelberg

HE keyword of every American today is "defense." Millions of men and women are working day and night in factories to prepare for the grave crisis which is facing our country. However, the factories and industrial plants are not the only places which are building for the defense of America. Throughout the country this summer hundreds of camps and institutions will be building the tired bodies of undernourished and underprivileged children, helping them

to become healthy citizens — the kind of material need ed to defend America.

I wonder how many Marylanders are aware of the work that is being done for just such children at the Miracle House at Claiborne, Maryland. The Miracle House, a preventorium is operated by the Maryland Tuberculosis Association. It is called a preventorium be cause its aim is to prevent the spread of tuberculosis. I is located in a beautiful situation on the Eastern Bay

a branch of the Chesapeake. The spacious white buildings, consisting of a girls' dormitory, boys' dormitory, dining room, infirmary, and staff quarters in a setting of grass, trees, and flowers, are a welcome sight to tired little minds and bodies.

Each year the Maryland Tuberculosis Association sends approximately one hundred thirty children from the ages of six to twelve to Claiborne for ten weeks of summer. Each child comes from a home in which there has been tuberculosis; they are selected carefully according to their need.

The Miracle House is true to its name, for "miracles" are performed there every summer. These children arrive physically tired, suffering from malnutrition, pale, and under weight. In ten weeks they leave completely rested, beautifully sun-tanned, and many pounds heavier. They have been under the care of the staff doctor, dentist, and nurses. Also, they have been made aware of a healthful way of living.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing how these children spend a typical day at the Miracle House. At 7 A. M. a bell sounds throughout the building; it is rising time for the children. At a signal from the counsellor, the children hop out of bed eager for the fun they are to have that day. They strip their beds and jump into their "clothes" — a pair of khaki shorts. Under the watchful eyes of the counsellors, they wash, brush their teeth, and comb their hair. At 7:25 they are happily singing, waiting for the breakfast bell to ring. At the sound of the bell, the children walk into a large, sunny dining room containing small green tables and hairs; each table seats six children. After grace is said, they are seated and enjoy a healthful breakfast.

Breakfast is over and they are ready for flag raising and organized ring games. At nine the children go back into the dormitory and make their beds. They are proud of their beds, and each child tries to have the neatest one in the room. The counsellors check for "square corners" and smooth blankets and sheets.

From 9:30 to 11 the children have a free play time under the shade trees on the lawn. The little girls play mothers" in the playhouse; the older girls play jacks, to handwork, etc., and the boys play various games on their playground. From 11 to 11:30 the children sit quietly in groups while the counsellors read to them rom some of the excellent books in the children's livary. This gives them time to rest before their most velcome dinner.

Following dinner, there is a sing-song, when the chillren learn new songs and sing many of the old ones they ike best. Next there is a health lesson by one of the ounsellors. Through a planned program, the children become acquainted with the main facts of personal health. From 2 to 3:30 there is a rest period — a time of complete relaxation for the children. Next comes the time best loved by all — swimming. For three-quarters of an hour they have fun in the water under the close watch of several counsellors. From then until supper the time is filled with showers, hair drying in the sun, and quiet games or singing.

After supper there is another play period and then flag-lowering. It gives one a thrill to see one hundred thirty youngsters standing at attention against the background of a red sun disappearing into the water as the flag is brought down. Next there is Vespers for the whole group. They gather to sing children's hymns and to hear the stories from the Bible told simply so as to be understood by the youngest child there. By 7:30 the children are washed, teeth brushed, in their pajamas, and eager for a story. In a few minutes there is in each corner of the huge playroom a counsellor holding the attention of her group by telling a fascinating story.

Anyone looking into the girls' or boys' dormitories at five minutes of eight would see something he would never forget. At the foot of each white bed kneels a little child in white pajamas saying his own prayers. Outside the window the water is softly lapping against the sea wall; stars are beginning to twinkle in the black sky. It is a scene of perfect peace. At 8 P. M. lights are out, the children pull up their covers and, tired from their happy day, sleep under the care of the night counsellor.

These little ones might not be sleeping so peacefully if they were at home. Many would be out on the streets until twelve o'clock and then go to bed sleeping four in a bed. They would not be getting the vegetables and milk that they receive here, nor would they be able to play on the grass and be in the sunshine. At the end of the summer they would be tired — an easy prey for the colds and other diseases so prevalent in winter. But, thanks to the work of the Miracle House, they return home physically, mentally, and spiritually uplifted.

Is this work worthwhile in helping to increase the strength of America? The answer is obvious. "An onner of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The Maryland Tuberculosis Association aims to prevent tuberculosis before it secures a hold on these little bodies — thus saving the state the hundreds of dollars it would have to spend in sending patients to sanatoria, money which is sorely needed in many places now. In addition, these youngsters are taught the healthful way of living so that they may, if the opportunity presents itself, rise above their circumstances. Thus, human bodies, as well as machines, are being built for defense.

N THE world today there are two totally different concepts of liberty, both of which are wrong. On erroneous form of liberty can be called the *liberty* of necessity. It is the rising error which belongs to the new slave states. The other and equally erroneous form of liberty has often been termed the liberty of indifference. It is the vanishing error of a decaying social order.

The totalitarian states accept Frederick Engel's definition of liberty: "Liberty is necessity." For example, a stone is said to be free when it is released from the hand because it obeys the law of gravity and falls to the ground. So, too, man is free when he knows what he must do and does it. In Germany, Russia, and Italy the will of the dictator becomes the law; thus if a man is free when he obeys laws, he is free when he obeys the will of the dictator. In Russia, a person has the freedom of speech and press only so long as he uses that freedom to support Stalin; otherwise he is a "Wrecker." In all dictatorships the freedom to vote means the freedom to voice approval of the will of the dictator. This type of freedom has been appropriately called the "right of echo."

Liberty of necessity as it is in Germany and Russia is wrong, because it assumes that we can be dealt with as he would deal with economic goods and that man's soul can be placed under the same regulations as farming and commerce.

At one end of the swing of the pendulum we have the concept of society where the State is supreme, at the other end we have the equally absurd society where the individual is supreme. In this latter type of society the liberty of indifference finds its stronghold. This form of liberty is so called because it is indifferent to truth, morality, justice, and the social good. It inevitably has been defined as the right of an individual to say, do, or think anything he pleases. It has dominated the world for centuries and still finds favor among the "progressives" of today. Assuming that there is no absolute standard of right and wrong, it sets up the individual as the supreme authority and regards all regulation of liberty as unwarranted and unjustified restriction. In writing of its various false manifestations in philosophy, education, politics and economics, Fulton J. Sheen says: "In philosophy, it is contended that there is no such thing as Truth with a capital T; truth is purely ambulatory we make it as we go. Truth is merely a point of view, for each man is his own measure of what is true and what is good. Naturally, such a system produces as many philosophies as there are heads. In order that the world might be safe for so many conflicting points of view, broad-mindedness was cultivated as the most desirable of all virtues. The man who still believed in truth was often called narrow, while he who cares not to distin-

# **False Liberties**

by James O'Connor

guish it from error was praised for his breadth. In education it held that all discipline is a restriction of liberty and an unjustified attack upon the individual's right to what was ingloriously labeled "self-expression." In the political order it assumed that the State has mcrely a negative function; namely, to protect individual rights. Morality was regarded as a question of arithmetic and right and wrong was determined by counting votes quite forgetful that right is right if nobody is right, and wrong is wrong if everybody is wrong."

The liberty of indifference is wrong because it gives the individual the right to ignore society, because it results in license, because it is indifferent to truth, because it creates wealth at the cost of personal liberty and lastly, but most important, because it is freedom with out purpose.

In a society where the liberty of indifference is su preme there is much talk of being free from something but an ignorance of the facts that freedom from some thing implies freedom for something. Freedom from blindness is intelligible only because one wants to see Forget the purpose of freedom and freedom is absurd No one wants to be free just to be free, but to be free fulfill a purpose or attain a goal. We want freedom from rheumatism in order that we may walk.

Since these two forms of liberty are erroneous, they must be shunned; one - which forgets the purpose of freedom, the other - which claims that liberty resides only in the State, not in man. If we avoid these two ex tremes, we come to a more positive and correct idea of liberty. Liberty is not the right to do what one pleases nor the necessity of doing what the dictator dictates rather, it is the right to do what one ought. Monsigno Sheen says: "That little word ought signifies that mar is free. Fire must be hot, ice must be cold, but mar ought to be good." "Ought" implies morality, i.e., a moral power distinct from a physical power. Freedon is not the power to do anything you please, so often ex pressed by the modern youth as: 'I can do it if I want to, can't I? Who will stop me?' Certainly you can do anything if you please or want to. You can rob you neighbor, you can beat your wife, you can stuff mattress es with old razor blades, and you can shoot your neigh bor's chickens with a machine gun, but you ought no to do these things because ought implies morality rights and duties."

Unlike doing what one pleases, ought implies pur pose. When I say "I ought to study" the word ough involves the purpose of study; namely the acquisition of knowledge. There are a thousand little "oughts", each inseparable from purpose - "I ought to go to bed," "I ought to be kind." Underlying all oughts there is one supreme ought; namely, I ought to attain the end for which I was made. Behind all purposes is one great purpose which is given in the answer to the question -"Why do I exist?" Does one exist in order to raise a family, in order to get rich, or in order to be educated? No, these are only partial answers. Everyone desires happiness, and wealth and education are only means of realizing that happiness. A man dying of thirst will ask for water, but what he really wants is life. Life, happiness, truth, are things we all want. We do not want life or happiness for the next fifty-two minutes; we want it forever. We do not want the truth of science alone, but all truth, Since the attainment of eternal Life, Truth and Love cannot be realized in life it follows that there is attainment beyond life for if there were no food there would be no stomach; if there were no things to see there would be no eyes; and if there were no Perfect Life, Truth, and Love, there would be no mind or will or heart craving and striving for them.

Since the purpose of one is the attainment of Perfect Life, Truth, and Love, then it is logical to conclude that freedom has something to do with the choosing of the means to realize that purpose, or to reject it alto-

gether.

Man was given the moral law to aid him in realizing the purpose of life. Real freedom comes from action inside this law rather than outside it. As long as I obey the law of gravitation I am free to live but when I say liberty means the right to do whatever I please, and I jump from a ten-story building. I discover that I am no longer free to live. So it is with the moral law. God had implanted in human nature those laws which enable us to realize the purpose for existence.

"Those laws are not like dams impeding progress; they are like levees preventing the water of selfishness and concupiscence from flooding the countryside. If I obey,

or do as I ought, I am free."

(All quotations used in this article are taken from Freedom Under God by Fulton J. Sheen.)

### THE 1941 SURVEY OF THE

# Maryland Public Schools and Teachers Colleges

(Made by the Maryland State School Survey Commission)

Selections by Sidney Blum

DR. WILLIAM C. BAGLEY, it may be remembered, visited our college in October, 1940, to gather data for

the School Survey Commission. Students may also remember answering a questionnaire which asked for such information as family income, family size, parental occupation, etc. These and other data along with Dr. Bagley's observations have been summarized in the report of the Survey Commission.

Dr. Bagley has this to say about the quality of teaching in our State Teachers Colleges: "The present writer can merely say that, in his judgment, the general level of teaching in the Maryland State Teachers Colleges is commendably high. Almost without exception, the instructors are enthusiastic regarding their work and tent of inbute their students with a like enthusiasm. With a few exceptions, the teachers are well in command of their subjects and with few exceptions their teaching procedures are such that prospective teachers can profit by the example their instructors set."

Student teaching is one of the most important phases of our college life. Says Dr. Bagley, "On the basis of these personal observations, the writer does not hesitate to say that the system of supervised observation and student teaching in the Maryland State Teachers Colleges is one of the very best systems with which he is acquainted."

Dr. Tansil was singled out for praise by Dr. Bagley. "Nutuent records seem to be exceptionally well kept at the college. The registrar at Towson, indeed, is a recognized authority in this field."

So much for the faculty. Here are some facts about the students:

The median age is 19 years.

87.3% of Towson students are natives of Maryland; Baltimore and Towson together supply 57.8% of students at Towson; 19.1% come from Baltimore County (outside of Towson); 22% come from counties other than Baltimore.

15% of Towson students have other members of immediate family who are or have been teachers.

Only 1.3% are children of teachers or former teachers. The median annual family income of students at the three white colleges is \$2000. Towson's median is higher than this figure, however. The median annual expenditure for these students is \$300. Towson's median is lower (\$250), because many students live in Baltimore City. From this "... it is clear that hundreds of families are making serious sacrifices in order to prepare their children for the public school service. For several years Maryland provided normal school education at a very low cost to the student — all things considered, perhaps the lowest cost among all the states for this type of education. This condition has now passed, and it is a question of prime importance whether the time is not ripe for at least an initial step on the road back."



# The Rendezvous With Neptune

by Ruth Tapman

ALTHOUGH THE king himself was absent, the reception by his subjects was cordial and colorful, typical of a monarch whose kingdom carried its guests far from the world of stark reality into one of illusion and imagination. At measured intervals stood his guard of shimmering sentinels, stately silver seahorses peering sidewise at the horde of treasure the sea had taken in tribute. Silver, too, were the gleaming stars shiming in the deep blue of the heavens and reflected in the starfish caught up from the sea floor by great fishermen's nets made heavy with gleaming seaweed, vivid coral fish and sea animals of strange fantastic shapes and colors. Great shells gave forth soft lights over the rolling waves, mark-

ing well the deep purple sea cacti, the huge jelly fish and a many-armed octopus. The absences of the mermaids was scarcely mentioned owing to the color and variety of costumes of the visitors. White, red, prints, and pastels mingled and blended in a kalcidoscope of color. Some preferred to wander back to reality where the garden bedecked with lanterns proved a popular parade ground. Here the only reminder of the scene they'd left was the sea green punch and deep blue sky. Faculty and students dancing to the smooth rhythm of the Courtiers expressed appreciation to King Neptune and his retinue for their hospitality in the kingdom under the sea.

### ON PUBLICATIONS

(Continued from Page 14) der if you like, dear reader, at that period of time.) And yet, I am convinced that the results of such efforts are worthwhile.

In college, the assignment of a descriptive paragraph, a short essay, or even an article requiring some extensive research, gave me no qualms. Successive courses had made such demands, and one faced them with a philosophical resignation. In fact, if the topic were particularly appealing and one were able to discourse on his highly original theories, the resignation was accompanied by a feeling of enthusiasm. It became intensified if the student were an avid disciple of all English courses (followed by an intense dislike of mathematics). At that stage of education ideas and words flowed fluently through my pen. There was little attempt to revise or reorganize, and the finished product seemed of literary note. The first draft was submitted with no misgiving as to its inadequacy. If the printed article appeared in considerably cut and altered form, I felt no personal slight to the original nor any hesitancy to contribute further, Now, when I am asked to record a few hundred words, I dread the hour I must attack the task. I remember the importance of an eye-catching first sentence. Repititious words annoy my senses, which grope for perfection. Short, simple statements remind me of reading charts composed by a primary child. Sentences and paragraphs are crossed out angrily. The thought sequence is poor. I have said nothing.

As a contributor to a college magazine the crystallization of thoughts into words, limited though the vocabulary, requires a certain discipline that helps to clarify the thinking process. The tangible evidence of words may produce dissatisfaction that leads the writer to search for improved expression, a wealthier vocabulary and a more logical development of theme. Thus, the exercise of writing has a personal value, for somewhere along the line improved standards are set up.

Despite the fact that there are some people endowed with the gift of apparently speaking extemporaneously, I have always had the feeling that the casual ease of expression was preceded by some profound thought and a share of writing.

The college benefits from the staff participation. College events, seen through the eyes of many, are reported with school spirit. Philosophies are aired for public view which are often a result of some thought-provoking incident of the classroom. Reaction to stimulus

should be gratifying to the faculty members who can read their influence through the words. The pride of staff members take in the small changes of the publications — a new type of headline — revised size — has a contagions effect — it is certain to stir others from apathetic appreciation to action. If you are certain you have nothing to offer the school by working to become a member of the publication staff, take a selfish stand. Consider the personal advantages and you'll add to the growth and glory of the college never knowing that you have.

### VALUES OF STAFF MEMBERSHIP

by Dorothy Vogel (Advertising Manager, 1939)

YES, I WAS on the Tower Light staff and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It did mean extra time and effort, but it was worth it. How can anyone benefit to any great extent by being a member of a publication's staff? In my estimation, both the individual and the institution derive something worthwhile.

Let's begin with the individual since we are all egotistic to a certain point. You, the individual, attending college, are appointed to the staff of the publication of that college. You are going to be a member of a group, working with a common purpose. You will make many friends — people with whom you had seldom come in contact before. You can learn a great deal from them and will find their friendship valuable. Someone might lend you a guiding hand, or you can do the same for a fellow staff member.

We hear so much about personality. What is your score? Being a staff member can raise it tremendously. You will begin to express your opinions, give your ideas, see them develop, feel success and thus travel upward on the personality ladder. Interviewing teachers, students, and friends, selling advertisements; putting your magazine on the market; writing articles for publication, and then seeing them in print; all make you a stronger, better rounded individual. Did you ever have the thrill of meeting a teacher as a person? Or hearing someone comment favorably on the result of one of your inspirations?

Working with the staff will give you a bird's-eye-view of that cruel, cold world we hear about on graduation day. You will learn how to approach people (also how and when to retreat) and yon will realize more fully the importance and value of initiative.

Most valuable of all, you will become an integral part

of the college you attend. You will not be classed as a "day-dodger" or a "dorm-student" only, but you will become a necessary addition to the institution. Remember, we get just as much out of life as we put into it. You are spending four good years of your life. What will be the return?

So much for you. What about the college? How will you have helped it? First of all you will have a part in spreading the name of the college. If your publication is a good one the college will be rated high in the estimation of your friends. Certainly the institution benefits when a good reputation is set.

Since you will become a vital part of the college, you naturally will be interested in its welfare, as are your colleagues. As a group the staff is very active, putting forth efforts in all lines of endeavor. Such activity makes for a growing college. You can serve your Alma Mater. You will have the satisfaction of really "going to college."

### ETERNAL CHANGE

(Continued from Page 9) formed last year for those men who have athletic letters and who participate on teams. So yon see, it pays to exert your surplus energy and become an athlete.

Clear the decks for dormitory progression! The Resident students can fully appreciate the constant changes which are going on in the dorm. Remember "way back when" we all had to turn out for a formal breakfast at 7:30 on the dot? (It was a mental and physical strain.) Now that formality and dreaded task of serving has been eliminated by cafeteria style: breakfast served from 7:30 for the early birds, to 7:50 for those snoozers who so enjoy that extra twenty minutes' sleep. The additional privilege of radios in our rooms has added much to the general pleasant atmosphere of dorm life. Our appetities have been appeased by the candy and coke machines; these have also added much in other ways. We have only mentioned a few of our new attractions - we're constantly on the lookout for other improvements.

Even the Tower Light which you are reading now (I hope) has taken great steps. Our monthly editions are now bigger and better than ever before.

Have you placed your order? If not, do so now (plug). The first Yearbook ever edited at our college is the sensation of the year. The class of '41 has completed this

enormous task and has set a precedent which we may well be proud to carry on. Orchids to '41 for Au Revoir. With an eye to such constructive changes in the past, now let us look to the future and each contribute his little part to make our college a better and better place in which to live. '1t can and shall be done.'

# Strength Against The Storm

by J. Hidey

SPRING WAS everywhere. It drifted through the air in the fresh, clean smell of new plants growing in mois earth. It came on waves of fragrance from new-opened blossoms as they stirred in a gentle breeze. The blossoms themselves were fragile masses of color, blushing pink, virgin white, and gay yellow, accepting an earth of green and a sky of blue. Clearer and sweeter than any trumpet call came the songs of birds heralding spring's arrival. Life was awakening and quickening the pulse of a world grown sluggish with winter's inactivity.

Over this glorious world of spring so full of new vigor and swelling life a shadow was suddenly cast, just as a shadow is cast on the earth when violent winds toss a storm cloud into a calm, bright sky. This was a cloud of war borne on winds of greed and selfishness and inhumanity. The war's shadow of suffering and sorrow to-day falls on thousands all over the globe. Visions of bomb-wrecked cities, of homeless refugees, of dying soldiers came to my mind. "How," I asked, "can humans face these storms of hate and suffering and yet battle on?"

I looked around. The blossoms still swayed in the breeze. Fresh green was everwhere. Birds were flying to and fro. Therein was the answer to my question—in this rising tide of vitality and life; this is Nature's salvation for her children, this she gives for their defense against the storms of life. In humans this vitality is not physical strength alone but also courage, loyalty, and determination to defend that which is dear. The storm may be fierce and at times the fighting seems futile, but a God-given flow of vigor sustains those who are fighting for their ideals and beliefs. Whether worthy ideals and beliefs eventually triumph depends on the vigor with which they are maintained.

The air was fragrant, enveloping a green and glowing earth in its softness. Spring was everywhere, her streams of vital energy bearing witness to the sustaining force with which God-directed Nature arms her children.



# EDITORIALS



### IT HAPPENS EVERY YEAR

by Mary Simon

ABOUT THE end of May and beginning of June there occurs a sudden transformation of a good part of our delicate female population. That is the time for pulling on their healthy out-door looks, when they grow tired of the rose-petal complexions employed in the wiles of winter's social whirls. Indeed, it is a very convenient tactic to vary the monotony of one's appearance, All that is necessary is an adequate, or more correctly speaking, inadequate play suit or swim suit or in some cases a sun parlor where Mother Nature's gift is sufficient, a nice sunny day, and a couple of concoctions to insure a slow sizzle instead of a quick frizzle of the outer epidermis. Equipped with these simple elements and some undesired advice and warnings about the dangers and hardships sure to be encountered in the process of suntanning, the procedure usually followed is to place the body prostrate on some comfortable surface. Now one can relax and think or dream or snooze or whatever else one does when he doesn't have anything else to do. When the period of incubation is over, the first impression is that the bones have been dried and the skin punched with a thousand pins and — horror of horrors what a beastly red skin!

Several days later one is still daubing cautiously at tender skin, avoiding the bath-tub doggedly, and wishing there would be some way to invent a bed that wouldn't require lying down. But, heaven help us, it is all part of our healthy complexion and the wonder of it is that as many survive the probationary process as do.

### WHITHER BREAKAGE FEE?

This article is not a criticism of the administration of this college, nor is it to be considered as a relief valve for any pent-up grudge or pet aversion.

In every way possible, from the president down to the most immature freshman, we are supposedly striving for a more just and democratic functioning of our institution. However, there seem to be certain points about which many of us are relatively ignorant; points which would certainly change to colors of a discordant nature when exposed to the light of day. May this serve as a plea for the necessary enlightenment of any unsuspecting students who, like myself, find themselves confronted with a most distasteful situation concerning the use of one's breakage fee.

It was just recently my misfortune to damage a record belonging to the music department. Feeling somewhat embarrassed I returned the record and, of course, offered to buy a new one, fully expecting to pay for it out of my own present income. Then I remembered that there is such a thing as a breakage fee in the college which is paid on entering to take care of just such things as this. Upon inquiring at the office it was discovered that a breakage fee of five dollars was paid in full four years ago and that I had not, up until this time, broken or damaged any of the school equipment. However, I also found to my amazement that there was little more than a few cents left out of the original sum.

Now we were informed, at one time, that a few cents had been deducted from our fees to pay for library books which had been lost. If this has been the sole purpose for deduction, a staggering number of books must have been lost, the value of which would approach two thousand dollars. If this is the reason for the rapid depletion of our breakage fee, then we have little appreciation for our library.

### DEPARTING

by Agnes Thomas

As freshmen looking forward to the four years at State Teachers College we thought June, 1941, far distant, indeed. To tell of the many things we have done, the people we have known, and our many cherished memories would perhaps make these four years appear to be endless. But they have not been. These very experiences have made them so short. We have experienced a change in administration and changes in the curriculum. We have seen classmates come and classmates go. We have known the departure of teachers and the coming of new ones, not to take the places of the ones departing, but to make places of their own as a vital part of the college.

One finds that being a senior means doing so many

things for the last time. In the fall we participated in our last Play Day. This was the first major activity of the year we felt we would not experience as a class again. This year we were not contestants in Girls' Demonstration Night. As seniors we acted in the capacity of judges and officials. In making preparations for our prom, memories of other class dances returned but this seemed the climax of them all.

Early in the year our commencement rehearsals warned us that our college days were numbered. The realization of the end was never so poignant as when we first donned our caps and gowns for installation of officers.

One thing that remains to keep these memories alive is Au Revoir — our yearbook, a lasting souvenir for each of us.

# **Creators In Our Midst**

by RUTH McCARTY

"HOW CREATIVE must one be to be a creator?"

"Well," could be the answer, "sometimes one is especially creative in curling hair, making clothes, fixing flowers, or even making assignments or tests."

"But that is so natural — so ordinary."

"Then," could be the reply, "one is creative in writing books, composing music, painting, sketching."

"Oh, in that way! Too bad — I have created nothing." Thus one is led to believe that there are many creators in our midst who do not know the values of their creative efforts. Such a range of creative expression provides all with ample opportunity for confession.

For this issue of the Tower Light all the faculty members were asked to make known to us their creative work. To date these are the replies that have been received:

- Dr. Abercrombie: Has worked with Dr. John R. Abercrombie in starting the first Girls' Camp in Maryland "Camp Robin Hood", at Herrington Manor, Garrett County. Has started the medical work in the Child Labor Bureau, Baltimore, Md., and made observations and recorded the effects of occupation in industries upon adolescents.
- Miss Bersch: Has written an article for the Journal of Educational Method. Has written a state bulletin: "Making the Most of Supervision." Has edited and compiled a "Course of Study in English" for the elementary grades. Has written a course of study for "Social Studies in the Fourth Grade." Has published and revised "A Guide to Study of the Modern Elementary School."
- Miss Birdsong: Has drawn, sketched and painted in oils.
  Miss Blood: Has written "Geography of Maryland" (or
  5th or 6th grade) Allyn and Bacon. Has written
  "factors in the Economic Development of Baltimore, Maryland" Economic Geography, April,
  1937. Has written "Oystering in the Chesapeake"
   Journal of Geography, Jan., 1939. Has written
  "Preparation of Geography Units by Student
  Teachers" Journal of Geography, Jan., 1936.

- Miss Cook: Has worked with Miss Barkley on a Library Test and Mrs. Stapleton on an English Test for entering students at Towson Teachers College.
- Dr. Crabtree: Is co-anthor of a series of basic readers for elementary school — "The Crabtree Basic Series" by Eunice K. Crabtree, La Verne Crabtree Walker, and Dorothy Canfield — University Publishing Company. The program for grades one and two is completed. The books for grade three are in publication. The rest of the series will follow.
- Dr. A. S. Dowell: Has written "Physical Disability of White Elementary Teachers in the Public Schools of Baltimore City" — Johns Hopkins Press, Has written with Mary Spencer "Health Education in the State Teachers College at Towson" — Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Has written articles in Hygeia and Pi Lambda Theta Journal. Has written "Report of European Travelling Fellowship" (mimeograph form) — American Child Health Association.
- Miss Joslin: Has composed melodies on the piano. Has written magazine and newspaper articles on education. Has designed one wing of a private school building that cost a million and a half dollars. Has built many unique children's programs. Has worked with clay modeling.
- Mr. Minnegan: Has done some clay modeling such as setting up heads in a portrait. Has written the boys' part of the high school course of study in physical education for the State Department. Has written the course of study in physical education for the Teachers College and for the elementary campus school.
- Miss Prickett: Has written "Teaching Music in the Elementary School." Has written "Musical Results with Small Orchestra" in School Musician. Has composed violin obligato to "Cantique de Noel"

and violin obligato to "Unto Us a Son is Born." Has made some arrangements for groups of instruments.

Dr. West: Has written several science texts for children (two people from University of Chicago are collaborators) and Teachers Manuals, work books, etc. Has painted in oils as hobby.

Miss Weyforth: Has worked with the productions of choruses for the Glee Club.

# See Miss Bader!

An Interview by Helen Cohen

SHADES OF pioneer days! Hearken ye students of Colonial life and those of you who are in search of a Hobby.

Have you ever wondered what faculty members do after the last bell rings, after the last class is over? I have found the answer for one. The answer, "a Hobby," the one, "Miss Bader."

Miss Bader and her sister, Miss Edith Bader, who is the Assistant Superintendent of Ann Arbor Public Schools, have been interested in weaving for some time. During the summer of 1940 they visited Hartland, Michigan, a little country town 30 miles from Detroit. Some years ago a philanthropist wanted to revive weaving both as means of recreation and also to supplement the income of the people of this community. He devoted his energy and his money to restoring handicrafts in this community. As a result, people throughout Hartland and the surrounding rural areas are doing beautiful weaving, and this craft has put Hartland on the map, so to speak. There are two concerns in the town making looms, and teaching weaving to those who wish to learn. These shops also have display and salesrooms where the work done by the people of the community is sold.

The Misses Bader visited the Gallenger Crafts Company with the intention of purchasing a loom. They found that looms are very complicated affairs and also quite expensive. They decided to find out more about weaving before they invested. So they enrolled in the weaving class. The course lasted for a week and the school day was from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., with an hour for lunch. Miss Bader tells me that it was really hard and fatiguing work at first. At the end of the first day at school, each of the students had made a rag rng. I know they were as proud of their handiwork as if they had been magic carpets. The course included instruction in assembling a loom, threading and operating it, and the technique of making intricate designs in many different colors.

There are many varieties of looms — large ones and small ones, simple ones and complex ones. The larger

the loom the wider the material that can be woven on it. Before leaving Hartland Miss Edith Bader purchased a large loom which weaves material 32 inches wide. This type can also be used for rug-making. Miss Bader has a lovely rug in front of her fireplace which her sister made on this machine.

At Thanksgiving our Miss Bader received her loom. It is one of the smaller types and can weave material 20 inches wide. Miss Bader has been working with linen thread, plain and mercerized cotton thread and woolen thread. She has made many beautiful scarfs, towels, luncheon sets, pocketbooks, and belts. She has quite an ambitious list of things that she is going to weave this summer, one of which is window draperies. The mercerized cotton thread comes in lovely pastel colors as well as vibrant, vivid tones. She has used a variety of designs, many of them old colonial patterns with such names as The Honeysuckle, Lincoln's Rail Fence, Rose Path, Twig Rose, and others. She can even weave initials. The type of pattern is determined by the way the loom is threaded. Variations in patterns are accomplished with the use of different weights and colors of thread.

I wish I could tell you more about the loom and the of weaving. There are bobbins and shuttles, heddles and treadles. To my inexperienced eye, weaving on a loom seems as complicated as the politics of the Latin-American Republics. Miss Bader assures me that once the technique has been mastered, the actual weaving is comparatively simple.

Miss Bader's hobby doesn't stop with weaving. She smade several lovely needlepoint pocketbooks and is now working on a needlepoint cover for a fireside chair. She is interested in knitting and has made suits and sweaters. And last but not least, I saw an exquisite Battenburg lace collar which she made for the dress she wore at her graduation from Normal School.

As an inquiring reporter, I am a rank amateur, I am certain that I have not done justice to my subject, so be sure and look in the large case in the Main Hall.

If any students are interested and curious about weaving, here's a bit of advice, "See Miss Bader."

# ASSEMBLIES

by Helen Pross

May 5, 1941 -

Maytime in Sherwood Gardens - what a thrilling spectacle! Once more by the medium of colored film, students of S. T. C. were carried to a spot of rare beauty, one of the showplaces of Maryland, Hundreds upon hundreds of lovely breeze-swept flowers and shrubs greeted us in myriad patterns of color. Many different varieties of tulips and azaleas were shown in close-up and their peculiar figurations were explained in a most interesting way. Especially arranged music was played, via recordings, by Robert Iula and the Little Symphony Orchestra. We were transported (mentally at least) to the original tulip gardens of Holland as typical Dutch dances were interpreted by pupils of Friends School. The garden scenes, the music, the dances - all were blended to give us a completely enjoyable assembly. Surely, many students were stimulated to visit the gardens this year and others, no doubt, recalled with pleasure many familiar scenes.

### May 12, 1941 -

Colored motion pictures are becoming habitual at S. T. C. assemblies, fortunately. Today we met an old friend - Baltimore, Every imaginable location was visited and every imaginable activity was seen: steel production plants, shipyards, broad highways, historic monuments and homes, fox hunts, races. Familiar vicinities were also included on our itinerary such as Annapolis, Western Maryland, and outlying country districts. In all of these aspects, the narrator, Lowell Thomas, emphasized Baltimore's growth, accomplishments and significance as a rising metropolis of the United States. Baltimore does not concentrate on one or two fields of endeavor, but has a variety of things which make for well developed and well rounded living. The film pointed out many details of life in Baltimore which we are apt to take for granted. It was a really worthwhile and educational motion picture. And, a note to prospective teachers; the film may be obtained for showing from the Tourists' Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce.

### by Alice Carr

May 19, 1941 —

Dr. Dowell introduced the assembly which was a student-faculty forum on the sociological implications of the Selective Service Act, as a "noble experiment." The program was made possible by the work of freshmen four and six. Its purpose was to bring up the problems inherent in the Selective Service Act. Since the act affects sixteen million young men, these problems are important ones.

Several students discussed briefly various aspects of the act. John McCauley spoke on "Marriage and the Selective Service Act." Judging from the figures for New York State, 116,000 marriages will be prevented by the act this year. Evidence indicates that postponed marriages are not usually consummated. Therefore, about one-eighth of the young men in the United States who would have married this year will not do so. Ruth Hamilton concluded that 35,000 births will be prevented. However, this is only 1.5% of the total number of births per year. "The Balance of Sexes" was discussed by Gladys Hain. Since no figures were available for the present balance, data from the World War period were used. In France and Germany after the war, the ratio of women to men was 122 to 100. The ratio in England was even higher. This kind of a ratio usually exists among primitive peoples since the men face grave dangers in hunting and trapping animals. Elizabeth Beatty stated that the Selective Service Act will affect the population not only quantitatively but qualitatively. Those men who need physical training are exempted and do not receive it. The physically and mentally unfit remain in civil life, marry, and propagate their unfitness. Marie Kindervater presented data on the marriage of the fit and the unfit which semed to neutralize the pessimistic evidence of Miss Beatty. There is a higher death rate for unmarried men than for married ones. Therefore, it can be assumed that either marriage is a more healthful state or the most fit men marry. The higher degree of insanity among unmarried men leads to the same conclusions.

During the discussion period, many interesting points were brought out. In answer to the question, will military training prove helpful in later civilian life, Dr. Dowell answered that the main aim is to procure a powerful military machine.

Question: Will the low salaries of draftees tend to lower wages in industry?

Answer: Already people have argued against strikes because the draftees get only \$21 per month.

Question: Will the program militarize our national life?

Answer: There are guards against this. The Army and the Navy are under civilian heads, the President and the Secretaries of War and the Navy. The Selective Service Act provides that civilians shall serve on the draft boards.

Forums such as this one are a very real expression of democracy, and the great interest shown in such discussions as the Chicago Round Table, on Sunday afternoon, and the Town Meeting of the Air, on Thursday night, prove that the people of the United States no longer know "only what they read in the newspaper," but desire to become well informed from all angles on topics of importance.

# THE LIBRARY

# AT YOUR SERVICE

### REVIEW OF REVIEWS

by Doris Klank

HOW WELL do you remember the book reviews which were presented by the Tower Light this year? Test your memory with these questions and score yourself as follows:

- 10 correct—Excellent
- 8 correct-Good
- 6 correct—Fair
- 4 correct-Poor
- Exit Laughing is an autobiography of the famed humorist ————.
- In the book of the same name, "Delilah" is not a woman but a ————.
- Make Bright the Arrows by Edna St. Vincent Millay is a collection of (a) plays (b) poems (c) short stories.
- 4. What recent book is a series of stories telling of the moral courage of the English people during the present war?
- 5. Who wrote the novel Sea Tower?
- This book tells the story of an artist who attains success through the inspiration of an imaginary girl ———.
   The locale of Land Below the Wind by Agnes
- Keith is ————, a British protectorate in the Pacific.
- Sister of the Angels is an unsophisticated and refreshing novel by —————.
   Mrs. ————— is a diary-like account of an
- - novels about Wales —————.

(Answers on Page 49)

Miss Susie Slagle's, Tucker, Augusta; Harper and Brothers, Publishers, New York, 1939.

Miss Susie Slagle's is a novel typifying student life in a hisp ranking medical school, Johns Hopkins was taken as the example. Augusta Tucker has exemplified in a biographical description the usual everyday life of medical students. The theme deals not so much with ideas but with individual character studies. The main action center is located in Miss Susie Slagle's boarding house for medical students in 1912.



In order to better appreciate and more fully understand the incidents which take place, a short character description will be of great help. Miss Susie Slagle is an old maid housekeeper who, through her wisdom and understanding, has aided successive generations of medical students through their most critical periods. Hizer is the trusted and solitary servant of the boarding house. As one of the student types, Elize Howe, is the spoiled egotistical brat of a successful physician. Pug Prentiss is the ugly duckling of the crowd, but he is well liked, is conscientious, and is a jovial companion. Isidore Aaron is an intellectual, race-conscious product of his times. He has an extreme inferiority complex which manifests itself throughout the story. Clay Abernathy is best described in an opinion given of him by one of the doctors. The doctor said, "medicine is like everything else. It has its deadbeats. The profession is not immune to skunks." Alex Ashley is a conscientious, cosmopolitan type of student who commands the respect of all those with whom he is associated. Silas Holmes resembles Clay and Elize. Elbert Riggs is a hard worker but is rather quiet and timid. Ben Meade is still another character who was conscientious, well liked, but talk-

I was particularly interested in Miss Susic Slagle's because of my close contact with the medical profession through my brother, who is a recently graduated doctor. Since many of the problems of a medical student have been discussed in our home. I felt more akin and in sympathy with them when they were referred to in the novel.

The purpose of the book was to portray a medical student's life and the problems encountered in his arduous journey toward his designated goal. However, there are two incidental ideas which, because of the current interest, stand out in my mind. The first was Dr. Howe's philosophy concerning a medical man's position during war time. At the outbreak of the last war, Dr. Howe called his son home from an extended trip to London because he believed that he should finish his education and try to prepare himself for the conditions which would result from the war. In his opinion, Dr. Howe considered a man studying for the medical profession a coward if he went to war and did not stick to his training. I had not thought of it in that way before.

The second idea which was stimulated is this. With the present-day significance directed along the lines of Jewish persecution and racial conflict, I was interested in the problems presented along these lines by the author. As an example of Hebrew philosophy the following passages will serve to represent some ideas of the race as put forth by Isidore Aaron. He said, "I like the feeling that when I am a graduated doctor I shall be able to travel; in almost any kind of conflict without the fear of violent death. But perhaps that is because I am a Jew. Jews fear violent death." He says further, "You can never defeat an aristocrat. You may beat him but you cannot defeat him. You may strip him of his possessions, but he will live along until he acquires strength to recapture them. A material crushing does not annihilate him as it does a Jew." Another point Isidore brought out is this: "Money is vital to the Jew, Money has brought him freedom from death, bondage, and from battle, vet no man rots under its presure as quickly as a Jew."

Miss Tucker has captured the carefree yet reserved abandon which typifies the medical students' boarding house. "The flounce and flourish of style has been eliminated along with the emotional aspect and in return the intellectual approach has taken precedence." For instance, instead of using flowery language and description to open her novel, the author simply begins with Clay Abernathy's going to Baltimore. He finds the boarding house and meets his fellow students. Then the students talk medicine for page after page. The stark realism of the students' lives is derived from conscientious honesty rather than from a desire to be sensational. The descriptive ability with which the author so ably portrays student life and scenes is possibly her strongest attribute. For instance, she describes the school library in this manner: "Since it was the first day of medical school, the library was almost empty, only an occasional desk light was burning, only an occasional white coated interne was visible. An air of intangible fatigue filled the long, oblong room, and it was as though these books, weary of being pawed by people, staved on from duty, not desire, as though they felt a relentless permanency

in illness and human frailty. Here and there a birdlike little woman moved among them, sorting, cataloguing, disturbing their calm."

In describing the harbor, the author in the words of one of the characters, said "down there the land and water melt into each other and the air is kin to the sea."

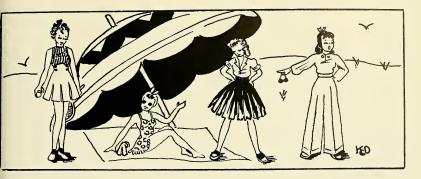
Miss Tucker also employs figures of speech that I like very much. She refers to draperies as diaphonous draperies. She speaks of the shimmering scales of fish and the richer reds of beef and pale pinks of yeal.

From reading this story. I believe my knowledge of human nature has increased. The character of the people was presented more completely than I could have seen it in men and women around me. An example of this was the frank and outspoken conviction of Isidore Aaron when he said that Jews are afraid of violent death and that they have tradition and money becamoney has brought them their freedom. "Yet," he said, "no man rots under its pressure as quickly as a Jew."

Elize Howe is another example which gave me a better insight into human nature. He is an example of what can be done by kind and loving parents who are thoughtless about matters concerning character development

Throughout her novel Miss Tucker has shown the glory of the commonplace. She makes Baltimore's red brick row houses and white stone steps beautiful. She calls Baltimore the city of many tints and says, "a sunset here means not merely resplendent cloud banks but also different-hued series of brick reflections almost as intricate in their shading as is the Grand Canvon." The author also makes Lexington Market appear as a spot of great interest and glory. She talks about each stall in the market. About one of them she says: "Here and there, sandwiched among the food stalls, would be that of a produce dealer, whose pyramids of celery hearts shimmered like white silk beneath the electric lights. Mounds of green lettuce which had been sprinkled caught the reflection of the glaring lights in diamond-studded leaves. Overhead, toward the back of ascending displays, were his array of fresh gold pumpkins. . . . " After reading this description, I became a little proud of Lexington Market and no longer thought of it as an "eve sore."

Miss Susic Slagle's appealed to my emotions. I felt contempt for Clay Abernathy, particularly because of the following incident: As he was getting ready to go out one night the phone rang. He answered it and took an important message for one of the other boys. Clay, however, did not deliver the message. It was for one of the boys to report to the hospital for duty. The next day when he was asked about it he blamed it on Hizer, the old servant. (Continued on Page 49)



# Playtime, Clothes, and You

by Shirley Hicks

BATHING SUITS! Shorts! Tennis dresses! Slacks! Whose mind isn't on all these things as those anxiously awaited days of rising thermometers under scorching sun approaches. Many of you are making definite plans as to how you are going to spend your days. If you sojourn at the beach, what will you need? Of course, the vital costume there will be the bathing suit. This year, the rubber suits are again gaining favor after a few seasons' absence. Lastex and cotton will be prevalent however. By the way, the dashing prints of your day-time cottons are being carried over into your beachwear.

Now that you have decided upon your bathing suit, what next? Why shorts, of course. They're indispensable. Look for the man-tailored ones this season. They're unusually smart, in sharkskin, gabardine, or pique. The white blouses you have been wearing with skirts are just the thing to complete this outfit.

Another popular costume will be the playsuit and full peasant skirt to match. For those of you who have made those attractive skirts, fashion yourself a pair of shorts and you'll have an outfit unequalled.

Perhaps you aren't going to the beach. Maybe your summer will be more diversified. You'll swim surely, but then you'll play tennis, badminton, or golf. What, then, will you need? Well, if you haven't seen the tennis dresses, you'll want to stop in the sport shop next trip to town and look into the matter. If you are a fervent tennis fiend, your best bet for the correct tennis attire will be a white dress of sharkskin or pique. This goes for the badminton dress, too, which is merely a longer

tennis dress. Remember those skirts I was talking about? Well, they'll be wonderful to wear to the courts or to the pool over shorts.

Then, too, perhaps you are going to see something of your country this summer. Your best bet is to stick to good-looking sport dresses. They should be dark in color and of material that will not crush easily. Riding in a train or auto plays havoe on clothes. The reason I say stick to dresses is this: you are always prepared to go anywhere when you get to a town or a city. You never feel as though you aren't dressed properly for any occasion. Besides your dresses, carry a serviceable top coat and sweater that slips on easily.

One last suggestion. I have only told you of styles that have already been in circulation. Be different or original or whatever you want to call it. Put on your thinking caps. Create a sensation in your ingenuous play togs.

## by Marie Parr

ONE OF THE leading woman's magazines begins this month with the following challenge: "Which is summer to your looks — friend or foe? It can put a bloom of health on sallow cheeks, or give you a beet-red burn, a pealing nose. It can put a glint of gold into mousey hair, or dry out nice hair so that it looks like old peat-moss. It can make your eyes clear and bright or squinty from sun and bloodshot from the salt sea." Remember, ladies, that although the sun, the wind, and the sea are all three

old friends, they can still be very rough at times. It isn't necessary to miss all the fun and stay inside all summer but it also isn't necessary to rush outside pell-mell without taking the proper precautions.

The sun can be your best friend. If you're the healthy out-door type who longs to acquire a beautiful tan, get out in the sun by all means, but take it gradually. Take your sun in very short doses at first; rub in plenty of good sun-tan lotion and don't think that because you can't see yourself getting brown that you aren't being burned. Often you can't tell how much tan you've received from the sun until later in the day. For that shiny, bronze look, take a dip in the ocean first and rub your legs and arms with salt water to prevent scales and peeling later. Your skin is not the only part of you that needs protection from the sun. Always wear sun-glasses, but not cheap ones. Be sure the glasses have well ground standard lenses. A moderate amount of sun will give lustre to your hair, but too much will dry out the natural oils and take away the color. Wear a loose scarf around your hair if you sit out in the sun for any length of time. Wind may also be a friend or enemy. Windburn can be just as dangerous as sunburn. Your eyes, skin, hair, all need protection from the wind, too. Protect your skin with a thick coat of special cream and use powder over it. Wear dark glasses with sides to them and apply cool, soothing eye-pads after being out in the winds to take away that burning feeling.

Water is our friend in many ways. Swimming in salt water is very stimulating to the skin; however, you should take a shower as soon as you emerge, for allowing salt water to dry on you also dries up your skin. Salt water makes the hair sticky so don't go into the water without a cap. Don't wash your hair after every dip, but try to brush the stickiness instead. Your nails will become soft so keep them oiled and well manicured. Bright red polish flatters your hands when they are tanned.

So this summer get plenty of sun, wind and sea, but don't acquire the weatherbeaten appearance. Be friends with these three — but don't trust them without protecting yourself first.



# The Student Council at Work--1940 - 41

by Betty Steuart

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

EARLY IN APRIL several of us had the opportunity to take the New York trip as representatives to the Eastern States Teacher Association. We were overjoyed find how progressive our student council is in comparison with similar organizations of other colleges. It was particularly interesting to us to find that one of the

main topics under discussion was concerned with the curriculum. In June, 1940, one of the topics presented in the student council platform was to have student participation and cooperation with the faculty on a curriculum committee. A committee was formed and has accomplished outstanding work in organizing and evalu-

ating students' suggestions and then presenting them to the administration. Several colleges have written for information concerning our curriculum committee.

Another suggestion presented in June was to further unify the council by designating the relationship between the general student council and the resident council. A resident council constitution, specifying this relationship and the powers of the resident council, has been written and is ready to be submitted to the students.

Last year the Athletic Association became a part of the student council; however, there was much controversy concerning the powers, duties, finances, and offices of this association. Now a constitution, which discriminates between the Athletic Association and a Department of Physical Education, has been accepted, thus concluding the incorporation of the A. A. into the general council.

As the problem of progressive representation had been solved on behalf of the faculty, we suggested that it also be solved on behalf of the students. A system has been devised whereby there will never be the possibility of having all new officers on the executive board at one time. This plan will be voted upon at the next meeting.

Our Play Day was such a success that another one was planned for the spring. However, the weather, which been difficult on every important occasion, changed our plans. Next year, we expect to see a Play Day in the fall and one in the spring.

From remarks that have been overheard, we can say that May Day was quite a success. It was held on Saturday in order to enhance the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the college, so it had to be more elaborate and inclusive.

In addition to living according to our platform, other work has been done. Three permanent committees have been added to our constitution — the Records Committee, the Ways and Means Committee, which have been functioning all year, and the Publicity Committee, which has just been adopted.

Years ago a charter was written giving the students the power to organize a student council; however, this charter was never signed. This year a new charter was written, defining the specific powers of the student council and giving it power to function as a student government. This has been included in our constitution as Article I and Article II. In inserting the charter, the entire constitution was revised.

Besides the Curriculum Committee, the Honor System Committee has also done much research, in investigating and evaluating systems of other colleges. The latter is not really an "honor system" committee, but one working on a "judicial system" that would succeed in our college. A plan is still in the process and will probably be completed next year.

Several other committees were formed whenever the occasion arose, thus allowing more students to participate in the work of the council.

So far we have stressed the student council, but much of our progress we must allot to Dr. Wiedefeld, who has aided and encouraged us by her trust and confidence. Not only Dr. Wiedefeld, but many of the faculty members have been more than willing to help. Our faculty adviser, Dr. Lynch, and assistant faculty adviser, Mr. Miller, patiently have given much time, and good advice, to all of us whenever we needed it.

And now some of us are "moving out" while others are "moving up" to take our places and carry on. We know, Henry Astrin, that you and the other officers for next year will be accorded the fine spirit of cooperation that we have received and will enjoy your work as much as we did.

# Some Unsung Heroes of S. T. C.

by Muriel Frames

WE'VE BEEN to assemblies and class meetings and May Days. And we've listened to long, loud laudations of the virtues and accomplishments of some of our faculty and student leaders. And far be it from us to minimize any of their glory. But we should like to here pay tribute to a group of individuals on our campus who we believe are the real Unsung Heroes of S. T. C. — the campus school children who provide sophomore practicum material.

If you're a mere senior or freshman and have never

had the rich and rare experience of a practicum course, consider your education as sadly neglected. And so for you poor unfortunates here are some highlights from a certain popular practicum class.

The surprising thing in a practicum period is that it is hard to predict the success or failure of a fellow classmate until that classmate has had at least one tenniunte experience. The aggressive braggadocio of your section may prove to be the very soul whose voice trembles and hands shake until the whole class is tense with

fear for him. Of course, that "before class nervousness" is one thing which clearly indicates who is to brave the dangers and hazards of the first or second grade each day. But then there is another sign-post—for the girls, high-heeled shoes, long stockings, and a street dress; for the boys, no sweaters or sport shirts but stiff collars and business suits. "Dressing up" is a sure sign that someone's fate is in the offing that day.

One of the most amazing features of practicums is the unexpected frankness of the student teachers. For instance, there was the student who calmly introduced her lesson by saying "I know you don't want to sing;" or the one who, after a trial and error accompaniment on the keyboard, commented quite truthfully, "Well, I guess you did better than I did."

We can't help but wonder how the campus children in the upper I. Q. brackets restrain themselves, as they almost invariably do. One college class might have done well to have followed their polite lead when a certain young lady taught a line of "O Susanna" as "the red, red rose was in her mouth" instead of "in her hand." Not a giggle from the fifth grade — but oh, those sophomores!

And then there's the student who carefully thanked the children throughout the lesson for every effort they made. Of course, the numbers are legion of those students who cheerfully and heartily commend the children with "that's fine" and "you did that so well" when in reality the pitch was off, the timing wrong, and only one-third of the children participating.

But it's hard to think of everything and always remain perfectly composed, and so we give credit to the young man recently who turned from giving directions to the children to strike the key note on the piano. While his back has been turned, some other students had decided to move the piano to a better position. So as he reached for the key, the piano persistently and mysteriously backed away from him. But he pursued it most diligently and remained poised to the end.

All in all, practicums are the source of much agitation but also much fun. On rare occasions everybody concerned — the children, the teachers, and the students — have an opportunity to come down to one level with a laugh. The classic example of this for the year, we believe, involved a certain sophomore gentleman well known to everyone for his dignity, culture, and candidness. In writing his lesson plan he had decided to call on one child during the lesson for a solo. This was to be a reward for outstanding work during the instruction period. Believing that preparedness is most admirable, this student went one step farther in his thinking and decided he would call on L—, knowing that he was always a good worker. Came the lesson — and it pro-

gressed most smoothly. "And now," said our distinguished sophomore as he carefully inspected the group and mentally recalled his lesson plan, "I've been watching one boy who has been working so hard — he's had good singing position and held this book properly, and cooperated very nicely. L—, you've helped us so much today, will you sing alone for us?"

And then a chorus from the entire class — "But L isn't here — he's been absent all day!"

# A PROTEST

by Selma Coughlan

"The time has come," someone said,
"To talk of many things.
So give your tongue unto your speech,
Your spirit to its wings."
Thus I have risen beyond FEAR,
Above the limits of Convention,
And in this issue dare to bring
Injustice to your attention.

I'm speaking for those specials now,
"Who've been encouraged here . . .
There are jobs for all."
"Dear Specials — have no fear!
Maturity, experience and wisdom will count plenty
Our superintendents will value you
As they do the YOUTH of twenty."

But that's not so — we're on the shelf, The school men want us not. They come to shop, and pass us by For the YOUTH we haven't got.

Now my contention is just this — If we women of thirty-odd
Be considered too old to teach
Then these men with their measuring rod
Should hold it up to themselves and see
If they are not quite as old as we,
And unfit, by their own misguided rules
To guide the youth in our public schools.

### MOTIVATION

by Douglas E. Lawson

We are told, concerning education, that "we Can lead a horse to water but we can't Make him drink." It is difficult for Him who teaches to be certain that his pupils Drink at both the well of idealism and knowledge. If we are to make man "the Salt of the earth," we must induce Him to season his judgment and his actions Well with both sympathy and understanding Before comes that day on which we

Hand to him the reins of our frail and human destinies.

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The Educational Forum.

# Census of Personalities

by Bob Cox

IT SEEMS remarkable that year after year, year in and year out, each class seems to have a quotable and definable number of personalities. In looking over the present freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior classes and meditating on the alumni of the last three years, I find I could name people who fit the yearly pattern.

Does it ever seem strange to you that all four classes have a member who is from five to ten years older than the youngest of the class? He usually has "been around" and is quite amiable but also quite temperamental. However, he is as full of fun as can be, can sing rather

well, and has a marked ability to organize.

Perhaps you've never wondered why your class — and all the others — has a "punster." This is a fellow or girl who is always on the lookout for fun. The same person is likely to accept responsibility with a smile and work hard. He or she is very pleasant and likable. This person, too, is usually gifted — perhaps in literature or music. Do you have him marked?

Do you have a person in your class who says little but is quite interesting if you draw him out? Could he or she be a good athlete if the will were there? Does he or she study hard and go either to the orchestra or glee club as an extra-curricular activity? Is he conspicuous for dry humor? Does he or she accept responsibility ungrudgingly? You do have such — if you look hard — every class always has one!!

Does your class have a member who is quite effeminate? Does he or she avoid people until pressed and then suddenly "take it," as well as "dish it out?" If you are a freshman or sophomore, watch that individual develop into an "average" athlete and person by the time he is a senior. Funny about those individuals — they're usually studious and professional with an interest either in the orchestra or glee club. There's one in every class!

Your class should also have the fellow who is everything. He's an athlete, studious, social-minded, funloving, and has a professional attitude. Everything this person does is either done well or not at all. Have you someone in mind already? You should have!

How about that fellow almost exactly like the one above. He, too, is an athlete, very capable, and will be responsible if asked but — this person hasn't such a good professional attitude, is a bit on the noisy side, and is quite temperamental. His biggest asset is that he's never too busy to join in the fun. Have you got him picked out?

Just a word about girls in general now. Watch those hilarious, silly, unprofessional underclassmen — they'll be sophisticated, serious seniors. Watch that girl who

can't find a beau to suit her now — she'll be settled with a fellow in her own section when she's a senior. Keep an eye on that girl who's settled with a fellow in her section — she's likely to be engaged to someone outside the school when she becomes a senior.

Take stock of your class, reader! If you can prove my classifications false, come and tell me about it. See if you can convert me to your point of view.

# Intercepted

by Peggy Gunnells

Towson, Maryland May 24, 1941

Dear Catherine:

When it comes to writing letters you should get a medal (but not a gold one). With all my studying (?) I endeavor to keep up with my correspondence. Do you? Oh, no, if I get a few words scrawled on note paper from you every couple of months I really feel elated. Just as a matter of principle I shouldn't be writing you now, but I have so much to tell you.

There have been quite a few red letter days on my calendar lately and one of the most important was May Day. In preceding years May Day was on a week day, but this year we held it on Saturday as a part of the 75th anniversary.

The weather appeared to be against us in the morning; the sky was overcast, and the wind was having a jam session. In the afternoon the clouds seemed to disintegrate and the sun shone forth.

The celebration took place on the Athletic Field before Dr. Wiedefeld's home. Some of the students and alumni with the help of several faculty members arranged the stage, which was a raised platform. The blue throne was very imposing against a background of gold and white.

After many last-minute details were settled, music announced the approach of the parade. This consisted of two students from the college bearing the colors of state and nation, dancers from the campus school and college, the faithful cow, flower laden cart, balloon men, flower girls, and lastly, the court itself with one exception. The king unobtrusively slipped onto the stage and waited the arrival of his queen.

When the court had assembled the queen knelt before the king. He proclaimed her queen of the May and placed a crown upon her head. So the reign of our queen began with the festivities.

An announcer summoned each group to do its bit in honor of the queen. Several interesting dances and songs were the campus school's contribution. The traditional May Pole dance was performed by college students. The

Glee Club and orchestra under the careful guidance of Miss Weyforth and Miss Prickett, respectively, transformed the spring into lilting melodies.

To carry out the festival idea three dogs attended, with their trainers, from "The Dog Owners' Training School." The animals had been so well taught that their activity seemed almost human. The climax of the program was a gypsy dance executed by some college girls. The program ended with the court leaving the field of events.

A tea dance was to be held later in the afternoon

but incidentally the orchestra didn't show up. Recordings proved to be a crutch for this emergency. Of course the cookies and punch weren't wasted.

Catherine, I always said you missed a lot by not coming here to college. It's too bad the home town held so much attraction for you. By the way, I have some interesting news to tell you the next time I come home. In case you've forgotten my address, look on the envelope. It may disclose the secret.

Collegiately,

Peggy.

# MUSIC

## It's Up To You

by Sylvia Gelwasser

THE CURTAIN rose upon the first opera I had ever seen, "Rigoletto." I felt the magic of music, singing, acting, dancing and bright costumes — a curious fantasy crowded into three short hours.

The most important part was that of Rigoletto, sung by Robert Weede. Rigoletto is a deformed court jester whose daughter is killed by his own mistakes and trickery. Through fine dramatic acting Mr. Weede constantly maintained the illusion of the tormented jester—hunchback which, combined with his vibrant voice, created a character never to be forgotten. As I sat watching, I could only marvel that the pathetic creature on the stage was the same tall, genial man I had interviewed early that afternoon.

When I went over to Glen Esk to interview Robert Weede, he was rehearsing with his accompanist for a concert in Virginia. The accompanist, in a good tenor voice, was singing along occasionally to fill in missing quartet parts. While he sang, Mr. Weede's whole being became a part of the music; he paced the floor and snapped his fingers feeling every part of the rhythm. In between snatches of song he answered my questions, and his manner was so pleasant and frank that I can easily understand his success as a popular operatic star.

Mr. Weede feels that the present world turmoil will do harm to the opera. Up until now the opera has drawn its musicians, singers, and composers from Europe. Since the present European situation is not at all conducive to developing musicians, the opera will have to depend solely upon Americans for its continuance and growth. "America will have to grow its tomato plants from native seedlings rather than from imported hot-house plants."

But this is the disheartening factor - most Amer-

ican musicians are not interested in the opera. It is difficult to get new operas produced and the money angle is not too inviting. Mr. Weede's accompanist also suggested that there are not enough good singers, with the exception of a few like his employer who are worth writing for. This is probably the opinion of many Americans, and so encouragement and stimulation are the missing elements which will have to be supplied for creative results.

Since it is so vital a part of the musical world, opera must survive. Its perpetuation for the coming generations can be insured only by America. Now it is America's turn to mold and shape bountiful raw materials into glorious works.

# Mickey Goes To The Symphony

by Harry M. London

DOROTHY THOMPSON says "Fantasia" is fascist, being, also, a very blunt knock on the great composers in our vast musical library, viz., Bach, Beethoven, etc. Most of the critics are raving away their stolidness. Somewhere along the line is me and mine own.

Logic dictates that if the ear can be attuned to mathematical formulae, which is what music is, then surely the eye can be taught to appreciate such mathematical formulae as Dr. Disney is calling forth on his screen—one of which has flashed such revolutionary ideas as "Snow White" and "Pinocchio." But then you wouldn't expect a fellow to show just plain pictures on a screen and expect you to appreciate them. So from all indications, you are being prepared in "Fantasia" to spend some time just observing (and liking) motion with your eyes. Mark my word!

What has here taken place is an attempt by the Disney organization to record certain individual reactions to some of the great music we hear. As is platitude by now, one thousand people may hear a composition, and give up one thousand different responses. Remember, though, that Disney's reactions are but "his" and

above all they should never be taken as the final, ultimate result of listening to, say, "Toccato and Fugue" by Bach. What Disney gets is his, to be rendered unto him. What prompted Bach is his; and what's yours when you listen is yours, something Dr. Disney does not desire to take from you. What Miss Thompson must have been worried about is the same which very often troubles the consciences of some of Mr. Miller's students: Have we the right to say just what an artist meant when he created? Miss Thompson is probably much concerned thereover; she is probably objecting to the sterotyping of definition. But if you look at it my way, you will realize that the interpretations are Dr. Disney's and only serve as his setting forth what music provokes within him.

Another consideration is the self-respect of the average listener, which gets a hearty boost from "Fanasais" idea. Here is John Doe who sees stars when he hears "Rite of Spring," and is very self-conscious about his ideas, feeling them to be quite inferior to what the next fellow gets. Along comes Disney and sees stars (maybe) in the same place. Can't you just picture Doe's face brightening up and his desire for, and comfort with great music heightened manifold?

Disney has done better here, I think, with the frankly adaptatet. Absolute music exists for its own technical and auditory qualities. But it has more than one type of listener, as does all music. Either you listen for its own sound, or for the delicious visions and sensations it brings. So Disney whipped up his pastels, and produced a lot of flighty blots and dashes — on their own hook, rather silly. But with a Stokowski sound-track running alongside these aberrations, you appreciate them as what you might see. The Bach piece was treated in this manner.

Mr. Deems Taylor leads off the humor spots after shadows of orchestral artists have taken their seats. Mr. Taylor is an American composer and music critic; and he is warm and outspokenly congenial. Halfway up the show you will have an interview 'twixt Mr. Taylor and the sound-track which will provoke you to good sound, pontaneous laughter. It is a lesson in music appreciation — and appreciation of the Disney technique. The chairman for the evening holds everything well in hand for Disney, Stokowski and Co., and would, I think, be a good prospect for some symphony program, such as the New York Philharmonic Society on Sundays.

It is, of course, not easy to concur — any great number of us — on the matter of picking the best number. It know, for example, that Dr. West, whom I met in the lobby during intermission, fell for one number — Strainsky's "Rite of Spring," — head over heels, as it were.

It is a sequence dealing with the first few billion years of earth and life thereon, covering everything up to the death of the dinosaurs. Very scientific. Mr. Taylor said: "Science wrote this scenario." Life's law of fittest survival is clearly put, in unmincing pictures. The battle between the two huge lizards (dinosaurs) is almost terrifying.

But I would rather say that Bach's "Toccato and Fugue" was treated with more all-around perfection. It is frankly abstract, and works entirely with apparently witless symbols. This was by far the best selection for me and I won't hesitate in saying so.

More controversial is the Beethoven "Symphony No. 6" (Pastoral). Some say it profanes the Creat Master's work, which dealt with life on a European countryside, and is here turned to mythology and fable. But you and I know that truly great music cannot be profaned. There is a little winged black horse which will bear watching. And frisky, rollicky Bacchus, red nose and all.

Aside from these three, there is nothing at all big. Disney tried to whip the audience into tiny emotional frenzies with the shocks from "Night on Bare Mountain" by Modest Moussorgsky; and then tried again to soften the audience into tears with "Ave Maria" by Schnbert. It didn't work with me, at any rate, because the first piece was too wierd, and the second was not well sung. This, incidentally, was the first time I had heard the orchestra at all, of which more later.

The kiddies will enjoy Mickey Mouse in Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice." This is the story of a lazy (?) lad who uses the mystical to get a broom to carry water for him; but he can't stop the flow. But as Mr. Donald Kirkley suggested, you may have to park the children outside till the "Bare Mountain" number is finished and get them back right for "Ave Maria."

The pictures are, to say the least, fascinating, with the result that one does not hear the music too well. If you are wide-awake you will hear little music; if at all sleepy, toward the end you will actually shut your eyes and hear only music. This is important to consider. You know that the Philadelphia Orchestra led, especially by Stokowski, is not exactly ugly to hear. And when you fail to hear them when they are playing right before your very ears, there must be an attraction.

I think some sort of experiment was tried recently in the campus school, in which children were exposed to certain music and asked to depict what they saw on paper. It's a coming thing. When Miss Thompson hit "Fantasia" on the head with her typewriter she got the same effect Mickey Mouse did when he chopped up the broomstick. He got a crew of many broomsticks, all carrying water. Sounds ominous, doesn't it?



# COLLEGE EVENTS



### KAPPA DELTA PI SUPPER CLUB LECTURE

by Margaret Heck

"THAT IS the sawed-off Caesar; there is the sourpuss." Referring to Mussolini and Hitler, Michail Dorizas, our Supper Club lecturer, displayed a sense of wit and wisdom which left no doubt in our minds why he was voted by the senior class of the University of Pennsyl-

vania the most popular professor.

Michail Dorizas was born in Constantinople of Greek parentage; he graduated from Robert College, Constantinople, with the degree of A.B. While at college he represented Greece as a member of the Greek Olympic Team and won the world's record in the javelin throw. Dr. Dorizas traveled extensively with a broad outlook for the customs and habits of the people whom he visited. His first trip to America was in 1909; he later returned to study at the University of Pennsylvania for his Ph.D. He was in the American Army during the World War; and being a linguist of rare ability as well as a geographer, he was called to the Peace Conference in Paris. Since returning to America after the war, Professor Dorizas has been a member of the faculty of the Geography Department of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania.

At the Kappa Delta Pi Supper Club lecture Dr. Dorizas lectured and showed movies. There were movies of the Greek war not a month old. A German propaganda film confiscated by the British in Bermuda was presented. Could the experiences of Jan Valtin in "Out of the Night" really have happened? According to Dr. Dorizas they could have occurred, but perhaps not necessarily to one man. He gave us a vivid and understanding picture of the conditions in Europe as he saw them.

These Supper Club lectures are planned to be made annual affairs. They will greatly benefit the students and teachers of the college and the people of the community.

# THE S. C. A.

by Jean Gray

The Student Christian Association is making sure of

a fine beginning for its activities next year by the simple expedient of planning them ahead of time. This feat is to be accomplished through the S. C. A. cabinet retreat, a new feature which was just adopted last year. It is just what the name implies, a retreat of the officers or cabinet to a secluded spot where they can plan for the future activities of the association.

But even such a far-seeing organization must culminate the activities it has already begun. At the S. C. dinner on May 15, the old officers relinquished their positions to the new ones in the final activity of the year — the installation service. Thus even though the dinner was a summation of the year's work, it still served as an inauguration of the coming year's program. Next year we shall see if their foresight will be rewarded by a fresh and stimulated Student Christian Association.

### THE A. C. E.

by Agnes Link

Are you one of those persons who does not belong to a club, or feels that he should join another one? If you are, I know just the club for you — the A. C. E.

A. C. E. stands for the Association for Childhood Education, but that is too long for us to say in one breath, so we cut it down to plain and simple A. C. E. The group is made up of students who are interested in nursery, kindergarten, and primary education.

Incidentally, in case you didn't know, our branch (the Towson Teachers College A. C. E.) is a member of the National Association for Childhood Education. For one of our meetings we had a most interesting talk by Miss Benner, who came from the National Headquarters located in Washington, D. C. Other recent interesting speakers were Mrs. Margery Harriss, a graduate of Towson State Teachers College, and Judge H. Hamilton Hackney of the Juvenile Court.

Winding up our highly successful year under the presidency of Kay Peltz, Miss Joslin gave the A. C. E. members (Miss Joslin's children) a glorified picnic the Glen. The menu was perfect. But feasting was not the only thing we did at the picnic: we elected our new officers for the coming year. They are:

TOWER LIGHT

President Eileen Bautz
Vice-President Ruth Werner
Secretary Doris Kehm
Treasurer Agnes Link
Social Chairman Henrietta Kenny
Publications Margaret Carter

So next year start the new term out right by joining the A. C. E.

### WASHINGTON COUNTY ALUMNI LUNCHEON

The Washington County Alumni of S. T. C. held their annual luncheon on May 17 at the Women's Club in Hagerstown. This group, represented by fifty progressive women, have this year added to the Towson Scholarship Loan Fund and aided in the selection of high school students for the teaching profession. Six young women attended the luncheon and guests from S. T. C. gave information and invited them to inform themselves further by coming to Towson before September. A large delegation has chartered a bus to attend State Teachers Convention and Commencement Activities, June 14 to June 17.

Such intelligent groups as these make education in Maryland progress.

Lila Moore, chairman of the Natural History group, was awarded the Natural History group's scholarship for two weeks' study at the Audubon Nature Camburing the coming summer. This loan scholarship was held by Katherine Paula during the summer of 1939.

### ALUMNI NEWS

#### MARRIAGES:

Elizabeth Melendez, class of 1940, to Arnold H. Coates, on January 25, 1941.

Lilyan Elizabeth King to Barnard Harris, class of 1938, on April 27, 1941.

Eleanor Barbara Sterbak, class of 1934, to John Robert Bedford, on May 3, 1941.

Nannette Trott, class of 1940, to George Berbereck, on April 26, 1941.

Phylis Larue Kemp, class of 1937, to Earle Monroe Sommerfield, on May 29, 1941.

#### ENGAGEMENTS:

- Mr. and Mrs. Edmund B. Fladung of Govans announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elaine Othilia Fladung, to Mr. Earl Henry Palmer, class of 1935.
- Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Williamson of Dundalk announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Williamson, class of 1940, to Mr. Hiwall Bledvn.
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred Groom of Rodgers Forge announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jane Groom, class of 1941, to Mr. W. Maurice Clark, of Greenville, South Carolina. The wedding will take place in July.
- Mrs. Angela K, Reinhardt announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Jean Reinhardt, class of 1941, to Mr. James J. McGuirk of Baltimore.
- Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stembridge announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Inez Stembridge, class of 1941, to John Lyburn of Baltimore.
- Mr. and Mrs. John Klein of Brunswick, Md., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rena Klein, class of 1941, to Mr. Philip Altfeder.
- Mrs. Francis Kelly announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Mary Kelly, to Norval Byrd Keen of Aberdeen, Md. The wedding will take place in November.

### TEACHERS BORN OF INSPIRATION

by Douglas E. Lawson

Someone once said that teachers are "born" — Said that silk purses are not made from sows' ears. There are many potential teachers, however.
Three or four years in college, combined with certain Kinds of teaching experience sometimes create Teachers from crude, raw material.
Those who catch the spark of inspiration sometimes Are born without apparent promise.
Those who find this spark fanned to flame Are re-born into a service dedicated to children. And who shall deny the worth of that service? Those who really teach are perhaps those whom we Never should have known were it not that they Have been warmed with a passion which was itself Born of another's inspiration.

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# Meet Mr. Math E. Matician

by Lydia Ziefle and Henry Astrin

HOW MANY OF our readers exhibit delight in working mathematical problems? I dare say the number is small, for when a person admits his interest in mathematics, the listener often presumes that the self-alleged "mathematician" delves in the theory of relativity. Such is not true in the case of average persons who engage in mathematical recreation, pleasure and relaxation. Furthermore, no college degree in calculus is needed to pursue this hobby; one only needs interest, imagination and curiosity.

A few years ago a boy began thinking and became curious as to why things fell down. Later he formulated many theories that explained this force, and today these theories stand practically the same as Newton dictated them in his Laws of Gravitation. The moral of this story is mot ponder why some things go up and others come down, and thus invent some laws of ascension and descension. It goes much deeper, For cons of time creatures have known that most things fell down. In fact, they knew it so well that they dismissed the occurrences as every-day common-place happenings. However, Newton's curiosity was aroused by these taken-for-granted events, and his interest and imagination did the rest.

The types of mathematical interests are numerous. One may be classified as interest of a practical aspect. There are many opportunities to study mathematics today if one only opens his eyes to the many problems in his daily life requiring mathematical solution. Here are some which you may have encountered.

- Why does my tennis serve bounce over the net or go far beyond my opponent's base line? The solution is merely a case of geometric tangency if we take for granted that the athlete has a serve that will at least make a noise when it strikes the clay.
- How much of my salary as a teacher should be put aside for a cloudy day? The arithmetic of a budget will help me decide.

There are some people who prefer to look at mathematics as a means of enjoyment rather than as a solution of practical problems. They might delight in trying to solve some of the problems stated below.

 Two balls are touching the wall on one side of the room. Beginning at the same time the balls start to roll across to the other side of the room, the center of each moving at the same horizontal speed. One ball reaches the opposite wall in onehalf the time required for the other ball to reach it. How is this possible?

2. Substitute numbers for letters:

I have a sign four feet wide and four feet long. I can increase the size so that it has twice the area it originally had, but I do not have to increase the height nor the width. How can this be done?

A person interested in mathematics is not unusual, but he is often interested in the unusual problems and those containing fallacies. The most popular and perhaps the easiest type of unusual proof occurs when two cauals one.

1. 
$$x^2 - x^2 = x^2 - x^2$$
  
 $(x - x) (x - x) = x (x - x)$  Factor both sides of the equation  $2x = x$  Divide the equation by  $(x - x)$   
 $2 = 1$  Divide the equation by  $x = x$ 

Although this example is used, many still do not see that one of the factors (x - x) is zero. The division of a number by zero is impossible.

2. In higher math we may find one of Zeno's paradoxes which states that since an arrow in flight is at any instant in a certain position, and that the flight is made up of a number of such successive instants; the motion of the arrow and other moving bodies is merely an illusion.

This paradox is of such a nature as to defy us "mortals" who have our high school work as a background for our numerical pursuits.

There are several reasons why these students found pleasure in math. First of all, there is a feeling of confidence in knowing that one understands the necessary processes. Second, there is not only understanding but the student gains satisfaction in being able to apply these principles practically. Third, they are gaining a growing mathematical appreciation — a realization of the tremendous amount of work which has helped to make this part of our culture possible.

This question of mathematical interest has been in

evidence here in the college; students have devoted one evening a month in solving problems at the Math Club. Recently this club organized a program including the theoretical development of measurement at one meeting and the practical applications of the same problem as projects were set up in the Glen. Students worked on

such problems as finding the height of a tree, measuring the height of a slope, and placing a point on a map.

Remember that the next time you see a classmate laboriously working over a math problem and enjoying himself in doing it, he is telling you, that "Mathematics can be funt"

# **Glen Day**

by Dorothy Shinham

KNIFE - THROWING, magicians, hot-dogs, and bonfires. That was Glen Day. Oh, you didn't know about Glen Day? Well, I'll tell you.

Every spring the Te-Pa-Chi Club holds its final meeting in the Clen, but this meeting isn't just an ordinary meeting. It is a picnic. This year the gala event was scheduled for May twentieth. The morning of May twentieth dawned bright and clear. The thermometer read seventy in the shade. By noon-time it was so hot that even the most active little volcano on the playground was content to listen to a story book read in the shade of a tree. By four-thirty, when the picnic began, it was as hot as mid-July. What wonderful weather for a picnic.

The Glen was overflowing with people. Some were sitting on the stone walls, some were sitting by the paths, some were walking by the stream and others were crowded into the amphitheater. Children and grown-ups were talking excitedly to their friends. New acquaintances were being made. Teachers and parents were learning to know each other better. Pupils and teachers were meeting each other on common ground. Everywhere you turned, there was a general air of friend-liness and good-will.

As soon as everyone arrived, the fun began. You never saw such ingenious games. Everyone played — children, parents, and teachers. The most popular game of all was the knife-throwing contest. The spectators stood by and watched with fear and trembling as the knives slipped out of the thrower's hand. Several people scored a bull's-eye, but no one was good enough to outline a human target. If you weren't so viciously inclined you could enter the horse race or "cap the cork". Some of the women tried their skill at throwing the rolling pin and at "flinging the flour-flattener" as the master of ceremonies aptly termed it.

To climax these events, Mr. Zerr<sup>1</sup>, the magician, worked his black magic. The people had all been talking busily to each other. Suddenly there was a loud clash

of cymbals. There in the amphitheater stood Mr. Zerr. He announced that he would do the spectacular stunt of escaping from a tightly-sealed box. First Mr. Zerr asked two of the fathers to come up and tie his hands together. Then he stepped into a huge canvas bag which covered him entirely. The two men tied the bag top so that Mr. Zerr looked just like a bag of flour. The amazing thing about this bag of flour was that it picked itself up and put itself in a big wooden box nearby. Then the men put the lid on the box. They still weren't satisfied. They bound the box securely with stout ropes. They even put a few nails in the lid. Finally the men rolled the box into a small tent that was behind them. At first there was silence. Then there came a strange thumping noise from the tent. The magic was taking effect. The top of the tent rose and fell! The sides vibrated violently. For two minutes the crowd stood breathless. Suddenly there was a loud explosion and Mr. Zerr popped from the tent. He wasn't in a box, he wasn't in a bag, and his hands weren't tied. Now do von believe in magic?

By now it was after six, so everyone scrambled to one of the three fireplaces to get some food. The fathers smilingly handed out food to the hungry crowd. When the people were served, they sat on the most convenient stump or log to eat their supper.

When all had finished eating the people moved slowly to the playground, where Mr. Zerr had lighted a huge bonfire. There wasn't any magic this time. He used a match. When the fire was burning brightly and the sparks were flying heavenward, someone started to sing. Soon the whole group had joined in song. They sang the old favorites which are dear to all friendly gatherings. As dusk settled deeply over the campus, taps was sounded in the still air. For a minute no one stirred. Then everyone moved slowly homeward.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Zerr is the father of one of the boys in the campus school.

# Where to Look for S.T.C. Students During the Summer

by Dorothy Jones

"ONLY A FEW more weeks and college will be closed. Hope I can get a job for the summer." There are some who prefer to stay home and take life easy or, as Veronica Puzycki said, "Relax and enjoy the comforts of home, 'recapitulate' from a long, hard winter's work. Oh yes, and have a grand time all summer long." You can find many who are planning to indulge in Veronica's "Summer Tonic."

However, there are some rugged individuals who plan to take additional responsibilities for the summer, regardless of how hard the winter has been.

Let's snoop around and find out just what some of these students plan to do. Charles Gross, perhaps, has the choice position. He will keep right in line with his past four years at Towson by teaching science during the summer session at the Radford State Teachers College, Virginia. James Jett might be wearing khaki and writing letters (or maybe poetry) home. Lee McCarriar might also go to bat for Uncle Sam. Marge Coulson will teach at Rodgers Forge Playground again this summer. Kate Gardner is going to don slacks and help on her father's farm. Ruth Tapman will continue her studving at Johns Hopkins summer school. Sibvl Davis

is going to play tennis all summer — "if she can keep someone in line to play with." Otherwise, rain is the only thing that will stop her. Dave Nelson plans to study music. Can you think of anything better to soothe the nerves for the ordeal that is to follow in the fall? Richard Coleman is going to be an apprentice carpenter. Creston Herold has a job with the Gas and Electric Company — if he doesn't "join" the army. Howard Stottlemeyer will work in an airplane factory. Bob Cox will again work at Bethlehem Steel Company as an accountant.

Playground and camp work is a favorite type of summer job for Towson students. Jack Hart is going to umpire baseball and work for the Department of Recreation. Joseph Hillyard and David Shepherd are planning to work at the Fresh Air Farm at Bel Air. Doris Carr has a job with the P. A. L. and Peggy Heck and Venita Lambros will also do playground work.

As I have already stated, the most popular answer is "Find a job and work." There are many who haven't the slightest idea of what they are going to do. Don't worry. Those who want jobs will find them. The general attitude is — "If there is something to do, I will do it."

#### MY HEART REBELS

by Marjorie Coulson

Each time that men uproot a tree My heart rebels that humans blind, serene, O'erlook the hundred years or more it took To grow that silent sentinel of green. "George Washington passed here" — Perhaps that tree, a sapling still, Comfort and shade the weary traveller gave, Who paused to pray 'ere he'd breast a Tory hill.

Soldiers, blue and gray, must have passed
'Neath the sheltering, friendly boughs
On the way to gory battles, grim and vain.
Or cavalcade of empire, freshening hope, or early vows.

These great green temples watched a city rise And stretched long arms that wisely hid With wooded hills and fragrant blossoms o'cr The sordid, the unlovely that the city did. Now they're butchering these, our trees, Symbols of God which interfere with roads so cold and hard.

Of what avail is civilization's vaunted stride, Or the oft-sung song of Nature's earnest bard?

# Orchids To - - -

by F. Robison

- Miss Bader for her "progressive education" idea of a culminating activity. (Oh, that more teachers would end a course with cokes and jokes.)
- Dr. West for being among the first to give a class a chance to put an honor system in practice.
- Miss Woodward for her ability to produce anything from a woden Indian to a boot-jack for harassed student-teachers.
- Miss Neunsinger for her "God's in His Heaven— All's Right with the World" attitude.
- Mr. Crook for his bravery in performing autopsies on guinea pigs both human and otherwise.
- Mr. Walther for his interpretation of a course of study as "what you teach when you can think of nothing else to teach."
- 7. The following unsung heroes:

- The brave souls who sit near the demonstration desk in Science 30.
- The person who will carry a "Roberts' Rules of Order" to a junior class meeting next year.
- The mad geniuses who create decorations, place cards and posters for all occasions.
- d. The rugged individualist who dares play a Strauss waltz when the jitterbugs rule the fover.
- e. The person who is brave enough to vote "no" when everyone else has said "aye" in Student Council meeting.
- f. The 98% of the student body who never have their linen aired in "So What."
- To everyone who realizes that student-teachers, as well as prospective student-teachers, are apt to be irrational.

# A Sixth Grade Play

IT IS NOT often that Pandora, Epimetheus, Hope, Troubles, and all the other characters from "Paradise of Children" come to the Campus Elementary School. This year such a visit is being made possible by the sixth grade.

The sixth grade decided to dramatize this Greek myth to conclude their work in campus school. They have rewritten the story for this reason and have gone so far as to compose the songs, both the words and the music, and to create the dances they are to use in the play.

The teachers and children are looking forward to June 13, when "Paradise of Children" will be presented for the parents and children of the campus school. Here are two of the songs:

We know a brook, by a shady nook, Where ferns and mosses grow. And when we want to wade and swim, 'Tis there we often go.

Where honey drips from the branches high, And flowers nod and sway. We pick our dinner from the trees, And eat and dance and play.

Pandora, now won't you go with us,
To spend a happy day?
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Oh, let's be glad and gay.

—NANCY KENNEDY, Grade 6.

We're happy all day: it's always spring, And all we do is dance and sing. We gather figs; we're always gay, We live in happiness every day.

The things we eat just grow on trees, There are no thieves; doors need no keys. We laugh and play; we sing for fun And sing some more when day is done.

For don't you see that we are glad! Not one who sings with us is bad. Each one is young who dances here, There's always fun and never fear.

# SO WHAT

by Lee McCarriar

BEFORE STARTING to write this, I looked at the So What column of June. 1940. I wanted to see how Weis felt as he wrote his last column. He said that he had a sinking feeling in his stomach because the column was his brainchild (Editor's Note — Brain. Ha!). Since I can't claim the column as my own idea, I can only say that it has been great fun writing So What. It has been fun because it was about YOU. My only hope is that every reader of this column (both of you) will continue to make news for my successor who, incidentally, will be named at the end of this letter. But enough of this, let's hear what has been going on of late.

#### My Last Romantic Notes

I. The freshman class, after the customary slow start, has come along with the usual spring rush. I remember writing last fall about four of the frosh boys dancing together in the Dorm. "Little John" McCauley takes at least an hour to walk to Dunkirk Road with a certain young lady who is just his size. In spite of student teaching, Ned Logan is stepping along with Mary Waugh. Bart Spellman, Carl Refo, and "Windy" Cornthwaite can be seen most any Friday evening with their dates either at the movies or on the campus.

2. In the sophomore class there have been several startling changes and quite a few holdovers from last year. The most surprising change occurred recently when brother Hess moved to a different street in the same town. His cohort, Willy Gaver, has been very consistent for two years. Bill Jett and Jule continue at the same pace, while Gordon "Foyer" Shules is the same lady killer that he has always been. George H. and Mickey Sharrow had a change of heart this year and

Ralph Lanci hasn't changed a bit.

3. The seniors (fooled you, didn't 1? You thought the juniors would be next) seemingly have settled down with a few exceptions. Johnny Shock was tied up once during the year, but now he is loose again. Charles Gross gets more involved every day. Nobody seems to understand what he is doing (does he?), so you may have this information to ponder over during the summer. On the feminine side of the class, we have several young ladies who have made up their minds. Misses Ogier. Groom, Klein, Armiger and a few others have said "yes" and we give them all our heartiest congratulations. It's too bad the draft had to come along this year, isn't it, Bettie and Marie? This goes for plenty of others, too.

4. At last, I come to the juniors. What have they been doing this year? I put them last because that old bugaboo, student teaching, has necessarily interfered with any kind of romance that should have happened. But they have weathered the storm, as every good junior does, with only a few casualties. Ed Clopper and Creston Herold have stood high on the honor roll of romance. Iona Claytor and Frank Dorn haven't hit the headlines, but they are doing all right. John Horst and Jack Hart are playing tennis quite frequently and both may make the grade before this article is printed.

 Last year there was a faculty romance. Of course, you remember it. Are there any possibilities this year? That's another thing you can think about this summer.

#### IMPRESSIONS

Of course, in four years, there are many mental images that will be permanent. Here are some of them:

1. The way Jim Jett gets jokes.

2. Phelps leaving the Men's Room by the side window because the door was guarded by a faculty member.

- The wonderful responses that Ned Logan gave this writer when he heard my jokes (?). I think Ned should receive a medal and of course I'm entitled to my own opinion.
  - 4. The flooding of the Men's Room last year.
  - 5. Student teaching and all of its ramifications.
- That winning smile that Mary Reindollar always has.
- The day Mr. Walther granted a breathing spell to his tired and very warm Economics class.
  - 8. The trip to Washington with Dr. Foster Dowell.

#### PROGNOSTICATIONS

Competition never has hurt everyone.

- Sam Miller a second Maurice Evans.
- Dave Nelson conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.
- Helen Cohen raising rabbits on a big plantation in her native Virginia.
- Catherine Gray a supervisor in Baltimore City.
- 5. Edith Barker star player on a softball team.
- Sidney Blum the greatest parliamentarian of his time
- Gordon Shules a second Edward VIII because of his abdication.

#### Conclusion

As I stated before, since this is my last column, I must name my successor. After carefully thinking over all possible contenders (Ed. Note: Contenders — who wants the job?) and noting the qualifications of each according to the standards set (Continued on Page 52)

### THE LIBRARY

(Continued from Page 34)

I felt sorry for Elbert Riggs. After completing two years of medical school, he suffered from hemorrhage caused by tuberculosis. Instead of completing his course at that time, he had to go to Saranae to recover.

I admired Alex because he understood everyone. Although he had troubles of his own, he burdened no one with them. When his father died, he told no one. He did not want to be pitied and given a job because of this. He wanted to earn his placement on his own merits.

I pitied Isidore Aaron because he was so race-conscious and had such a feeling of inferiority.

I admired Miss Susie. She was like a mother to the boys. Their problems were her problems. One night Miss Susie had a talk with Ben Meade. Ben had received some bad news at the time of his examinations. He was very upset and Miss Susie was afraid that he might fail. She asked Ben to come over and sit beside her. He came over, sat on the floor like a little boy and put his head in her lap. Miss Susie's voice had that persuasive gentleness one uses with a child. "I want you to promise me that you'll go upstairs and go to bed right away. You have spent four years studying just as steadily as you could. Just let what you know settle itself. If you do that, you won't fail — and I couldn't stand to have you fail, Ben." Ben did exactly this and came out seventh in his class.

For anyone interested in any phase of the medical sciences, Miss Susie Slagle's will give a living and intimate picture. For good, clean enjoyment scattered with human anecdotes, I suggest the reading of this novel. "It is a heart-warming story — lighted by comedy and tragedy, romance and high hope of several young men mentioned, their classmates and their professors in the four years they attended medical school. It is told with such loving knowledge and such intimate acquaintance with the medical students' lives that the much overworked adjective 'unique' can honestly be applied to this novel."

As I read, I wondered how Miss Tucker knew the medical profession, Baltimore, and human nature so intimately. Perhaps a bit of her life will explain this. She was born in Louisiana in 1904. The second of five children, she has lived in thirteen towns and cities all the way from Seattle to Mobile, Baton Rouge to Baltimore. She went to work at the age of seventeen as a school eacher and has been a stenographer, an insurance salesnan and hospital historian, written features for the Sunday Sun, Baltimore, and reviewed books for the New York Times. Her chief interest has always been medicine and Miss Tucker has worked upon this novel or six years. Part of the time she boarded at a medical

boarding house. She attended autopsies and operations with the students, rode ambulances in New York for week-ends, stood all night in accident rooms, and haunted Johns Hopkins. She likes the medical profession because it always tries to reply to the word "Why?"

#### ANSWERS TO LIBRARY QUIZ

- 1. Irvin S. Cobb.
- 2. Battleship.
- 3. (b) poems.
- 4. Come Wind, Come Weather.
  - 5. Hugh Walpole.
- 6. Portrait of Jennie.
- 7. Borneo.
  - Elizabeth Goudge.
- 9. Miniver.
- 10. How Green Was My Valley.

# Fashion-right Styles for Spring

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# IPORTI

# More Intercollegiate Sports for Girls

by Audrey Mercer

ONCE AGAIN our girls were invited to take part in a Play Day at Notre Dame. In the fall many of us went in to Baltimore to compete with Notre Dame, Goucher, and Western Maryland at Notre Dame. On May 7, we girls tried our luck once again.

The arrows flew fast and struck many a bull's-eyc as Kate Gardner, Cornelia Anderson, Bayes MacCauley, and Ruth Hamilton released their hold on the bow strings. When the final score was added our girls swelled with pride, for they had won in archery. Cornelia Anderson took over Martha Schnebly's title of "Diana of the Hunt" for she came in second high. The total score for a single person was — First high 210 and Second high 209. Neil had the 209.

The badminton score did not stand as high but the competition was keen. Margaret Wells played singles, while Helena Townshend and Helen Ogier, Jeannette Jones and Peggy Heck, Iola Clay and Jeanne Wilhelm played doubles.

Did you know we have two tennis champs? Sue Baker and Betty Steuart won the tennis singles. The others giving support were Edith Barker, Peg Lowry and Veneta Lambros, Frances Pula and Virginia Lord.

Excitement ran high and our girls were pleased as they returned to their college. They were glad to boast representatives from each class in the college.

They say: "Girls need to go out for competition. Boys compete with other colleges. Why can't we? We should become better acquainted with other schools."

"It's a good idea to have intercollegiate sports. We should have them more often and include more colleges."

"It gives you self-satisfaction to feel you can compete with other colleges and come out ahead."

"I loved it. I think we should return it by having them out here. We girls don't have enough intercollegiate activities."

"It was wonderful. We came back more enthusiastic about our sports. However, we should put more emphasis on our tennis, badminton and archery. Why not start instruction in these in the freshman year instead of the senior year?"

There you have it. A high feeling for more intercollegiate sports for girls.

I say - "Work toward it. Why not have a girls' intercollegiate day on our campus? Other colleges do it - so can State Teachers College, Prove it by working for this and make people stand up and look as our S. T. C. comes forward.

#### ARCHERY

by Robby Hood

Every afternoon at 4 P. M. I walk to the barracks of State Teachers College. About that time I can see a number of ruddy womenfolk engaged in an ancient but revived and rejuvenated sport. Five times, I see them shoot arrows and five times, I see them walk out to retrieve what they have shot. In the shade of my favorite Japanese vew, I begin to wonder. I say to myself, "There must be something to this sport." Still confiding to myself and vew, I observe, "How did America get its present form of archery?"

Modern American archery is a direct result of two schools of thought. The American Indians, exponents of a short flat bow, were an important factor. The English, exponents of the long bow, completed the picture. American archery is a composite form embracing the best principles of both methods.

The Indians were great stalkers. They killed their game with a short, but powerful, bow. Besides power, they needed a bow that was easily handled in dense forests and on horseback. Because of these needs they developed a short but flat and wide bow.

The English, whose longbowmen have made much of the world's history, used the long bow because of its greater killing power at maximum distances, These long bows were easily made and were extremely accurate. The English long bow was 6 feet in length and every Englishman was required by law to be a master of it. These bowmen were an important reason why England grew in both prestige and territory owned. They shot six times as fast as other bowmen, and their arrows could easily pierce any chain armor.

Around 1781, the English began to make archery a popular pastime. In 1828, American societies took up the game and gradually brought it into national importance. Road-side stands, college matches, are all outgrowths of this. The Americans have done their share in the development by perfecting the best bow in the world, a combination long bow and flat bow which is more accurate than any bow yet developed.

Underneath my vew tree I say, "This is good, Robby, you should try your hand at it." I tried. The results?

Well, you can't hit the target every time.

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### SO WHAT

(Continued from Page 48) up by W. Norris Weis, the founder of this column, I hereby proclaim the new writer of So What to be none other tolan Miss Peggy Gunnells, I trust that she will carry on in a very creditable fashion and that you will be the objects of her writings. Until some time in the future, I say to you all for the last time — So Long and So What?

(Ed. Note: Where the "Hicks" McCarriar these days?)

#### **Prices And The Consumer**

by James G. Jett

TWO DIVISIONS of the National Defense Advisory Board are vastly important to the common man. The first of these two is the Price Stabilization Division, under the direction of Mr. Leon Henderson. College students, under the sponsorship of the National Institute of Government, had the opportunity to hear Mr. Henderson speak of the work of his division.

The primary purpose of the Price Stabilization Division is to prevent inflation such as occurred when the war industries began to boom in 1915. An incident of inflation would mean economic disaster to the United States. The chief measure to prevent inflation has been the setting of "price ceilings;" that is, maximum prices

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are fixed for certain products. For example, when Mr. Henderson spoke to us, he told us that he had just fixed a ceiling price for steel. Steel prices had been rising, and in spite of the fact that wages in the industry were also increasing, a maximum price had to be established in order to prevent prices of other commodities (as well as steel) from going up. When prices rise the cost of living rises, and likewise wages rise. When Government wages rise the cost of Government operation increase enormously—thus money without sufficient collateral would have to be printed, and the currency would be inflated. If the process were to expand, bankruptcy would follow. Such is the condition which the Price Stabilization Division is trving to prevent.

The second division which affects the common people is the Consumers Interest Division, under the leadership of Miss Harriet Elliott, This division has recently been put under Mr. Henderson's Price Stabilization Division because of the close relationship of purposes. One of the chief purposes of the Consumers Division is "to contribute to the maintenance of living standards by keeping a constant watch on prices of consumers goods." Unlike Mr. Henderson, Miss Elliott possesses no power to control prices. However, steps are being taken to advise consumers in the purchasing of goods and to assist them to get the most they can for their money.

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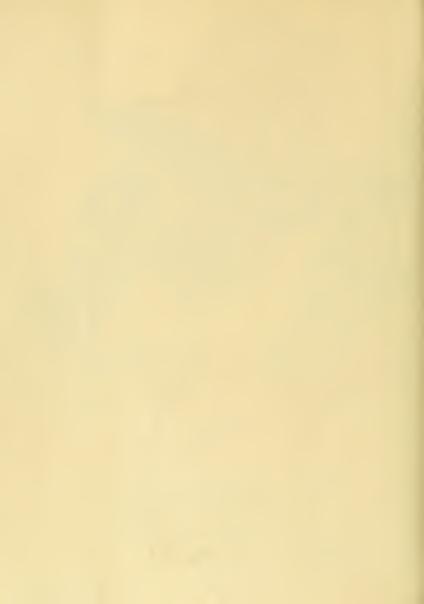




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